

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

by
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RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A WWII German U-Boat glides just under the surface of the water...

IN THE FINAL DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, AS NAZI GERMANY FELL TO ALLIED FORCES, HITLER ORDERED U-BOATS TO SECRETLY SPEED AWAY STOLEN ARTIFACTS AND OTHER TREASURES.

Depth charges sink down and EXPLODE...

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT/BRIDGE

The explosion from the depth charge ECHOES. ALARMS blare. A U-BOAT CAPTAIN...in a *KRIEGSMARINE* UNIFORM...his sleeves have four gold stripes at the cuffs...has his face pressed against the periscope...

Another U-BOAT OFFICER steps up alongside with a concerned look on his face...

U-BOAT OFFICER

(in GERMAN)

Herr Captain! We lost the last diesel and we're drawing water!

In their eyes...there is a look of knowing doom...

U-BOAT CAPTAIN

(in GERMAN)

Alert the Japanese High Command we will not be completing the mission.

(beat)

You have the bridge. I'll alert the Fuhrer personally.

There is an epic pause...then the U-Boat Officer salutes...The U-boat Captain returns salute...

U-BOAT OFFICER

Ya vol herr captain!

The U-Boat Captain turns...starts off the bridge...

The U-boat Officer presses his face to the periscope again...scans the distant coastline for a few moments...

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT/CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

As the room SHUDDERS from a close depth charge EXPLOSION, a HAND reaches inside a JACKET...pulls out something about eight or so inches long...rolled up in LEATHER, then sets it on a DESK. Another HAND comes in to untie the leather straps holding it rolled up...unrolls it...

CLOSE ON UNROLLED DAGGERS

REVEAL FOUR IDENTICAL ORNATE DAGGERS...except each is made of a different metal...one GOLD, one dark IRON, one tarnished COPPER, and one made of SILVER.

The handles of the daggers are BEAUTIFULLY CARVED NAKED WOMAN from the waist up, with billowing, long, full hair flowing down from the head, wrapping forward to cover bared breasts, and spreading out at her slim waist to form the handle guard above the blade.

A KNOCK ON THE CABIN DOOR

HITLER (O.S.)
(in GERMAN)
Enter.

The U-Boat Captain opens the door and salutes...

U-BOAT CAPTAIN
(in GERMAN)
Mein Fuhrer! We have lost the last diesel and we are taking on water!

REVEAL ADOLF HITLER sitting at the desk. The U-Boat Captain's eyes fall on the unrolled daggers, then back to Hitler.

U-BOAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(recognition)
The Daggers of Cordovia.

HITLER
(calm, in GERMAN)
When I most desperately need an invincible army, I am lost forever to the deep with them.

U-BOAT CAPTAIN
Did you hear me, mein Fuhrer?

HITLER
(resign)
I should have stayed in the bunker with Eva.

U-BOAT CAPTAIN
Your orders mein Fuhrer?

HITLER
Scuttle the boat, Captain.

The U-Boat Captain snaps to attention, salutes.

U-BOAT CAPTAIN
(resolve)
Mein Fuhrer!

The U-Boat Captain starts to back out--

HITLER

Your side-arm, Captain. Leave it.

The U-Boat Captain hesitates, then unholsters his PISTOL and sets it on the desk. Then, with one final salute, he backs out and shuts the cabin door, leaving Hitler alone in the room as it SHAKES and SHUDDERS from more depth charges...

OUTSIDE THE CABIN DOOR

The U-Boat Captain stands for a moment. A SINGLE PISTOL SHOT is heard through the door. The U-Boat Captain's eyes blink and his face registers a knowing look, then resolve.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

As DEPTH CHARGES continue to descend and EXPLODE, the U-BOAT SPLITS AND RUPTURES, SINKS TO THE DEPTHS...

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

EXT. BOARDWALK - TWILIGHT

It's your typical older established beach-side community boardwalk with all sorts of shops selling typical beach stuff from postcards to pizza...

PRESENT DAY

INT. BOARDWALK/HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING - NIGHT

QUIET and mysterious with haunting decor that is somewhere between Harley-Davidson biker chick and gypsy fortune teller. All sorts of ornate statues and other artwork clutter the place along with leather jackets, heavy stainless steel jewelry etc. Glass counter/cases full of all sorts of jewelry run the length of one wall...on which burn candles. A deep purple velvet curtain blocks the door to the back of the shop.

LAURA (18)...is a total knockout...perky short-haired blonde. Her beautiful face fills the screen and her eyes seem focused on nothing. She is blind.

HARRIET (O.S.)

Now focus. What do you see?

LAURA

(smiles, as if)

Nothing.

REVEAL HARRIET (50+). She is an elder biker chick meets mystic of African-American descent. She's hard rode, tough, and says it how it is.

Her dark hair has a streak of white running through it as she watches Laura...standing and gazing into the distance...

HARRIET

Not with your eyes sweetie...with your *mind*. Look around the room with your mind's eye.

Harriet closes her eyes and breathes in deeply...

HARRIET (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Now clear your thoughts. Use your senses. Feel. Smell. Listen. What do you see?

Laura concentrates...listening...smelling...sensing...

ON A TINKLING METAL AND GLASS WIND CHIME

LAURA

Wind chime.

HARRIET

Where is it?

LAURA

By the entrance.

HARRIET

How do you know?

LAURA

Ocean breeze is making it move.

HARRIET

Very good. What else?

ON A FLICKERING CANDLE FLAME

LAURA

(smiles)

Candle.

HARRIET

Very good. Where?

LAURA

On the counter by the register.

HARRIET

Touch it with your mind. Can you feel its heat?

LAURA

(smiles)

Yes.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Yes...I can!

HARRIET
 (smiles)
 Excellent. What else?

ON A "BUZZING" OVERHEAD FLUORESCENT LIGHT BULB

LAURA
 Fluorescent light in the back room.

HARRIET
 (impressed)
 Very good.

LAURA
 Next to the coffee machine you left
 on with no coffee in the pot.

Harriet's eyes shoot open with surprise.

HARRIET
 Shit!

Harriet scurries into the back room behind the velvet
 curtain...appears momentarily holding and looking at burned
 coffee turned tacky tar on the bottom of a glass coffee pot...

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 Oh well.

LAURA
 It's amazing, Harriet. I could
 actually see.

HARRIET
 Just because we can't see doesn't
 mean we're blind.

LAURA
 Where did you learn all this mystical
 stuff, Harriet?

HARRIET
 Been around sweetie. Seen a lot of
 things.
 (chuckles)
 Smoked a lot of good shit.

Someone walks in. CHRIS (19)...good-looking, charismatic,
 confident.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 (sees someone)
 Someone's here.

LAURA
 (excited)
 Bryan?

CHRIS
 (smirks)
 No your *brother*.

LAURA
 Chris.

Chris gives Harriet a slight smirk when she's not looking...

CHRIS
 Everyone's all down on the beach.
 Come on.

LAURA
 Okay.
 (Harriet)
 Thanks Harriet.

HARRIET
 Not at all. Remember everything I
 said. Happy birthday by the way.

LAURA
 Thanks.

Laura gives Harriet a quick kiss on the cheek and reaches instinctively out to take Chris' hand...

CHRIS
 Don't forget your guitar.

LAURA
 Right.

Laura reaches...Harriet picks up and hands her a guitar case...

LAURA (CONT'D)
 See you later Harriet!

HARRIET
 Bye sweetie.

Harriet smiles after them as they leave...

EXT. BEACH (LATER) - NIGHT

A FULL MOON GLOWS IN THE SKY...glimmering off the rolling surf...

RADIO PERSONALITY (V.O.)

(on radio)

Well it's another perfect end to another *perfect* summer day in our *perfect* little seaside community. Paradise sucks, huh? Summer's here...well...almost. Here's the weather...yes...I said *weather*, folks. Believe it or not we have a nor'easter off the coast. Sorry. You surfers will love the waves though, which should start rolling in by early morning...

A young girl breaks the surface...the moonlight glistening off her lithe body as she swims in toward shore...

DEVON (18)...very very sexy...she's your typical California beach blonde surf-chick...totally naked...tanned to coppered perfection...with long straight natural sun-blond hair and freckles around her nose and eyes.

Devon stands...throws her long wet hair back as she arches her back...the moonlight shines off her firm, tight, naked wet body. She's a siren...a mermaid supermodel. She wades ashore through the surging surf...

She stops...her foot kicks something in the wet sand. She looks down...bends over...picks up...

THE LEATHER POUCH, WORN, WEATHERED...

She curiously and carefully unrolls the saltwater brined and weathered, tattered leather pouch to reveal the daggers...

A STRANGE EERIE BILLOWING WIND SWOOSHES past Devon's face...as if generated by dark sinister powers...

She rolls the daggers back up in the tattered leather pouch. She walks off carrying them...the moonlight shining off the magnificent curves of her luscious body...

Devon's feet caress the sand as she walks toward a small pile of clothing on the sand. She stops...bends over...the magnificent hemispheres of her perfect firm rear end shine wetly in the moonlight, prickled with goosebumps. She picks up a SHEER BEACH WRAP...slips it over the curves of her body...

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

Out beyond the rolling surf...rising up and down...SOMETHING WATCHES Devon unnoticed as she walks off up the beach. There is an unearthly strange, WET SOUNDING, CREAKY CRACKLING BONE SOUND...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Live MUSIC plays as...A small gathering of TEENS sit around a BONFIRE as orange sparks glitter skyward like fireflies into the moonlit night...

The music is played on acoustical guitars by...

Chris...along with...

GENE (18)...a black youth...obnoxious...somewhat easily unnerved.

Laura plays her own guitar and SINGS beautifully, wistfully, a vision of creative illumination...

Chris stops playing his guitar...reaches and taps Gene...who also stops playing...leaving just Laura singing solo, playing her guitar. She's entrancing.

Devon walks up...still holding the rolled up leather pouch...she sits close to Chris...smiles as she looks at Laura...leans her head on Chris' shoulder...

The song finishes to a flourish of CLAPPING and CHEERING from their gathered impromptu audience...

CHRIS

My little sister wrote her first
song.

Laura...who smiles and does a bow from her seated position, her eyes unfocused...

Chris catches sight of...

BRYAN (19)...A quiet studious type...approaches holding a birthday cake with glowing candles in the darkness...

Chris motions to Bryan to "come on" while he and Gene begin to PLAY on their guitars...a rendition of "Happy Birthday" to Laura...who smiles...embarrassed...sets down her guitar to listen...smiling...as their little crowd joins in SINGING along...

The song concludes to another RESOUND of CLAPPING, WHISTLING AND CHEERING by the crowd and the band members.

LAURA

Thanks you guys.

DEVON

(smiling)

Go on Laura. Make a wish.

Laura's blind eyes do not focus on the cake.

BRYAN
 (helpfully, re: the
 cake)
 It's right in front of you Laura.

Bryan's voice has the gentle quality of a warm hug...with obvious affection for Laura.

LAURA
 (smiles)
 Thanks, Bryan.

BRYAN
 Happy Birthday.

Bryan obviously has a crush on Laura. He continues to hold the birthday cake as Laura stands opposite him, the candles bathing their faces in golden flickering candlelight...

CHRIS
 Stop talkin' and blow out the candles
 already!

Laura takes a breath...blows the candles out Another RESOUND of CHEERS etc.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Big one-eight!
 (serious)
 But you guys keep your hands off!

LAURA
 Come on everyone...have a piece!

Gene whispers to Chris while looking at Bryan and Laura...

GENE
 Yeah, I know someone who wants a
 piece.

CHRIS
 (annoyed)
 Shut up Gene.

Bryan holds the cake as everyone begins to reach and take pieces of the birthday cake...and sit down around the crackling fire...

Bryan still stands next to Laura...

BRYAN
 Hey Laura...I...well...I sort of got
 you a birthday present too.

LAURA
 Really? Bryan...that's so sweet.

Bryan sets down the cake tray...pulls out and hands Laura a small box wrapped in decorative paper...which she takes...turns over in her fingers...unwraps...finally opening and pulling out a small jeweled ring...which she runs her fingers over...feeling every detail...

BRYAN

It's a belly button ring...you always keep saying you want to get your belly button pierced.

LAURA

(excited)
Oh I love it Bryan!

BRYAN

(helpful)
It's gold with a small amethyst stone.
Kind of matches your...eyes.
(smiles)
It'll look really nice on you.

LAURA

Oh I can't wait to put it in!

GENE

Yo I think that's Bryan's line.

CHRIS

(really annoyed)
What the hell Gene?

Chris approaches Bryan and Laura...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You got my little sister a *belly button ring*?

LAURA

I'm not your little sister anymore Chris. I'm eighteen. I can do what I want now...and I *am* getting my belly button pierced.

CHRIS

(firm, denial)
No...you're *not*.

BRYAN

Sorry I didn't mean to start a thing.

CHRIS

Yeah?

LAURA

(defends him)
I love it Bryan...it's really sweet.

Laura hugs Bryan...gives him a kiss...which surprises him...and draws further disapproving frowns from Chris.

Bryan and Laura go off to sit in the sand. Devon turns to Chris.

DEVON

Crush it, Chris...she's not a little girl anymore.

POV SOMETHING WATCHING FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS

We again hear that UNEARTHLY STRANGE, DRY SOUNDING, CREAKY CRACKLING BONE SOUND and the sound of FOOTSTEPS sifting sand as SOMETHING WATCHES UNNOTICED...

BACK ON BEACH PARTY

Chris watches Bryan suspiciously as he and Laura sit talking...

DEVON (CONT'D)

(re: Laura and Bryan)

That is so sweet. He *totally* likes her.

Devon notices Chris's concerned expression as he watches Laura...gives him an affectionate kiss...

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh come on...*Dad*.

CHRIS

I'm her big brother. I'm supposed to look out for her. We're all each other has left.

DEVON

And your parents would be proud of you for bringing her up. She's a good girl.

CHRIS

(on her look)

I just don't know him that well. He could be a serial killer for all we know.

DEVON

(calls out to Bryan)

Hey Bryan?

BRYAN

Yeah?

DEVON

Chris wants to know if you're a serial killer.

Devon turns back and grins at a smirking Chris.

Chris notices the leather pouch Devon has in her hand...

CHRIS

What's that?

DEVON

Found it on the beach while I was swimming earlier.

(whispers in his ear)

Naked.

Chris' eyebrows raise. Devon take the pouch, and begins to untie and unroll it...revealing the 4 ornately engraved shiny metal daggers...

Bryan notices the daggers...

BRYAN

What you got there?

DEVON

I found them by the water...must have washed up.

Bryan picks the gold one up...looks it over.

DEVON (CONT'D)

You think it's gold?

BRYAN

Could be. Feels heavy enough.

Bryan picks up another of the daggers...the dark iron one...examines it next to the gold one...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(studies them curiously)

Looks like they're identical...other than being made out of different metals that is.

CHRIS

(leading)

So you're an expert on *knives*?

Devon gives Chris a jab.

BRYAN

Daggers actually.

Bryan hands the iron dagger to Laura, who runs her fingers over the ornate female figure carved handle...

DEVON

They're pretty cool, huh? Hey...you think maybe they're from a shipwreck-- you know? Lost pirate treasure or something?

Gene has gotten up to see what's going on...

BRYAN

These markings look like Latin.

GENE

(sarcastic)

Yeah--loosely translated means "made in China."

(suddenly notices)

Yo--they're naked chicks on the handle.

DEVON

Thank you for your in-depth analysis doctor Gene.

BRYAN

I suppose I could look around the Internet--see what I can come up with on them.

Laura still runs her fingers over the ornate grooves of the dagger handle...watched by Bryan...

LAURA

You know who might know something about these? Harriet.

CHRIS

Your crazy biker chick friend?

LAURA

She's not crazy. She's nice--*and* she is my friend.

The sound of MOTORCYCLES RUMBLING to a stop in the darkness...

A short distance away on the Boardwalk--several BIKERS get off motorcycles including...

CHRIS

Great. What else can go wrong tonight?

KANE (20) dressed in a leather jacket, biker boots--looking every bit "born to be wild". He is king of his own little world--he's the gang leader of a group of bikers.

Beside him is CHICK (19) a slim, hard looking Latina. She's Kane's totally hot Victoria's Secret model meets biker chick girlfriend--wearing low-rider blue jeans, a leather biker jacket and boots.

Kane walks right up--reaches and snatches the gold dagger from Bryan's hand...

BRYAN

Hey!

Kane fiddles with the gold dagger.

KANE

Check it out. Storm washed up a bunch of fags.

DEVON

Come on Kane...we don't want any trouble.

KANE

(to Chris)

I want my money back asshole.

DEVON

Kane you're just pissed because you cheated and *still* lost.

Kane turns his attention to Devon...

KANE

(Devon, re: Chris)

I can't believe you're hanging out with this loser, Devon.

Chris takes this well, but barely so...

DEVON

(re: Chick)

Yeah, Kane? Well I didn't know you liked *men*.

Chick takes it personal--lunges at Devon--is caught and restrained by Kane...

CHICK

(To Devon, choleric)

You and me bitch! I'll take you down! Right now!

DEVON

(re: Kane and Chick)

You guys are perfect for each other. Send me a wedding invitation.

KANE

Hey Dev, does he make you scream the way I used to?

Devon swings and hits Kane hard with her fist--but it hardly fazes Kane--who turns his head back--smiling...

KANE (CONT'D)

(wicked smile)

I *forgot* you liked it rough.

Kane gives Devon a heck of a hard shove--tumbling her to the sand...

That's too much for Chris, who lunges at Kane!

DEVON

Chris! No!

Kane and Chris get into it--swinging, grappling and punching until broken up by Gene, Devon and Bryan...

Kane points the gold dagger he took from Bryan in Chris's face...

DEVON (CONT'D)

Don't do it Kane!

KANE

I see your ass around here again
I'll fucking kill you!

Kane takes the dagger from Chris's face--steps away...

KANE (CONT'D)

(to his posse)

Come on.

With a huff...Kane walks off with his posse...*and with the gold dagger...*

Chick throws back a last lingering stink-eye look as they walk off...

BRYAN

Who was that?

DEVON

Nobody.

CHRIS

"Nobody" who happens to be your ex.

Chris walks off annoyed...

DEVON

(to Bryan)

Name's Kane. He and his biker buddies think they own the boardwalk.

EXT. BEACH/BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Devon, Laura, Bryan, Chris and Gene walk up the steps to the boardwalk. Laura has Bryan's arm...which doesn't go unnoticed by Chris. They approach a shop with a sign reading..."Harriet's Tattoos, Piercing and Tarot"

DEVON

(To everyone)

Hey guys--I'm gonna stop in to see Harriet.

LAURA

Hey yeah--me too.

CHRIS

Can't we just *go home*?

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

That unearthly strange, dry sounding, CREAKY CRACKLING BONE SOUND again--the sound of FOOTSTEPS sifting sand as the group heads into Harriet's parlor...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING - NIGHT

Laura--with her arm through Bryan's--followed by the others--come in off the boardwalk...

DEVON

(calling out)

Harriet?

GENE

(Chris)

Yo dog--check it out...

Gene makes a stupid grin and starts to rub the phallus of an oversized male statue suggestively Then from somewhere in the store...

HARRIET steps out from behind the curtain...

HARRIET (O.S.)

(stern, to Gene)

I'm going to take that thing and shove it up your ass.

CHRIS

Gene'd probably like that.

GENE

Hey!

LAURA

Hey Harriet.

HARRIET

(smile)

Hey sweetie.

(whispers to Bryan)

She liked it, right?

CHRIS

Oh--you're in on it too?

LAURA

I love it, Harriet. Thanks.

DEVON

Hey Harriet? I found something washed up on the beach and I thought maybe you might know something about it.

HARRIET

If it's my Ex--it wasn't me. I killed the fucker in Denver.

DEVON

It's a bunch of fancy looking knives...

BRYAN

(corrects)

Daggers.

DEVON

Daggers...whatever.

Devon lays the weather-beaten pouch on the counter and unrolls it to reveal the 3 remaining daggers...

The others busy themselves looking about the room while Bryan, Devon and Laura crowd around Harriet.

Harriet puts a pair of reading glasses on...which add an interestingly educated tone to her overall hard-ridden elder biker chick appearance.

HARRIET

(immediately interested)

Where did you get these?

DEVON

On the beach. Somebody dropped 'em or they washed up. There were four of them.

Harriet picks the silver dagger up--studies it closely--
bringing it close to one of the burning candles--turns it...

HARRIET

You say there were four of them?

DEVON

Yeah. Kane took one.

Harriet looks over her reading glasses at Devon...

HARRIET

(matter of fact)

Kane's *such* an asshole.

CHRIS

Tell me about it.

HARRIET

I kicked his ass about three years
ago down at the Purple Moose...

In the background Gene's screwing around again--teasing Tara
with a rain stick as if it were a dildo...

HARRIET (CONT'D)

(loudly at Gene)

*...for doing exactly what you're
doing right now asshole!*

Gene abruptly stops with the rain stick--puts it down.

GENE

(smiles, whispers)

Sorry--*sir*.

HARRIET

(to Devon)

And you? I don't know how you *ever*
let yourself get involved with someone
like Kane.

DEVON

One of life's great mysteries.

Harriet again turns her attention back to the silver dagger--
then her eyes shift to the iron and copper ones laying on
the weathered leather...

HARRIET

Was the one that Kane took gold
colored?

DEVON

Yeah. How did you know?

HARRIET

Well, this one's definitely silver...

She glances and picks up the grayish one...

HARRIET (CONT'D)

And I'm guessing this is iron.

(glances down)

And that one's definitely copper.

LAURA

You know something about them Harriet?

Harriet thinks--turns--walks over to a shelf--on which a set of curious encyclopedia-like books rest. She selects one--pulls it out--sets it on the nearby counter--opens it...

She seems to already know what she's looking for as she flips through the pages--glaring down through her reading glasses...

HARRIET

Uh-huh.

Bryan crowds close to Devon and Harriet while Laura has picked up one of the other two daggers again and runs her fingers up the especially textured engraving...

DEVON

(reading over her
shoulder)

The Daggers of Cordovia?

HARRIET

That's my guess. Not the real ones
of course--

(studies the dagger)

But pretty good replicas.

ANGLE ON BOOK

The page shows a HAND-DRAWN ILLUSTRATION of a set of four daggers very similar to the ones Devon found, surrounded by all sorts of text...a couple of NEWSPAPER ARTICLES and BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS.

BACK ON GROUP

THE ORANGE CANDLELIGHT GLOWS UP ON HARRIET'S, DEVON'S, LAURA'S AND BRYAN'S FACES...

HARRIET (CONT'D)

You found this on the beach?

DEVON

Yes. Washed up.

BRYAN

(reading book)

"In ten-fifty the King of Cordovia's wife died bearing him four sons--quadruplets. Since they were born together--they were all legitimate heirs to the throne, so for their eighteenth birthdays the King commissioned four daggers be made as gifts. Each dagger was made of a different metal to represent each son's different qualities. The first was made of silver--the next of copper--one of iron and one of gold.

GENE

What'd they do? Fight it out for who got to be king?

HARRIET

No idiot. After the King kicked the bucket, they'd all get together and vote--using the daggers like ballots I guess. Whoever had the most daggers became King.

BRYAN

Looks like there's some sort of curse too.

LAURA

A curse? Exciting.

BRYAN

(continues reading)

"Time passed and the King finally took a new young wife who became his Queen. But the King was deceived, for the young Queen was an evil sorceress. She knew she would not rule after the King's death, so she cast a spell on the King's weakest-minded son--lured him into a secret love affair. She beguiled and conspired with him to seize the throne for themselves."

LAURA

What kind of spell?

HARRIET

The power to raise an army of the dead.

BRYAN

(reading)

All the dead--of all time--who
perished at sea. An invincible army
of the dead who under her command
she ordered to kill the other three
brothers so she could take the throne.

LAURA

Wow.

BRYAN

(reading)

But the King discovered her plot and
had a witch from the nearby forest
break the curse. But to break the
curse, all the daggers had to be
gathered together and throw into the
sea. He did, and the army of the
dead returned with them to the deep.

GENE

(unimpressed)

That's it? Nothing about the naked
chicks?

DEVON

Shut up Gene.

GENE

(re: Chris)

Yo I was talking to him.

CHRIS

Shut up Gene.

GENE

It's a valid question.

Gene shrugs and moves off...

BRYAN

The Daggers of Cordovia haven't been
seen since they were lost during the
second World War. They were lost at
sea--convenient--while they were
aboard a German U-Boat that was sunk
off the coast of New England.

LAURA

Wow! Harriet--do you think these are
the same daggers?

HARRIET

And they just happen to wash up here
on the beach?

LAURA

Why not? They had to wash up somewhere.

HARRIET

There *is* a test that can be performed.

LAURA

What test?

HARRIET

Supposedly human blood will boil if it comes in contact with the blade of any of the daggers. Part of the whole myth of the daggers are their powers to arouse fiery uncontrollable passion and lust in those who possess them. It's how that evil sorceress got to the one son to help her. The ultimate aphrodisiac...

(winks)

Gets you horny as shit.

GENE

(aside to Chris)

You just can't unimagine when she says things like that.

LAURA

Do the test, Harriet? Please?

HARRIET

Honey, I don't even know the ritual.

BRYAN

(reading)

Yep. Says it right here that if human blood touches any one of the daggers at the stroke of midnight--it will boil. Doesn't describe the actual ritual though.

LAURA

I know it's a long shot--but--think about it: I mean--wouldn't it be cool if these just happened to be the real things? The Daggers of Cordovia? You'd be famous Devon!

Harriet has a soft heart for Laura...

HARRIET

I tell you what, sweetie. You want to leave one of them with me, I'll see if I can find something. I'm not promising anything.

LAURA

Cool!

EXT. BEACH/BOARDWALK - NIGHT

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

From the beach...in the DARKNESS...that unearthly strange, SOUND OF THE DEAD echoes once more, and the sound of FOOTSTEPS sifting sand as something watches unseen. The group leave Harriet's...

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A typical older circa 1960s condo right on the beach. Light from a large picture window glows out into the darkness of night...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room of the beach house is large...with furniture and other things clustered about it's spacious floor.

At one end Bryan sits at a desk, on which is a computer and monitor, facing out to a large picture window...studying the computer screen intently...

Laura quietly PLAYS her guitar...picking and practicing different variations of a tune...

A TV PLAYS on "MUTE" in the background...

Bryan stops typing...swivels his chair around to watch Laura...which she seems to sense...

LAURA

I'm sorry...is this bothering you?

BRYAN

No...no way...not at all.

LAURA

Your typing on the computer stopped.

BRYAN

I was listening to you play. You are really very good.

LAURA

Thanks. Yeah...something I'm working on. Chris wants to feature me at the next gig the band plays.

BRYAN

That's great.

She makes her way over near Bryan...

LAURA
What are you working on?

BRYAN
Paper...due tomorrow. How...I mean...
(stumbling)
-- How do you...I mean...

LAURA
(helps him out)
How does a blind girl write and play
her own music?

BRYAN
(embarrassed smile)
Well...yeah. Sorry...hope it's not
a tacky question.

LAURA
Not at all. I've been doing it since
I was a child. Parents thought music
would help with my confidence. I
just know the day I picked up the
guitar I was hooked. Good thing it
wasn't the drums.

BRYAN
I've heard that blind people have
heightened senses.

LAURA
It's true.

She stops in front of his chair. Bryan finds himself gazing
at her...

LAURA (CONT'D)
Other than that I'm just like any
other girl.

BRYAN
You're like no other girl I know,
Laura.

A long moment...Bryan looking like he might take the
opportunity to kiss Laura...but hesitant...decides not to.

LAURA
So what's the paper on?

BRYAN
Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner...Samuel
Taylor Coleridge...He wrote it in
1798...
(smiles embarrassed)
But that's probably boring to you.

LAURA

No...it sounds really interesting.

BRYAN

Really?

(thinks)

I don't know. Sometimes I kind of feel like the odd one out in the house...everybody being from here...friends into the whole music thing, you know.

LAURA

So what brought you out here?

BRYAN

School.

LAURA

I mean to the beach house?

BRYAN

Oh. Living near the campus was just too expensive. Found you guys on Craigslist...saw you needed a roommate and...well...here I am.

LAURA

And all the hot chicks in bikinis had nothing to do with it, huh?

BRYAN

(smiles)

I'm just like every other guy.

LAURA

(smiles)

Hardly.

BRYAN

What about you? What brought you to the beach?

LAURA

I just came down to hang for the summer with my brother. Beats burning up in the Valley.

BRYAN

What about after summer?

LAURA

I'm starting UCLA. I want to be a neurosurgeon.

Bryan has an uncomfortable moment...

LAURA (CONT'D)

(grins)
Gotcha.

BRYAN

(grins)
Funny girl. Had me going there.

LAURA

Thanks again for the birthday present
by the way. I really like it. It
was perfect.

BRYAN

You're welcome. I guess I'm one of
those guys who actually listens to
girls when they talk. I heard you
talking to Devon how you wanted one.
Too bad your brother doesn't like
it...or me for that matter.

Laura bends down...finds his face with her hand...gives him
a peck on the cheek which surprises Bryan.

LAURA

It's not his birthday. Anyway...don't
let me keep you from your paper.

BRYAN

No...that's okay. You're not.

A nice moment. Their attention is briefly drawn by the
television...

ON TV

Field Reporter IDA FOX reports on location beside a dock
building with the sign...

"Cole Bros. Salvage"

The TEXT is SAP on the TV screen which Bryan notices as he
looks past Laura...

IDA FOX

(on TV/SAP)

-- The two Cole brothers...famous
locally for their discovery of that
Spanish Galleon shipwreck a few years
back...haven't been seen for days
now...and their boat is nowhere to
be found. Friends say the brothers
were searching for a U-Boat wreckage
that might have been uncovered by
recent offshore seismic activity...

A GRAPHIC with pictures of the two brothers' faces OVERLAYS
Ida Fox's report...

BRYAN

(watching TV)

Check it out...that reminds me...

(looks at monitor)

I found out a whole bunch more stuff
about those daggers. Back in World
War Two the NAZIs went around stealing
all sorts of religious artifacts.
Guess what was among them?

LAURA

(mock epic)

The Daggers of Cordovia?

BRYAN

Yep...and at the end of the
war...early 1945...as Germany was
losing the war...Hitler ordered all
sorts of prized possessions and other
military secrets out of Germany.
This one U-Boat was sent off...bound
for Japan...when it was attacked by
American destroyers off the South
American coast. Badly damaged...the
U-Boat managed to limp north to
somewhere off the California
coast...finally to be sunk with
everything onboard...including the
Daggers of Cordovia.

LAURA

You mean...those daggers could be
the real thing? I wonder if Harriet
knows any of this?

BRYAN

Interesting woman, Harriet. How did
you meet her?

LAURA

Through Devon. Apparently Harriet
was quite the wild chick in her day.
Running with the biker crowd and
all.

BRYAN

When did she get into all that fortune
telling and mysticism stuff?

LAURA

She was struck by lightning while
riding with her boyfriend on a
motorcycle. He died. She didn't.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

After that's when it all started...all
the clairvoyant stuff.

EXT. BEACH/BOARDWALK - NIGHT

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

The same guttural, CREAKY, CRACKLING BONE SOUND...something approaches unseen...the front of Harriet's parlor...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

In the QUIET back room of her store, Harriet sits close...hovered over a table...on which in front of her lays the silver dagger Devon left with her.

AN ANTIQUE CLOCK on a shelf BONGS MIDNIGHT...

She reaches for a small Exacto Knife...and with its shiny sharp edge...makes a small CUT in her index finger...from which a tiny bead of blood seeps...

In front of her face...Harriet turns her finger and holds it over the silver dagger blade on the table and waits patiently until the bead of human blood drops...

CLOSE ON SILVER DAGGER

The drop of blood falls onto the shiny blade of the dagger and SIZZLES as if it hit a hot frying pan.

CLOSE ON HARRIET'S FACE

Her eyes show sudden concern.

HARRIET

(to herself)

I'll be damned.

She turns and flips a couple pages in the book...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

Against the full moon...the rolling surf...the waves crashing...the ground TREMBLES...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower RUNS and rivulets of water bead up on the glass shower door. Through the steam we see Chris rinsing off...

A ground RUMBLING sound. Chris stops rinsing momentarily...then continues showering...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

We hear Chris in the SHOWER in the background...

The answering machine rests on a table. It BLEEPs on and we hear HARRIET'S VOICE...

HARRIET (V.O.)
 (over answering machine)
 It's Harriet. Call me as soon as
 you get this. It's about those
 daggers.

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet hangs up the phone with a look of concern on her face. Her fearful eyes dart across the room to...A book of shelves...which she heads towards...pulls off a small leather Bible...holds it close to her...looking out with a distant look...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmers off the ROLLING, THUNDERING surf. The ground TREMBLES again. An eerie FOG begins to rise along the beach where the waves sweep onto the sand...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile in a dark, smoke filled, dingy dive of a bar right on the Boardwalk...Kane's sexy girlfriend Chick plays pool with another really sultry and sexy BIKER GIRL...

Sitting close to the pool table in a chair with his feet up on the end is Kane...peeling an apple with the gold dagger. Finishing, he stabs the gold dagger into the woodgrain edge of the pool table.

MOVE SLOWLY IN ON the gold dagger stuck into the edge of the pool table...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

The waves crest, crash and roll...glimmering with moonlight. The eerie fog crawls away from the wet sand where the waves creep up...

A pair of legs and lower back...step into view...someone...or *something* stops to stand...back to us...facing out at the edge of the rolling surf...waiting. The pants are tattered, torn...weather worn...

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK - NIGHT

In the QUIET eerie blue moonlight glimmering down through the water...on the sandy ocean floor...the long barnacled hull of the scuttled NAZI U-Boat rests in its silent grave...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet sits back at the table with her small Bible...the silver dagger still in front of her. She flips fast through pages of the Bible...finds a particular page...begins to read with an incredible urgency from the 91st Psalm...

HARRIET

*"He who dwells in the shelter of the
Most High will rest in the shadow of
the Almighty."*

Her prayers fall to a barely audible WHISPER when the ground RUMBLES again...

The Dagger...on the table in front of her, VIBRATES in a strange way...turns by itself so that its blade-point aims away from her...

Harriet stops reading as she sees this...her concerned eyes dart in the direction the dagger blade points. She continues READING in a low whisper with more urgency...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still at the computer desk...Laura sits next to Bryan...

LAURA

Did you feel that?

BRYAN

What?

LAURA

I thought I felt an earthquake or something.

(shrugs, dismisses it)

So read me some of this poem...what's it called again?

BRYAN

Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.

LAURA

What's it about?

BRYAN

It's about a sailor on a ship who shoots an albatross...thought to bring good fortune...with an arrow, thus bringing on a curse that kills all the crew except one, who sails on with the dead corpses of the crew. It's kind of creepy...scary.

She snuggles up to Bryan...

LAURA

That's okay. I'll just sit close.
Read me some.

BRYAN

Alright...but don't say I didn't
warn you.

(turns to computer
monitor and reads)

*"Whiles all the night, through fog-
smoke white, Glimmered the white
Moon-shine.'" God save thee, ancient
Mariner! From the fiends, that plague
thee thus!"*

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

The legs of the "being" with its back to us still
stands...waiting...as the waves crash and the eerie fog at
the waters edge crawls thicker...

Suddenly a tattered sleeve and bony-fingered hand falls to
its side! Dingy gold stripes on the sleeve denote a salt
and sea worn *Kriegsmarine* Captain's uniform!

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK

MOVE IN on the U-Boat hull...closer and closer...toward the
barnacle encrusted conning tower of the wrecked submarine.
Another ground RUMBLE...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

The shower runs...Suddenly the lights switch off and it's
very DARK. Chris freezes...hair full of lathered shampoo...

CHRIS

Hey!

(silence)

Hey! Stop screwing around! Turn on
the lights!

(no response)

God damn it Gene! Not funny!

No response as the steam rises around him...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Son of a bitch!

Chris quickly begins to rinse the lathered shampoo from his
hair...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Gene I swear to God, man...I'm gonna
kick your ass.

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

The Gold Dagger stuck in the pool table...Chick's eyes are fixed on it...then begin to narrow to a seductive gaze as she moves close to Kane to set up a shot...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

The dagger VIBRATES again on the table...

Growing concern on Harriet's face as she continues reading urgently in barely audible WHISPERS from the Bible she holds in her hands...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

The bony-fingered hand with the gold striped sleeve still waits at the ocean's edge as the waves crash and the eerie fog crawls...

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK

Another low RUMBLE shakes the ocean floor and U-Boat wreckage...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Through the mist and the water beaded glass shower door...a dark murky figure stalks closer as Chris obliviously rinses shampoo from his hair...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan's face glows with the text from the computer monitor as he reads to Laura...

BRYAN

*"The water, like a witch's oils,
burnt green, and blue and white.
And some in dreams assur'ed were of
the Spirit that plagued us so; Nine
fathom deep he had followed us from
the land of mist and snow..."*

Laura's sweet smile begins to fade. She puts her hand on Bryan's as he reads...

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK

MOVE IN ON the U-Boat conning tower...right up to the tower platform encrusted with barnacles and anemones swaying their tentacles slowly. BRILLIANT MOONBEAMS stream down on the wreckage...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet's eyes dart to see the dagger vibrate as she continues her barely audible, fearfully urgent WHISPERING prayer from the Bible she holds in her hands...

Unseen by her...a thick white fog begins to crawl along the floor...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan continues reading to Laura...the text glowing on his face from the computer monitor...

BRYAN

*"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold."*

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Chris gazes anxiously through the shower door. It slides open slowly...

It's Devon...completely naked...holding the shiny copper dagger in her fingers...entranced to a hypnotic state...lust in her unblinking eyes. Devon climbs in...her seductive gaze never leaving his...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Lust in Chick's eyes...very sexy...very seductive now as she runs her fingers along the pool cue...her eyes lock with Kane's...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Laura's face grows even more fearful as Bryan reads...absorbed in a trance-like monologue...

BRYAN

*"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I..."*

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK

Suddenly a gnarled bony hand springs up! Its rotten flesh-eaten skeletal fingers grab the metal edge of the barnacle encrusted conning tower!

Then...rising up...a barnacle encrusted toothy skull of slimy seaweed and leathery flesh rises!

It's eyes...soulless dark murky sockets!

The flesh-eaten skullish face turns upward...and with effort...it's bony-fingered hand lifts the rest of it's tattered NAZI uniformed body of exposed bone, slime and seaweed...floating up toward the surface...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Water cascades down between Devon's breasts as she runs the point of the copper dagger between them. Chris's eyes are transfixed in lustful desire...

The thickening white steamy fog from the hot shower begins to envelop the shower enclosure...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet's barely audible WHISPERING is fast and fearfully urgent...her eyes darting between the small Bible in her hands...to the dagger-and back...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick...her eyes in a trance-like seductive gaze...walks over...puts a long sleek sexy leg up onto the pool table...her leather biker boot and heel stepping next to the gold dagger stabbed into the wood beside Kane...

She reaches to Kane's hand, holding the apple...takes it and the apple he holds...up to her luscious lips...bites into it with lust in her eyes. Kane is transfixed as he gazes at his seductive Latina siren...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan continues reading...Laura's face is transfixed in fear...

BRYAN

(reading)

*"Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan. They
groaned, they stirred, they all
uprose, Nor spake, nor moved their
eyes; It had been strange, even in a
dream, To have seen those dead men
rise..."*

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK

From the darkness of the open hatch...another gnarled...bony-fingered hand reaches out and grabs the lip and another tattered NAZI-uniformed, seaweed laden, slimy CORPSE rises!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick steps up to stand on top of the pool table...colorfully lit by the smoky pool of light cast by the overhead stained glass lamp...Her seductive, sexy eyes locked with Kane's...she begins to dance on the pool table...slowly...seductively...erotically...in the smoky light as she begins to unzip her shiny black leather halter top...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet continues her urgent WHISPERS...reading from the Bible she holds...

The dagger VIBRATES on the table in front of her again...stopping her reading.

Harriet is very unnerved now...turns her eyes back to the Bible...her WHISPERING picks up to a feverish pace...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Trancelike...Devon puts an arm up...hand holding the copper dagger...eyes gazing into Chris's...slips the dagger blade flat between her wet lips which lusciously caress the metal. She opens her mouth and runs a tongue down the underside of the blade...

EXT. UNDERSEA U-BOAT WRECK

More seaweed, barnacle encrusted, SLIMY U-BOAT CREW CORPSES in tattered NAZI uniforms begin to float out from the hatch...rising...ascending toward the surface...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

The text off the computer monitor glows eerily on Bryan's and Laura's faces as he reads with growing intensity...

BRYAN

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they looked on me had never passed away. An orphan's curse would drag to hell A spirit from on high; But oh! More horrible than that Is the curse in a dead man's eye!"

Laura listens intently...her face swept with growing fear...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

Past the waiting captain's leathery-fleshed bony-fingered hand...out beyond the breakwater...something...at first just the top of a head...begins to rise out of the moonlit shimmering water beyond the breaking surf...moving toward shore...walking...closer...closer...

It's one of the NAZI corpses...seaweed hangs off every limb...dragging from its tattered bones as it walks with the strange stagger of the un-dead through the breaking surf to the beach...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick...dancing slowly, sensually...erotically...reveals the globes of her magnificent firm breasts to the transfixed gaze of Kane, his posse and the rest of the pleased bar patrons. She lets the leather halter top fall...revealing her firm breasts...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet continues her urgent WHISPERED reading of the Bible when she notices the thickening crawling white fog surrounding her foot. She stops reading...her eyes look off into the distance with grave concern now.

She turns nervously back to the Bible in her trembling hands...continues reading...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

ANOTHER brined...seaweed tangled...walking corpse in a NAZI uniform...rises out of the water surface of rolling waves and crashing surf...staggers ashore...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

The text glows off Bryan's transfixed face as he reads with frightening intensity...

BRYAN

"They raised their limbs like lifeless tools- We were a ghastly crew..."

Laura has fear in her unseeing eyes...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Devon's wet bare back is pushed up against the tiled shower wall by Chris as she wraps her legs around him...water cascading down over their wet naked bodies as they kiss and caress with entranced carnal passion!

Devon's raised arm and hand dangle the copper dagger...it's blade digging into the tile wall...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Now sweating profusely, Harriet continues her prayerful WHISPERING incantations...faster now...as the thickening white fog crawls around the room floor. Unnerved, her eyes dart from the Bible to the dagger on the table to the fog on the floor, her words become faster...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH

More NAZI CORPSES rise through the waves out beyond the breakwater...make their way to the shore...seaweed laden...bones exposed beneath ripped slimy leathery flesh and tattered NAZI uniforms...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

With a slick dance move...Chick begins to dance sensually, seductively...like a really good stripper...a hard-edged look of lust on her face...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet reads with increasingly urgent WHISPERS from the Bible she holds with trembling hands. Her countenance is unnerved and she's RANTING frantically...the thick white fog crawls and creeps at her feet along the floor...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

Soon the walking NAZI corpses begin to appear in numbers...an eerie military beach landing of the un-dead!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick bends over...arching her back...reaches for the girl she was playing with earlier...takes her hand..."leads" her to the table and pulls her up next to her on top.

Chick puts her fingers into the other girls hair from behind...runs them down past her neck...over her shoulders...down her waist...very sensually...very erotically...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Glowing text on Bryan's face as he reads faster and faster. We no longer hear his VOICE...Laura is transfixed in fear...

EXT. REMOTE AREA OF BEACH - NIGHT

Beneath the moonlight...right in our face...a gnarled, jawbone exposed beneath slimy seaweed and leathery skinned NAZI CORPSE walks by!

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet reads with nervous fervor now...flips a page...her hands holding the Bible shake uncontrollably...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick keeps her eyes locked with Kane's as she takes one hand...starts to unzip the second girl's black leather miniskirt from the back...lower and lower...revealing her hard, luscious, firm rear...

Chick continues to dance erotically around the second girl...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan's lips read...faster and faster...the glowing text on his face scrolling. Laura listens in utter frozen fear...her blind eyes stare off into infinity...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Harriet READS with frantic fervor...the words rattling off her lips...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick...moving sensuously against the second girl from behind...slides the second girl's leather vest down...completely exposing her small hard perky breasts...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan's eyes are wide...transfixed...intense...glowing text reflects in his pupils as he reads...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Suddenly Harriet's eyes widen and lock fearfully onto something in front of her...

Something with its back to us steps partially into view...blocking all but one of Harriet's frightfully horrified eyes!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Gazing at Kane over the girl's bare shoulder...Chick runs her hand slowly up the girl's stomach...sensually tracing her hard abdomen and curves of her breasts. The girl...enraptured...looks up...eyes closed...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

The dark figure moves toward Harriet. Her eyes dart to the dagger on the table before her. She grabs it...clutches it tightly...extending it in a threatening way at the unseen attacker...

HARRIET

(resolve)

It ain't going down like this.

The figure moves closer...

Harriet bolts up from her chair...topples the table at the horrifying invader!

A gnarly rotted bony arm and hand SWIPES out...hurling Harriet's body through mid-air!

Harriet SLAMS into a shelf full of books...cascading them and the shelf to the floor as she falls!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Thick hot steam swirls around them as Chris grabs Devon's wet hair...yanks her head back and her eyes go wide with a crazed fiery sexual mania! Devon SCREAMS OUT in ecstasy!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Laura's eyes are transfixed in fear. as Bryan's poem spews forth...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

Another SWIPE of the rotted hand and Harriet hurls through mid-air and slams over another table! Harriet is bloodied, bruised and battered...but putting up a fight!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan's lips read faster...faster...faster...!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Chris shoves Devon forward...a fist clenched full of her hair...rapturous craving carnal desire in his eyes as water streams down her open-mouthed face! They move at a torrid pace...caught in wild sexual abandon!

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

The dead captain's rotted leg and tattered boot step toward Harriet!

Harriet stands with difficulty...grabs a chair and hurls it at the creature! No effect!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Chick breaks out into a full-out writhing...grinding with the second biker girl...who throws back her head. Their tangled hair slings wildly about both their slim naked bodies...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Bryan's lips reading "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" faster...faster...faster!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Devon's tightly gripped hand digs the copper dagger blade point into the wet tile!

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

SLASH! A bony-fingered hand and arm swipes Harriet viciously...sending her sailing into a wall with a splatter of blood! She's wounded badly...

The gnarly bony leg and boot steps in...Deep in the shadows, we catch a glimpse of FACE...an EYE...DECAYING...DECOMPOSED...rancid...putrid...a vision of hell...overshadowing...finally blotting out everything...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Laura's fearful wide eyes gaze into the distance...Bryan's WORDS accelerate...

SMASH CUT!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Devon looks back at Chris behind her with fiery sexual desire...CRYING OUT in uncontrollable passion!

SMASH CUT!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

The Biker Girl's hands grab Chick's head...yanking her hair furiously as she sensuously moves her tongue into Chick's mid-section!

SMASH CUT!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

Chris's hands clutch the firm hemispheres of Devon's hard rear end!

Devon throws her head back in climax! Her hair slings beads of water aloft!

SMASH CUT!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE

Biker Girl throws her hair back!

SMASH CUT!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BATHROOM

The copper dagger slips from Devon's fingers...falls to the shower floor...

On the porcelain of the shower floor, the water swirls around the copper blade of the dagger...

Devon, hands against the glass of the glass shower door, with Chris behind her in a post-coital lock of ecstasy, BREATHING HEAVILY amidst the swirling steam of the shower and post sexual storm...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan looks at a fearful Laura...both breathe heavily...

BRYAN

You okay?

LAURA

(unsure)

Yeah. Just a little creeped out I guess.

BRYAN

Sorry. Warned ya.

LAURA

(smiles)

Yeah, but a good excuse to do this.

She gives him a good squeeze with her arms.

Bryan looks away at some of the printed material he got off the web about the NAZI U-Boat...

LAURA (CONT'D)

You want to go with me back to Harriet's? I want to tell her about all the NAZI stuff.

BRYAN

Now? It's eleven-thirty.

LAURA

She's open 'til midnight during the summer...sometimes later. Come on...I'm not tired. Are you?

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris is sprawled on the bed PICKING at his guitar when Devon comes out of the bathroom with the copper dagger in her hand.

CHRIS

Girl...you *wasted* me in there.

DEVON

(sly grin)

Dude...I'm *still* shaking.

Devon comes over...snuggles up in bed next to Chris...

DEVON (CONT'D)

Warm me up.

Devon turns the copper dagger over in her fingers...the light glinting off it...

DEVON (CONT'D)

Think all that shit's true?

CHRIS

What shit?

DEVON

What Harriet said earlier about these daggers.

CHRIS

Come on, Dev.

DEVON

I don't know. All that talk about those daggers of whatever causing fiery passion and lust?

CHRIS

It was just rantings of a crazy old woman.

DEVON

(frowns)

Well doesn't *your* mood change after you get some?

(thinks)

You're still thinking about Bryan?

CHRIS

(defensive)

No.

(beat)

Yeah, okay...maybe.

DEVON

Let me let you in on a little secret. She's not going to be a virgin forever.

CHRIS

Okay...I really don't want to be hearing this right now.

(suddenly)

Oh crap! Now you got me *visualizing!*

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING - NIGHT

It's quiet. Bryan and Laura walk in...Laura stops suddenly...

LAURA

Whoah.

BRYAN

Yeah...smells like a rotting dumpster.

LAURA

Something's wrong.

(calls out)

Harriet?

No answer. They head toward the back...

INT. HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING/BACK ROOM

They come in through the curtain.

LAURA

Harriet?

The room is destroyed like we saw before. Bryan sees Harriet laying on the floor where she landed earlier...bloodied and mortally wounded...

BRYAN

Shit!

LAURA

What?

BRYAN

Harriet's been attacked!

LAURA

Oh God!

Bryan and Laura kneel down next to the mortally wounded Harriet...

LAURA (CONT'D)

Harriet what happened?

Harriet nods her head...then GURGLES...

HARRIET

(pain, a forced smile)

Son of a bitch really kicked my ass good...

BRYAN

Who, Harriet? Who did this to you?

HARRIET

(in pain)

Get those daggers back...throw them back...into the ocean...

BRYAN
Throw them where?

HARRIET
(raspy)
They're the real ones.
They're...real...

Harriet dies...her eyes glazed...staring into infinity.
Bryan checks to see if she's still breathing...she isn't.

LAURA
Oh my God.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The picture window looking out is dark as moonlight reflects off it.

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

That UNEARTHLY STRANGE, DRY SOUNDING, CREAKY, CRACKLING BONE SOUND as something watches unseen...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's QUIET. Moonlight glows through the large window into the room...

Tara, Gene's girlfriend, wanders out in a long T-shirt...bleary eyed...

She staggers into the kitchen...doesn't turn on any lights...reaches...opens the refrigerator door...which covers a window to the outside. The only light shafts from the refrigerator door being open.

Tara reaches in...pulls out a carton of juice...shuts the refrigerator door...

Outside the window, amidst the shadows...looking in...is the gruesomely ghoulish U-Boat Captain's corpse!

Tara doesn't see this because she turns her back to walk back into the living room. She goes over to the TV...switches it on...sits in the couch...her back facing the entire rest of the living room...which is DARK except for the light from the TV which strokes the room a haunting blue hue...

Drinking her juice...watching TV...The TV flickering dims again for a few moments...then brightens again

The U-Boat Captain is standing right behind her! Ghoulishly frightening...ragged leathery skin and bone, gaping holes in ripped decayed muscle...bathed horrifically in the strobing blue TV light!

She sees it and tries to SCREAM OUT! But before she can...the U-Boat Captain swipes his sharp bony-fingered, barnacle encrusted hand down on her...tearing out a large meaty portion of her neck and shoulder!

With a horrified expression on her face...unable to make a sound...Tara stands grasping at her throat...Mouthing a scream, she falls forward right into the TV...her hands grabbing it on the way down...taking it to the floor with her...SMASHING and shattering glass everywhere!

The TV makes ZAPPING ELECTRICAL SHORTING SOUNDS...flashing blue-white light onto the floor and her face. The growing pool of blood on the floor touches the TV followed by a final intense ELECTRICAL JOLT!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devon wakes with a start...listening intently...hearing the SOUND coming from the living room.

DEVON
(whisper...shakes
Chris)
What was that?

CHRIS
(groggy)
Probably Gene drunk off his
ass...again.

DEVON
(beat, unconvinced)
I'm going to go check.

CHRIS
(falling back asleep)
Yeah...whatever...fine.

DEVON
(with a smirk)
My hero.

Devon crawls out of bed...makes her way in the DARKNESS to the room door...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- Into the DARK hallway. Devon pauses to reach for a light switch...CLICKS it...nothing.

DEVON
(to herself, frustrated)
God damn it, Gene...stop plugging so
much shit into the electrical outlets.

She cautiously tip-toes down the hallway...pushes open a door to look in on...

Laura's room where we see moonlight glowing through her curtains but the bed is empty and made...

Devon gets a smile on her face...turns to look across the hall at Bryan's room door...She pushes the door open just enough to look in...

DEVON (CONT'D)
(whispering, smiling)
Hey you love-birds...keep it down...

Stopping mid-sentence...she sees Bryan's bed is also made and empty. The smile fades from her face. A moment's pause...then she turns to continue down the hallway...

SWOOSH! Something crosses in silhouette from the moonlight in Bryan's room! That unearthly strange, dry sounding, CREAKY CRACKLING BONE SOUND! Devon doesn't see it.

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Devon tiptoes into the living room...reaches to CLICK another light switch...nothing.

Then...In the blue moonlight glowing through the big picture window she sees something glimmering on the floor.

Devon makes her way to the couch...finally to see that the glimmering on the floor is coming from the scattered glass of the busted television!

Suddenly she sees Tara's prone...limp...bloody body sprawled into the busted TV!

DEVON
Oh shit!

Devon spins around to face...

The U-Boat Captain's gnarly, rotted, horrifying face! He's standing right in front of her!

Devon SHRIEKS...caught off guard...jumps backwards...tumbling overtop the couch to the floor...the U-Boat Captain corpse's bony-fingered clutches...barely missing her! She SCREAMS OUT!

DEVON (CONT'D)
Chris! Help! Gene! Someone!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris bolts up and awake from Devon's SCREAM...sees she's not next to him...tears out of bed and runs from the room...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- Right into Gene...running from his room! Both SCREAM...

CHRIS
What was that?

GENE
I have no idea man!

DEVON (O.S.)
(screaming)
Help!

They stumble over each other in the DARKNESS toward the living room...

CHRIS
Devon!?

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gene and Chris bolt into the room to see in the blue moonlight...the U-Boat Captain's heading towards a SCREAMING and stumbling Devon...

DEVON
Get away from me! Get away!

CHRIS
(to the U-Boat Captain)
Hey!

The U-Boat Captain spins to face them...REVEALING it's horrible ghoulish rotted face bathed in the creepy blue moonlight!

CHRIS (CONT'D)
WHOAH!

GENE
(mouth-agape)
Oh shit!

Chris stumbles backwards into Gene...

DEVON
Oh my God! Oh my God!

The terrifying ghoulish monster throws his bony fingered hands out to get Gene...who SCREAMS as they clutch, claw and tear at him!

CHRIS
Back to my room! Go!

Chris, Gene and Devon race away down the hallway to the last room...slipping and sliding...

Chris's foot slips on the floor and he twists his ankle...going down in the process!

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(in pain)
Motherfucker!

DEVON
Come on!

Devon reaches...grabs his arm...helps him along...hopping on his good foot and limping on his bad...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gene and Devon helping Chris...scramble in the door...Gene SLAMS the door!

CHRIS
Get that chair and the dresser up
against the door!

He limps on his twisted foot...helped by Devon and a less helpful Gene...they begin to manhandle furniture up against the door...the bed...a dresser...chairs...anything...

Suddenly SILENCE. Everyone breathing heavily...

GENE
(pacing, muttering)
Fuck me, man...fuck...shit...oh man...

DEVON
What the hell was that?

CHRIS
I have no idea! Homeless dude or
something!

CRUNCH! The furniture against the door RATTLES...but doesn't give...to the held breaths of everyone...

Chris hops across the room on his good foot...reaches for the table where he realizes the cordless phone is off the charger!

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Where's the phone?

DEVON
(fearful)
In the living room!

CHRIS
Your cell phone!

DEVON
In my purse...
(dread)
-- On the kitchen table...in the
living room!

CHRIS
Damn it!

Another CRUNCHING BASH against the barricaded doorway! Chris hops back over to lean with Devon against the furniture blocking the door.

GENE
What the hell are those things?
What are they? Fuck man! I ain't
down for this!

CHRIS
Get a grip! Gene!

GENE
Grip this!

Gene is lost in a MUTTERING tirade. Chris shakes his head with a look of frustration.

The furniture RATTLES from another THUMP on the door.

CHRIS
Maybe Bryan will hear and call the
cops...
(sudden realization)
Oh shit...Laura!

Chris bolts for the barricaded door, reaches, and starts to pull the furniture away...

DEVON
Chris! No! You can't go out there!
You can't go out there!

GENE
Damn straight!

CHRIS
Laura's out there!

DEVON
She's not! I checked! I looked in
both her and Bryan's rooms earlier!
They're both gone!

CHRIS

What do you mean they're gone!?

DEVON

They're not here! Their beds were even still made!

CHRIS

Where the hell would they go?

Chris winces as he adjusts his sprained ankle.

DEVON

I don't know! Walk on the beach...who knows? At least they're probably safe! Right?

THUMP! CRUNCH! The furniture rattles from another hit from the ghoulish creature outside the door!

GENE

We're gonna die! We're gonna fucking die, man!

CHRIS

(firm, annoyed)
For God's sake shut up, Gene!

Devon has had enough. She goes over and grabs Gene by the shirt...

DEVON

Hey asshole! Get a grip or I'm gonna kick your damn ass! You got that!?! Huh!?! Can you get with that!?!?

Gene keeps muttering...just quietly now. Devon comes back over to Chris...who has calmed down a bit.

Devon watches Chris sit and bring up his foot painfully...

CHRIS

We gotta find a way out of here.

GENE

The window? We could yell for help...out the window...

CHRIS

Right. Almost midnight? Who's gonna hear us?

GENE

So what do we do? Just wait trapped in here?

After a few moments Devon sits down next to Chris...

DEVON
How's the foot?

CHRIS
(winces)
Feels sprained. God damn it.

DEVON
I'm sure wherever Laura is she's all right. She's with Bryan. That's a good thing. She's safe with him.

THUMP against the door! Gene spins to the barricaded door...

GENE
Stop that shit already man!

CHRIS
Gene! Chill!

EXT. BOARDWALK/HARRIET'S TATTOO & PIERCING - NIGHT

In front of Harriet's Parlor...Bryan stands with Laura...watching the POLICE and EMS PERSONNEL mill in and out of Harriet's store...

LAURA
What's happening?

BRYAN
Just a whole bunch of police all over the place.

LAURA
(takes his arm)
Bryan...I'm scared.

BRYAN
I know.

LAURA
Do you believe what Harriet was saying?

BRYAN
I don't know. I don't know what to believe right now.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (30-ish), of Latin-American descent, finishes a conversation with an OFFICER, then walks over to Bryan and Laura.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
I'm Detective Ramirez. You all are the ones who found the body?

BRYAN

Yes...but she was still alive when we did.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Did you see anything...anybody?

BRYAN

No. We got here too late. Whoever did this was gone.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(To Laura)

What about you? You see anything unusual?

Laura doesn't realize Ramirez talks to her...

BRYAN

Officer...Detective...she can't see. She's blind.

Ramirez understands...is slightly uncomfortable at first...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Did you know the woman?

LAURA

Harriet. Yes. She was my friend.

BRYAN

We stopped there earlier tonight. My roommate's girlfriend found some daggers on the beach...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Daggers? You mean "knives"

BRYAN

Yeah...sort of. They weren't knives like weapons...more like decorative things...possibly antiques...We stopped in to see if Harriet could tell us anything about them. We left one with her earlier tonight.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

One of the knives...daggers?

BRYAN

Right.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

What did it look like?

Bryan remembers he brought the iron dagger...pulls it out...shows it to Ramirez...

BRYAN

Just like this one...except it was silver.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(takes dagger, examines it)

Silver?

BRYAN

It's a long story...but there are four of them. Each is made of a different metal. Like I said...they're a set...well...until this guy named Kane took one.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

We didn't find a dagger inside there anywhere.

BRYAN

Whoever did this must've taken it.
(he thinks)

Who's this Kane? Biker...I don't really know him but one of my roommates seems to have issues with him.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Where can I find him?

LAURA

Most of the time at the Purple Moose.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

I'd like for you two to come down to the station and make statements.

BRYAN

At this hour? It's almost one-fifteen.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

It'll only take an hour at most. I promise. The sooner we can get all the information...the sooner we can catch whoever did this to your friend.

LAURA

We'd be glad to help any way we can, Detective.

INT. WHARF DINER - NIGHT

Typical rustic type place where only one WAITRESS, the COOK. A single PATRON sits at the counter hovered over a cup of coffee and soup...

SMASH! Several GHOULS burst into the diner and attack!

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Inside the very small broadcast booth a RADIO PERSONALITY works the console...

RADIO PERSONALITY
 (into microphone)
 You're listening to WWBS late night
 here in Santa Rosario where the phones
 are a bit dead. Come on, folks,
 drop me a line and keep me awake...

As he talks, a SHADOW SWEEPS PAST the window to the control booth he doesn't notice...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Two TEENS busy making out as WWBS plays on the car radio...

RADIO PERSONALITY (V.O.)
 (over car radio)
 Don't force me into a non-stop Milli-
 Vanilli set. I can be reasonable...

LOUD STATIC suddenly bursts over the speakers startling both teens...

TEEN #1
 What the hell?

TEEN #2
 Forget it. Come back here.

They get back into their make-out session...

THUMP! A gruesome cadaver-esque NIGHTWALKER'S face smashes against the car window causing the two half-naked teens to SCREAM!

THUNK! Another NIGHTWALKER'S face smashes against the other side! Then ANOTHER...and ANOTHER! They're trapped when the window SMASHES IN!

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - NIGHT

Ramirez's nondescript sedan drives along the unpopulated street...

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Laura and Bryan ride in the back as another OFFICER drives...Ramirez next to him in front...studies the iron dagger. Laura turns to Bryan...

LAURA
(whispering)
Something's wrong.

BRYAN
(whispering)
What do you mean?

LAURA
(whispering)
Remember how I said I'm kind of sensitive to things? Something's not right, Bryan. I can't exactly explain...but...it's just really bad...that's all I can say.

BRYAN
Like what? About Harriet?

LAURA
No...something else.

Bryan gazes on Laura with worried eyes...

LAURA (CONT'D)
I can tell you're looking at me.

Bryan puts his hand on hers comfortingly...

OFFICER
Whoah! Shit!

SWOOSH! Through the windshield...a figure...walks into the headlights!

THUMP! The car hits the figure...sending it hurdling...finally to land a few yards away in the street!

The Officer stops the car with a squealing SCREECH...throwing everybody inside forward...SCREAMING and YELLING!

Ramirez throws open his door...jumps out...

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - NIGHT

Ramirez races from the stopped car followed by Bryan. Laura gets out of the open car door as the other Officer is busy TALKING on the radio inside...

Ramirez arrives by the person they hit...falls to his knees next to the face-down body...

BRYAN
Is he...?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
I don't know.

The other Officer approaches...kneels down opposite Ramirez over the face-down body...

OFFICER
(shaken up)
He walked right out into the street!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
Help me turn him over.

The Officer reaches...hesitantly...turns over the body...the rotted face is shocking!

OFFICER
(shock)
Whoah shit!

A gnarly putrefied corpse with a horribly disfigured face of rotted skin and exposed bone...in a NAZI uniform!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
I didn't think we hit him that hard!
(sniffs)
What's that smell?

SWOOSH! Suddenly the arms of the "being" shoot out...and grab the Officer by the throat with its bony hand and fingers digging deeply into the Officers neck! The Officer SCREAMS OUT in agony!

Ramirez and Bryan jump to the poor Officer's aid and the two try to loosen the NAZI corpse's bony-handed grip on him!

Bryan grabs to try and restrain it, and...breaks its bony arm off in his hand!

BRYAN
(shocked)
Son of a...!

Ramirez is tossed away by the corpse...and he and Bryan stumble backwards...Bryan still holding the broken off arm in his hand...

The shocked group watches...trying to make sense of it.

The officer writhes in bloody anguish...still in the clutches of the being...

OFFICER
(freaked out)
Get it off me! Get it off me!

Bryan suddenly realizes the broken arm he grips in his hand...the hand and fingers are still moving! He SHRIEKS...

Suddenly...The disembodied arm and hand SWIPE at his face!
Bryan throws away the arm!

OFFICER (CONT'D)
(agony)
Help...me...

But the horribly disfigured, slimy flesh-faced creature with exposed jawbone and straggly hair just keeps digging his bony-fingered hand into the Officer's neck!

OFFICER (CONT'D)
(Gurgling)
Help...

Ramirez pulls and FIRES his pistol! The bullets hit the gruesome looking one-armed creature...tearing chunks of rotted matter away!

The figure releases the mortally wounded Officer...turns...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
Holy shit!

Ramirez SHOTS a couple more shots with his pistol...but the ghoulish corpse creature doesn't stop! It keeps staggering toward them!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Back in the car! Go! Go!

Ramirez and Bryan back quickly toward the car...where Laura stands...as the corpse staggers after them...

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Bryan and Ramirez shove Laura back into the car and everyone SLAMS their doors shut!

Ramirez guns the engine and SQUEALS the tires, backing up. He grabs the radio microphone...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
Officer down! Officer down!
Bergstrom and Third! Backup! Backup!

Through the windshield...the one-armed walking corpse stalks toward them! Everybody YELLING and SCREAMING!

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - NIGHT

Ramirez's car SCREECHES backwards to a stop!

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Ramirez and Bryan glance around desperately...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Where'd it go!?

LAURA

What's going on Bryan?

Bryan spins around looking frantically out the windows...nothing! Ramirez spins...looks around and out the car windows...also seeing nothing!

SMASH! The ghastly creature's other bony hand shatters the window next to Laura...swipes about! Laura SCREAMS!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

We got to get out of here!

Ramirez jams his foot on the accelerator again...SQUEALING tires in reverse!

The horribly mangled ghoul's body tumbles off the hood of the car to the ground...rolls a few feet...gets up again!

Ramirez jams on the brakes...shifts into drive...hits the accelerator and the creature darts in front of them again!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(resolve)

Screw this asshole!

OUTSIDE DETECTIVES' CAR

THUD!! The gory creature tumbles over Ramirez's car as Ramirez SQUEALS tires...driving off fast...

INSIDE DETECTIVE'S CAR

Bryan, Laura and Ramirez recover...breathing heavily...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Bleary-eyed and still barricaded in...Chris and Devon lean against the furniture barricade. Chris has his foot elevated on a bed pillow. Devon looks over at Gene...who is lost in his own private fear-induced comatose state.

CHRIS

(thoughtful)

That Bryan *is* kind of a nice guy,
huh?

DEVON

That's random.

CHRIS

(looks at watch)

It's almost two-thirty.

DEVON

(whispers)

I wonder if that thing's still out there?

CHRIS

(whispering)

Haven't heard anything in a while.

Devon toys mindlessly with the copper dagger in her hand...

DEVON

You think this has anything to do with all that stuff Harriet was talking about?

CHRIS

What stuff?

DEVON

I don't know. I was just thinking about all that stuff she said about the dead rising up from the sea.

Chris looks at her with a frowning face...

CHRIS

Did I miss the roofies?

DEVON

I'm *serious* Chris. You saw that...whatever it was...out there.

They sit in SILENCE...

INT. POLICE STATION/LOBBY (LATER) - NIGHT

The door to the lobby opens and in come Ramirez, a POLICE OFFICER and Bryan...who has Laura on his arm. It's a smaller beach-front satellite branch station with minimal STAFF.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(to Police Officer)

Guy went nuts! Attacked us...must have been on PCP or something! Looked emaciated...you know...like a homeless person with leprosy or something...skin all hanging off. I've never seen anything like it. I shot him *four times*...it still kept coming.

POLICE OFFICER

(incredulous)

You shot him four times and he got up?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Did I stutter?

They walk by the watch desk...

WATCH DESK OFFICER

Hey Ramirez? What happened out there,
man?

But Ramirez ignores the Watch Desk Officer...doesn't stop walking...leads Laura and Bryan down a hallway, along with the Police Officer he was talking to...

POLICE OFFICER

You hit him?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(annoyed)

Yes I hit him! Hell...hit him *with
the car!*

POLICE OFFICER

And he *still got up?*

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Just keep me informed about Steve's
condition, huh?

POLICE OFFICER

Right.

The Police Officer heads off to do something else. FOLLOW
the group into...

INT. POLICE STATION/SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Primarily empty except for a couple lone OFFICERS at desks...

BRYAN

Detective...this is going to sound
kind of strange...but I think it had
something to do with those daggers
we found.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Huh?

FOLLOW the group toward an office marked "Detectives"...

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - NIGHT

Ramirez, Bryan, and Laura enter...

BRYAN

I'm trying to tell you that Harriet
warned us about these daggers...that
they may...

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

...Possess some...powers of some kind...the ability to control...something like that.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

What are you talking about?

BRYAN

I...Yes. I know it sounds crazy.

LAURA

Listen to him, Detective.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

You're trying to tell me that a bunch of *knives* that washed up on the beach have something to do with that guy we hit?

Ramirez steps behind his desk, pulls out and lays the iron dagger on the desk in front of him...says it no other interest...

BRYAN

Harriet's last words to Laura and I were to get those daggers back. She talked about these things. They're like zombies...living resurrected...

(breathes)

Walking dead. Brought back to life. Look...a few hours ago I'm like you...but after that thing attacked us in the car...I'm willing to suspend disbelief just a little bit here.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Good for you. Here in the *real world*...

Ramirez turns his attention to...and quickly taps a few keys on his desktop computer keyboard...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

It was just a homeless man strung out on drugs. Trust me. This one time we had this guy all wasted on PCP...had this woman hostage...anyway...shit went bad and we must have shot him six or seven times...*still* didn't go down. What happened earlier tonight...it isn't all that strange. This little town changes drastically with the summer crowds from the city.

The Police Officer pokes his head in the door...

POLICE OFFICER
Memorial called.

The Police Officer just shakes his head sadly.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
(angrily slams desk)
Damn it!

The Police Officer leaves...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
I should have seen something was
wrong! I should have seen it!

BRYAN
It wasn't your fault...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
Who the hell are you to tell me whose
fault it was?

Ramirez catches himself...recomposes...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Sorry.

BRYAN
No problem.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
Look...let's just get done what we
have to get done, okay? Then you
guys can go home.

BRYAN
I'm just trying to help here, okay?

LAURA
Please listen to him, detective. I
know it sounds crazy...but he's
telling the truth.

Ramirez settles down...just barely...

BRYAN
What if...just say there's something
to what I'm saying, okay? For just
a second...let's just say there's
something to this whole dagger
thing...and I'm not entirely convinced
myself...believe me. But this has
been one *strange night* so far.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

I'm with you there.

BRYAN

Right...so Harriet told us that whatever attacked her was after the dagger she had...for whatever reason. Then...that...whatever it was...attacked us in your car...

Bryan picks up the iron dagger on Ramirez's desk for emphasis...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

-- While we had this one in the car with us. Look...I'm just saying...hell...I don't know what I'm saying.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(calm, deliberate)

Look...I don't know about all that. All I do know is that a woman and a cop are dead...and that now I'm going to take your statements and continue from there. That's how we do things here...by the book.

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Still barricaded in. Devon leans against Chris. SILENCE...

DEVON

(growing frustration)

I'm going for the phone.

CHRIS

What?

DEVON

I'm tired of being trapped in here. I'm going out there and getting the phone so we can call for help.

CHRIS

First you don't want *me* to go out there...now you want to go? It's crazy Dev.

DEVON

Crazier than waiting for that thing to come through that door?

CHRIS

I'll go.

DEVON
You sprained your ankle...

CHRIS
I can walk...

DEVON
This ain't gonna be about *walking*
hon...it's gonna be about *running*.

GENE
Hey...what's up?

Gene has awakened...

DEVON
I'm going out there to get the phone.

GENE
Are you on crack?

Devon has gotten to her feet...

DEVON
(ignores Gene, to
Chris)
Hit the page button on the charger
so I can find that phone in the dark.

CHRIS
Yeah...yeah...okay.

Chris grabs the cordless phone stand from the table...brings
it over next to the door...trailing the power chord...

DEVON
You hear me yelling...open that door
because I'll be coming fast.

CHRIS
Be careful Dev.

DEVON
(sarcastic)
Yeah...note to self.

A quiet moment as Chris and Devon listen through the door,
then...carefully...very cautiously...they slide the dresser
slowly, quietly from up against the door. Holding their
breath, Chris turns the doorknob, and with a last hesitation,
cracks the door...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Chris and Devon's eyes peer through the crack of
the open door.

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Devon look at each other. Chris holds his finger above the page button on the cordless phone charger base. The moment of truth...

DEVON
(mouthing words)
Three...two...one...

Chris hurls open the door!

Devon charges through!

Chris jams his finger on the page button!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Devon races down the DARK hallway!

The distant BLEEPING sound of the telephone!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The loud BLEEPING of the telephone!

Devon races into the room...scrambles to the couch...reaching and feeling frantically with her hands for the BLEEPING phone!

She finds it!

She spins...scrambles back for the dark hallway...

INT. BEACH HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Devon races past the doors of the other bedrooms on each side of the dark hallway!

SWOOSH! A NIGHTWALKER'S leathery-skinned arms and bony-fingered hands shoot out trying to grab her!

She SCREAMS...ducks past the gnarly hands...spins...passes another bedroom door on the other side of the hall!

SWOOSH! More gruesomely rotted arms and hands of another NIGHTWALKER shoot out! Devon SCREAMS...makes an epic sprint for the door at the end of the hall!

DEVON
Open the door! Open the door!

Another gruesome ghoulish NightWalker pursues Devon as she makes a diving slide through Chris's bedroom door!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devon bursts through the door held open by Chris...who then slams it hard. They both jam the dresser up against it as THUMPING and SCRAPING are heard from outside!

Devon...breathing heavily...looks over to Chris triumphantly.
She brings the phone up...punches 9-1-1...

BEEP. BEEP.

DEVON
(devastated)
Shit!

GENE
(fearful)
What?

DEVON
Battery's dead!

CHRIS
Are you serious? Shit!

Devon, exhausted...tosses the phone aside in utter frustration...

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The small town police station parking lot is deserted except for a couple squad cars parked...

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

-- The police station from the shadows of the parking lot. We hear the UNEARTHLY STRANGE, DRY SOUNDING, CREAKY CRACKLING BONE SOUND again...

INT. POLICE STATION/LOBBY - NIGHT

As before...the Watch Desk Officer is busy when a figure walks up to stand in front of him. The Officer finally looks up...

WATCH DESK OFFICER
(not looking)
Yeah?
(looks up...shock)
Oh shit!

GHOULS...each in unique states of decomposition...but all wearing weather-tattered, salt and sand worn WWII German uniforms! A horrifyingly gruesome sight!

INT. POLICE STATION/DETECTIVES OFFICE

Ramirez waits with his hand out expectantly toward his printer as something prints while Laura and Bryan sit...

Finished printing. He picks the document from the tray...sets two sets in front of Bryan and Laura.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Look this over...read it or whatever
to her...and sign them...

He picks up the phone...punches an extension...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(frowns at the receiver)
Nobody ever answers the phone out
there.
(hangs up)
I'll be right back and drive you
home.

Ramirez heads out the door...shutting it behind him.

BRYAN

(to Laura)
You doing okay?

LAURA

I'm so tired I can't see straight...

A beat...then she smiles...

LAURA (CONT'D)

(smiles)
Got ya.

BRYAN

(smiles)
Funny girl.

INT. POLICE STATION/LOBBY - NIGHT

Ramirez turns the hallway corner into the lobby...toward the Watch Desk...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(annoyed)
How come nobody ever picks up out
here?

No response. Ramirez gets to the desk...sees no-one...is about to turn away when he feels something sticky on his shoe. Looking down...he sees a pool of blood around his shoe...

He backs off...yanks his pistol! He cautiously peers around the edge of the watch desk...On the floor...lies the Watch Desk Officer...mutilated, meaty and bloody...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ramirez races down the hallway!

Suddenly one of the doors along the hallway in front of them bursts open!

Two GHOULS stagger out! The first has all the leathery flesh around his neck missing...just a section of spine holds up his gnarled and scraped head...

The second...it's entire facial skin hanging off...dangling in one piece like a peeled tire tread off his chin.

Ramirez uses the open door as a battering ram...shoving it hard...knocking both ghouls backwards! He manages to scramble past the temporarily disoriented creatures and down the hall...

INT. POLICE STATION/DETECTIVES OFFICE - NIGHT

Bryan and Laura still sitting patiently...

BOOM! The door BURSTS open and Ramirez charges through and shoves the door closed behind him!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Help push some of those filing cabinets up against it!

Ramirez keeps his back pressed against the door to keep it closed while Bryan grabs and scoots a filing cabinet up against the closed door beside Ramirez!

LAURA

What's going on!?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

They're all over the damn station!

SHUFFLING and GUTTURAL HISSING from the ghouls outside...along with their hands SCRAPING the door and walls makes them jump and SCREAM! Ramirez and Bryan exchange knowing looks.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Yeah? So?

BRYAN

We gotta get out of here!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
 (indicates door)
 Not *that* way.

Ramirez races to the window...begins to attempt to open it.
 It's painted shut and hasn't been opened in years.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
 Give me a hand!

Bryan jumps alongside...starts to push the window...which
 loosens with a CRACKLE of old paint...

SMASH! Glass from the door to the squad room SHATTERS!
 Laura SCREAMS!

One of the ghoulish creatures SHOTS it's gnarly arms through
 inches from Laura...who is pushed safely aside by a leaping
 Bryan!

LAURA
 (listening horrified)
 Oh my God!

Bryan...races back to help Ramirez...who has managed to shove
 the window open enough for them to escape to the outside!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
 Okay go! Go! Hurry!

The glass separating the squad room and the office begins to
 SMASH and SHATTER as ghouls after ghouls CRASH their bony hands
 and arms through!

BRYAN
 Laura! Hold onto this!

Bryan shoves the iron dagger into Laura's hands as Ramirez
 and Bryan lift her up and through the window...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
 Watch your head!

BRYAN
 Just let your feet down on the other
 side and you'll be on the ground!

She drops out of sight.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
 (to Bryan)
 Okay...up!

Ramirez helps Bryan up and through the window as the ghouls
 begin to SMASH, CRAWL and CLAW their ways into the office!

Bryan drops outside!

Ramirez yanks and pulls himself up and through the window...barely escaping a ghoul who grabs for his foot...whom he kicks free from...but the office is suddenly filled with a dozen or so of the ghoulish creatures!

EXT. POLICE STATION/ALLEY - NIGHT

Bryan is frantically trying to help pull Ramirez through to his side when suddenly...

Ramirez is yanked backwards! Decayed arms and hands grope and pull at his lower extremities. Ramirez can't pull himself through the window!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(frantic)

Go! Get out of here!

BRYAN

Give me your hands!

Bryan grabs and pulls on Ramirez's arms, but can't pull him free!

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

(painfully)

No! Get out of here! Go! Now!

Blood drivels out of Ramirez's mouth. His hand reaches...drops the car keys to the ground.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(raspy)

Go!

Ramirez finally gives up the ghost and is pulled backwards through the window. Bryan and Laura are frozen in shock as they hear the horrible SOUNDS of Ramirez being devoured through the window...

Bryan bends over...grabs Ramirez's car keys...

BRYAN

Come on!

He grabs Laura's hand and the two race back down the alley...

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Laura and Bryan race around the corner into the parking lot...They instantly stop short as they see...

In the middle of the parking lot...a bunch of GHOULS are converging on them from all around! Bryan holds the car keys in one hand and the iron dagger in the other...

BRYAN

Oh my God.

Bryan spots Ramirez's car...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Come on Laura!

Bryan grabs Laura's arm and the two make a running break for it! They reach the car...don't waste any time jumping in!

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Bryan pushes Laura across to the passenger side, then scrambles to the drivers seat...slams and locks the door!

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Hold on!

Bryan shifts...jams his feet on the accelerator...the car lurches off with a SQUEAL of tires!

Through the front windshield Bryan sees ghouls HIT AND TUMBLE as he erratically barrels through them with a THUMP...THUMP...THUD!

Bryan shifts gears...SQUEALS tires off in another direction...spinning the steering wheel!

THUMP! Another GHOUL SLAMS against the other side of the car next to Laura who SHRIEKS even though she doesn't see it!

BRYAN (CONT'D)

They're all over the place!

Through the windows of the van we see a bunch of GHOULS staggering around...reaching...grabbing...bony fingered hands SCRAPING the car...trying to get in...

Bryan shifts again...spins the steering wheel...SCREECHES tires...THUMP! THUMP! ...HITTING a couple more ghouls as he zooms off...

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Bryan and Laura recovering, breathing heavily etc. Bryan wipes his forehead with his sleeve...nervous smile of relief as he looks across at Laura...reaches...gives her a comforting hand...

He looks at the iron dagger still gripped in Laura's hand...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Harriet was right. We have to get those daggers back.

LAURA
 (realization)
 Oh no.

BRYAN
 What?

LAURA
 Harriet had *one* of the daggers...*Kane*
 took one...we have *this* one...
 (looking at the iron
 dagger in her hand)
*Devon has the other! We have to get
 back to the beach house!*

EXT. BEACH STREET - DAWN

The sky is gray and overcast and a heavy morning mist hangs
 over the ocean as larger than usual waves pound the shore.
 The detective's car heads down a deserted street...

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The detectives' car pulls up outside the beach house...

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Bryan looks at a couple of cars parked...

BRYAN
 I see Chris's car.
 (sees busted front
 door)
 Uh-oh.

LAURA
 What?

BRYAN
 Doors busted in.

LAURA
 (instant fear)
 Oh God! Chris!

Laura is distressed...goes for the car door handle...

BRYAN
 Laura! I want you to wait here,
 okay? I'm going to go in there and
 check it out...but I need to know
 you're safe locked in here.

LAURA
 Okay. Okay...fine.

Bryan reaches...opens...gets out of the car door...presses the AUTO LOCK on his door...

BRYAN
Don't open unless you hear me, okay?
Give me the dagger!

Laura extends her hand with the iron dagger...Bryan takes it...

LAURA
Be careful Bryan!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gripping the iron dagger in one hand...Bryan quietly...cautiously...steps through the open door and debris littering the floor. He draws short breaths...anxious...eyes peering about fearfully...

A SCRAPING sound down the hallway. Bryan freezes in his tracks. Taking a measured breath...he steps toward the middle of the living room...scanning everywhere...

He GASPS as he spots Tara's dead mutilated body on the floor by the smashed TV and scattered broken glass...

BRYAN
Jesus!

His eyes glance down the hallway to the bedrooms. With slow calculated breaths...he steps forward until he can see down the hallway...which is dark.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Chris?
(no response)
Anybody back there?

DEVON (O.S.)
(muffled through door)
Bryan?

BRYAN
Devon?

INT. BEACH HOUSE/CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY

Devon and Chris bolt to their feet...press their ears against the door!

DEVON
We're trapped in the bedroom Bryan!
This...thing...I don't know what...it
attacked and...

BRYAN (O.S.)
 (interrupts)
 I know Devon!

CHRIS
 Bryan! Where's Laura!?

BRYAN (O.S.)
 She's safe! She's in the car waiting
 for us! Listen to me carefully,
 okay? Do you have the dagger? The
 copper dagger you found on the beach?

DEVON
 Yes! Why?

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bryan yells down the dark hallway...

BRYAN
 Okay...you *need* to take it with you,
 you got that? It's real real
 important!
 (looks around)
 Okay...coast is clear...

A strange SOUND from the shadows of the hallway...something
 between WET SLIME AND DRY CRACKLING BONE...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Oh shit no it's not!

Suddenly...the horrible ghoulish U-Boat Captain bolts toward
 Bryan from out of the shadows!

Bryan barely dives out of the way and runs...

...Into the living room as the gory U-Boat Captain's gnarled
 bony hands rips at him!

The ghoulish U-Boat Captain lunges for Bryan again...and
 again Bryan manages to avoid him...barely...

Devon, Chris and Gene burst into the living room...see Bryan
 playing cat and mouse with the stalking U-Boat Captain ghoul!
Devon clutches the copper dagger in her hand.

GENE
 (sees the creature)
Whoah! Shit! Not again!

The U-Boat Captain spins to see the copper dagger in Devon's
 hand...starts toward her...

BRYAN
 You guys get out of here! Go! I
 got this!

Gene is immediately out the door without hesitation...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 (serious)
 Go on! I'm right behind you!

Chris and Devon race out...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 (to ghoulish creature)
 Yo skipper!

The U-Boat Captain spins back to Bryan...who waves the iron
 dagger alluringly...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 (to the corpse-re:
 the dagger)
 Look what I got here? Yeah...that's
 right...I *thought* you might be
 interested.

The U-Boat Captain ghoulish pulls from his belt the silver dagger
 and "looks" at it in his bony hand...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Oh yeah? You got one too. Nice.
 I'm trying to put together a set.
 Wanna give it to me?

The gruesome ghoulish U-Boat Captain lunges toward Bryan...who
 countermoves to avoid him...stepping around furniture etc.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Guess not.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Chris, Gene, and Devon come running to the car where...Laura
 waits inside...

CHRIS
 Laura! Let us in!

Laura quickly unlocks the car doors!

LAURA
 Where's Bryan?

INT. BEACH HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The U-boat Captain lashes out at Bryan, swiping him across the room. Bryan lands with a THUD...barely recovering as the U-Boat Captain approaches...

One last ditch effort...Bryan fidgets with something on his wrist.

BRYAN

Hey! You want this? Fine!

Bryan waves the iron dagger in his hand temptingly...then with a wind-up...he throws...

Something hits the floor down the hallway.

The gruesome U-Boat Captain spins its head to look in the direction of the noise...abandons Bryan completely and stalks down the hallway.

Bryan smirks...flips the iron dagger from behind his hand where he palmed it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Cheap watch anyway.

Bryan bolts across the living room for the door!

INT. BEACH HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

The gory U-Boat Captain ghoul grabs at something on the floor...it's Bryan's cheap metal watch! With a growling anger the U-Boat Captain creature spins it's face back toward us!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Bursting from the door...carrying the iron dagger...Bryan races toward the car!

BRYAN

Open up! Open up!

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Gene in the driver's seat. Laura beside him. Chris and Devon in back...

Devon reaches...unlocks the passenger door! Bryan tumbles into the back seat onto Chris and Devon!

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(Gene)

What are you waiting for! Go!

SLAM! The ghoulish U-Boat Captain pounces onto the hood!

GENE

Motherfucker!

Everyone SCREAMS and Gene jams the accelerator! The U-Boat Captain "Walker" tumbles off as the car lurches off!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

As Gene SCREECHES OFF, the ghoulish U-Boat Captain stands...the silver dagger gripped in his crusty bony hand at his side as he watches the car drive off...

INSIDE DETECTIVES CAR

Gene recovers...

GENE

Okay...I...I got maybe enough gas in this whip for Barstow!

BRYAN

We can't go to Barstow.

GENE

Then where *do you want me to drop your ass off*, because *this* brother is getting the fuck out of town!

BRYAN

Look...I don't have time to explain! The daggers are why all this is happening...why these things are chasing us!

LAURA

He's telling the truth! Listen to him!

BRYAN

Don't you see? Everything was just fine and normal until Devon here found those daggers!

DEVON

(defensive)

This is my fault?

CHRIS

What the hell is all this dagger crap?

LAURA

Just listen Chris!

BRYAN

Remember when we went to Harriet's last night? Remember all that stuff about the daggers?

CHRIS

All that bullshit from that stupid book?

BRYAN

It wasn't bullshit. These are the real daggers of Cordovia! They were on a NAZI U-Boat that sunk off the coast!

(beat)

Back at the end of World War Two a NAZI U-Boat on its way to Japan was sunk...look there's just no time for a history course, okay? The daggers were onboard. They washed up...Devon found them...and now these *things* are coming out of the ocean!

Bryan reaches...grabs the copper dagger from Devon's hand...puts it together with his iron one...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

-- These daggers! We have to get *all four* of them back together and throw them back in the ocean...break the curse...or *all this shit* you see going on now? All these things? More will come. Multiply it by *millions*.

(ominously)

Every single soul...ever...who died at sea...coming back...*millions of them*...running around...killing...wiping out everyone...you...me...family...friends...whole populations...*everything!*

(firm)

We have to find Kane...get his dagger. Then we have to get the silver one from that thing that attacked you at the house using the other three daggers as bait!

GENE

Well you can fuck *that* sideways!

BRYAN

It's the *only way*, Gene!

DEVON

He's right. Head for the boardwalk, Gene.

GENE

No way!

DEVON

Do it...or get the fuck out now.
Your choice.

EXT. BEACH/BOARDWALK - DAY

The sky is dark and swirling with storm clouds. The surf is rough with large breaking waves that sweep way up the sand...

In the rain, Chris, Gene, Laura, Bryan and Devon walk with purpose down the boardwalk which is devoid of people...

DEVON

You really think Kane'll help?

CHRIS

If he's still alive.

GENE

(to himself)

Is the brother here the only one who
don't find this shit crazy?

INT. PURPLE MOOSE - DAY

Kane and Chick have barricaded themselves behind the bar. Quite a collection of bare-bones skeletons litter the floor and entrance around them. Twenty or so empty liquor bottles are scattered all over the bar as well...

Another ghoul staggers toward the entrance from outside. Kane picks up a bottle of Jim Beam by the neck...hurls it through the air to SMASH to pieces against the wall.

The splattering liquor runs down the corpse's head and face...causing it to FIZZLE and HISS...giving off a white steamy vapor. The creature spins...stumbles...makes a strange unearthly SCREAMING noise...staggers backwards clawing at its smoking face with it's bony-fingered hands...and falls to the floor...HISSING and writhing as its skin smokes and vaporizes...leaving just a bare-bones skeleton on the floor...

KANE

That's ten for me babe.

Kane and Chick have two shot glasses in front of them. Kane pours a couple shots of whiskey and the two clink glasses and drink together...

Kane notices another figure in silhouette coming toward the door.

KANE (CONT'D)

(points)

You're up babe.

Chick grabs a bottle of Tequila...takes it by the neck...is about to throw it...Kane sees the label...stops her...

KANE (CONT'D)

Not the Tequila, honey.

Everything...just not the Tequila.

He takes the Tequila from her...sets it aside as Chick grabs another whiskey bottle by the neck...hurls it and it SMASHES TO PIECES above...

-- But it's Chris...who dodges the bottle.

CHRIS

Whoah! Hey!

KANE

What do you want?

Devon, Bryan, Gene and Laura appear beside Chris...Bryan takes the initiative...

BRYAN

To talk!

KANE

Fuck talking!

BRYAN

Kane you have to talk to us! If you don't...you won't leave this bar alive!

Bryan steps inside...over the liquor-dissolved skeletons...eyeing them curiously...

KANE

That's far enough!

BRYAN

Listen to me, Kane! The dagger you took earlier...it's the only thing that can stop all this!

KANE

What the hell are you talking about?

BRYAN

The gold dagger! The one you took from me!

DEVON

Please listen to him Kane!

SUDDENLY another of the creatures gets too close and Kane immediately selects another liquor bottle...hurls it to SMASH above the monster...

The same thing happens...the corpse starts to dissolve to bones and stagger about wildly...flailing it's bony-fingered hands about in confusion as it SMOKE AND SIZZLES to a bare bones skeleton on the floor...

BRYAN

That's interesting.

Bryan takes notice of all the broken bottles of liquor...and all the dissolved corpse ghouls...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Kane...you can't hold out against them forever! How many more bottles do you have left back there? You may be able to kill some of them...but if we don't get that other dagger back...more will come. Too many to just bash over the head with liquor bottles.

(pressing)

We have to help each other! Work together! It's the only way we're going to survive and defeat these things!

Bryan has managed to walk up to the bar...stands right across from Kane.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Kane...the daggers have...special powers! It's why these things are running around.

Kane picks up and looks at the gold dagger. Bryan steps closer...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot to believe right now.

The two lock eyes for a moment...then Kane stabs the gold dagger into the counter in front of Bryan.

KANE

(matter of fact)

Hey college boy...I just melted down a shit-load of those scary-ass mother-fuckers! You say this knife here's why? You got my full attention.

Bryan cracks a smile as Chris, Gene, Devon and Laura approach tentatively. Bryan grabs the gold dagger and takes it.

KANE (CONT'D)

So what the fuck do you propose we do mister genius?

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

Gray skies of lowering clouds. Below the Pier, which stretches out onto the stormy ocean...rough waves SMASH in and around the pylons...

EXT. OLD BREWERY/ENTRANCE - DAY

Wet, overcast and gray...a chain link fence runs the perimeter of the old abandoned red-brick group of buildings...

The detective's car rolls up to a stop...followed by Kane and Chick riding tandem on Kane's motorcycle.

Out of the car come Bryan, Chris, Laura, Gene and Devon. Bryan pops the trunk and lifts it open. Assisted by Chris, Bryan hoists several large aluminum beer kegs back out of the detective's car...

BRYAN

Put them every four feet or so!

Chris, Devon, and Gene...roll the beer kegs into positions inside the open gate...spaced a few feet apart along the chain-link entrance to the Brewery parking lot...

KANE

This has got to be the most fucked up shit I've ever seen.

Meanwhile, from the car trunk...Bryan and Kane remove a couple boxes of bottles of bottled liquor...and an old, large pump-style fire extinguisher...

KANE (CONT'D)

(To Bryan)

So when did you become the expert on these mother-fuckers?

BRYAN

Research.

(as he works)

How did you discover they don't like alcohol?

KANE

(smile)

Research.

Kane begins to remove several boxes...cases of beer (in cans) as Bryan unscrews the top of the old pump-style fire extinguisher...begins to open and pour bottles of liquor into the canister...

KANE (CONT'D)

(looks at Brewery)
Old Brewery. Boys and I used to party up here after they closed it down.

BRYAN

(smiles)
I guess we're going to party here again.

Kane takes one of the backpacks...begins to stuff cans of beer into it from the boxes of cases of beer...

KANE

So let me get this straight? You're gonna try to lure these assholes here using those three knives as bait?

BRYAN

That's the plan. Get the fourth dagger and throw them back into the ocean...break the curse.

KANE

Yeah, but which one has the fourth dagger?

BRYAN

Don't worry. Got it covered.

KANE

Yeah? Well, you better.

Bryan tightly screws the top back on the pump-style fire extinguisher...begins to pump pressure into it. After several pumps...he extends the rubber hose...test fires it. A stream of liquor spurts from it. Satisfied...he sets it aside.

Bryan takes a *SuperSoaker*...begins to pour more bottles of liquor into the reservoir tank...

Finally...the kegs of beer are all in their positions. Bryan pulls a bunch of 2-way radios from the car trunk...hands them out to everyone...

Kane passes out one of the backpacks stuffed with cans of beer to Chris. The pace is up...

BRYAN

(holds up a radio)
Everybody stay on channel two!
(To Chris, Devon)
You guys go north up the boardwalk with your dagger.

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(To Kane and Chick)

I'll take another dagger and go back to the Purple Moose with you. We gotta find 'em and lead 'em here.

(To Gene and Laura)

Laura...you and Gene man the barricade and wait for the signal.

Bryan brandishes a crowbar...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

When they come...punch a hole in the kegs.

Bryan demonstrates by slow-motion swinging the sharp edge of the crowbar to the top of a beer keg...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

It'll keep 'em out for a while.

(on Gene's distraction)

You got that Gene?

GENE

Fuck? What? Oh...yeah...I got it.

Bryan presses the crowbar into Gene's hand...

BRYAN

(unsure)

You're sure?

GENE

I got it! I got it. Shit.

Brian picks up and slings his backpack over his shoulder...picks up the *SuperSoaker*...looks at his assembled troops. He attaches a reservoir of liquor to his *SuperSoaker* water gun...brandishes it...

BRYAN

(resolve)

Let's do it.

EXT. BOARDWALK/NORTH - DAY

Chris, backpack full of cans of beer slung over his shoulder...and Devon walk up the deserted rain-soaked boardwalk. The distant pier is visible behind them as they walk...

DEVON

How's the ankle?

CHRIS

Better. It'll be fine if I keep walking on it.

DEVON
What time is it?

CHRIS
(looks at watch)
Almost seven.

DEVON
It'll be dark in less than an hour.
(frustration)
What exactly are we supposed to do?
(mocking as if calling
a pet)
Here dead people...*here* dead people.

Chris pulls out the copper dagger as Devon pulls out her 2-way radio...

DEVON (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Hey Bryan...what exactly are we
hunting for?

BRYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Nothing. *You're* not the one hunting,
remember? *You're* the one *being*
hunted.

Devon and Chris stop momentarily...an uneasy look between them...

DEVON
(into radio)
Oh yeah. I forgot that part.

INT. PURPLE MOOSE - DAY

Bryan, Kane, and Chick crouch behind the bar "fortress."
Bryan with his 2-way to his mouth...

BRYAN
(into radio)
Just keep alert. Keep that dagger
in view. Don't go too far...just
enough to make your presence known.

DEVON (V.O.)
(over radio)
Whatever you say boss.

BRYAN
(into radio)
Out.
(sarcastic, to Kane
and Chick)
Like I've done this before.

Kane looks at Bryan with his colorful *SuperSoaker*...shakes his head...

KANE
You look ridiculous.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Devon and Chris head towards a narrow alley. Devon pulls out the copper dagger...

DEVON
Well...let's go I guess.

CHRIS
(nervous)
Yeah.

Devon hands the copper dagger to Chris...who accepts it as if handed a bomb...He looks at the dagger in his hand...

INT. PURPLE MOOSE - DAY

Bryan looks outside at the sky...

BRYAN
It's getting dark.

Kane and Chick react with ominous expressions.

Bryan pulls out their dagger...and slams it into the wood of the bar! He looks back outside...waiting...

INT. ALLEYWAY - DUSK

Chris and Devon forage into the darkness of the narrow alleyway...

POV SOMETHING WATCHING

Something stalks an oblivious Chris and Devon...we hear that now familiar and dreaded UNEARTHLY, STRANGE, DRY SOUNDING, CREAKY, CRACKLING BONE SOUND...

BACK ON CHRIS AND DEVON

As Devon and Chris turn a corner...Chris stops...

DEVON
(whispers to Chris)
What?

CHRIS
(whispers)
I don't know.

SWOOSH! A ghoulishly frightening NightWalker charges out...leathery fleshed bony arms and hands outstretched!

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch! *Shit! Shit!*

Devon SCREAMS! Chris SCREAMS! Instantly, Chris snatches a can of beer from his backpack...shakes it violently...pops the tab and shoots an explosive GUSH of beer at the ghoul!

The ghoul steams and HISSES as it writhes in agony...crumbling to a slimy decayed skeleton on the ground...

DEVON
(into radio)
We got one! We got one!
(sees more of them)
Uh-oh.

BRYAN (V.O.)
(over 2-way)
We don't want you to "get" one...we need you to lead them back to the brewery.

The two stumble backwards in panic! Chris looks at the beer can in his hand...swigs down the remaining beer...crunches the can...tosses it aside...looks at Devon.

DEVON
(into radio)
Shouldn't be a problem! Got a whole bunch here!

INT. PURPLE MOOSE - DAY

Bryan hears Devon over the 2-way radio...jumps to his feet...grabs his *SuperSoaker*...starts out...followed by Kane and Chick...Kane hoisting the pump-style fire extinguisher...

BRYAN
(into radio)
Get back to the brewery! Let 'em follow you!

DEVON (V.O.)
(over radio)
On our way!

BRYAN
(into radio)
Laura? You guys hear that?

LAURA (V.O.)
(over radio)
Yes Bryan!

BRYAN
 (into radio)
 Tell Gene to be ready there!

EXT. OLD BREWERY/ENTRANCE - DAY

Laura holds the 2-way radio to her face as Gene walks over...very interested in the frightening development. Laura brings her other hand up...realizes she clutches the iron dagger in it...opening her fingers...

LAURA
 Gene, you set?

GENE
 (into a fearful
 muttering)
 This is fucked up. *Really* fucked
 up.

Fearful thoughts run amuck in Gene's cowardly little brain...as he paces uncontrollably...

LAURA
 Just calm down, okay?

GENE
You calm down! You don't have to
 look at 'em Helen Keller!

Gene is one really insensitive little bastard.

Laura suddenly looks up...then stands...with a knowing expression of fear on her face...

LAURA
 (whispered)
They're coming.

GENE
 (suddenly fearful)
 What? *Who's* coming? Don't be scaring
 me and shit!

Suddenly his face flushes with fear as he sees something...

GENE (CONT'D)
 Oh fuck me...

Gene's eyes grow wide with epic fear...speechless...frozen...looking past an oblivious Laura...

LAURA
 What is it?
 (no response)
 Gene?

Gene...totally freaked out...clutches the crowbar with his shaking hand...

LAURA (CONT'D)

Gene? What's going on? What's happening?

Gene's fear swept eyes look at a horrifying sight...

It's the Cole brothers! Their now water-bloated, decomposing blue flesh hanging off their faces. Gruesome and horrifying...it's too much for poor Gene...

GENE

This brotha is gone!

Cowardly...Gene drops the crowbar...which clatters to the ground with a METALLIC CLANGING...

LAURA

(sudden fear)

Gene!?

Gene tears off in a running sprint...leaving Laura standing there alone...oblivious to the "un-dead" Cole brothers staggering toward her...

LAURA (CONT'D)

(growing terror)

Gene! Gene...what's going on!?

That UNEARTHLY SOUND...and the sound of dragging FOOTSTEPS...

Laura hears this...focuses her attention in the direction of the noise with a sudden wide-eyed horror! She brings her hand up...tightly clutches the iron dagger in her hand with a look of defiance and fear as she blindly stares in the direction of the two approaching Cole brother corpses...

LAURA (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Bryan! Bryan! They're here! They're here!

BRYAN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Tell Gene to puncture those kegs!

LAURA

(into radio)

Gene's gone!

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Chick, Kane and Bryan running...Bryan freezes in his tracks...2-way radio to his face...

BRYAN
 (into radio)
What?

LAURA (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Gene ran off!

BRYAN
 (into radio, terrified)
 Laura! Use the crowbar and puncture
 one of those beer kegs now!

LAURA (V.O.)
 Gene had the crowbar! He dropped
 it!

BRYAN
 (fear swept, whispers)
 Oh shit.

With a look of resolve...Bryan sprints off down the
 boardwalk...followed by Chick and Kane!

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Laura! Listen to me girl! You have
 to find that crowbar and punch a
 hole in one of those beer kegs! The
 spray will protect you! You hear
 me!? I'm on my way!

EXT. OLD BREWERY/ENTRANCE - DUSK

Laura...with the 2-way radio to one ear and the dagger
 clutched tight in her other hand...backs away
 fearfully...blindly from...

The horrifyingly ghoulish Cole brothers...who stagger closer
 and closer!

Laura drops to her knees...begins to sweep her free hand
 along the ground frantically...searching for the crowbar.
 Behind her the ghoulish NightWalker Cole brothers move ever
 nearer...

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Chris and Devon race down the street!

BRYAN (V.O.)
 (Over radio)
 Chris! Devon! Get back to Laura!
 Gene ran off!

CHRIS
 (into radio)
 We heard!

EXT. OLD BREWERY/ENTRANCE - DUSK

Laura still on her knees sweeping her hand along the ground frantically!

The ghoulish Cole brothers get closer and closer!

Laura's hand runs along the ground...searching...feeling frantically! The gruesome ghouls are just feet from Laura!

Laura's hand bumps into the crowbar! She grips it! She bolts to her feet brandishing the crowbar!

Gnarled leathery skinned arms and bony-fingered hands reach for Laura! Laura's crowbar hits one of the Coles inadvertently!

Laura jumps back! She swings the crowbar defensively at the terrifying dead brothers Cole!

She backs up into and bumps a beer keg! She spins...slams the crowbar down onto the aluminum metal beer keg!

The crowbar punctures the metal and a spraying fountain of beer erupts upward into the air...raining down on her and the gruesome Cole brothers! She hits another keg...and another...

The grotesque Coles suddenly begin to SIZZLE and smoke from the alcohol in the spraying beer...they claw at their faces and stagger backwards in confusion!

Laura stands in the protective "beer fountain" from the punctured keg!

Chris and Devon approach...see Laura surrounded by the Cole brothers!

CHRIS
 Laura! Don't move!

Chris and Devon race toward her!

Chris and Devon begin to "shake and shoot" the Coles with gushing streams from their cans of beer! The horrible ghouls begin to SIZZLE and smoke profusely...

Approaching from the other direction...Bryan, followed by Kane and Chick see the action...run over to join Chris and Devon surrounding and comforting Laura...

BRYAN
 You okay Laura?

LAURA

I'm fine! I'm fine!

BRYAN

You still have the dagger?

Laura brings her hand up...brandishing the iron dagger with a confident expression.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Good girl! I knew you did!

Bryan notices Laura is soaked with beer from the spewing keg.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

You're soaked! Here...

Bryan takes off his jacket...wraps it around Laura's shoulders. He gets a look from Chris who finally cracks the slightest of smiles...pats Bryan on the shoulder approvingly. The two have a moment.

Bryan joins Chris and Kane to look over the still dissolving corpses...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Neither of these are the one. The one we're waiting for is the U-Boat Captain. He's the one with the silver dagger.

EXT. BOARDWALK/DINER - TWILIGHT

Gene, alone...breathing heavily...runs out of breath as he stops in front of a diner closed up with no lights on inside. He looks around, deciding what to do next...smiling to himself...proud of getting away...

Suddenly...from somewhere...the UNEARTHLY STRANGE SOUND. Gene's smile fades. He turns slowly to see...

Right in front of him is...the U-Boat Captain corpse! Gene SCREAMS! The U-Boat Captain raises his arm...his hand holding the silver dagger...brings it slashing down!

Blood splatters all over the diner window!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT

The Moon peeks through lowering clouds. Waves SMASH in and around the pylons of the pier in surreal silhouette...

INT. OLD BREWERY/COURTYARD - NIGHT

A courtyard somewhere in the middle of the old brewery building. Red brick walls rise up on all sides, including fire escapes and a couple narrow alleyways that head off in opposite directions. QUIET. EERIE SILENCE. The distant sound of ocean waves CRASHING. Moonlight streams down through the clearing storm clouds into the courtyard in the middle of redbrick buildings...

FIRE ESCAPE PLATFORM

High up on a metal fire escape platform overlooking the courtyard, Kane and Chick sit SILENTLY...the pump-style fire extinguisher next to them.

BRYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
You guys set up there?

KANE
(whispers into radio)
Yeah.

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

The ocean waves below CRASH LOUDLY below the end of the pier where...

Bathed in the moonlight...Devon and Laura stand near the railing at the end of the pier overlooking the ocean. The tattered leather pouch Devon originally found the daggers in lays on the railing...moonlight gleaming off the three metal daggers.

BRYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Laura and Devon? How about you guys?

LAURA
(into radio)
We're set here Bryan.

INT. OLD BREWERY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DARK, dusty and dismal...with only the moonlight coming through a dingy window reflecting off the hardwood floor...Bryan and Chris hide crouched opposite each other in opposing alcoves in the corridor. Bryan brings his 2-way radio to his face...clicks the button and quietly whispers...

BRYAN
(into radio)
Nothing here yet.

Bryan pockets the 2-way radio...brandishes his *SuperSoaker* and after a few moments of SILENCE...

CHRIS

You really think this is going to work?

BRYAN

It better. The alternative sucks.

SILENCE as the two stare off into the murky shadowy darkness...

CHRIS

I...think it's pretty cool...you and my sister...I think it's nice how you treat her.

BRYAN

Look...I'm sorry about her and I going off last night.

CHRIS

I guess I can't be too pissed off. Apparently it was her idea. She's always doing shit like that. Sometimes I think she does it just to give me a coronary.

BRYAN

Maybe she just does it to show you she'll be okay, that she's all grown up now. That she can live her own life.

CHRIS

That's what everyone keeps trying to tell me.

BRYAN

I like her a lot. After all this...I'm going to see if she wants to take a trip with me to New York.

CHRIS

Okay now...don't push your luck.

Bryan smiles to himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Question: That one you talk about...the "captain?"

(curious)

Just exactly how are you going to get that silver dagger from them? Just curious.

Chris cracks the slightest of smiles...

BRYAN

Kind of still working on that one.

Chris's smile fades...

CHRIS

Yeah you...you do that.
(quietly to himself)
Great.

SUDDENLY a distant CREAK ECHOES loudly...causing both to tense up...staring into the DARKNESS of the corridor. Nothing.

Bryan pulls out the iron dagger...turns it over in his fingers...

EXT. OLD BREWERY/COURTYARD/FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Bathed in blue moonlight...Kane and Chick still wait silently. Kane shakes his head...gets to his feet...

CHICK

Where're you going?

KANE

I really gotta piss.

Kane steps back into the shadows of the large open window. We hear a ZIPPER sound, followed by the sound of PISS hitting the wall.

The 2-way radio Kane left on the platform next to Chick CRACKLES...

BRYAN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Kane?

Chick picks up the radio...

CHICK

(into radio)

He's taking a piss.

The sound of PISSING continues in the shadows. Chick squints into the darkness...

CHICK (CONT'D)

(through the window)

Kane! It's Bryan!

(into radio)

Hold on, okay?

Chick puts her palm down on the platform to help push up...her face twists up...she lifts her hand...it's wet! She looks down at the metal fire escape platform.

Blue moonlight glimmers off a line of liquid running from the shadows of the window...across the metal platform and dripping over the edge...

CHICK (CONT'D)

Shit...Kane? God dammit! You're
pissing all over the fire escape!

She shakes the wetness from her hand. It's thick. She frowns...looks at it closely in the blue moonlight. She smirks...grabs a flashlight...turns it on...SHAFTS THE LIGHT onto her hand...

It's bright red human blood! Chick SCREAMS...shafts the flashlight beam into the shadows to reveal...

Kane falls forward...grasping his throat with a horrified wide-eyed shock...blood gushing! Chick SCREAMS as Kane's limp body falls right onto her!

Suddenly there's that all-too-familiar unearthly CREAKY CRACKLING BONE SOUND. Chick stops SCREAMING and turns her terrified gaze back into the shadows...

Rotted skin and bones arms and fingers covered with blood...a ghoul charges out! It reaches for her! Chick SCREAMS!

The ghoul swipes at her as she grabs the 2-way radio...but she's too late! Blood gushes from a ragged wound in her neck and shoulder! She falls face forward...her hand holding the 2-way slams against the fire escape metal railing...jamming her finger pressed against the radio key button!

The pump-style fire extinguisher tumbles off the fire escape to the ground below...

INT. OLD BREWERY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chick's distant terrified SCREAM echoes down the corridor!

BRYAN & CHRIS

(in unison)

What was that?

BRYAN

(into radio)

Kane? Hello? You guys all right?

Bryan presses the key button on his 2-way several times...nothing! Dread sweeps his face!

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(horror stricken)

They're inside already!

CHRIS
 (terrified)
 Shit! How?

BRYAN
 Shhhhh!

Bryan puts his 2-Way on "mute" and the two cock their ears toward the murky darkness...listening intently...

A CREAKING SOUND!

They both bolt to their feet...turn to run when they hear that UNEARTHLY FAMILIAR SOUND...but this time it sounds like more than one!

Both boys jerk their flashlight beams to shaft into the murky darkness!

A CROWD of ghoulishly gruesome rotted dead in various states of decomposition...terrifying...horrible...all move toward the boys...reaching out with gnarled, bony fingers!

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Back to the courtyard! Go! Go!

Bryan scrambles backwards...firing off bursts of liquid from his *SuperSoaker* while Chris "shakes and gushes" beer from cans! They stumble and run backwards from the approaching crowd of ghouls!

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

The waves CRASH loudly below the pier as Devon and Laura stand near the end of the pier...

Laura's horrified...

LAURA
 You hear that?

DEVON
 (looking around)
 Hear what? I hear the ocean.

LAURA
 No...something else.
 (long pause, then
 dread)
 They're here.

DEVON
 Here *where?* I don't see anything!

LAURA
 I can *hear* them.

DEVON
Jesus Christ...how many?

LAURA
(epic)
All of them.

Devon keys her 2-way...

DEVON
(into radio)
Hey you guys okay in there?
(listens)
Yo? Somebody say something?

Devon shoves the 2-way into Laura's hand along with the pouch of daggers...

DEVON (CONT'D)
Stay here!

LAURA
No! Devon!

But Devon is already racing toward the brewery building!

ON DEVON

Just as Devon disappears into the shadows between the buildings...she suddenly hurls back out...knocked senselessly unconscious!

Stepping out of the shadows is the gruesome U-Boat Captain!

BACK ON LAURA

LAURA (CONT'D)
Devon?
(no response)
Devon!

That UNEARTHLY SOUND OF THE DEAD that we've heard before!
The sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching...

LAURA (CONT'D)
(listens)
Who's there?

The U-Boat Captain emerges from the shadows into the blue moonlight...which bathes it in a terrifying surrealistic light...but of course Laura doesn't see this...

LAURA (CONT'D)
(into 2-way, urgently)
The blind girl could use some *help*
out here?

The U-Boat Captain's dark eye sockets gaze on blind Laura...standing by the railing at the end of the pier...the gold dagger gripped in it's gnarled hand glints in the moonlight as it starts to stalk toward her...

LAURA (CONT'D)
Come any closer and I drop 'em!

Laura backs up toward the end of the pier...

LAURA (CONT'D)
(to herself, motivating)
Calm down Laura. Use your senses.
See with your mind. See with your
mind.

Laura's breathing slows and she relaxes...listening...sensing. She turns her head in the direction of the ever closer U-Boat Captain ghoul and backs slowly toward the end of the pier railing...which her back finally touches. She extends her hand holding the rolled up pouch of daggers over the railing...over the ocean far below...

LAURA (CONT'D)
Come any closer and I drop 'em!

The U-Boat Captain freezes in it's tracks...soulless eye sockets locked on the leather pouch Laura's hand dangles precariously over the railing...

INT. OLD BREWERY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

But back inside the dark depths of the brewery, Bryan and Chris battle the hordes of mutilated rotting ghouls with spewing jets from Bryan's liquor-loaded *SuperSoaker* and gushing cans of beer from Chris's backpack. The gruesome creatures hit begin to SIZZLE and smoke as the boys retreat...

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

The grotesque U-Boat Captain ghoul stalks closer to Laura...

CLOSE ON DEVON

-- Still unconscious...laying on the boards of the pier...

INT. OLD BREWERY/COURTYARD - NIGHT

Bryan and Chris burst backwards outside into the moonlit bathed courtyard...retreating from the attacking ghouls! Chris spins around to see several more ghouls already in the courtyard...moving toward them!

CHRIS
(utter horror)
Christ! They're everywhere!

Bryan spins to see this! It's just the two of them against these horribly mutilated, rotting, ghouls!

Bryan sees the liquor-filled pump-style fire extinguisher on the ground...fallen from the fire escape where Kane and Chick were...

Chris sees...grabs the fire extinguisher...pumps it several times!

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

Her back pressed against the end of the pier railing, Laura's trembling hand holds the leather pouch containing the three other daggers precariously over the railing. BREATHING heavily...fearfully...the blue moonlight bathing her face...

We hear that FAMILIAR SOUND and see the horribly gruesome, grotesque profile of the U-Boat Captain's face moving in...inches from Laura's face...if she could only see!

The ghoulishly sinister face of the U-Boat Captain turns to gaze on the leather pouch in her shaking hands held over the railing. It's a terrifying stand-off.

This goes on for what seems like an eternity...until Laura's BREATHING slows and her face seems to calm...then twist into a scowl of rising anger...

LAURA

(calm)

Two words for you...

(loud resolve)

Breath mints!

SWOOSH! Laura swings the arm and hand containing the leather pouch hard around into the grotesque rotted skin and skull face of the U-Boat Captain...hitting his bony hand holding the gold dagger!

The gold dagger CLATTERS away across the wooden pier deck!

It disorients the gruesome U-Boat Captain long enough for Laura to scurry away...her hands using the railing as a guide!

The U-Boat Captain spins around...looking for the gold dagger...

The U-boat Captain shakes off the vicious hit...turns his scowling angry rotted face and soulless eye sockets on Laura...

INT. OLD BREWERY/COURTYARD - NIGHT

Chris and Bryan battle valiantly with the attacking hordes of ghouls...SCREAMING and YELLING and firing off a crescendo

of blasts from Bryan's *SuperSoaker* and Chris's pump-style fire extinguisher!

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

The U-Boat Captain spins in Laura's direction again! She "searches"...forming an "image" with the SOUNDS with her heightened senses...

The U-Boat Captain lunges forward!

Laura ducks out of the way...shoving the U-Boat Captain ghoul to crash against the pier railing!

CLOSE ON DEVON

Still unconscious on the wooden pier deck...

EXT. OLD BREWERY/COURTYARD - NIGHT

Chris and Bryan are backed into the narrow brick alleyway by the attacking ghouls as they continue their epic retreating battle of gushing *SuperSoaker* and pump-style fire extinguisher!

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

Laura manages to duck and tumble away from the staggering U-Boat Captain! This time Laura comes perilously close to the edge of the pier.

EXT. OLD BREWERY/ALLEY - NIGHT

Chris and Bryan retreat frantically...blazing away with the *SuperSoaker* and pump-style fire extinguisher!

Bryan's *SuperSoaker* is empty. He tosses it away as the "Walkers" advance upon him...

BRYAN

Give me the backpack!

Bryan yanks the backpack off Chris's shoulder...begins to grab, shake and spray beer from beer cans as Chris continues pumping and spraying from the pump-style fire extinguisher!

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

Laura kicks but the grotesque U-Boat Captain's bony-fingered leathery-skinned hands catch her foot...spin her and throw her through the air to land on the wooden pier deck!

Laura crawls away...still tightly clutching the leather pouch in her hand!

The U-Boat Captain stalks toward her! Momentarily disoriented, Laura tries to regain her special "senses."

EXT. OLD BREWERY/ALLEY - NIGHT

Chris and Bryan scrambling and spraying in retreat from the grotesque pursuing ghoul hordes! Chris's pump-style fire extinguisher runs dry!

CHRIS

I'm out!

Chris joins Bryan...grabbing, shaking and spraying from beer cans yanked from the backpack!

Suddenly Chris stumbles over something, twists his already weak ankle!

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch! Not *again!*

BRYAN

Get behind me! Get behind me!

Chris crawls and stumbles on his hurt ankle away from Bryan...who manages to barely hold off the horrifying creatures with his frantic beer can gushes!

EXT. PIER'S END - NIGHT

Laura...crawling backward on the planks of the pier "senses" something...rolls quickly away just in time to avoid the gnarly decaying fingers of the U-Boat Captain's hand swiping at her!

LAURA

(defiant)

Come on! Bring it!

Chris and Bryan burst out from between the buildings...battling the pursuing ghoul hordes...

Bryan sees the sinister U-Boat Captain stalking Laura!

BRYAN

Laura!

She hears Bryan...

LAURA

Bryan! The daggers!

Laura gives the leather pouch she clutches in her hand a sweeping hurl through the air in the direction of Bryan's voice!

Bryan leaps and catches the pouch!

LAURA (CONT'D)

Find the last one! It's somewhere on the pier! I heard it land!

BRYAN
 (to Chris)
 Hold 'em off!

CHRIS
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah *right!*

Bryan's gaze sweeps over the pier...looking for the fourth dagger!

Laura regains her feet...the U-Boat Captain bolts toward her...and with a SWIPE of his bony-fingered hand...tears a gash in Laura's shirt...drawing blood! It's almost upon her!

Bryan spots the gold dagger on the wooden pier glinting in the moonlight!

BRYAN
 I see it!

Bryan races toward the glinting gold dagger on the planks!

Bryan leaps...arms outstretched!

Bryan lands! His hands clutch the gold dagger! He unrolls the leather pouch...there's three daggers!

Bryan slams the gold dagger with the other three into the leather pouch! All four daggers are now together! He rolls up the pouch!

Bryan scrambles to his feet!

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 (to U-Boat Captain)
 Leave her alone you asshole!

The U-Boat Captain ghoul locks his gaze on Bryan as he taunts him with the pouch of daggers!

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Yeah look what I got here!

And then...with one final move...Laura charges at the U-Boat Captain and shoves him hard!

The U-Boat Captain tumbles over the railing!

ANGLE OVER WATER

The U-Boat Captain's gruesome body falls through the air...downward....

It plunges into the sea disappearing amidst the crashing waves...

Meanwhile the hordes of ghouls press closer toward the end of the pier...trapping them with nowhere to go!

Bryan, along with Chris...back toward the end of the pier where Laura waits...

Devon stirs...awakens...sees the converging ghouls...SCREAMS and scrambles away joining Bryan, Chris, Laura at pier's end!

CHRIS

So what's with this dramatic shit?
Throw 'em over already!

Bryan hurls the leather pouch of daggers over the railing!

They sail...tumbling through the air...finally hitting the water...swept away by the CRASHING waves below!

Suddenly the ghoulish creatures slow their attack...gnarled bony-fingered hands inches from them! Stopping, the creatures stand motionless for a few moments...then slowly turn and begin to walk away...leaving Chris and Devon clutched tightly together...Bryan embracing Laura protectively...all holding their breath...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(breathy, quietly)
Son of a bitch.

Chris turns to Bryan...the two clasp hands in victory...

DEVON

Look.

Devon points over the pier...down toward the moonlit beach where we see...

EXT. BEACH/SURF - NIGHT

Hordes of ghouls walking slowly, purposefully...back toward and into the CRASHING waves of the ocean...until their heads disappear beneath the waves...back to their watery graves...the moonlight glimmering off the surf...

BRYAN

(quiet)
It's done. It's over.
(smiles at Laura)
Nice one by the way.

LAURA

Thanks.
(beat)
I could "see" him. Harriet was right.
I'm not blind. I just see differently.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Still think I can't take care of
myself?

Devon studies Chris' face as he seems to have finally come
to that conclusion himself...

CHRIS

(smiles)

No. You certainly proved me wrong
about that.

They hug.

LAURA

Doesn't mean I don't *need* you anymore.
You're still my over-protective big
brother if that's okay with you.

Laura turns to Bryan...

LAURA (CONT'D)

And *you...you* can be everything else.

Laura takes Bryan in her arms...they kiss...a little too
long for Chris's comfort...

CHRIS

Okay you two...unhand my little
sister.

A last round of parting comments and the group starts from
pier's end back toward the boardwalk...

EXT. BEACH/SURF - NIGHT

Something watches our group walking away...

FADE TO BLACK...

THE END