

Screenplay Dead Drunk

Thomas L. Vaultonburg 2008

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1

EXT. RED STREET TAVERN DAY

1

The year is 1918. Rockford, Illinois. Mid-sized Midwestern American city, known for manufacturing tools and dies. Rockford is primarily a town of Swedish immigrants, with a mixture of German, Irish and other Western Europeans.

Heinrech Wolfsburg and his wife, Mathilde, have recently immigrated from Germany with their four year old son, Heinrech (Henny). It has taken a great effort from the entire Wolfsburg clan to send the young family to the New World where they are to open a tavern, the ancestral family business, in advance of bringing the rest of the family to America.

Their tavern, The Red Street Tavern, will open the following day. The young couple celebrates their good fortune at being young, healthy, in love and the owners of their own business in the land of Freedom and Opportunity. The future of the Wolfsburg family is bright.

2

EXT. RED STREET TAVERN DAY

2

Heinrech Wolfsburg drives the final nail into the WOODEN SIGN above the threshold of his tavern, The RED STREET TAVERN. Hot and sweating from the afternoon sun, he descends THE LADDER to meet HIS WIFE, Mathilde. She is in her early twenties and stunningly beautiful. As Heinrech steps off the ladder they embrace proudly, then turn to behold the sign.

MATHILDE

Your parents will be so proud when they see this.

HEINRECH

As will yours. And your uncle Gustav...

MATHILDE

And your brother Klaus and your cousin Freida...

They fall into the happy laughter of those who feel hope and promise of a good future. Heinrech beckons over Henny from off camera. The boy appears: four years old, fair-haired, perfect. His father instructs him to behold the sign.

HEINRECH

For generations my father and his father and his, all the way back to the beginning of our family, have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEINRECH (cont'd)
 worked in the tavern. Now our home
 has changed. My grandfather says
 dark days are coming. So we have
 come here. America. A place of
 freedom and opportunity for all
 people. Look upon this place, my
 son. One day it will be yours and
 (as he speaks he is
 interrupted as rotten eggs
 explode against the sign he
 turns)

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RED STREET TAVERN DAY

3

A small mob has descended upon the Red Street Tavern. They are led by several burly men in work uniforms. They are outraged that a Socialist has been allowed to open a business in their town. They collectively manhandle a bookish, ineffectual looking public official and thrust him to the front of the mob. The largest, most ignorant mobster takes charge.

MOB OAF 1
 Tell them John Nielsen. Tell them
 "their kind" isn't welcome in our
 town.

The PUBLIC OFFICIAL, JOHN NIELSEN, the son of a wealthy Swedish immigrant, hems and haws. He is pushed roughly in the back.

JOHN NIELSEN
 (nervously)
 That's right, Heinrich. We have
 certain "regulations" around here
 involving the serving of
 alcohol-based beverages.

HEINRICH
 I thought we had discussed the
 "regulations" and made the
 necessary provisions.

The burly oaf pushes himself in front of John Nielsen.

MOB OAF 1
 Well WE took a vote...
 (mob shows their support
 vociferously)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOB OAF 1 (cont'd)
and WE don't care what kind of
provisions you made, WE don't want
YOUR KIND around here
(a roar of approval)

Heinrech Wolfsburg steps forward to face the mob.

HEINRECH
I'm not sure what kind of people
you refer to, but all my family
wants is to be part of a place and
serve the people with fairness and
integrity, the same way my family
has in Germany for 150 years.

MOB OAF 1
Listen to him. He sounds like
royalty. You think you're royalty,
comrade? You think all of us are
lowly serfs? Maybe you think we
should kiss your ring. Let me tell
you something, pinko, we're working
men around here and if you know
what's good for you you'll get
right back on that boat that
brought you over here and go back
to the Fatherland.
(the crowds approval grows
with every statement he makes,
exploding into wild applause
at the end)

Mathilde burst forward and addresses the mob without anger,
trying to convince them that there is no difference between
them.

MATHILDE
My family is the same as yours. We
work hard and we take pride in
sharing our hospitality with our
neighbors. We are not wealthy
people. This place is all we have
in the world. Give us a chance.
Come tomorrow and see for
yourselves. We are all the same.
Good, working people.

MOB OAF 1
Take this as your final warning. We
will never allow you to do business
in our neighborhood. If you know
what's good for you you'll be gone
by tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

Satisfied that he has had his say, the Oaf turns and walks away, taking his followers with him.

HEINRECH

Why do they hate us so much? Why can they not see we are all brothers and sisters working to give our families a better life?

MATHILDE

They are scared, Heinrech. The factory owners exploit them and the union organizers agitate the. They believe we have gotten something easily. They do not see the sacrifice our families have made to send us here. There is goodness in the people. If we give them a chance they will give us a chance. I must believe in the goodness of the people.

Comforted by Mathilde's optimism and hope, Heinrech takes her in his arms and they embrace. As they embrace Heinrech reaches down to tussle the hair of his son.

HEINRECH

Tomorrow is your first day as a true American, Henny.

FADE TO:

4 INT. BEDROOM EVENING

4

Dead darkness. A bedroom at The Red Street Tavern, where Heinrech Wolfsburg, his wife, Mathilde, and their four year old son, Henny, sleep in anticipation of their first day of having their own little piece the American Dream.

The darkness is broken abruptly when the door is thrown open and several hooded figures, ala the KKK, appear, lighting the room with their torches.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BEDROOM EVENING

5

Heinrech Wolfsburg is taken completely by surprise and unable to defend himself against the fifty pound machining wrench that is hoisted above an attacker's head and brought down on his skull, crushing it and killing him instantly.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BEDROOM EVENING 6

The rest of the seven attackers turn their attention to Mathilde. Her reaction is one somewhere between absolute horror and a calm determination. She yells to her son:

MATHILDE
Run, Henny, run.

CUT TO:

7 INT. BEDROOM EVENING 7

The small boy runs, eluding the lumbering grasp of the attackers and escaping through the door into darkness.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BEDROOM EVENING 8

The MOB OAF, still hiding in a costume, designates two of the other attackers to get the boy:

MOB OAF 1
Nils, Lars, go after him. The rest of us will stay here and take care of her.
(he turns his attention to Mathilde)
Forgive me and the boys for being so inhospitable earlier. I felt so awful about it we decided to come back and welcome you to the neighborhood nicely.
(he lumbers towards Mathilde as the rest of the attackers cackle like jackals)

CUT TO:

9 INT. HALLWAY EVENING 9

In a nearly darkened hallway, the four year old Henny runs away from the camera. He comes to the door of a storeroom and opens it.

CUT TO:

10 INTO. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 10

The shadows of beer kegs can be seen as Henny enters this room. As any child would he hides behind one of the kegs.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 11

Two attackers with torches stand at the door of the beer keg room.

CUT TO:

12 INT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 12

Henny crouches frightened behind the keg as he sees the torches enter the room. He convulsively whispers in a child's terror for his mommy.

CUT TO:

13 INT. BEDROOM EVENING 13

We see Mathilde only from the neck up as an unknown attacker defiles her. The attacker pulls her by the hair and twists her head so she must view the crushed skull on her husband.

ATTACKER (O.S)

if you're going to take that long
I'm going to find me something that
hasn't been used up s much to play
with.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 14

The frightened boy hides behind the keg as the torches get closer. Their torches cast the shadow of the keg with the silhouette of the boy against the wall.

ATTACKER 2(NILS)

Go get the boys. If they're done
upstairs tell them the fun is just
beginning down here.

The second attacker turns away and departs.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 15

Seven attackers in KKK type robes and torches stand in front of the barrel concealing Henny. Two of the attackers hold Mathilde. The boy runs out from behind the barrel...

HENNY

Mommy.

But is intercepted by MOB OAF 1.

MOB OAF 1

All this excitement has me parched.
I feel like a beer.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 16

The men have torn open a barrel of beer. They drink.

MOB OAF 1

What about you, little man? You
want a beer?

(he picks the boy up by the
heels and dunks him in the
barrel

I heard all of you Krauts like
beer.

(he pulls the boy back out of
the barrel. he gags and yells
for his mommy)

MATHILDE

(shrieks in agonized terror)
No, no, not my boy, please, I'll do
anything.

MOB OAF 1

(dunking the boy back into the
barrel)

You already did.

The boys little legs kick as he gurgles and slowly drown in the vat. He goes limp.

The men replace the lid to the barrel and use a LARGE MALLET to hammer it into place.

As they do they hear lightning and green light fills the room.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 17

Mathilde utters the words to a pagan, Teutonic incantation, In her hand she holds a PAGAN AMULET. Her face is a mask of contorted rage as she calls down a curse on the men and their ancestors:

MATHILDE

Lilith, goddess of woman befouled,
 avenger of the underworld, I offer
 you my immortal soul in servitude
 in exchange for the eternal
 damnation of these men and all who
 issue forth from them...

As she speaks these final words her throat is slit from behind. The blood flows down either as a fade out and wipe to scene number 1 or as the opening credits Dead Drunk.

FADE OUT:

18 EXT. ZOMBIE CLUB BILLBOARD DAY 18

Same setting. 2008. The Red Street Tavern is now Club Zombie
 Point of view shot of the Zombie
 Club Marquee. It reads:

TONIGHT

ZOMBIE NIGHT

HOSTED BY ELVIRA

CHILDREN SHOULDNT PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS

BLOODSUCKING NAZI ZOMBIES

19 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB DAY 19

It is late afternoon and there is a sparse crowd with some bustling of A/V equipment in the background in preparation for Zombie Night.

At the bar MIKE EDISON aka MIKEY, a Norm Peterson character, lovingly attends to an ice cold beer in a MUG

Camera stays on MIKEY then dissolves into the next shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

20

INT. BEER KEG ROOM DAY

20

KAT POWERS aka KAT and HENRY THOMAS WOLFSBURG aka HANK shiver in a refrigerated room. They ponder the appearance of a strange, WOODEN KEG of beer. On the wall behind the keg we see the original sign for the Red Street Tavern.

HANK

(addressing the keg)

Is this a joke? What the hell kind of beer is this? Beer hasn't been served from wooden barrels in decades.

KAT

(ignoring him, inventorying on a clipboard)

Must be a promo, Henry. You know the distributors are always trying to get us hooked on some trendy micro brew. Probably an aluminum lining inside.

HANK

(obsessing over keg)

There's no markings on the barrel. How am I supposed to serve a beer if I don't know what it is? Hell, anything could be in there, even that horsepiss they drink downtown. What's it say on the inventory sheet?

KAT

(flipping through paperwork)

It's not on here, Henry.

HANK

(fussing with tapper)

Well, we need the money, Kat. My uncle left us a nice little tax problem, and free is free. What do we (cont)

He skins his knuckle trying to force the tapper into the foreign tapper.

HANK (CONT)

-fucking Europeans. Call it?

Kat puts down the clipboard and gently coaxes Hank's hand away from the tapper.

(CONTINUED)

KAT
(trying to tap the beer)
What this needs is a woman's touch.

HANK
Careful, Kat, European kegs are
more-
(an explosion of beer sprays
Kat)
pressurized.

They stand up. Kat's hair is wet and her tight T-shirt is soaked in beer, her ample breasts are clearly visible and her nipples are erect. A pagan, Teutonic amulet glistens from the beer. Hank backs her against a wall and they kiss excitedly.

HANK
Mmm. Beer, brains, and tits. The
perfect woman.

As they embrace the tapper "magically" twists and locks into place as we hear the sinister laughter of THE Goddess.

KAT
Did you hear that?

As she speaks we hear the bellowing voice of MIKEY.

MIKEY (O.S)
Medic!!!!!! Man down.

HANK
Ya, sounds like Mikey is about to
go into withdrawal. (cont)

He cups Kat's breast while still speaking.

HANK (CONT)
Why don't you go out there like
this. You might actually make some
money tonight.

KAT
In this dive? Fat chance.

HANK
So, what did we decide to call this
gift from the beer Gods?

CUT TO:

21 INT. BAR DAY

21

MIKEY

Horse Piss Ale!!!???? You expect me to drink something called Horse Piss Ale? I'll have you know, sir, I have the refined palate of a connoisseur.

A groan emanates from the four or five bar patrons who have gathered to witness another of Hank and Mikey's classic bar exchanges.

HANK

(pouring a draft beer)
With an emphasis on SEWER.

Approval sounds from the patrons.

HANK (CONT)

(setting a beer in front of Mikey)
Here you go, your eminence.

MIKE EDISON gives the BEER the full connoisseur's going over as These Titles appear over his inspection:

ZOMBIE LOGIC PRODUCTIONS

in association with

BRAIN DEAD PRODUCTIONS (for example)

PRESENTS

MIKEY

You know I really resent being made a guinea pig this way.

There is silence as Mikey drinks the entire beer without test or hesitation. He turns from the camera and makes guttural noises.

HANK

Mikey?

Mike Edison suddenly turns towards Hank slightly green-faced and ghoulish looking. He lunges towards Hank and projectile vomits a red stream that becomes the movies' OPENING TITLE:

DEAD DRUNK

Title appears in red, similar to the title from Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things.

22 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- ENTRANCE EARLY EVENING 22

OPENING CREDITS continue to roll as customers arrive, seemingly all-at-once. We see a mixture of HIPSTERS, PUNKS, and many people dressed in full ZOMBIE MAKEUP. Rednecks also arrive, clearly disgusted by the ZOMBIE NIGHT CROWD.

23 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- BEHIND BAR EARLY EVENING 23

We then return to MIKE EDISON, now noticeably recovered from the shock of his first Horse Piss Ale, but still slightly green-faced.

HANK

Sorry, Mikey. I owe you a free one after that. Your choice.

MIKEY

Bullshit. No beer kicks my ass like that and gets away with it. Give me another Horse Piss Ale.

HANK

(pouring)

You asked for it, oh sovereign of suds.

By now a small crowd has gathered around Mikey and watches in silent anticipation as he slams the second beer, then slams his mug on the bar.

MIKEY

(proudly)

Horse Piss Ale 1, Mike Edison 1.
Time for a rubber match.

A HIPSTER elbows his way up to the bar.

HIPSTER 1

Let me get one of those Horse Piss Ales, Hank.

MIKEY

(condescendingly)

I think you better stick to Heineken, Nancy.

HIPSTER 1

(mimicking Dennis Hopper in Blue Velvet)

Heineken. Fuck that shit. Horse Piss Ale.

(CONTINUED)

Several HIPSTERS press up to the bar and everyone chants,
Horse Piss Ale, Horse Piss Ale.

CUT TO:

24 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- ENTRANCE EVENING 24

TWO ATTRACTIVE GOTH GIRLS arrive: CRAZY COLLEEN and ELVIRA.
They sashe and flaunt their mysterious sexuality.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- BEHIND BAR EVENING 25

KAT

(to Hank)

Our Hostess With the Mostest is
here. And she's with her favorite
sidekick, Crazy Colleen. They've
gone full undead tonight.

HANK

(stuck at tapper)

You know I like a girl who goes all
out.

KAT

(puffing out her breasts)

You just like a girl with her
assets out.

HANK

(taking note of Kat's amulet)

You know I'm only interested in
your assets. By the way, where did
you get this?

KAT

I found it in the office when we
were moving your uncle's things.
Something about it caught my eye.
I'm sorry I didn't ask but
something just said "put it on." Is
that ok?

HANK

(seemingly lost somewhere
briefly, very briefly, comes
to)

Of course. It looks like it was
made for you.

(CONTINUED)

During this exchange, behind Hank and Kat, the HORSE PISS ALE GROUP has increased, starting to look slightly ghoulish and menacing and chanting, Horse Piss Ale, Horse Piss Ale.

CUT TO:

26

INT. CLUB ZOMBIE- MIDBAR EVENING

26

CRAZY COLLEEN and ELVIRA pass by a pair of rednecks seated at the bar. This is BIFF BAILEY and DINK DRYSDALE. As Colleen and Elvira pass by the Jockos speak loudly enough to be overheard.

BAILEY

Fucking lesbians. They might be worth fucking if they weren't such freaks.

DINK

Wouldn't that be kind of like necrophilia, Bailey?

Colleen turns back defiantly.

CRAZY COLLEEN

From what your last date rape victim said it would be more like...

(using her thumb and index finger to demonstrate two inches)

attempted Breaking and Entry.

BAILEY

I'd fuck you till you loved it.

CRAZY COLLEEN

The only thing you could make me love is antibiotics.

Camera pulls back to introduce ARGENT WESTWOOD, co-creator of ZOMBIE NIGHT and younger brother of PETER WESTWOOD. Argent is noticeably angered at the Jocko's insults.

ARGENT

Why the hell do you guys come here if you hate it so much? Wouldn't you feel more at home at Piggy's? Every week you show up and give us a hard time and no one here ever bothered you.

(CONTINUED)

Bailey and Dink stand up to intimidate Argent, but the camera pulls back to show ARGENT, PETER, and several PUNKS, GOTHS and ZOMBIES have his back. The Jockos are hopelessly outnumbered.

DUNK

Fuck this dump, Bailey. Let's go to Piggy's.

BAILEY

(slamming down his beer bottle, addressing Hank)
You stay here with your queer friends, Hank, but remember, we've been coming here for years, back when your uncle ran this place. It was a real man's bar then. Then you inherit it and turn it into a freak show. Guys like Dink and me have been coming here for years and we'll be coming here long after you and your sideshow go out of business and someone opens up a real bar again.

They storm out.

KAT

They're just trying to get a rise out of you, Henry. They're scared and jealous of what you've created here and they don't want you to enjoy it.

HANK

(still red-faced with anger)
I hate bullies, Kate. You know that. What is it about Zombie Night that makes them so angry?

KAT

Because they're not the center of it. Spoiled little mama's boys who get butt-chapped when every woman in the room isn't paying attention to them and every man doesn't want to fight them. You've spent too many years working for this to let River Trash like that ruin it for you...

(interrupting herself excitedly)
The Roller Girls are here!!!

(CONTINUED)

She runs out to meet several Roller Girls on skates. As the eight to ten Roller Girls try enter and start to fan out eight to ten PRETENTIOUS DOWNTOWN HIPSTERS push their way through their ranks, knocking several of the Roller Girls down. A burly Roller Girl takes umbrage:

THUNDER LIPS

Let's whip some downtown ass derby style.

The Roller Girls take a jam formation and prepare to lay a beat down on the DOWNTOWNERS, but:

Kat steps in front of them:

KAT

I appreciate the derby love, girls, but we've already had the police down here twice this week. They'd love to shut us down and turn this into condominiums for their rich friends.

THUNDER LIPS

Sorry, Kat. Didn't know things were that bad.

27 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB EVENING

27

This is a shot without dialog that establishes the diversity and revelry inside Zombie Club. Hand-held camera shots intercut with wide-angle closeup shots (fish eye) shots (ala Monster Club and Mephisto Waltz) to document in a kinetic and whimsical way that everyone here likes each other and is having a good time. Everyone hams it up and mugs for the camera. Perhaps some of the females feel compelled to show cleavage. Lots of people are featured drinking Horse Piss Ale. A bouncy Rock and Roll song plays. The shot ends with Elvira introducing the first movie.

28 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB NIGHT

28

We see a LARGE SCREEN TV or a PROJECTION SCREEN. Except for this the scene is empty...

Until a RED COUCH is either carried or rolled into the middle of the shot. The crowd roars. We see ELVIRA laying seductively on the couch.

This scene is played as if Elvira were addressing a TV audience. As if it were a studio shot.

(CONTINUED)

ELVIRA

Good evening, darlings. It's Little Ole me, Elvira. The girl with the SET no man can get. In fact, back in Ghoul School they called me Star Trek because no man had gone there before. Oh, but seriously folks, tonight's first feature is enough to scare a girl straight. Not this girl, but A girl. It's a campy cult classic about a theatre troupe led by an egotistical, tyrannical director in bad pants. Ya, girls, it's kind of like dating a lawyer. Or a cop. Or a mixed up bag boy at Safeway. Ahh, memories. This little cautionary tale of black magic and Nylon gone wrong, is called Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things. Enjoy...

A faux movie is projected. There is quiet, or mostly quiet.

FADE OUT:

29

INT. CLUB ZOMBIE- BEHIND BAR EVENING

29

Kat pulls Hank to the side.

KAT

We got problems, Henry. Mikey looks like he's dead.

HANK

He always looks that way on quarter beer night.

KAT

No, I mean undead dead.

A disturbance interrupts their conversation as BIFF BAILEY, DINK and 6-12 JOCKOS enter ZOMBIE CLUB looking surly and obviously prepared to cause trouble.

HANK

Great. That's all we need tonight- The Uptown Homophobe Club. You don't suppose they're here for the movie.

(CONTINUED)

KAT

No chance. But if I'm right about Mikey that's the least of our problems.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CLUB ZOMBIE EVENING

30

BIFF BAILEY and THE JOCKOS push and shove their way through the crowd. They forcibly unseat a table of hipsters and sit down. Looking around they enjoy their "luck" as they discover a group of hot zombie chicks have decided to surround and eye them hungrily. They of course mistake the zombie girls' intentions.

BAILEY

We're gonna sink our teeth into some freakshow ass tonight, boys.

The JOCKOS laugh and high five.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- BEHIND BAR EVENING

31

KAT and HANK stand in front of MIKEY, who has become a fully transformed zombie.

HANK

Fuck, Mikey, you look like shit.

No response. He simply extends his empty MUG towards Hank.

HANK

Mikey, I never thought I'd say this to you, but I think I'm gonna have to cut you off.

MIKEY shows violent enragement and slams his MUG on the bar then extends it again towards Hank.

KAT

(worriedly)

Hank?

HANK

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

KAT

I think you better get him another beer.

HANK

I think you're right.

Hank pours a draft. As he offers it to Mikey the zombie seizes his forearm hungrily. He seems to contemplate biting Hank's arm or drinking the beer. After reflection he chooses the beer and Hank backs away cautiously.

As he backs against the wall he sees a forest of zombie arms holding out their MUGS to be filled.

HANK

I think it's time for an emergency MEETING OF THE MINDS. Gather the tribe.

KAT

Gotcha.

FADE OUT:

32

INT. ZOMBIE CLUB EVENING

32

This is a montage scene. There is no dialog. KAT POWERS wanders into the crowd to assemble ZOMBIE EXPERTS for a MEETING OF THE MINDS. As she approaches each individual we freeze frame on that person and a "profile" of their qualifications appears with humorous snapshots to demonstrate the skill.

For instance: We meet TOM BYRON lurking in a corner. We freeze frame on TOM BYRON and his profile reads:

Subject name: TOM BYRON

Age: 26

Expertise: Conspiracy Theory Expert

Then we see a three photo montage of TOM BYRON posing with BIGFOOT, being probed by an ALIEN, pointing at the LOCH NESS MONSTER.

There's a great deal of room for experimentation and effects in this scene.

The process is repeated for ARGENT, PETER, HAILEY BURTON, and ELVIRA.

CREATIVE WIPE TO:

33 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING

33

In a small, well-lit room, HANK, KAT, ELVIRA, HAILEY, ARGENT, PETER, and TOM BYRON sit at a round table.

This scene is a showcase of zombie cliches, lore and allusions. It is also necessary to introduce and develop the MAIN CHARACTERS and explain plot.

Throughout the scene we hear the intermittent wails of the undead ala Day of the Dead.

KAT

We've got a serious problem out there guys.

HANK

What are we dealing with?

PETER

Zombies.

ELVIRA

No shit, Columbo, The question is what do we do about it. Colleen started to wig out after she drank that beer. What do you call it?

UNISON

Horse Piss Ale.

ARGENT

(wearing EYE PATCH over left eye) We have to remain logical about this. Rational. Rule out all the possibilities. We don't know it's the beer. How many different kinds of zombies are there?

PETER

I think technically what we're dealing with here is the LIVING DEAD. Zombies are the result of voodoo or a Black Magic ceremony.

HAILEY

There's radiation zombies, voodoo zombies, black magic zombies, pesticide zombies, hypno zombies,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAILEY (cont'd)
 hard rock zombies, video zombies,
 revenge slash hatred zombies, alien
 parasite zombies...

TOM BYRON
 You forgot the mind control zombies
 the government has been creating
 with the HARP program since 1989.

ARGENT
 (eye patch on right eye)
 The HARP?... (program)

HAILEY
 Just...don't...encourage him,
 Argent. He thinks everything is a
 whacked- out government conspiracy.

TOM
 How do you explain the chupacabra
 infestation in Mexico, people at
 all walks of life being replaced by
 human/alien hybrids..., Dick
 Cheney? It's all being run from an
 Illuminati Command Center under the
 Denver Airport.

There is a moment of silence.

HAILEY
 You're a dipshit, that's how I
 explain it.

TOM
 Cocksock.

HAILEY
 Twat cannon.

KAT
 Ok, OK, I think Argent is right. We
 need to remain logical about this.
 (turning to Hank)
 Henry, I think it's time to come
 clean. Tell them about the beer.

ELVIRA
 What about the beer, Hank?

HANK
 This afternoon we found a strange,
 unmarked keg of beer in the cooler.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANK (cont'd)
We didn't think there would be any
harm in serving it but...

CUT TO:

34 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- BEHIND BAR EVENING 34

Behind the bar a relief bartender, CASEY, is furiously trying to keep up with demand for Horse Piss Ale. Carnage has broken out.

CUT TO:

35 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING 35

HANK
(finishing his explanation)
...but I never thought all Hell
would break out.

ARGENT
(eye patch on other eye
again))
Are you fucking serious? Beer
zombies? That is by far the most
awesome thing that has happened
this week.

PETER
(hi-fiving Argent)
What'd I say, brougham... gin and
tonic. Hell ya.

HAILEY
Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute.
There's no doubt about the
awesomosity of beer zombies, but,
Hank, are you saying EVERYONE who
drinks that beer is going to turn
into a zombie?

HANK
I just don't know.

TOM BYRON
But that doesn't make sense. ALL
zombies eat human flesh, no matter
how they became zombies. It's law
one of zombiedom. Why aren't these
zombies eating human flesh?

(CONTINUED)

KAT

I think they're more interested in beer than people.

TOM BYRON

Well, ya, who isn't, but we're talking fundamental laws of monsterdom here. Vampires suck, werewolves howl, shadmocks whistle, and zombies eat brains... end of story. Before the end of the night someone's brain is getting munched.

HAILEY

So, you'll be safe.

KAT

All I know is given a choice between Henry's arm and a beer, Mikey chose the beer.

PETER

So, we're in the clear. All we have to do is keep feeding them beer like in Return of the Living Dead 2 when they feed the Living Dead cow's brains.

ELVIRA

Except in this case the brains are beer. All we have to do is keep them drinking and we'll be safe.

HANK

That's the problem. I have no idea what kind of beer....I need to go figure this out.

He turns to leave.

A wail sounds.

KAT

Sounds like it's getting worse out there.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- HALLWAY EVENING

36

CRAZY COLLEEN entices BAILEY and DINK to follow her to the bathroom. She enters the bathroom and her finger exits through the door inviting Bailey into the bathroom.

BAILEY
(turning to Dink)
Guess it's not your lucky night,
Hoss.

Bailey enters and Colleen's finger exits once again and invites Dink to enter.

DINK
I think it's ALL our lucky night.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- LADIES' ROOM EVENING

37

When Dink enters the ladies' room Bailey is already slamming Crazy Colleen doggie style. Dink waits impatiently.

BAILEY
Rigor-mortus is awesome, man.

DINK
Let me get some of that.

BAILEY
(still working behind Colleen)
What about your wife, man?

DINK
It ain't cheatin' if she's dead.

Colleen begins to tease Dink with her tongue. Her nice breasts jiggle as she gets slammed. Dink unzips hastily.

DINK
I can't wait, man.

He lets the zombie take it in her mouth(implied).

BAILEY
Dink, no, wait...

We hear a crunch as if a dill pickle has been bitten into.

BLOOD SPLASHED WIPE TO:

38 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING 38

Back at the MEETING of the MINDS:

PETER
 (parroting the cliché)
 So, how do we kill them if they're
 already...

A shower of debris interrupts his cliché. Stripper music
 begins to play much to everyone's surprise as...

CUT TO:

39 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- STRIPPER STAGE EVENING 39

A ZOMBIE STRIPPER performs on a POLE to stripper music. A
 JOCKO is hypnotized by her. She lures him in and performs
 for him as...

CUT TO:

40 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING 40

Keep in mind this is a farcical interlude.

ELVIRA
 Macho cock man oppressors.

CUT TO:

41 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- STRIPPER STAGE EVENING 41

The ZOMBIE STRIPPER takes a bite out of the JOCKO'S brain.

CUT TO:

42 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING 42

Still farce.

HAILEY
 Limp dick-no going down-forgot your
 birthday-toilet seat leaving
 up-rape machine.

CUT TO:

43 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- STRIPPER STAGE EVENING 43

ZOMBIE STRIPPER 2 takes a bite out of JOCKO 2's brain.

CUT TO:

44 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING 44

And the payoff:

KAT

Bad tippers.

CUT TO:

45 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- FLOOR TABLE EVENING 45

The remaining JOCKOS are surrounded and devoured by the very HOT ZOMBIE CHICKS they had felt so fortunate to be surrounded by previously. A Hot Zombie Chick takes a place behind each of the six remaining Jockos. They blindfold the Jockos, who willingly allow themselves to be blindfolded, sensing something kinky is about to happen to them. Music begins ala musical chairs and the zombie chicks circle the Jockos. As the music ends they transform from hot zombies into terrifying undead, all fang and claw. The heads of the six men are torn off simultaneously, sending a shower of blood that covers the zombies, who sensually rub it all over their bodies.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- ENTRANCE EVENING 46

Simultaneous with the previous event, The Pretentious Downtown Group is heading towards the door, oblivious to the carnage behind them.

PRETENTIOUS BITCH

What a lame-ass movie. I can't believe we even come here. Nothing ever happens. But we won't have to worry about that much longer. After the Health Dept sees the footage we secretly taped they'll condemn this dump and my daddy will buy it for me.

47 INT. WELL-LIT MEETING ROOM EVENING

47

The Zombie Experts seem to be sidetracked.

HAILEY

Because Gary Busey would never do your movie, that's why.

TOM BYRON

I don't know how you can be wrong about everything and still survive. Busey already agreed to do the movie. We met at the Paleface Shamans Retreat and share a Spirit Chief. I can just "THINK" Gary Busey and Gary Busey gets my message. We're that close. You can't spell Busey without "US." And me and Gary Busey are that "US."

PETER

(Reading from a three page script)

But you've only got three pages written and Busey dies on page two. You can't kill Gary Busey.

ELVIRA

What about The Firm. He bites it three minutes into his performance.

HAILEY

Mr. Joshua in Lethal Weapon. Hello.... dead.

ARGENT

The Buddy Holly Story.

PETER

(addressing Argent)

Thanks, brougham. But Buddy Holly... I mean, Gary Busey, isn't going to commit to a project with a three page script where he dies on page two.

TOM BYRON

Peter...

(imitating Roger in Dawn of the Dead. This stupid bit is the sole reason Peter's name is Peter)

It's all in my head, man. Walls covered with storyboards in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM BYRON (cont'd)
efficiency apartment of my mind.
All I need is a green light and one
point five million and me and Gary
Busey start shooting.

PETER
So what are you going to call this
cinematic...(masterpiece)

HAILEY
(strenuously interrupting
Peter)
No, No, No.....

TOM BYRON
(with great satisfaction)
Honkie Shamans From Oklahoma

Dead pause.

ELVIRA
So, back to the Zombie problem.
Anyone got any ideas?

Everyone pauses for a moment, then:

CUT TO:

48 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB EVENING 48

Back in the bar room where mayhem has broken out.

ARGENT
Beer run!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Dead silence. All attention turns to Argent, who now
realizes 25-50 (depending on the budget) zombies are now
focused on him.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. OUTSIDE BUS EVENING 49

HAILEY, ELVIRA, ARGENT and PETER are herding ZOMBIES onto
the BUS, which TOM BYRON is driving.

ELVIRA
What if Hank and Kat aren't able to
figure out what beer we need?

ARGENT

Then this is going to be the
shortest zombie beer run in
history.

CUT TO:

50 INT. CLUB ZOMBIE- OUTSIDE BEER COOLER EVENING 50

The door to the beer cooler is ajar. A faint, green light emanates from the room. KAT POWERS approaches cautiously. She hears what sounds like a willowy, female voice, murmuring an incantation.

As Kat listens intently the amulet around her neck begins to glow a pale blue.

Kat opens the door to reveal:

51 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- BEER COOLER EVENING 51

Henry kneels, as if at prayer, or in a trance-like, receptive position, in front of the wooden keg, but also in front of the Red Street Tavern sign, which glows red.

KAT

Henry?

He comes to gently.

KAT

I thought I heard voices.

HANK

It was just the beer lines,
hissing.

(showing Kat the marking on
the barrel)

I can't believe we missed this
before.

They read the marking which is now clearly glowing on the barrel: Schlitz.

Still kneeling, Henry looks up at Kat, but she appears in a ceremonial gown of undetermined origin. An aura of blue outlines her form. She helps Henry to his feet and whispers something in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Yes... I've always known that.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ZOMBIE BUS EVENING 52

KAT and HANK hastily board the bus. They look exactly as they had in their first appearance.

KAT
Hilander. Floor it.

TOM BYRON
(flooring it)

The ZOMBIE BUS peels out.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. ZOMBIE BUS- OUTSIDE HILANDER EVENING 53

The bus stops outside the supermarket and THE SCHLITZ ZOMBIES orderly debus.

CUT TO:

54 INT. SUPERMARKET EVENING 54

The supermarket is a chaos of rude, fat-ass customers, falling all over each other and making movement nearly impossible. Carts crash into each other. A DISORDERLY CHILD steps on one of the ZOMBIE'S feet.

The ZOMBIE winces in pain.

CUT TO:

55 INT. SUPERMARKET- AISLE 8 EVENING 55

At the end of aisle 8 sits a "MOUNTAIN OF SCHLITZ." But just as the HEROES and SCHLITZ ZOMBIES are about to get to the SCHLITZ:

SUPERMARKET ANNOUNCER
And don't forget our in-store special: two for one Double Stuff Oreo Cookies on aisle 8.

(CONTINUED)

Several fat-ass customers round the corner at breakneck speed and begin tossing bags of OREOS in their carts. They fight amongst themselves over the cookies.

We see the ZOMBIES looking at the SCHLITZ and becoming increasingly agitated.

ARGENT

You really, really want to get out of the way.

FAT ASS MALE CUSTOMER 1

Fuck off. We were here first.

HAILEY

No, seriously, for your own good, you really don't want to be here right now.

SUPER FAT ASS FEMALE CUSTOMER 1

Are you threatening me? I'll have you know my husband is precinct captain of our neighborhood watch. FRANK, tell them who you are.

A SMALL OLD MAN steps out from behind her, sees the SCHLITZ ZOMBIES, and runs in the other direction.

SUPER FAT ASS FEMALE CUSTOMER 1

(imposing her immense girth in the middle of the aisle)

Well, I'm not moving and you can't make me.

She turns her back and uses her enormous ass to take up the whole aisle.

ARGENT

Total eclipse of the Schlitz.

PETER

There's only one way to solve this problem.

He looks at the ZOMBIES. They all look away.

ARGENT

C'mon, guys, someone has got to do this.

Two ZOMBIES resort to rock, paper, scissors. The loser bemoans his bad luck, then...

CUT TO:

56 INT. SUPERMARKET- AISLE 8 EVENING 56

On the opposite side of SUPER FAT ASS FEMALE CUSTOMER 1 we hear the sounds of gnawing and eating and shredding and tearing. A ZOMBIE head appears through her abdomen as she is split wide open.

By a special effects trick a hole large enough for everyone to walk through is opened and the first three ZOMBIES march through.

The ZOMBIES pounce on the SCHLITZ.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. ZOMBIE BUS EVENING 57

The ZOMBIES load cases of SCHLITZ onto the bus.

SLOW HANGOVER WIPE:

58 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB MORNING. NO, LATE MORNING 58

The Zombie club is trashed, as if a legendary frat party had occurred the night before. ZOMBIES are asleep on the floor everywhere. It is truly the Dawn of the Dead.

CUT TO:

59 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB LATE MORNING 59

There is a sound effect similar to when the door opens in Dawn of the Dead and Flyboy is revealed to be a zombie.

As the sound effect plays A ZOMBIE'S arm emerges from a makeshift "grave" of Schlitz cans and the ZOMBIE does a classic "sitting up out of the grave" routine.

CUT TO:

60 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB LATE MORNING 60

The sound effect from the previous shot sounds and A FEMALE ZOMBIE repeats the routine from the previous scene except plays it more for a comical effect, doing the entire "morning after" routine of head shaking and dry mouthing.

CUT TO:

61 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB LATE MORNING 61

The sound effect from the previous two shots sounds.

Nothing.

The sound effect plays again.

Beer cans scatter to reveal TWO MALE ZOMBIES SPOONING. One clearly gay and one clearly not. THE STRAIGHT ZOMBIE shows his dismay and somehow THE GAY ZOMBIE expresses his satisfaction.

CUT TO:

62 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB LATE MORNING 62

ELVIRA

What the hell did we do last night?

ARGENT

Same thing we do every night,
except with zombies.

TOM BYRON

Umm, that's THE SCHLITZ ZOMBIES.
They're our zombies and we get to
name them.

HAILEY

Shut up, Deutschbank. That's
ridiculous.
(she doesn't realize she is
wearing an "I married a
Schlitz Zombie T-shirt)

TOM BYRON

(slapping Hailey on the ass)
Just trying to brand the franchise,
funbags.

PETER

Wait a minute. Two important
questions. Do we have enough
Schlitz left to keep ourselves from
being eaten like buffalo wings, and
where are Kat and Hank?

Kat and Hank emerge from off camera.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Seven cases. Just about enough to get us through the Maury Povich show.

ARGENT

I think a better question is what do we do with the zombies. There's only so much Schlitz in the entire Universe.

PETER

What do you mean, "do with the ZOMBIES?" Shit, bro, you sound like Tom. First of all, they're not "our zombies," they're our friends, living, dead, undead, or otherwise. I don't know about anyone else here but I couldn't any more harm one of them than I could one of you.

We see a reaction shot where the ZOMBIES facially emote that they at some level understand PETER'S words and though it breaks the rules of zombiedom will not harm the MAIN CHARACTERS even in the absence of Schlitz.

ELVIRA

I agree with Peter. Why do we have to do anything. I mean, really, what's the difference between us and them? They like beer, we like beer. They hate everyone "out there" and everyone "out there" hates them. Just like us.

TOM BYRON

Hell, ya. I always wanted to be in a zombie movie and now here I am big as Savini partying with the dead. I say we keep the party going.

ARGENT

Alright, I defer. It's not like I had anything planned today anyway. Hank, Kat?

KAT

So, what do we do.

HANK

(pausing dramatically)
Lunch.

FADE OUT:

63 EXT. ZOMBIE BUS NOON 63

The Schlitz ZOMBIES orderly enter the bus, which now has the words THE SCHLITZ ZOMBIES TM spray painted on the side.

The bus peels out.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUFFET SIGN DAY 64

Establishing shot of the Golden Corral sign.

CUT TO:

65 INT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUFFET DAY 65

Several gluttonous customers are congregating around a display of meat. (Above them a sign reads "meat.") They eww and ahh and shuffle for position as new selections of meat are brought out by the chef.. They pounce on the meat.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. ZOMBIE BUS DAY 66

The SCHLITZ ZOMBIES orderly debus.

CUT TO:

67 INT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUEFFET DAY 67

At a table sit the perfect fat-ass American family. A lard-ass father, a slovenly mother, and three overfed, X box playing, no book reading, no bike riding, lazy-ass kids. The father explains life to his children.

FAT ASS BUFFET FATHER

This buffet is like life, kids. You pay your eight dollars and you make sure you get your share. Anyone gets in your way you knock em down. Anyone reaches for the piece of meat you got your eye on you stab em with your fork. And you keep your attention on the good stuff

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAT ASS BUFFET FATHER (cont'd)
 like the bacon wrapped weenies and
 those little shrimp. And you eat
 and consume and glut yourself and
 force it in and shovel it in until
 you get your eight dollars worth...
 (shoving food into his wife's
 purse)
 Then you grab whatever you can and
 horde it because the niggers and
 Mexicans are set to revolt anyday.

THANKFULLY WE CUT TO:

68 INT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUFFET DAY 68

The SCHLITZ ZOMBIES form an orderly line and make their way through THE RED VELVET ROPES. A FEATURED ZOMBIE sets up behind the counter and takes FIVE DOLLARS from each zombie as they proceed through the turnstile.

Screams of carnage are heard as the FINAL ZOMBIE pays. The FEATURED ZOMBIE MONEY TAKER mugs anxiously, tosses the useless MONEY in the air, and joins the carnage.

(It is the director and producer's option how much "carnage" to shoot for this scene) Otherwise proceed to:

HANK
 (lifting a very rare piece of
 prime rib to his mouth and
 eating)
 The commercial doesn't lie. This
 is the best prime rib in town.
 (addressing A ZOMBIE)
 You want to get down on this?

A ZOMBIE grunts in the negative, instead taking a bite out of a human arm.

CUT TO:

69 INT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUFFET DAY 69

HAILEY BURTON and TOM BYRON at the SALAD BAR.

HAILEY
 (yelling)
 Bacon bits. I'm out of bacon bits
 over here.

A fearful BUFFET WORKER rapidly replaces the BACON BITS.

(CONTINUED)

TOM BYRON

(he speaks nervously, dropping
his guard)

So, I was thinking about what part
you would play in my movie. I
haven't cast anyone but Gary Busey
yet. What role do you see yourself
playing?

HAILEY

(enjoying having him on the
hook, but still touched)

Sissy Spacek in Coal Miner's
Daughter.

TOM BYRON

Ya. Me, too.

CUT TO:

70 INT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUFFET DAY

70

To their left a short line of ZOMBIES has formed. They wait
patiently and are served human appendages and innards by A
ZOMBIE CHEF who has donned a CHEF'S HAT.

CUT TO:

71 INT. GOLDEN CORRAL BUFFET DAY

71

Everyone is stuffed and sluggish. They all sit around the
table.

KAT

So, what's next?

ELVIRA

I'd love to introduce the zombies
to my boss.

HAILEY

Ya, I can think of a few people who
might benefit from a visit from the
walking dead. And most of them hang
out in the same place.

TOM BYRON

The White House?

(CONTINUED)

ARGENT

Nope. A place that glorifies mediocrity and stagnation. A place with an obsession for the past and a resistance to anything new and unique. A place for the pretentious and the unoriginal and the bleating sheeple to worship worn out trends and imitate better places.

PETER

Let's go downtown and get Schlitzed!!!

The group begins to leave THE GOLDEN CORRAL. AS they near the door they see a WEREWOLF crouching over a HUMAN CARCASS and eating away.

ARGENT

(pointing to a sign)
Hey, man, can't you read?

The sign reads: We Reserve the Right To Refuse Service To Werewolves.

PETER

Town's going to hell.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. ZOMBIE BUS EVENING

72

The ZOMBIE BUS peels out.

ELVIRA (O.S.)

It sure did get dark fast.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. DOWNTOWN ROCKFORD EVENING

73

The SCHLITZ ZOMBIES and HEROES walk the sidewalks of the hip, trendy downtown area looking for Schlitz. They come face to face with a GROUP OF HIPSTERS participating in a ZOMBIE PUB CRAWL. 6-12 HIPSTER ZOMBIES are in full makeup. The two groups eye each other and take stock. (There is a choreographed "squaring off" ala Michael Jackson's "Beat It" video or West Side Story, but a dance number does not break out. Instead:

A PRETENTIOUS BITCH and ELVIRA square off.

(CONTINUED)

PRETENTIOUS BITCH

What are you North Siders doing downtown? No one invited you to our pub crawl.

(turning to hipsters)

There's an empty dive bar on the North Side tonight.

ELVIRA

It's fun to come down here every once in a while to see what was trendy in New York, or Los Angeles... fifteen years ago.

PRETENTIOUS BITCH

Whatever, posers. We have actual places to go. Cafe Xeno is having a wine and cheese saurez... invitation only.

The HIPSTER ZOMBIES brush arrogantly past the SCHLITZ ZOMBIES. At the last second, PRETENTIOUS BITCH turns backward.

PRETENTIOUS BITCH

By the way, lousy makeup job. Completely unbelievable.

(turning to Elvira)

And your performance last night... totally blasse.

TOM BYRON

(addressing ZOMBIE STU)

Didn't you used to fuck her, Stu?

ZOMBIE STU grimaces apologetically.

TOM BYRON

Who needs a beer?

Twenty-five hands raise.

CUT TO:

74 INT. SWANKY BAR EVENING

74

As the SCHLITZ ZOMBIES enter the pretentious bar, the patrons waller and grumble amongst themselves. The ZOMBIES shuffle up to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
25 Schlitz please.

BARTENDER
(haughtily)
Schlitz? For real?

HANK
It made Milwaukee famous. Maybe it
will do the same for you.

When the bartender turns to order the barback to fetch the Schlitz, we see she is wearing assless chaps. There is a great scurrying behind the bar and eventually two Mexican barbacks put 25 SCHLITZES on the bar.

BARTENDER
Two hundred fifty dollars.

Everyone looks at each other in disbelief.

HANK
Fuck it, eat em.

But as the zombies prepare to toss the place, Peter intercedes:

PETER
Wait a minute, wait a minute...
Joe's parents are loaded.

HANK
That's good for them, but what does
that have to do with...

ARGENT
(Reaching into Joe's back
pocket)
What it means is I'm sure there's
some sort of Platinum or Titanium
card in here...
(finding and pulling out a
Platinum card)
bingo!!!
(holding up the card)
Drinks for everyone!!!

The crowd cheers!!

CUT TO:

75

INT. SWANKY BAR EVENING

75

We see Joe the zombie with a pen in his hand mumbling confusedly as the haughty bartender puts a credit card receipt in front of him. Frustrated with his lack of any concern for anything but her sparkly hair the bartender takes a step back in disgust:

BARTENDER

I'm not allowed to accept transactions from retards.

PETER

How bout this. Just open a tab and add fifty percent gratuity to it and we'll get him to sign at the end of the night.

The bartender is apprehensive, but simultaneously interested in the enormous tip she knows she will receive.

BARTENDER

(grabbing the credit card)
Alright, but I'm keeping this back here with me.

HAILEY

(to Peter)
Fifty percent?

PETER

That's the best part. After they run out of Schlitz we just take the card back.

HAILEY

Ya, but fifty percent. It's the assless chaps, isn't it?

PETER

Never underestimate the power of assless chaps. Watch this.
(he turns to the crowd)
Another drink for all my friends!!!

Cheering!!!!

CUT TO:

76 INT. SWANKY BAR EVENING

76

The next two minutes are a montage set to chaotic, heavy metal music, of ZOMBIES engaging in traditional barroom activities. They throw beanbags, play video golf, dance with chic downtown girls, hoist brews etc.

A cutup and montage of various marquees and neon signs show the ZOMBIES making the rounds of downtown. Everything becomes dizzier and dizzier until the scene freeze frames when a ZOMBIE takes a bite out of a woman's head.

FADE OUT:

77 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB LATE MORNING

77

Day 3 begins similarly to Day 2 with everyone waking up from the previous night's carnage. The club is even messier and everyone more disheveled. The ZOMBIES are more zombieish.

HAILEY

What the hell did we do last night?

ARGENT

Went downtown, drank beer- ate a bunch of people.

TOM BYRON

Same shit, different night.

PETER

Is everyone (pause) alive?

ELVIRA

(looking at the sleeping zombies)

They're so cute when they're asleep. Should we wake them?

PETER

Na, they had a pretty busy night last night. Let's let them sleep in. I wonder if they dream
(he strokes his chin)

CLASSIC DISSOLVE TO DREAM SEQUENCE:

Dream sequence: A ZOMBIE is seen leaning into a COFFIN and eating a FRESH CORPSE. The lid to the coffin slams closed on the ZOMBIE'S head and he reacts with a d'oh. The ZOMBIE wakes with a start.

Then smoothly back to:

KAT

(entering from off camera)
We got problems.

ARGENT

I know. We're out of cocktail onions and I have a taste for a Gibson.

KAT

That and we ate half of downtown last night. I doubt that we'll be safe here very much longer.

PETER

Technically, "we" didn't eat anyone. At worst we're guilty of conspiring to aid and abet the Undead and I'm not even sure that's a crime.

KAT

Tell that to the cops.

TOM BYRON

Cops, shit. By nightfall this whole town will be crawling with the PEA.

HAILEY

What's the PEA?

TOM BYRON

Paranormal Eradication Agency.

HAILEY

One too many comic books, fanboy.

TOM BYRON

Graphic novels, cockholster. The PEA is a fact. When the entire population of Gary, Indiana was transformed into werewolves, the PEA went in there, sanitized the entire city and replaced the whole

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM BYRON (cont'd)
population with human/alien
hybrids.

PETER
Was this before or after the
Jacksons?

TOM BYRON
What do you think?

HAILEY
I think you're a whack job.

KAT
Fascinating as this is, we need a
plan to deal with the fact that
we're harboring about 25 mass
murderers.

TOM BYRON
Leave that to me. I've got the
perfect Black Ops strategy to get
us out of the spotlight. Give me a
phone. I know someone at channel
23.

He begins to dial and:

FADE TO:

79

INT. ZOMBIE CLUB DAY

79

ZOMBIES and HEROES have assembled around a BIG SCREEN TV

FEMALE ANCHOR
We begin this broadcast with
breaking news. We have it on
credible sources that last night's
massacre downtown...

Here a dramatic sound effect sounds as an elaborate graphic
for THE DEATH OF DOWNTOWN is shown.

FEMALE ANCHOR (CONTD)
Was committed by an unholy alliance
of Werewolves and Chupacabras

A graphic of Chupacabras and Werewolves is shown

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE ANCHOR (CONTD)

And contrary to rumors has nothing to do with The Living Dead. Once again, last night's senseless massacre has been attributed to an unholy alliance of Werewolves and Chupacabras, not The Living Dead. Public officials urge all citizens to avoid the Downtown area. If you must travel Downtown be sure to bring a shotgun with good stopping power and plenty of silver bullets.

FEMALE ANCHOR

In cheerier news, the Downtown Parade of Progress is still on.

PETER

Oh, sweet. I love a parade. Where's Hank?

CUT TO:

80 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- KEG ROOM DOOR DAY

80

Through a door cracked open we see a room filled with green light and fog. KAT POWERS eavesdrops outside. She hears two voices.

THE GODDESS

Kill them... all of them. Our family honor must be restored. You are my vengeance, Henry.

HANK

I will obey the will of the Goddess.

81 INT. ZOMBIE CLUB- BEER COOLER EVENING

81

Kat Powers enters silently. Her amulet glows a faint blue. Only Henry is in the room. He kneels in front of the beer keg and in front of the Red Street Tavern sign, which is outlined in red.

KAT

(her amulet glows blue)
Seems you keep returning to this place.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Something happened here. Something awful. No one in the family would ever tell me what it was. All I know is I was never allowed to come here. My mother removed all pictures of our family when I was born. I remember when I was four the oldest member of our family came from Germany to see me. She was like in her nineties. She looked at me like I was a ghost. I remember she died that night. I think I know now why they never wanted me to come here. I think none of this is an accident. I feel like I've been intentionally kept in the dark all my life.

KAT

Maybe there are things you don't need to know. Maybe everyone was just trying to protect you.

HANK

Well maybe I don't want to be protected. Maybe I know more than everyone gives me credit for. I never told you this because I thought you'd never believe me, but when I was in Germany I never learned to speak the language. I just woke up the first morning and started speaking, as if I had been there all my life.

KAT

HENRY

(turning Kat back towards him
and the sign)
Kat, if I were to go somewhere dark
would you go with me?

KAT

Wherever you are there is no
darkness for me.

They embrace and as they do her amulet begins to glow red.

CUT TO:

82

EXT. DOWNTOWN DAY

82

STOCK FOOTAGE OF A HUGE PARADE makes the Downtown Parade of Progress look larger than it is.

At a desk TWO LOCAL TV REPORTERS are announcing the parade.

MALE REPORTER

Here we are, along with my intrepid partner, Ainsley Anderton, in the best of all possible midsize cities, Rockford, Illinois, for the Downtown Parade of Progress. And what a perfect day for a parade, Ainsley.

AINSLEY

I couldn't have said it any better myself, Chip. The weather gods have blessed us with a gorgeous day here in the Screw City.

(her face takes on a serious tone)

You know, Chip, after last night's downtown massacre, many said this event should be canceled. But I, for one, disagree. What better way to start the healing, than a parade.

CHIP

Amen to that, Ainsley. Let the healing begin. Besides, what are the odds of a Werewolf/Chupacabra attack occurring two days in a row? First up we have the Armless and Legless Veterans of America Float, followed by the Homeless Urchins Job Development Float. You know, Ainsley, it's a testament to the charity and good heartedness of this Great American city that...

AINSLEY

(interrupting in excitement)

Underdog!!!! That majestic symbol of Unity and Freedom has arrived. Now that Underdog is here what can possibly go wrong?

CUT TO:

83 EXT. STREET- PARADE DAY

83

ARGENT
 (looking upwards)
 How the fuck did they get Underdog?

The SCHLITZ ZOMBIES shrug their shoulders. All are present.

PETER
 (producing one of those
 baton/cane things with a ball
 on the end of it used by peple
 who lead parades)
 I'd say it's time to add some class
 to this parade.

Peter takes the lead and the group lurches forward.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. STREET LEVEL- PARADE DAY

84

Point of view we see The "FAKE ZOMBIES" from the Zombie Pub Crawl are marching in the parade. We see the BANNER they are carrying: ZOMBIES FOR PEACE.

And then we see point of view THE SCHLITZ ZOMBIES behind THE ZOMBIES FOR PEACE rapidly overtaking and absorbing their ranks and marching peacefully... for now.

At the front of the procession ELVIRA confronts THE PRETENTIOUS BITCH. They continue marching during their confrontation. Behind them we hear the sound of struggle and munching and rending and tearing.

PRETENTIOUS BITCH
 You and your "wannabe" friends
 aren't going to jump our bandwagon.

ELVIRA
 Bandwagon? Is that what you're
 calling your ass these days?

PRETENTIOUS BITCH
 (nervously listening to the
 munching and apparently aware
 of the inevitability of the
 situation)
 Your whole milieu is so "de
 classe". I bet you feel pretty
 clever about this but my father is
 in the PEA and he's on to you.

(CONTINUED)

(turning to the bulk of the
marchers)
You hear me, you'll all be dead by
dawn.

ELVIRA
(punching the Pretentious
Bitch)
And you'll be dead by late
afternoon, bitch.

The villagers rejoice.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. STREET LEVEL- PARADE DAY

85

WE now see the SCHLITZ ZOMBIES in a point of view shot moving forward from the conflict. They have a BANNER which reads: ZOMBIES FOR SCHLITZ. As they march forward we see the FAKE ZOMBIES strewn on the street behind them in different states of mutilation, several stripped to SKELETON level. The LAST ZOMBIE stops to kick PRETENTIOUS BITCH in the ribs, then

CUT TO:

86 EXT. STREET LEVEL- PARADE DAY

86

The SCHLITZ ZOMBIES march on proudly.

ARGENT
As enjoyable as all this mayhem is,
I've got good news and I've got bad
news.

HANK
The good news?

ARGENT
With that shirt Elvira's wearing
I'm seeing more tit than Ron
Jeremy.
(an elbow, presumably
Elvira's, strikes him in the
ribs)

HANK
The bad news?

(CONTINUED)

ARGENT

We've drunk every Schlitz in town
and the natives are getting
restless. Unless we find a score of
Schlitz we might start looking like
an afternoon snack.

In an uncanny "deux aux machina" moment the parade announcer
makes an announcement.

PARADE ANNOUNCER

Remember, the Downtown Parade of
Progress is sponsored by Piggy's
Bar and Grill, where every Friday
is all you can drink Schlitz night.

Hank and Argent look at each other in disbelief.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. ZOMBIE BUS TWILIGHT 87

The ZOMBIE BUS peels out. We hear the unmistakable sound of
99 bottles of beer on the wall.

CUT TO:

88 INT. ZOMBIE BUS TWILIGHT 88

The camera begins at the the front of the bus and slowly
rolls to the back, documenting revelry and comradeship, also
hopefully documenting great makeup work. The zombies mug and
play to the camera. A blur of movement is rear projected
through the back window of the bus.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. PIGGY'S EVENING 89

Shot of Piggy's Marquee.

PROUDLY SERVING THE MEAN

STUPID AND UNORIGINAL

SINCE 1908

TONIGHT SCHLITZ NIGHT

ZOMBIE AMBUSH

CUT TO:

90 INT. PIGGY'S EVENING

90

THE ZOMBIES and HUMANS enter PIGGY'S. The place is empty. All lights and machines are on. Business as usual, except no trace of anyone around.

Everyone looks around curiously.

PETER

Dead night.

ARGENT

I was thinking the same thing, bro.

The doors lock behind them and a fog begins to fill the room.

ELVIRA

I'm starting to get that Wicker Man feeling.

The fog thickens, there's more light and ominous sound.

HAILEY

I think we're all about to become legend.

TOM BYRON

Since this looks like the proverbial end, there's something I want to confess- I'm
(interrupted by a kiss by Hailey Burton)

HAILEY

I know.

KAT

IS this the end, Henry?

HENRY

Nothing is ever over until we say it is, but if this were the end, how would you like to go out?

Everyone ponders for a moment.

EVERYONE

Dance party!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CUT TO THE INEVITABLE:

91 INT. PIGGY'S EVENING 91

Celebration. A band is playing. Everyone is in full costume and dancing. Not only THE SCHLITZ ZOMBIES and HEROES, but CAST, CREW, WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES... There can be no explanation for how they got there and none will be given.

Allow for a good establishment of the party then...

CUT TO:

92 INT. PEA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER EVENING 92

In front of a LARGE PEA FLAG a gung ho PEA AGENT makes his case to the HEAD OF THE PEA.

PEA AGENT

We can take them all out now, sir.
Cure half of society's problems
with one, well-placed surgical
strike.

PEA DIRECTOR

We need to get authorization from
Homeland Security.

PEA AGENT

Fuck Homeland Security, sir. With
all due respect (he salutes the
FLAG), this is our chance to strike
a real blow for truth, decency, and
the American way. That place is
swarming with every form of
perverted, mutated, anti-American
form of repulsive trash known to
the PEA. There's zombies...

Intercut to a snippet of A ZOMBIE dancing...

PEA AGENT(CONT)

Vampires...

Intercut to a brief snippet of A VAMPIRE dancing...

PEA AGENT(CONT)

Werewolves...

Intercut to a brief snippet of A WEREWOLF dancing...

PEA AGENT(CONT)

(Hand over heart)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PEA AGENT(CONT) (cont'd)
Sir, we have a sacred
responsibility to the people of
America to rid the world of...

(These stereotypes are to be delivered rapidly in montage
style)

Intercut to STEREOTYPICAL PREACHER...

STEREOTYPICAL PREACHER
Godless sinners.

Intercut to RUSH LIMBAUGH TYPE seated at talk show desk...

RUSH LIMBAUGH TYPE
Commie, pinko, environmentalist,
liberal whackos...

Intercut to KKK KLANSMAN in full regalia...

KKK KLANSMAN
Niggers, jews, homosexuals...

Intercut to FAT ASS HILANDER WOMAN...

FAT ASS HILANDER WOMAN
Slackers.

Intercut to PRETENTIOUS BITCH...

PRETENTIOUS BITCH
Hipsters, punks, posers,
wannabees...

The PEA DIRECTOR, now red-faced and worked into a lather
makes a decision.

PEA DIRECTOR
Bomb those fuckers.

CUT TO:

93

INT. PEA COMMAND CENTER EVENING

93

A SOLDIER at A CONSOLE of GLOWING CONTROLS slams down on a
comically large plunger.

CUT TO:

94 INT. PIGGY'S EVENING

94

The band is playing to a furious finish. The dancers are frenetic. The lead singer finishes his song and

LEAD SINGER
Goodnight, Rockford...

As he delivers these words the whistle of a missile is heard and the entire building is annihilated by explosion.

SCREEN GOES WHITE FROM EXPLOSION:

95 EXT. ZOMBIE CLUB EVENING

95

A LINE forms of PATRONS waiting to enter Zombie Club. The FIRST SEVEN ON LINE are younger versions of the MAIN CHARACTERS. The door is still closed in front of them. There is a great deal of excitement and a full parking lot.

GIRL 1
I heard this place was great. They play the Old School stuff like Shaun of the Dead and Slither.

BOY 1
Hell ya. Aren't they the ones who pulled off the publicity stunt with the fake zombies last year?

GIRL 2
Ya, that was dope. Except I heard it was all real. And a super secret government agency blew them up.

BOY 2
You're such a whack job, McKenzie. Too many comic books.

GIRL 2
Those are graphic novels, Bangcock.

The DOOR opens while they are talking. Purple and green fog make it impossible to see into the club. A huge figure looms in the doorway, then stands aside to allow them inside. They enter the club single file as if in a trance-like state. The menacing figure closes the door behind them.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. ZOMBIE CLUB- COOLER DELIVERY ROOM EVENING 96

A SCHLITZ DELIVERY TRUCK pulls up to the side entrance and a delivery driver opens a sliding door to expose cases and barrels of SCHLITZ. The driver knocks on the side door and it opens. No one is visible but the green and purple fog emanates.

VOICE FROM INSIDE(HANK)
Is that the special formula?

SCHLITZ DRIVER
Straight from the new factory,
Hank.

He wheels in the keg.

CUT TO:

97 INT. BEER KEG ROOM EVENING 97

The same purple and green fog swallows the delivery driver as her enters the store room.

THE MAIN CHARACTERS and SCHLITZ ZOMBIES are concealed in the fog light. Seeing the SCHLITZ they descend upon it ala the final shot of ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS(Ossorio's second of the BLIND DEAD movies).

FADE OUT:

98 EXT. ZOMBIE CLUB BILLBOARD EVENING 98

The final shot is of the ZOMBIE CLUB billboard which reads:

ZOMBIE CLUB

TONIGHT

DEAD DRUNK

SCHLITZ DRAFTS

THE Goddesses' laughter echoes over this shot and after a few seconds

CLOSING TITLES