

Children of the Doom - Alpha Dogs

By

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my works

Children of the Doom - Alpha    l\_marc25@yahoo.com  
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Ulloa

OVER BLACK :

*"The Sun is gone but I have my light."*

Kurt Cobain 1993

EXT. KILL CITY - NIGHT

It's a DEAD night, shadows everywhere. Street lamps devilishly flicker on and off as a fluorescent hum cuts through the eerie silence.

Abandoned on the dirty side walk is a large COOLER with "The MUNSTERS" decal. It's bright hue decal is splattered with BLOOD.

A small, pale HAND quickly snatches it up. WE FOLLOW, DIRTY MELODY, 19, a waif of a girl, thick red hair, torn dress. Barefoot. she struts the streets with an unerring confidence through the darkest alleyways.

She stops at an old crumbling four story BROWNSTONE. As she sashays up the front stoop a large MAN is there. He leans casually against one of the marble pillars.

DIRTY MELODY

(purrs)

Jupppi!

JUPI, 30, wears a tailored black suit and has slicked-back, thick black hair. Standing at six foot two, he's built like a small tank. What's distinctive about him is the massive SCAR over his left eye and a dead, milky-white pupil that projects a canine, predatory look. He's the eldest member of A Corpse Can't Laugh krew.

Jupi simply nods his head and points the way in.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

It's an old brownstone with dirty marble floors and crumbling plaster everywhere. Dirty Melody dances up the stairs with carefree abandon. At the fourth floor she stops.

There's a red door at the end of the hallway. She knocks with false politeness. The door swings open.

INT. BROWNSTONE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a large three-bedroom, vaulted ceilings, large bay windows. It's a space age bachelors pad in here. Inside, comfortably seated on a leather red Chesterfield-style chair is Mr. CARLOS, 40s, a man of money, power and class. Diminutive in size, but refined. He bears a crown of gold rings on his left hand as he puffs on a fat Cuban cigar. His suit is impeccable.

His expression, bemused, distant as dirty melody saunters into the tune of The Expressions - Money is king. Contrasting the groovy vibe is a MAN hung upside down in chains, inches away from Mr. Carlos, He's bleeding from the various wounds inflicted on his body.

The mans eyes are closed, face calm almost in a meditative state.

MR.CARLOS  
Bring it here Melody.

DIRTY MELODY  
Si Senor!

Dirty Melody dances over and places the cooler carefully at the feet of Mr.Carlos.

Mr.Carlos pays no attention as he diverts his gaze at the tortured man instead.

MR.CARLOS  
Mr.Lux, I pray this meeting of ours  
goes smoothly from here on.

Lux, 35, tilts his strained neck towards his captor and responds in the most deadpan manner despite all the damage done to him.

LUX  
From crucifixion comes  
resurrection.

MR.CARLOS  
Is that so?

Lux doesn't respond. Mr.Carlos just grins a wide devilish smirk as he inhales deeply and blows out cigar smoke.

MR.CARLOS  
I'm a man of many talents. Drugs,  
robbery, extortion, genuine ways of  
persuasion. My one failing though

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS (cont'd)  
is torture. I simply lack the  
stomach and talent for it.

Lux remains stoic,...unapologetic.

MR.CARLOS  
Nothing? No? Perhaps if I show my  
hand you'll be more apt to respond?

No dice, Lux is a wall.

MR.CARLOS  
Very well.

Mr. Carlos reaches down and snatches the cooler. The BLOOD,  
now dry and cracked has formed a thick protective layer over  
the lid.

He puts his CUBAN down on a golden ashtray and tries to open  
the Lunch box, it resist.

Lux grins the smallest grin.

MR.CARLOS  
This damn thing, please excuse me  
Mr.lux.

Mr.Carlos being small in stature doesn't seem to have the  
strength to break the blood seal.

Again he tries with much greater effort. The damn thing  
won't open.

MR.CARLOS  
Oh, my,...so..much...blood.

DIRTY MELODY  
Can I help sir!

Breathing hard now as he strains.

MR.CARLOS  
No need Melody I almost have  
this...

The cooler lid suddenly springs open and from it out pops a  
HEAD.

It bounces off the floor and twirls away towards the  
entrance door.

Dirty Melody burst out laughing.

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS

Melody!

Smirking at Lux she picks up the head and tosses it up and down like a basket ball in her hands then hands it to Mr.Carlos who places it carefully next to a small table by his chair.

Lux watches intensely.

MR.CARLOS

May we chat now?

Lux says nothing. He watches.

MR.CARLOS

Very well.

Mr.Carlos puts his fingers over the heads MOUTH and pries the lips and teeth open. The mouth resists some then pops opens as he inserts his finger and pulls out what looks to be an old silver COIN. Triumphantly he holds to coin up for LUX to see.

The look on Lux's face flashes from stoic to anger in a second.

MR.CARLOS

May we talk now.

LUX

Valknur will have your head for this Mr.Carlos and perhaps genitals as well.

It's Mr.Carlos turn to smirk now as he barks out a brief laugh.

MR.CARLOS

Wonderful! He responds. What an interesting man you are Mr.Lux.

Lux can only give the meanest scowl in response.

MR.CARLOS

Don't be angry with me Mr.Lux, you never had a choice, simply tell me the location and this will all end.

LUX

This is a decree of WAR. You've crossed a line with Frederick Valknur and you will suffer the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUX (cont'd)  
consequences for your actions. You  
and your pathetic little gang of  
killers you've assembled. You've  
brought doom upon your own house.

Dirty Melody laughs out loud as she falls to the floor  
grabbing at her stomach.

MR.CARLOS  
Now, now Melody, let us be kind to  
our guest.

MR.CARLOS  
Give me the exact location and I  
will personally kill you  
myself,...a quick death I promise,  
as a man of leisure. I swear to  
it.

LUX  
Die. You and your maggots.

MR.CARLOS  
Is that a NO then?

Lux's face again flashes from anger to stoicism.

MR.CARLOS  
(pouting)  
Fine,..be that way. Pophand!

Pophand, 25, enters. Small, frail, baseball cap, baggy  
jeans, and a large black hoodie,two sizes to big for him.  
Hood rat style.

His face, gaunt, large puffy eyes, tight small mouth,  
heroine sheik.

POPHAND  
Yea boss?

MR.CARLOS  
I'm in need of your expertise  
tonight.

Dirty Melody sits up instantly, rubbing her hands vigorously  
in ghoulisn anticipation.

POPHAND  
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS

One YES is enough, just give me a moment to consult with our guest.

Pophand sheepishly grins and steps away.

MR.CARLOS

Lux, I will give you my offer one last time? What say you?

Lux pauses for a second and with a committed look, eyes huge, answers.

LUX

It WILL be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth Mr.Carlos.

MR.CARLOS

Oh yes, yes! I am happy to hear that! Truly! POPHAND!

Pophand approaches right behind the hanged man.

POPHAND

Where boss?

MR.CARLOS

Start with the pinkie please.

Pophand takes the chained mans pinkie and generously rubs it.

POPHAND

Keep still please this is my favorite part.

He closes his eyes and smirks a big ol' grin. Within a second the pinkie simply EXPLODES into shards of flesh and bone. The splatter even reaches Dirty Melody as she laughs with wild abandon.

Lux freezes in shock, his body spasms.

MR.CARLOS

Yes, yes, Mr.Lux, my associate here has the ability to channel his life force and magnify it into human body parts. The results are well,..what you experience.

Mr.Carlos leans it close to Lux's face.

( CONTINUED )

MR.CARLOS

How do you feel good sir?

Lux's eye's are still in the back of his head from the pain in shock.

Mr.Carlos leans back and inhales deeply on his Cuban cigar. He muses as he swirls the smoke in his mouth. Amused at Lux's pain, Mr.Carlos exhales. The scent of tobacco fills the air.

Mr.Carlos continues his villainous monologue, relishing every moment.

MR.CARLOS

You see when certain body parts explode, non-lethal of course, the body reacts by releasing adrenaline among other hormone's in your blood stream, allowing me to inject my own cocktail of drugs into your system.

Mr.Carlos snaps his finger. Dirty Melody jumps up NEEDLE in hand and slams it into Lux's buttock.

Lux winces.

MR.CARLOS

Please Melody! A little gentleness for our guest.

DIRTY MELODY

I think he likes it!

Dirty Melody steps back and sits back down.

MR.CARLOS

Are you feeling it yet? I've designed my cocktail to work fairly quickly.

Lux's eyes snap open. He's aware and awake.

MR.CARLOS

Good! Shall we proceed!

LUX

If you let me leave now, it will be YOU that will be given a quick death and your troops spared.

The room erupts in mocking laughter.

(CONTINUED)



MR.CARLOS

Oh, dear, I never knew you had a sense of humor!

Mr.Carlos claps his chubby little hands in glee. He picks up his Cuban cigar and and takes a quick puff and blows more smoke.

MR.CARLOS

What is your full name Lux?

Lux ignores the question for a moment then his FACE struggles as if compelled.

LUX

My... full name...is..Lukas Luxström.

MR.CARLOS

Excellent! Now, does the Hand of God know yet of my recent activities?

LUX

N...no.

MR.CARLOS

Good! See the progress Mr.Lux!

Excited, Mr.Carlos again leans in into Lux's face. Both men stare eye to eye.

MR.CARLOS

Where is the LOCATION of the vault Mr.Lux?

Lux seizes for a moment, his face becomes thick-veined and red, a struggle is happening.

MR.CARLOS

Well..Mr.Lux...the LOCATION?

Lux seizes. Mouth starts to foam. Eyes again in the back of his head. Body shudders in agony.

MR.CARLOS

(yells)

Again! I say where is the location of the vault Mr. Lux?

Luxs' body continues to shudder violently. And at it's WORST, stops. Luxs' eyes pop back, PUPIL'S HUGE. In the most solemn, heavy timbre Lux responds.

(CONTINUED)

LUX

E Tenebris Lux, dum animus ardens  
tollitur, Mors non vincit, sed viam  
novam pandit. Spiritus immortalis  
iterum resurget. - latin - (Out of  
Darkness, Light, my burning spirit  
lifted, Death does not conquer, but  
opens a new path. The immortal  
spirit shall rise again.)

Mr.Carlos leans back, unamused and confused as the WOUNDS on  
Luxs' body open and weep BLOOD profusely.

From all the deep cuts and gashes leaks out a LIGHT. A  
bright golden light.

MR.CARLOS

What is this!

The light from Lux's wounds fill the room. Everyone shields  
their eyes in panic.

The LIGHT intensifies for a moment then nothing. What's left  
is the crispy CORPSE of LUX. His wounds seared, sizzling  
from a light that burst forth from his body.

Mr.Carlos buries himself into his chair. A look of  
disappointment on his face.

MR.CARLOS

I'd expect no less from a soldier  
of Valknur. Plan B it is.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: KILL CITY - 1991 - TWO DAYS BEFORE

EXT. KILL CITY - L.E.S. - DAY

The hood is slamming today. Endless crowds wander the  
streets of LOWER EAST SIDE. The dirty brownstones seem  
dirtier today. Garbage everywhere. Rats scurry to and fro  
unnoticed feasting on refuse.

On one PARTICULAR brownstone, a small three-story is adorned  
with a COBRA HEAD, embossed just above it's entrance.

NOEL, 18, a dirty cherub, blond hair, serious blue eyes, one  
of the vast number of lost souls in Kill city.

He's just left Cobra head. Quickly, he sifts through the  
crowd. An expert. No one notices. He weaves his way to ASTOR  
PLACE.

(CONTINUED)

The ASTOR PLACE CUBE, dirty as always. A Huge, monolithic eight-foot-square steel sculpture painted black stands solitary in the promenade.

None of the crusty kids are there today. It's a lonely OCTOBER day, orange leaves everywhere. The gentle sunshine gives everything a bright, beautiful glow.

Noel lingers up to the cube and plants himself comfortably in front.

He unstraps his guitar case, opens it and pulls out his blue acoustic STEEL FENDER and gives it a quick strum. It's a bright, somewhat melancholy sound.

Noel causally strums when a SHADOW darkens his peripheral vision. A FACE suddenly pops into his line of vision.

ILL EVANS

YO!

Noel looks up. Ill EVANS, 20s, dressed all in black, black chucks and pocket novel snugly in back pocket. He appears as just one of the many alt kids who haunt the east village.

ILL EVANS

Guess what?

Noel continues to strum absent-mindedly.

ILL EVANS

Chill yo, it's recon today. Finally we get some easy work.

NOEL

You sure?

ILL EVANS

What? You saying I don't know my up's from downs?

NOEL

We don't have an up or a down.

ILL EVANS

The glass is full homie. Let's go.

Noel packs up and both leave. They expertly criss-cross the streets and boulevards of east village into west village by the meat packing district.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

They reach their destination. It's a WAREHOUSE. Dusk is almost upon them. The place is a graveyard. A solitary old MAN sits by the door entrance. He looks homeless and smells like it too.

The pair approach the homeless man.

THE MOUSE

I need some bourbon,...I want some  
Widow Jane, nothing cheap.

The smelly man's whispers almost to himself.

ILL EVANS

Hold on Mouse, we just got here.  
What's the situation?

He stops to scratch his flaky, scabbed, scalp, dandruff falls like snow all over his shoulders.

THE MOUSE

There gone. All of 'em.

He continues to scratch himself as a bad smell emanates from his body.

ILL EVANS

Whacha mean mouse?

THE MOUSE

Seen this before,...long ago, guild wars. Was bad. So bad.

ILL EVANS

Just EXPLAIN to me. What happened?

THE MOUSE

"DEATH...we defy the augury but  
there is special providence in the  
fall of a sparrow."

Ill Evans straightens up, disturbed.

NOEL

What?

ILL EVANS

Bambie's dead.

(CONTINUED)

NOEL

Fuck.

Both of em march into the warehouse fearlessly.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The WAREHOUSE is large, dark and dusty. Huge crates lie around unmoved and unpacked. It's a ghost-house in here.

Some of the LIGHTS are still on. Others off. It's creepy inside. Ill Evans pulls out a small flashlight as both start exploring.

ILL EVANS

Mouse never spits  
Shakespeare,...only heard him do  
that once and well it's not a good  
memory.

NOEL

Swell.

CRATES are smashed. It's a mess. Large boxes are thrown everywhere.

ILL EVANS

Well, well, what happened here.

Noel stops. And looks up. Ill Evans shines his flash light up towards to cavernous ceiling. DROPS of liquid fall and make a distinct PLOP as both approach.

Hung from the rafters are about twenty BODIES. All upside down and appear dead. Blood drips for the mouths of the victims.

ILL EVANS

Oh shit.

Ill Evans shines his light on the corpses.

NOEL

They were gutted. Expertly.

ILL EVANS

You can tell?

NOEL

I can tell.

(CONTINUED)

ILL EVANS  
(sighs)  
We report.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Both leave. The mouse is still there. Smelling bad.

THE MOUSE  
I'll want that bottle of Widow  
Jane. It's a smooth ten year  
bourbon. I'll give you some son.  
You'll need it.

Ill Evans tosses a wad of cash at the smelly homeless man.

ILL EVANS  
Thank you mouse.

HOURS LATER.

INT. ATLAS MEAT MARKET - NIGHT

Ill Evans and Noel walk into the ATLAS MEAT MARKET. Men in large white aprons and heavy blue work shirts methodically carve, cut and select huge pieces of meat. The loud buzz of electric band saw's irritate and tickle his ear as parts of beef or pork are impaled on hooks and wheeled away. It's organized chaos.

Through the assembly line of swirling carcasses at the very corner of the warehouse is DELANCY.

DELANCY, 58, a large slob of a man, puffing a cigar, bloody white t-shirt, small black vest and dress pants. He's the culmination of a lost capitalistic era wrapped in one foul smelling bureaucratic package.

He's busy yelling at one of the workers as both approach.

DELANCY  
I'm up to my tits in bacon. And  
the delivery was two days ago.  
Wanna tell me what happened?

The worker tries to explain and is cut off.

DELANCY  
Shut up! Or your bacon next. Tell  
me you're working on it now!

Again the workers tries to respond.

(CONTINUED)

DELANCY

Do my tits look like bacon to you?  
Well, do they?

The worker can barely respond. Both Ill Evans and Noel are there now.

DELANCY

One more TIME, you're working on  
it, yea?

The worker again tries to responds when Ill Evans speaks up.

ILL EVANS

Thought bacon was from the ass.

Delancy shoots a nasty glance at the worker then at the two.

DELANCY

You two follow.

Without so much a further glance at the worker Delancy waddles back to his office through the chaos.

INT. ATLAS MEAT MARKET - OFFICE - NIGHT

Delancy's office has only one desk, two file cabinets and a desk lamp. It's a small, cramped, urine yellow paint job. Even with closed doors the noise is a decibel or two lower. He squeezes behind his desk and plops down on a task chair that CREAKS in agony from the weight.

Delancy points his chubby finger at the two.

DELANCY

What happened?

ILL EVANS

Well-

DELANCY

Spit it out.

ILL EVANS

Their dead.

DELANCY

Who's dead?

ILL EVANS

The warehouse workers.

Delancy gazes at Noel.

(CONTINUED)

DELANCY  
You. Cry baby.

NOEL  
Yes.

DELANCY  
Tell me.

NOEL  
Gutted and hung all of em. Was a  
pro hit.

A look of fear comes of Delancy's chubby red face.

DELANCY  
Anything else?

ILL EVANS  
The mouse mentioned "guild wars."

If a stroke was to hit this fat bureaucrat it's now.  
Delancy's face goes beet red and his veins bulge.

DELANCY  
Say that again boy.

Ill Evans squirms in his seat. It's gonna be an explosion  
from Delancy again.

ILL EVANS  
Mouse said it was guild wars.

Delancy springs up from his task chair and slams both meaty  
fist into the already cluttered desk. A coffee cup falls and  
spills all over the floor. The liquid spreads out much like  
blood.

Delancy stares harshly at both agents. Eye's bloodshot,  
face, beet red, both Noel and Ill Evans squirm in their  
seats. After a what seems an eternity of an uncomfortable  
silence Delancy roars.

DELANCY  
Both of you leave, I have calls to  
make. NOW!

It takes but a moment as both agents get up and are about to  
leave when the door to the office opens.

MAN  
Please, don't leave on my account.  
I've just arrived.

(CONTINUED)



All three stare at the person who's just entered so nonchalantly into Delancy's office.

FREDERICK VALKNUR, 40s, an aristocratic in appearance, at a height of six-two, exudes both intensity and an air of mystery.

His eyes, piercing, his smile, expressive, reveals a subtle sardonic grin. His overall demeanor and posture is elegant and poised as he approaches all three.

VALKNUR

Is there a seat for me?

Another moment of stunned silence.

Valknur raises an eyebrow.

DELANCY

Ah, yes, yes, so sorry.

Delancy gestures at both agents harshly pointing his plump finger at the boys.

DELANCY

You two give him a chair and scram!

Ill Evans is the closes to a chair and shuffles over to Valknur.

VALKNUR

Oh, no please allow them to stay.

Looking over at both agents.

VALKNUR

You both found the bodies? Is that correct?

ILL EVANS

(taken aback)

Y-yes. We did.

VALKNUR

Good you both should stay then.

Valknur comfortably settles himself on a chair. Scans the office, see's the spilled coffee on the floor a smile escapes his lips.

VALKNUR

Now, I remember you making a great cup of coffee, yes? Or has that changed?

(CONTINUED)

DELANCY

Yea, I mean yes. Sure.

Delancy quickly rushes behind his desk and grabs from atop his cabinet a french press and pours out in a tiny cup a small coffee for his guest.

Leans his huge mass over the small desk offering the coffee as his hands subtly shakes.

VALKNUR

Grazie.

Delancy plops back down on his creaking task chair. As both agents look on, insecure as what to do.

Valknur takes a sip from the coffee. An look of satisfaction crosses his face.

VALKNUR

Good as I remember. You know  
Delancy you missed your calling as  
a barista.

DELANCY

Excuse me?

VALKNUR

Ahh, never mind. Do you know why I  
am here?

Delancy leans back, face now pale unable to answer.

Valknur glances back at both agents just standing there.

VALKNUR

Excuse my manners, are you both  
familiar with me?

The boys exchange worried looks.

ILL EVANS

No.

VALKNUR

Ohh! Please, Delancy would you care  
to do the honors?

Delancy is now a paler shade of white as he tries to speak without stuttering.

(CONTINUED)

DELANCY

This is Fredrick Valknur, Tenth generation, Head familia of the Dutch lords - Knots of the slain. He runs the entire northwestern operation.

VALKNUR

Oh, wonderful introduction! Thank you Delancy! And perhaps you know WHY I am here today in your office?

Delancy stays quite.

VALKNUR

Well?

DELANCY

....

VALKNUR

Nothing?

Valknur turns and faces both young agents.

VALKNUR

Tell me, both, what did you discover?

Ill Evans is the first to speak.

ILL EVANS

It was a smash and execution. No witnesses.

Towards Noel.

VALKNUR

And you, young man?

NOEL

Expertly killed. No real signs of a struggle. The cut was along the lower belly, same cut along all the bodies, and hung over fifty feet up in the rafter's. Only a "Special" could've done that.

VALKNUR

Interesting.

Valknur turns his head back at Delancy.

(CONTINUED)

VALKNUR

Did you hear that?

Delancy ghost white now, except for his bulbous nose, still a cherry red from too much drinking.

Valknur stands up takes a quiet step forward and leans over Delancy's desk. Face to face now.

VALKNUR

Very valuable property of mine was taken. As you now know and your responsibility to keep it safe. You WILL retrieve it in three days. Understand?

DELANCY

Yes.

Valknur politely puts the his his tiny cup on Delancy's desk and sits back down.

He looks back at both agents.

VALKNUR

I want you both to retrieve my property. Is that understood?

Both agents nod and look at Delancy.

DELANCY

We WILL have your property back in three days.

VALKNUR

Swear to me.

DELANCY

I swear as head of the Atlus familia, north branch, we will have it back safe and sound in three days.

Valknur smiles a wide grin.

VALKNUR

GOOD! And to make sure you get the job done....Cadaver Dog!

CADAVER DOG, age unknown, enters the room. At six-feet, he's broad and strong looking. Dressed all in military black. Flak-jacket included, but his most imposing feature is the gas mask he dons including tinted goggles that hide all his features.

(CONTINUED)

VALKNUR

This is my agent Cadaver Dog, he will oversee this operation and make sure things run smoothly. Understand?

DELANCY

Ye-yes, of course.

VALKNUR

Great! I will leave you all to business. I'll be in town for three days. Take care Delancy and you both.

DELANCY

Thank you.

Valnur gets up and is about to leave, just before he closes to door on the way out he gives one more glance back at Delancy.

VALKNUR

And Delancy?

DELANCY

Yes?

VALKNUR

Don't fail me.

As Valnur closes the door the tiny cup on Delancy's desk cracks and crumbles to pieces.

ALL four men look at each other.

EXT. KILL CITY - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

It's a murderous quite tonight. Crumbling tenements everywhere. A dark gloom looms over the skyline.

The team, Ill Evans, Noel, follow the pack leader, Cadaver Dog.

ILL EVANS

You sure about this?

Cadaver Dog say's nothing. He only continues his march. They follow.

Ill Evans whispers into his partners ear.

(CONTINUED)

ILL EVANS  
Yo you crimeside?

Noel lifts his t-shirt reveals the butt of a gun tucked neatly in and pats at the guitar case over his shoulder.

Cadaver Dog suddenly stops. He looks up towards the tenement roofs.

A SHADOW pops up from the closest tenement rooftop.

A small business CARD flutters down towards the group. Cadaver Dog snatches the card mid-air.

SUPER : "The Luna Familia welcomes you."

Cadaver Dog looks up from the card to the roof as sharp POP is heard and BLOOD spurts from his head.

Cadaver Dog falls like a sack of bricks to the ground.

Both agents pull out there handguns and aim up. The SHADOW up on the roof is gone now.

A voice booms out from behind the pair.

MAN  
Chill, yo!

Both turn and aim, a young man, JULES KILLINGHAMMER, 20'S, a punk, leather jacket, short blond mohawk and piercings to boot appears behind them. He wields a large heavy HAMMER in one hand.

In a blink of an eye he's up on Ill Evans and pushes the end of his hammer up against Evans gun.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
We got no beef with ya,...yet. We needed the hatchet man dead that's all.

Ill Evans lowers his gun. Noel hesitantly follows.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
Atlus boys huh, heard you might be heading into our neck of the woods.

A man walks up to the pair, he's big and well-dressed. He sports a large thick scar over one eye.

(CONTINUED)

JUPI  
Bonjour. (Hello)

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
Don't mind him. He's french.

He hands the pair a small card.

SUPER: Follow us please.

Ill Evans looks up at the young punk then glances at the large french man.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
Yea, he does that alot. I suggest  
you follow instructions.

ILL EVANS  
Well, since you say it so nicely.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
Jupi's all manners, unlike the rest  
of us. Let's go.

The four leave together. Ill Evans in the front with Noel and Jupi and Jules closely behind them.

As the group leaves, Cadaver Dog's FINGER twitches for a moment.

EXT. KILL CITY - FIVE POINTS - NIGHT

The group reaches a wide intersection of streets. Crumbling buildings are at each crosswalk. One building stands out from the rest. A gray, heavy, stone, brutalist style concrete bunker.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
We're heading there.

ILL EVANS  
We having a meeting?

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
Guess you could say that.

The four reach the main doors. Jupi stops and holds the door open for the rest to go through.

ILL EVANS  
You're right he is polite.

(CONTINUED)

JULES KILLINGHAMMER

Told ya.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The building is cavernous. No furniture. At the rear, an elevator.

The group enter the elevator and head up to the thirteenth floor.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER

Just be cool, your being summoned.

Ill Evans and Noel share a glance.

The elevator doors open. It's a LONG well-lit hallway. Jupi leads the way. At the end, a room, in it, a Chesterfield-style chair. Sitting comfortably, a small diminutive man, Mr. Carlos, dressed to impress and sporting heavy gold rings.

He's Flanked on both sides by his people.

Jupi and killinghammer join the group making it an uneven seven.

MR.CARLOS

(smirking)

Don't mind my agents, a scandalous lot, Jupi not so much.

A contentious groan erupts from the group.

Noel and Ill Evans remain silent.

MR.CARLOS

I see, introductions are an order.  
We can begin with me, I am -

ILL EVANS

Mr.Carlos, head of the Luna Familia, your interest are scattered throughout the city but your main business is import/export. So what's with the muscle?

MR.CARLOS

Ah, excelente! Yes, I specialize in import/export. But there's more to us than that. The Luna familia has

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MR.CARLOS (cont'd)  
contracts all over the northern  
territories causing us "issues"  
with the head of the Dutch lords,  
Valknur.

ILL EVANS  
We have no involvement in that.

MR.CARLOS  
Oh, but you do boy, you both do.  
Delancy does send his best I admit.  
Or was it Valknur?

ILL EVANS  
...

MR.CARLOS  
Now, now this won't do! We're here  
to chat perhaps parlay.

ILL EVANS  
If this is a guild war it's  
suicide.

MR.CARLOS  
Normally, yes but the cards are  
stacked on my side it seems. Allow  
me to introduce my people, And a  
corpse can't laugh Krew.

Mr.Carlos snaps his chubby fingers at his people.

MR.CARLOS  
You've met Jupi and Jules I assume.

ILL EVANS  
Yea, we did. And a corpse can't  
laugh? Isn't that a run-on  
sentence?

AND A CORPSE CAN'T LAUGH MEMBER  
No, it's not dumb ass, It's a  
grammatically correct standalone  
sentence. Didn't think the Atlus  
krew had a grammar cop.

ILL EVANS  
Let me guess, your the sensitive  
artistic one who came up with the  
stupid name?

Noel smirks.

(CONTINUED)

YARRY, 20'S, a skinny, lanky white kid sporting a small fro. Decked out all in black and heavy silver chain around his neck. He pulls out a 45.caliber menacingly and aims at Ill Evans.

YARRY

Yea, call me that again and see.

MR.CARLOS

Enough Yarry, they are our guest,  
put your weapon away. The rest of  
you introduce your selves.

Flanked on each side of Mr.Carlos the member's of A corpse  
can't laugh Krew sound off.

TOCO

Toco here.

THE JINXS

Jinx or just J.

POPHAND

Yo, what's up, Pophand.

DIRTY MELODY

Melody sweetie.

YARRY

Yarry, asswipe.

MR.CARLOS

Good. Now you know my little group.  
As for you both, Ill Evans, the  
thousand lives agent. I wonder how  
many of those lives we can  
extinguish in one night? And you  
the quite one,....I have needs of  
your talents.

YARRY

The girl? What the hell can this  
pipsqueak do?

MR.CARLOS

Please, manners. This is the  
sharpshooter known as "Calamity's  
kiss".

NOEL

I never gave myself that moniker.  
And I'm a boy.

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS

Perhaps, but tales of your gift  
have circulated.

NOEL

....

MR.CARLOS

Perfect! I am in need of your  
talent.

ILL EVANS

We don't work for you...never have,  
never will.

MR.CARLOS

Such a stubborn young man! In life  
you make changes, adapt or die. I  
think this is one of those  
situations, don't you?

ILL EVANS

I think you fucked up, bad enough  
that the Hand of God is gonna hear  
about it and Valknur is out to get  
you.

MR.CARLOS

Perhaps but You WILL work for us or  
you die here where you stand.

Noel and Ill Evans share a glance as they pull guns.

POP, POP.

Both GUNS are shot out of from their hands in seconds.

YARRY

You're not the only bad ass here.  
Let me shoot the mouthy one sir,  
please.

MR.CARLOS

As you an see, my men are more then  
capable but Valknur is another  
story.

NOEL

We do this it's against our oath.

MR.CARLOS

Of course! In exchange you get life  
and my leave of safety, on my word.

(CONTINUED)

Both agents express a look of disapproval.

MR.CARLOS  
Excelente! We leave now!

EXT. KILL CITY - OLD HALL STATION - NIGHT

The old but beautiful abandoned SUBWAY STATION still had some class. From the mosaic brick to the old chandelier hanging when first entered, it's a forgotten time capsule.

Mr.Carlos confidently strides in, then a Corpse can't laugh, followed by Ill Evans, Noel and lastly Jupi in the rear.

Despite the large group they are dwarfed by the by subway station.

MR.CARLOS  
Beautiful is it not?

POPHAND  
Yo, boss I heard about this place  
thought it was bullshit.

MR.CARLOS  
No, bullshit Pophand, this is a  
forgotten part of the city few  
people even remember anymore.

DIRTY MELODY  
Oh, be a righteous rave we could  
throw here!

MR.CARLOS  
Melody, my dear, could you do the  
honors?

DIRTY MELODY  
Si Senor!

Dirty melody pulls out a large brass bell and rings it with childish glee.

Looks of surprise and confusion cross faces as the sound of the bell echoes off into the darkness.

Seconds pass. Nothing.

Then a low mechanical rumble followed by vibrations. LIGHT'S floods the darkened subway.

(CONTINUED)

A TRAIN approaches. It's brights are blinding. The gush of air flows through the tunnels as a single CAR train approaches the group.

MR.CARLOS  
Everyone, please!

The TRAIN doors open. The group cautiously enter. Last is JUPI, who characteristically waits by the door, head bowed slightly in a small, formal bow.

MR.CARLOS  
Never a more polite gentleman and assassin.

YARRY  
Fuck he's annoying!

The group agrees.

MR.CARLOS  
Jupi, enter please.

As Jupi is about to get in when a POP rings out. BLOOD blossoms and spurts out at the train.

Jupi's stoic expression immediately changes into one of surprise. He silently falls to the ground.

From behind, CADAVER DOG stalks into view, GUN in hand as he aims at the passengers.

POP, POP, POP, he fires as the train doors close. All the shots easily bounce off.

MR.CARLOS  
(proudly)  
We are bullet proof, thankfully.

DIRTY MELODY  
JUPPPI!!!

MR.CARLOS  
Not to worry, dear Melody he is more resilient than you know.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
I could've sworn we snuffed that fool, my apologies Mr.Carlos.

MR.CARLOS  
Fear not, Jupi will handle this.

(CONTINUED)

As the train speeds away, a final view of CADAVER DOG watching the train leave when suddenly Jupi jumps up and punches the gas-masked assassin sending him flying to the dirt floor.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
What kinda freak does Valknur have  
in his crew?

The whole party eyes Ill Evans and Noel.

ILL EVANS  
We just met to be honest.

MR.CARLOS  
I believe you, young assassin.

ILL EVANS  
Why's that?

MR.CARLOS  
I know who Valknur employs and I  
know who Delancy employs.

The train comes to a screeching halt. It's another SUBWAY tunnel with beautiful mosaic tiles and stained glass awnings.

Timeless nineteenth century architecture.

The group walks out, led by Mr.Carlos.

MR.CARLOS  
Truly a marvel of art and  
engineering. A pity these tunnels  
were never used.

JULES KILLINGHAMMER  
We're we going boss?

MR.CARLOS  
This way, please.

The group walks past the turnstiles and continues down a set of rough-hewn stairs.

INT. UNDER WORLD MUSEUM - NIGHT

It's a massive, palatial ROOM ornately designed white stucco complete with large ornamental columns and sand-colored tiles for a floor.

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS

What was once going to be the  
underworld museum. A freakish  
showcase of assassins lore and  
artifacts.

POPHAND

Sounds dope.

MR.CARLOS

A vanity project at best but good  
for the kids I think.

YARRY

Oh, yea the kids!

Both Yarry and Tuco smirk.

MR.CARLOS

That is until the other familia's  
disagreed on certain aspects of the  
museum. And it all fell into  
disrepair. Regardless one familia  
stayed behind.

Mr.Carlos walks up to one of the walls, there almost hidden  
is a COIN SLOT.

MR.CARLOS

Perfecto!

The old sliver COIN Mr.Carlos has been carrying is  
inserted.

CRACKS expand on the wall around the coin slot. Dust,  
plaster and debris rise up in the air as the wall around the  
coin slot opens outward.

Inside, a slot, SOMETHING large is in the wall embedded.

VALKNUR

So you found it.

The entire group turns and see's Valknur twenty feet away.

Pophand rushes the man, HANDS out. Inches away from reaching  
him, when both his hands EXPLODE, a shrapnel SHOWER of bone  
and blood.

Valknur only had to snap a FINGER.

All GUNS are drawn. Yarry is the first to fire. Valknur is  
no longer in the same spot. He's vanished. But his voice  
BOOMS throughout the room.

(CONTINUED)

VALKNUR

Mr.Carlos, you've taken the life of  
my familia and stolen my property,  
for this you WILL pay.

MR.CARLOS

(yells)

Perhaps, perhaps not Valknur. Maybe  
you DIE here tonight.

MR.CARLOS

(to Noel)

Now is the time to shine.

ILL EVANS

Don't.

Mr.Carlos shoves his gun up on Ill Evans dome.

MR.CARLOS

Do,...or I shoot him.

NOEL

Fine.

Noel unpacks his guitar case, inside is a Remington Model  
700, single bolt action RIFLE.

Noel casually picks it up and aims. Before Noel can fire,  
Valknur appears.

VALKNUR

Young man! I know you're talents no  
need to act...I have this under  
control. Mr.Carlos has already  
lost.

YARRY

LIKE HELL you have!

Yarry unloads his clip onto Valknur who is less then twenty  
feet away.

None of the bullets seems to hit or even come close to  
Valknur. A look of CONFUSION followed by HORROR, when  
Yarry's ARMS explode in bloody shrapnel.

Jinx puts his HANDS to the title floor.

MR.CARLOS

Oh, I hate this.

The FLOOR and the entire ROOM begins to melt into a  
PSYCHEDELIC KALEIDOSCOPE.

(CONTINUED)



VALKNUR  
CADAVER DOG!

From the roof a loud RUMBLE and CRASH as two FIGURES break through the top of the underground room.

They fall fast and smash deep into the tile floor. From a cloud of DEBRIS emerges CADAVER DOG his HAND around the throat of a very dead JINX.

Also from the smokey debris, Jupi emerges, suit in tatters and FACE bloody as he smashes his FIST into Cadaver Dogs face.

The two men instantly grapple.

Simultaneously Dirty Melody, and Jules kilinghammer flank Valknur, both wielding weapons and STRIKE simultaneously.

Calmly, Valnur dodges both assassins. And with a snap of a FINGER both EXPLODE into a grotesque mess of limbs and gore.

They SCREAM for a second and then silence.

Toco witnesses the massacre and RUNS away while Jupi and Cadaver Dog continue the dog fight.

VALKNUR  
(looks at Mr.Carlos)  
Is this your grand plan? Waste my  
time with newbie killers?

Mr.Carlos stutters and falls back his gun still aimed at Ill Evans head.

MR.CARLOS  
Fire now!

Noel calmly aims and fires.

The bullet seems to pass through Valknur. Second later Valknur catches something in his hand.

Blood leaks from a GASH on Valknur's face. More drips from his closed FIST.

VALKNUR  
(to Noel)  
Very good, I haven't bled in so  
very long.

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS  
(shocked)  
You caught it?

VALKNUR  
The first pass no, but it seems the  
young man can control it's  
trajectory as well.

With that Valknur opens his closed fist. A BULLET falls to the floor.

Mr.Carlos lowers his gun. Ill Evans and Noel step back and bear witness while Cadaver Dog and Jupi continue to tussle.

VALKNUR  
Oh, come now did you really think  
the Knots of the Slain are that  
easy to kill?

Valknur casually walks up to the section of wall and reaches in and pulls out a LARGE PAINTING that was inserted inside.

VALKNUR  
This is the treasure you sought to  
steal from me Mr.Carlos.

MR.CARLOS  
A painting?

VALKNUR  
Not just any painting.

Valknur shows off the painting for all to see.

The painting captures a radiant woman in flowing garments, her serene gaze fixed upon a tiny sparrow perched in her delicate hand as she tenderly blows it a kiss, her lips curved in a whisper of affection.

There's a genuine look of love in her eyes.

MR.CARLOS  
You expect me to take this  
seriously?

VALKNUR  
MARGRET my only love, long gone  
now. This Mr.Carlos IS my treasure.  
And I would gladly burn my empire  
down to protect it,..or destroy  
anything or anyone who is stupid  
enough to take it from me.

(CONTINUED)

MR.CARLOS

Impossible!

VALKNUR

I painted this myself, before I became the man I am now. Life was so very different back then. And I was a different man. Now you know Mr.Carlos.

MR.CARLOS

Indeed, JUPI, destroy his insipid painting!

Jupic tosses Cadaver Dog aside like a bag of potatoes and rushes the crime lord.

VALKNUR

STOP!

Valknur's voice is forceful, commanding it immediately stops Jupi.

Suddenly the room goes PITCH BLACK.

VALKNUR

You think they wouldn't find out Mr.Carlos?

SPOTLIGHTS hit the room.

MR.CARLOS

Ah..blasted Deus ex machina.

VOICE OF GOD

Are WE so contrived Mr. Carlos you would set off a potential guild war?

MR.CARLOS

(points at Valknur)

I have rightful claims to part of the Northern territories that were stolen by these dutch dogs!

VOICE OF GOD

A consensus was reached with all the guilds on how the northern territories should be split if you were not happy you should have gone up the chain of command.

( CONTINUED )

MR.CARLOS  
NONSENSE! Those lands belong to my  
guild and I refuse to give them up!

Mr. Carlos aims his pistol at Valnur's painting. As he  
attempts to shoot Valknur snaps his finger and Mr.Carlos  
pistol hand is SHEARED off by some unseen force.

Mr.carlos cries out as his arm is now a bloody stump.

VALKNUR  
I demand retribution! As head of  
the Dutch Lords I ask for this.

VOICE OF GOD  
By the laws of the guild we bestow  
Frederick Valknur retribution.

Valknur grins at Mr.Carlos.

MR.CARLOS  
Jupi! Kill Valknur!

Jupi again rushes at Valknur. Valknur simply ask a question.

VALKNUR  
Do desire your freedom?

Jupi stops in his tracks.

MR.CARLOS  
What are you stopping for Jupi,  
kill him!

VALKNUR  
I ask for the copyhold on his  
contract and nunc dimittis.

VOICE OF GOD  
Do you? What say you Jupi? Do you  
seek absolvment from your contract  
with Mr.Carlos?

Jupi stops and looks at both Mr.Carlos and Valknur.

MR.CARLOS  
Jupi would never betray me!

Jupi walks up to a bloody Mr.Carlos, pulls out a small  
single GLOVE and gently smacks the mafia lord in the face  
with it.

(CONTINUED)

JUPI  
(to the voice of God)  
Oui. (Yes)

MR.CARLOS  
(shocked)  
Even your betrayal is polite!

VOICE OF GOD  
You are now absolved...go in peace.

Jupi turns to walk away when Valknur speaks up.

VALKNUR  
Jupi! Come work for me.

Jupi stops and eyes both at both Valknur and Cadaver Dog.  
Walks up to Cadaver Dog and gestures for a handshake.

Cadaver Dog glances at Valknur who gives a nod of approval.  
Both men shake hands heartily.

VALKNUR  
Good! Now that we are done here I  
will take my leave. Cadaver dog!

Cadaver Dog approaches Mr.Carlos looming over the bloody  
small man.

MR.CARLOS  
Now hear you! DO YOU-

Mr.Carlos is SLAMMED in the gut and picked up by the larger  
man and slung over Cadaver Dogs shoulder like a bag of  
potatoes.

All three walk off into the darkness, painting included.  
Just as Valknur disappears his last words to Noel and Ill  
Evans hang in the air.

VALKNUR  
You both did well young assassins.  
We WILL meet again,...but perhaps  
not on the best of terms. Fare thee  
well.

Both assassins look at each other and a chill crawls down  
their backs.

VOICE OF GOD  
Again, we chat under the most  
inhospitable of circumstances.  
Noel, Ill Evans go your contract  
has been fulfilled.

(CONTINUED)

ILL EVANS

What did Valknur mean by "not on best of terms"?

VOICE OF GOD

Valknur's organization was betrayed. Which led to the death of one of his most cherished agent's. This will most likely not go unpunished. Rumors are the Judas came from the Atlus familia.

ILL EVANS

Those are just rumors.

VOICE OF GOD

Perhaps. But this is not the end of it. For now at least you are both safe.

The spotlight fades and all the room lights return to norm. The only TWO who are left in palatial room are Ill Evans and Noel.

NOEL

We report?

ILL EVANS

(sighs)

Yea. But remember the glass is full hommie. Let's go home.

THE END.