

Devil Dogs of Kernville

(First Judgment)

Written by

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WGA:

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - HELL - NIGHT

Through the infernal's of hell itself, we follow the wingspan and darting head of a large BLACK RAVEN which descends and navigates deeper into the fiery, endless aisles, caverns and passageways of perdition.

Deeper and deeper the demonic starling descends as we begin to hear the distant, operatic, kaleidoscope of hell's weeping and its gnashing of teeth.

The raven jetties forward his talons to land - gawks and goggles. Before him, a long room - at the end, an altar with a large, open black book - it's pages flutter from the hellfire winds.

A man, BALTHAZAR JEEVES (40), morphs forward from the blackbird, stepping effortlessly forward through his descending glide.

The man-bird lands. He's alone - head covered in a black cloak. Jeeves removes the manteau from over his head - cautious, worried.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
(terrified)
To take a man's soul, before his time.

Jeeves approached the unholy book. Above him, mankind's fallen brethren line boundless shelves and corridors - the very light of men's souls - bound, held, captured & catalogued, inside glass orb-like reliquaries (glass jars).

Jeeves cautiously arrives to the open book of DEMONIC BY-LAWS. His fingers glide nervously over the words below. ***"No man shall be taken before his natural time"***.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Would risk, *everything*.

A second man, MR. PICKERING (40's) - THE DEVIL HIMSELF steps out from a shadow.

MR. PICKERING
How else will we light this blackening bastion
of ours Jeeves, without the very light of men's
souls?

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
But to collect, prematurely?

MR. PICKERING

We've held up our end of the bargain with Mr. Blyleven. He now has what he wanted. And, now I want what is mine.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

An old truck winds its way through the rows of headstones - twisting - turning through the endless gangways of the dead.

Truck reads: Lipton Maintenance.

BILTMORE (V.O.)

(agitated)

I hate "old-best-friend" reunions. They make me sick. I get nauseous, seriously.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

One-time ambitious high school athlete BILTMORE THOMAS (27) rides along with hometown cemetery worker and graveyard shift co-worker, HOWARD LIPTON (28).

BILTMORE

(agitated)

Seriously, Howard, just the thought of it. Nothing but the rich guys picking on the broke guys. Worst nightmare imaginable.

HOWARD

That's why I try not to have friends.

BILTMORE

Who invented the reunion anyway? Probably the same guy who invented the engagement ring. Three months of your salary at a minimum. Who made that up? Some marketing guy, I bet?

HOWARD

Biltmore, you gotta' relax bro'. Kamal married the Becky-the-python for his papers. Remember? She's got him by the squilgee's. Kiddin' me? She'll threaten him with those ICE guys - immigration. She owns him. He can't go. That's your out.

The truck pulls to a stop next to series of graves.

BILTMORE

Working graveyard at the graveyard. I think it's safe to say, I just hit my all-time low.

INT. KAMAL'S TRAILER HOUSE - 4 AM - DAY

Americanized-Pakistani small-town, KAMAL NASSARY (30), conservative, observant. He shakes staring down the barrel of a half-dressed, angry American, vape-smoking, trailer-wife - BECKY "THE PYTHON" GREEN (29).

KAMAL

I was just taking out the garbage.

BECKY

With your suitcase packed?

She's all business, smiles, levels a loaded .45 Magnum.

KAMAL

C'mon, baby. Put the gun down.

BECKY

(deadly)

You're not going anywhere, Kamal Khan. And, certainly not with those asshole-friends of yours.

Kamal steps carefully forward.

KAMAL

Just some are assholes. Kitten, c'mon, you're scaring me. Take it easy. I'm coming back. You think I'd give all this up? No reason for all this Dirty Harriette business.

EXT. KAMAL'S HOUSE - STREET - 4 AM - DAY

Biltmore pulls up in his car. Turns off his ignition. He hesitates, thinks twice, but get's out - crosses the front yard.

BILTMORE

All of this is a bad idea.

EXT. KAMAL'S BACKYARD TRAILER WINDOW - 4 AM - DAY

Like a hundred times before, Biltmore eases close to Kamal's backyard, trailer window. He knocks on the window sill.

BILTMORE

(whisper)

Kamal? Kamal..?

Biltmore looks in to see Becky carrying heat and wielding her .45. Becky darts away into another room.

Biltmore taps on the glass. From the inside, Kamal rushes to the window and opens it up.

Kamal pushes his way out through the window, Biltmore pushes him back inside.

BILTMORE

No, if you leave, she'll call immigration.
You'll get hijacked back to Istanbul.

KAMAL

It's Jalalabad and if I stay, you'll be calling
the coroner. Let me out of here! What's wrong
with you?!

Biltmore pushes Kamal in, Kamal fights Biltmore to get out.

KAMAL

What are you doing?

BILTMORE

They guys won't care if we don't make it.

INT. TRAILER BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING DAY

The .45 sits on the bathroom sink. Becky turns in the mirror,
looks at her tattoo bandages. She pulls the tape back.

BECKY

Ow...

EXT. KAMAL'S BACKYARD TRAILER WINDOW - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Kamal tosses a small backpack out the window. Kamal reaches for
Biltmore's jacket - begins working his way out the tight
window.

KAMAL

You're on a rescue mission. Grab my arm! Grab
it! Get me out of here.

Kamal - half way in, half way out.

BECKY (O.S.)

Kamal!!

KAMAL

(whispers)

I'M STUCK. Get the car! I'll have to fight my
way through the living room to the front door!
Get the car. Go! Go!

EXT. STREET - MORNING - DAY

Biltmore burns up the street making a 360 degree turn.

EXT. HOME - DAWN - DAY

The front door fly's open. Kamal stumbles and crashes hard onto the wooden deck planks.

KAMAL
(gasping)
Aughhhhhhhhh...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Smoke and rubber spit and fly! Biltmore plows over the sidewalk and across the lawn.

BILTMORE
I'M COMING!!

Biltmore's front grill smashes a garbage can sending it air born, full flight across the lawn.

BILTMORE
Incoming!!

EXT. FRONT POOR - FRONT YARD - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

Kamal ducks the hurling projectile ripping by like a meteor. Becky opens the door, steps forward. SMASH! Direct hit.

Becky goes down hard.

BECKY
Arrrgghhh...

Kamal turns.

KAMAL
Down goes the python.

He scrambles across the front lawn. Biltmore hits the breaks and slides across the lawn gouging wide-track divots as he goes.

Biltmore comes to a stop, and opens up the passenger door.

BILTMORE
Get in! Get in!

Kamal throws his suitcase toward the car - dives through the rear window.

KAMAL
Arrrggh!

Biltmore, pedals to the floor gunning his escape off the lawn.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - 4:15 AM - NIGHT

Becky gets to her feet, barefoot, bruised, tattered, stranded and screaming.

BECKY
I SWEAR TO GOD!! I'LL BURN IT DOWN, KAMAL. RIGHT
STRAIGHT TO HELL ITSELF, SO HELP ME, GOD!!

INT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL - EARLY MORNING - DAY

VON PATTERSON (32), long overcoat, dark sunglasses, killer-smile moves through the Kennedy terminal with a confident businessman's indifference.

Keeping up is one overworked and panting assistant - DELORIS (40'S). Deloris hands Von his itinerary.

DELORIS
Everything has been cleared. Calender,
appointments, everything.

Von stops in mid-stride.

VON
Anything important comes in, have Daniel deal
with it on the second floor.

DELORIS
Yep.

Von stops mid-terminal.

VON
Oh, we hear anything on the old lady? Any signs
of her cracking?

DELORIS
She's not flinching.

VON
Tough old broad.

DELORIS
She's 92, Von. She'd like to die in the house
she was born in - if possible.

Approaching the SALVATION ARMY WOMAN (70'S) Von slows.

Von produces a ten dollar bill. With a little slight-of-hand, he then produces a twenty dollar bill out of the charity basket.

SALVATION ARMY WOMAN
Thank you. God bless.

Von continues to the departing gate. He turns.

VON
Give a little. Take a little more.

DELORIS
(beat)
You're going to burn in hell for that for Von.
You know that, right?

EXT. LAX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

DEBBIE (28) and nervous DAVID CHOW (29), young, sweet married, pregnant Asian couple pull up to the curb and get out of their car.

David reaches in the trunk and lifts out his grip.

DAVID
(hesitant)
Honey bunny, I don't have to go on this thing.
Those guys will understand. I'm going to be a
father. They're all grown up. They'll get it.

DEBBIE
We're four months out, David. We talked about
this. I don't want to be the kind of wife who
kills off the friends. And, besides, it's time
you show them you've moved on to more important
things - than, just a silly "football game" they
think you lost.

DAVID
Thank you for that.

DEBBIE
I want your friends to know that the man I
married is the man who gets the last word in our
house.

DAVID
(beat)
Yes, dear.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS ORPHANAGE - DAY

From the gray sky above, the Black Raven circles slowly downward and descends. Below the Raven, thirty-five ORPHANS are led out the front door by the Officers from the Sheriff's Office.

The Raven lands on a nearby U.S. Postal mailbox. Across the street...

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - DAY

Successful, shrewd CURTIS BLYLEVEN (31) and his Attorney, ARTIE (55) sit looking on to the forced exodus.

CURTIS
I never like this end of it.

ARTE
Nobody said progress wasn't hard to watch.

CURTIS
Yeah. So, listen. My old high school friends are flying in today. Taking a "buddy-road-trip" across the states. Let's try and wrap all this up while I'm gone. But keep this out of the papers if possible. I want them to see me with the Mayor, not on the front pages leading orphans out into the snow. Know what I mean?

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS INTERNATIONAL PICK UP AREA - DAY

Curb-side, Curtis stands next to an oversized, awaiting limo hummer.

Von, Biltmore, David, and Kamal step out from the luggage pick-up carousels.

CURTIS
Hey! DEVIL DOGS!

ALL
In the Minneapolis, house!!!

EXT. KINGFISHER USED AUTO SALES - DAY

A hummer limo pulls in. Von steps out - the others follow with cocktails in hand.

They stop near a covered car.

VON
Boys, a lot of talking between us all has gone into this moment. From coast to coast, from morning to midnight. May I present, the chariot of our infantile imaginations. The Devil-Dog-Mobile!

Von pulls back the cover. We reveal a beautiful, candy-apple, 1957 BLAZING RED CONVERTIBLE CADILLAC, whitewall tires, flared rear-end.

VON

Rear wheel drive, V-8, 375 horse power, 4400
RPMS, Hydra-matic, 80 inch wheel base. You
kidding me?

BILTMORE

Sweet!

The hood reads; "**DEVIL DOGS FROM HELL**".

DAVID

That's fricken, awesome!

KAMAL

You bought it for the trip?

CURTIS

It's what we've always been talking about isn't
it? Convertible Red Caddy - cross country road
trip? The wide open planes?

VON

Curtis and I found one out in St. Cloud. Had it
rebuilt and detailed. One way trip boys. Hook,
line and sinker.

David and Biltmore circle the car. The trunks reads, "Teufel
Hunden".

DAVID

Teufel Hunden?

BILTMORE

Hounds of hell.

VON

That's right, Devil-Doggin, Hounds of Hell,
baby. Right?

CURTIS

We got talkin'. Why not? Wanted to take this
whole thing up a notch! Celebrate the wealth
with good friends a little bit.

VON

Also, didn't want you ladies crying for leg room
in a mini-cooper. Curtis, now being a new,
Minneapolis big-shot and all, his idea. We went
in on it.

CURTIS

The only way to go back home, is to go large!
Right?

Kamal, Biltmore and David share a look.

KAMAL

As big as we can.

VON

C'mon. We'll pick it up later. We got a banquet for the man-of-the-hour to get to.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The MAYOR BETSY HODGES (50'S) stands at a podium addressing a larger gathering of invited guests.

The room, filled with DIGNITARIES and COMMUNITY LEADERS.

MAYOR HODGES

Let me just mention a few things that Mr. Curtis Blyleven, an esteemed member in the Minneapolis - St. Paul business community has done for the under-privileged of this community.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - HELL - NIGHT

Pickering stares at the dripping sands of the hourglasses before him.

The large "Hellevator" doors open wide. A warm orange glow bathes a bruised, bloody and sexy MISS COLBERT (30).

She steps forward. The book of Fallen Souls awaits her signature. Mr. Pickering turns.

MR. PICKERING

"Time" is the great teacher, Miss Colbert, but unfortunately it kills all of its students - doesn't it?

MISS COLBERT

It appears so.

Mr. Pickering turns the hourglass horizontally so no sands fall to the bottom beaker.

MR. PICKERING

But the grains can be slowed momentarily, Miss Colbert.

A distant pounding of native drums comes to us from a far and away place - building.

MR. PICKERING

Interested in a little *revenge*?

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Curtis, next to the Mayor Hodges at the podium

The boys proudly look on and hold up their drinks on behalf of their friend.

MAYOR HODGES (V.O.)

A prominent leader who has provided an unrivaled example of leadership in our community. One of our Twin Cities youngest, and most successful entrepreneurs.

INT. HALLWAY/REAR BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Back doors open wide. A Black Raven (Jeeves) whooshes in - flutters about and lands above the scene.

Miss Colbert, begins her slow, straight, deliberate walk to the guest of honor - Curtis Blyleven.

Shotgun click! She whirls the 12 gauge in menacing arcs. The crowd in the banquet hall freezes.

MISS COLBERT

Stay where you are!! I'm only after one guy.

The crowd turns and holds in panicked silence. The boys at the table put down their drinks.

VON

None of that sounds good.

Miss Colbert arrives to the head table, stands with legs shoulder-width apart, 12 gauge in right hand.

MISS COLBERT

(beat)

Hello, Curtis!!

The Woman fires a blast into the chandelier above Curtis's head. POWWW!!! Glass and charred bits rain over him like a storm.

The guys and fellow guests all dive under the table.

DAVID

This isn't good. Geeeeeeezzzee.

KAMAL

This isn't why I came! I just left this stuff!!

She engages another shell. Click-click.

CURTIS

Barbara?!!!

MISS COLBERT

Oh, hear that everybody? So, now I'm Barbara??
I'm now, familiar "Barbara" everybody!

Our guys surface from the cover of their table.

CURTIS

If it's money you want?

MISS COLBERT

Money? This is about money. You bilk me out of my FORTUNE and now you try to buy me off with my own money? Not everything in this world is for sale, Curtis. At least not anymore it isn't.

DAVID

What the hell does that mean?

The guys helplessly look on from below.

BILTMORE

She's going to kill him! Right here. He did something to her. What do we do?

Miss Colbert slowly lifts her 12 gauge and points it directly at Curtis's chest.

MISS COLBERT

You shouldn't have done it, Curtis. I loved you and there was plenty of money to go around. But you just weren't satisfied. You didn't just want it, you wanted it all.

Miss Colberts' finger rests on the trigger.

CURTIS

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

MISS COLBERT

See you in hell, Curtis.

POW!!!

EXT. MINNESOTA SKIES - DAY

Bagpipes. Clouds begin to clear. Amazing Grace melodically connects heaven and earth and maybe, even Hell itself.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS MEMORIAL - DAY

The Raven flies above a long line of black stretch limos and town cars as they snake their way through the quiet peaceful, quiet cemetery grounds.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

The Boys place the casket on the lowering-stand. Banks of cut snow pile on either side. Jeeves stands off behind a nearby tombstone.

REVERAND

We commit to Thee, Oh Lord the body of Curtis
Nathaniel Blyleven. In the name of the Father,
the Son.

The body is lowered.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES

And to the "unholy ghost."

INT. LIMO - DAY

The guys are silent for a long time. They look at each other but just not much to say.

Limousine operator's license reads PERCY GUAL - includes the Irish Gual Family Crest.

LIMO DRIVER named PERCY (67) keeps his eyes fixed ahead - sneaks a look or two in the rear view mirror.

The limo is quiet - Von rubs his chest, then finally...

VON (CONT'D)

Minneapolis St. Paul. The twin Cities. What?
It's so great they had to name it twice? (beat)
Is it too much to ask to bury a guy in his own
home town?

BILTMORE

He's at least owed that.

VON

The "Devil Dogs of Kernville" - no mas. Our
rhythm is all off. Feel it?

DAVID

We barely even got to say hello, and we didn't
even get the chance to say goodbye.

The limo slows down.

KAMAL

(beat)
We're here.

The boys hold for just a second.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The limo pulls up curb-side. The doors slowly open. The Boys pile out and start walking toward a home half way up the block - listless.

BILTMORE

Over before it even got started. Like someone just flipped off the switch.

KAMAL

Let's put on the brave faces, for Curtis's sake.
We're the one's who knew him when.

They get up the street but then Von stops walking. He buttons up his coat - takes a deep breath.

VON

I'm not going in, man.

DAVID

What do you mean?

VON

Not doing it.

BILTMORE

You going to stand out here? In the freeze?

VON

I'm going back to the hotel. I need a prilosec.
I'll send the limo for you guys when I get there. Meet you in the bar.

Von turns leaving the guys behind.

KAMAL

Hey, Von.

Von just waves him off - continues on.

DAVID

Maybe one of us should go with him?

KAMAL

Let's give him the space. We'll catch up with him later.

INT. HOUSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The guys enter through the screen door soon absorbed into the gathering of mourners.

BILTMORE

This sucks.

KAMAL

Not even close to sucks.

INT. SUPERNATURAL HOLDING AREA - DAY

Waves of heat rise. Curtis stands alongside a number of others who are headed for hell - including, Miss Colbert.

CURTIS

(turns)

You? You??

MISS COLBERT

I told you I'd see you in hell. You like my little, 12 gauge sandwich?

CURTIS

You had to shoot me?! Right in front of my friends? Just gun me down, just like that?

MISS COLBERT

You and that tin-can investment company? You gunned me down by taking everything I had. You son-of-a-bitch.

CURTIS

You cut a deal with Pickering?

Miss Colbert approaches Curtis, looks him square in the eye, then kicks him in spitefully square in the nuts.

MISS COLBERT

Maybe.

POW! He doubles over, gasping for breath, reaches with his right hand to steady his balance. The wall is 135 degrees.

CURTIS

(hot hand)

Arrrrggg... We're already in hell. You had to do that, too?

INT. LIMO - DAY

Percy keeps eyes straight ahead. Von unloosens his tie. Minneapolis scenery glides past. He rolls down the window and rubs his chest.

VON
Heartburn like the fire of nine dragons.

PERCY
There's some refreshments in the side compartment if your interested.

Von reaches over and finds a glass and pours.

VON
Thanks. Percy, right?

PERCY
Right.

VON
Percy's short for?

PERCY
Oh, ah, Percival Gaul. See the Irish crest on my operator's license? Been in the family for generations.

VON
That's some coat-of-arms.

PERCY
Created by the 12th Century French poet Chrétien de Troyes for his poem 'Percival, the Story of the Holy Grail'. In the poem Percival was one of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table.

VON
Ah, okay.

PERCY
The only one of the whole group who had such pure heart-and-soul to actually find and locate the Grail itself. Hidden for centuries.

VON
What'd he do with it once he found it?

PERCY
Gave it to the ailing King to save his people, save his kingdom.

VON

Real table-of-the-round, stuff, huh? Could use something like that in this day and age. Wonder where it is now?

Percy's eyes focus into the mirror.

PERCY

Hidden. Nobody's ever been able to find it since. Some say "God" himself is waiting for the next, worthy knight to come along for the next noble mission. And, only then will it be revealed again.

Von cracks open a small airplane liquor bottle.

VON

Good luck finding that guy.

He rubs his chest and takes a swig.

VON

Hey, Perce? I think I can use a distraction right about now. How about helping me find some trouble?

EXT. RECEPTION HOME - SIDEWALK - DAY

Mourners exit the front door. The boys stand together on the sidewalk. It's cold and dark.

Biltmore approaches from the house.

BILTMORE

Hotel says nobody's seen him.

KAMAL

(frustrated)

We'll get the hotel to send over one of their town cars. Then we'll call the limo company and see where he got dropped off.

EXT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

Towncar pulls up behind the limo. The guys get out and hit the sidewalk. Minneapolis cold night air smacks of freeze.

DAVID

God, it's cold. And, he just left us like that.

BILTMORE

There's the limo.

Biltmore waves off the town car. Above, a large scantily clad Vegas type Neon Cowgirl. A sign reads: The Red Bone Palace.

KAMAL
Von at the Red Bone.

DAVID
Sounds like a country song.

BILTMORE
Let's go get him and get the hell out of here.
It's time to get home, guys.

INT. RED BONE PALACE -NIGHT

Our team steps in through the doors. Near-naked bodies swing and drip from fire polls and go-go cages.

Sexy waitresses dart from here to there with trays of drinks.

KAMAL
Didn't take long for Von to find Sodom and Gomorrah.

David looks down through the bar - his worst fear realized. It's Von, half-naked , front and center, swinging around a dance pole.

KAMAL
Look. Captain Queeg on the fire-pole.

David takes out his iPhone.

DAVID
I'm taking a picture of that.

Von wears only a jaguar-thong, spotted banana-hammock. Spirited, bouncing moves.

BILTMORE
He lose a bet with someone?

VON'S CORNER - THE DANCE STAGE

The boys straddle up to the dance stage. Von rocks and rattles- quite a show, banana-hammock bulges - nearly breaking lose.

KAMAL
Von's nutsack in my face. He didn't put that in the invitation.

BILTMORE
I just puked in my mouth.

Dollar bills flower from Von's high riding thong.

DAVID

We gotta' figure this out, and get back to the hotel. Our flights back home are in the morning.

A trio of CLUB DANCERS move into position and straddle our guys.

CLUB DANCER # 1

Hi, honey. What's your name?

Wild bends and straddles distract.

KAMAL

(concedes)

Oh, boy. We better figure this out quick before Von sucks us too far down the rabbit hole.

Club Dancer # 2 throws her leg over David's lap.

CLUB DANCER # 2

You're cute.

DAVID

Oh, hi... Thanks for the straddling, but I'm married.

CLUB DANCER # 2

That's cool. So am I.

Von dashes off center stage.

EXT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

Throwing on his shirt, Von gets in the awaiting limo.

VON

C'mon, Percy. Let's go find that Grail you were talking about. Kingfisher used car sales.

EXT. KINGFISHER USED CAR SALES - NIGHT

Von's limo pulls in. He gets out and finds his 1957 BLAZING RED CONVERTIBLE CADILLAC.

Von reverently approaches the caddy and places his hands and arms over the hood and beautiful red paint.

VON

(drunk)

Devil Dogs. Fuckin'A! Hey, Perce?

Von turns, Percy and the limo is gone!

VON

Percy..?

INT. HELLEVATOR - NIGHT

The Hellevator races down with great speed to a bottomless pit. Curtis stands next to an old CONDEMNED MAN (80'S).

CONDEMNED MAN

The deeper we go, the hotter it gets. Have you noticed that?

INT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

Our boys now find themselves in the warp of time - all receiving lap dances, no rush to go.

DANCER # 2 straddles Biltmore and whispers in his ear.

BILTMORE

(gulps)

My friends call me Biltmore because I've "Built-More" engine blocks in Kern County than anyone else.

Grind.

CLUB DANCER # 2

That's hot.

EXT. KINGFISHER USED CAR SALES - NIGHT

Von pulls out of the parking lot. Top down - freezing. Air plumes skyward from his lungs like a locomotive.

INT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

Cornered and trying to be faithful, David holds out his iPhone with a picture of fiance Debbie behind the stripper's back.

DAVID

(feeling the heat)

We're ah, going to be married soon. On a reunion, road trip, funeral thing, kind of...

LAP DANCE GIRL # 2

My girlfriends and I are inseparable, too. Know what I mean?

EXT. FOUR WAY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Von stops at a light - top down - freezing cold Minnesota air. His eyes are sad - confused - angry.

VON
You didn't deserve that, Curtis.

Von again reaches for his chest and rubs it. Tosses down another prilosec.

VON
Fuck it!

Von suddenly makes an abrupt U-turn and skids-off in the other direction.

INT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

Kamal now finds himself in the throngs of an embrace. Club Dancer # 2, JUDY (20's). She rubs him down like a tin star.

KAMAL
Well, actually Judy, Dewitt consolidated his position by marrying the wealthy Wendela Bicker. It was through her where he became related to the mercantile Princess of Amsterdam.

JUDY - CLUB DANCER # 2
Oh, that's right. He was unpopular with the masses. For his time, some even say, his style of governing was actually progressive.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL STREET - NIGHT

Von's big wide Caddy barrels down the Minneapolis thoroughfare.

INT. INDUSTRIAL HELLEVATOR - NIGHT

The hellevator increases its descent to hell. Endless floors and levels pass by - light and sweat break unevenly across Curtis's worried face.

The hellevator slows.

233rd floor. The door opens. A red glow is thrown on to the condemned.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Thieves, Rapists, Arsonists, step forward please.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Von enters the cemetery gates. It's dark and cold.

VON
Chick gunning down my buddy. Point blank range... You can never please 'em. NEVER!!

INT. INDUSTRIAL HELLEVATOR - NIGHT

455th Floor. Curtis' expression becomes grave. Again the Hellevator stops. Jeeves opens the door.

Liars, Pedophiles, killers. Elected officials.
Get out!

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Von opens the trunk. He swigs heavily from a bottle of whiskey. He throws it half way across the cemetery.

VON
(mumbles)
Had a trip... planned... now this.

He reaches in the trunk and retrieves a shovel, a Coleman lantern and a heavy pick.

VON
No one is going down like that on my watch.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

666th Floor. The Hellevator slows and the doors part wide. A hot, red orange glow greets Curtis who stands alone with Jeeves.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
The end of the line. This way please.

Mr. Pickering stands patiently by the roaring fire.

MR. PICKERING
Hello, Mr. Blyleven? What a pleasant surprise to see you again.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Von finds Curtis's headstone. He leans on it out of breath - sweating.

VON
Curtis, it's me, Vonnie. Everything's going to be all right. You ain't going down without a fight, bro'! You can count on me!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering glances at the grains of sand which fall into the bottom half of the hour-glass.

MR. PICKERING

Time is not your friend today, Mr. Blyleven.

EXT. CURTIS'S GRAVESITE - NIGHT

Von sits next to the headstone. Crocodile tears fill his eyes.

VON

I saw her eyes, Curtis. Oh, and I've seen that look before. I don't know what you did, but you didn't deserve that.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Curtis steps forward. Pickering moves toward the book of fallen souls.

CURTIS

You sent the girl. That wasn't the deal.

MR. PICKERING

The deal was that your soul would be mine if I gave you what you wanted. And, you were given what you wanted. Nowhere did you say, you'd have it for all that long.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Von brings down the pick.

VON

I'm coming in, Curtis!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering muses - refers to the endless warehouse aisles behind him - the infinite glass containers imprisoning in antiquity the souls of fallen men.

MR. PICKERING

(deliciously)

Have you ever imagined what an actual soul looks like, Mr. Blyleven? Remarkable really. Like the perfect diamond in all the universe. The most precious stone in your world and in mine, actually. And believe me when I say, the most coveted of all things, in all other heavenly ones.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Von digs and digs - cold sweat and dirt.

VON

I'm comin' in, Curty! Hold on, bro!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering moves from the table to the fire.

CURTIS

I made a...

MR. PICKERING

Mistake? I wouldn't say that. You just chose sides, that's all. Everybody has to eventually. And, when the end comes for me, and I'm left, alone, inside this plague of darkness, God's most cherished little wonders, that "spark" he values most, above all things, will be right here delightfully with me, lighting my own little cavern of perdition.

Hour-glass sands continue to drop.

Mr. PICKERING

You see. Time is not my friend, either. Now, shall we, get down to business, Mr. Blyleven?

Pickering opens up the Book of Fallen Souls before him. He runs through it like a menu. He finds Curtis' name.

MR. PICKERING

Ah, there you are.

CURTIS

You lied to me.

MR. PICKERING

Scorpion and the toad, Mr. Blyleven. Of course I stung you, I'm a scorpion.

EXT. CURTIS' GRAVESITE - NIGHT

Mounds of dirt build up on either side of the grave. Von shovels and shovels.

VON

Right in front of everybody. In cold blood, man! She didn't even blink - get, you back, to the guys.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Mr. Pickering leans across the Book of Souls and extends a feathered pen to Curtis.

Curtis, terrified, reaches out and takes it. His hands shake.

MR. PICKERING

(feverish)

You and I will now have the front row seats for
heaven's rhapsody of *Armageddon*!

EXT. CURTIS' GRAVESITE - NIGHT

Von brings the pick down. He hits wood.

VON

I'm here, baby! I'm gettin' you out, bud!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Curtis' hand trembles. Pickering leans in.

MR. PICKERING

If you please? You will now sign and honor your
side of the deal.

Curtis puts pen to paper. Ink drips from its tip - the slow loop
of the first letter "C".

MR. PICKERING

Yee...

EXT. CURTIS' GRAVESITE - NIGHT

Von's pick opens the coffin. His flashlight spills onto the face
of Curtis.

VON

C'mon, Curtis. Getting you out of here!

EXT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

The guys bust through the doors.

BILTMORE

Limo's gone. What the? Son-of-a-bitch.

DAVID

HE'S KILLING US!!! How are we? I hate that guy!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Curtis's trembling fingers begin to EVAPORATE. The nearby hour-
glass slows. The rest of Curtis too begins to evaporate.

Pickering rounds the table.

MR. PICKERING
Jeeves???? BLYLEVEN??

Curtis is gone - just like that.

Ext. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Von places Curtis' body in the trunk and closes it. SLAM!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering swings his cane but Curtis is no longer a solid form - the book of fallen souls for now remains "unsigned."

Curtis, gone.

MR. PICKERING
(WICKED)
AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! I WANT THAT MAN'S
SOUL!! JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVS!!!!

EXT. RED BONE PALACE - NIGHT

The sign above the guys flashes over them then suddenly explodes in a fiery ball all around them. POW!!

BILTMORE
Look out!

Light and broken glass showers down to the street.

DAVID
That's it. I'm officially out! I'm not getting
on Von's Groundhog Day train. Forget it. I'm too
old for this.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS AVENUE - NIGHT

With top down, Von races back down Minneapolis Avenue heading for The Red Bone. He is covered in dirt, sweat and tears.

A Patrol Black and White then passes by Von who is moving at break-neck speeds. Lights go on - sirens blare. Cop car U-turns.

VON
No! No, no, no, no, no....

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Von pulls over. The squad car pulls in behind him. Stops. Von looks in the rear-view mirror. TWO PATROLMEN get out of their black and white.

The Officers take a good look at the hood of the car. They Read:
"The Devil Dogs." Approaching...

OFFICER # 1

Little cold to have the top down isn't it?

Von shivers, breath plumes.

VON

Getting a little air.

OFFICER # 1

(beat)

Devil Dog, huh? You miss your flight for Spring-Break from somewhere, son? Driver's license please.

The second Officer takes a close look at the back of the trunk. He stops for a minute. He then continues on.

Von sits motionless - starts getting emotional, begins to cry.

VON

I'm sorry, officer. It's just that, today was pretty rough. We buried a friend here this morning.

OFFICER # 1

Who?

VON

My friend, Curtis.

OFFICER # 1

Curtis Blyleven? Is that who you're talking about?

VON

You know him?

OFFICER # 2

He played in the police hockey league with us. Hold on. Are you were one of the guys coming out to see him?

OFFICER # 1

The cross country road trip?

VON

Was.

The cops exchange sympathetic looks.

OFFICER # 1
Where you staying, Von?

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Driving back. Guys think it through.

KAMAL
(beat)
Von buys a Devil Dog mobile for a cross-country road trip. Curtis gets shot by some crazy chick at the rotary club dinner with a 12 gauge. We learn Judy the Lap Dancer actually has a degree in international studies, we're all going home as fast as we got here, and our worst fear is realized.

BILTMORE
What's that?

KAMAL
Von needs a waxing.

EXT. THE HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

Von, open convertible, eyebrows, frozen white. He's escorted in by the two Officers. He stops his car in front.

The Officers pull up alongside.

OFFICER # 1
Go on and get inside, Von. Get some sleep now.
Just know that Curtis is in a better place.

Von looks over the trunk.

VON
Will do.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - LATER - NIGHT

Taxi enters the Holiday Inn turnabout. The guys get out.

We see what they see. Von sleeps in the front seat of his new car. His eyebrows are frosted, face is blue.

KAMAL
Anybody else see what I'm seeing right now?

The guys approach. They're all dumbfounded by the Devil Dog Mobile parked in front of them.

BILTMORE

He got the car? That's where he went? To get the car?

KAMAL

Look at all this dirt? What'd he go gardening?

DAVID

We'll figure it out in the morning. Let's get him out of there before he freezes.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - VON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Von's body is plopped onto the bed. The guys look on to their fallen comrade.

KAMAL

Pitiful.

DAVID

And, the thing is, he won't remember a thing in the morning.

BILTMORE

Well, it's over. Let's get some sleep, guys. It was a great idea, just not meant to be. We'll wake up, get to our planes in the morning.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The trunk of the Caddy. It begins to gradually rock back and forth under a supernatural power - right to left, left to right.

EXT. FAR AND AWAY PLACE - DAY

Curtis stands before an infinite white horizon. Not a sound.

He looks around - disoriented. A small girl, not of this world, MELINDA (12) in a GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM approaches.

CURTIS

Who are you? Where am I? Where is this place?

MELINDA

In-between all that is known and unknown.

CURTIS

What?

MELINDA

You're where nowhere is.

Melinda begins down the mountainside.

CURTIS
Nowhere? Hey, where you going?

INT. HOLIDAY INN - HALLWAY - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

Kamal, Biltmore, and David stroll towards Von's room - travel bags are thrown over their shoulders.

INT. VON'S ROOM - DAY

The Guys enter. Von, covered in dirt lays still in the same position as when we left him.

KAMAL
I'll get the drapes.

BILTMORE
I'll get the ice bucket.

DAVID
I'll get the weed-eater.

Biltmore loads up with a bucket of cold water. David reaches for a towel.

DAVID
This ought to be good.

Kamal pulls open the drapes - GLARE!

BILTMORE
One, two, three.

Biltmore tosses the bucket of water. SPLASH! Von doesn't bat a muscle.

DAVID
Oh, that's rich.

KAMAL
You gotta' be kidding me.

Kamal then turns on the TV. Morning noise and light blares in. David gets the coffee going.

KAMAL
Hey! Wake up, man. Von! Heh!

BILTMORE
We got planes to catch!

Von barely rustles awake. He sits up on the bed. He's still more than half-asleep, holding his head with both hands.

VON

Man, I feel like ten pounds of manure stuffed in a five pound bag.

KAMAL

You smell like twenty pounds of manure stuffed in a three pound bag.

VON

Where'd all this water come from?

KAMAL

Your colostomy bag burst?

VON

Shut up.

Von throws his legs over the bed.

VON

Man, my head hurts.(beat) How'd we get back here? What happened last night?

BILTMORE

You tell us. You're the one looking like the "Creature from the Black Latrine."

VON

(checking the dirt)

Huh? What the? How'd this? Where's all this dirt come from?

KAMAL

You left us twice yesterday, Von. Once at the wake, then at the strip bar. What happened to all the, "One for all, all for one" Devil Dog stuff?

VON

Strip bar? You guys go to a strip bar?

BILTMORE

The Red Bone, you bone head? You took the limo there after you left the wake. Remember.

DAVID

That's where we found you.

VON

What? Shut the fuck up.

KAMAL

Don't you remember anything?

VON
(long beat)
I must have blacked out. I don't remember.

Von gets up and looks out the window.

VON
Hey, where did I get this Hawaiian shirt? I hate
guys who wear Hawaiian shirts.

BILTMORE
Von, we found you last night passed out in the
convertible in front of the hotel.

VON
Oh... You guys got the car?

DAVID
You got the car, you idiot! Don't you even
remember that? Dude, c'mon?

David sits down on the bed, shakes his head and turns on the TV.

DAVID
I guess we're officially in the rabbit hole.

VON
I don't remember any of it.

We begin to hear the news regarding a story of "a disturbance at
the cemetery."

NEWS ANCHOR
An active scene at Morning Side Memorial Gardens
cemetery this morning, where it appears grave-
robbers have overturned a grave last night...

Von slowly turns. Memory begins to return - stilled by the
unthinkable. He turns up the television.

Von's face - consumed by memory and horror.

VON
Oh, no, no, no, no...

INT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY

Von makes good time in a high knee-sprint down the hall. He hits
the stairwell door.

Guys look around. Throw up their hands.

KAMAL

Get his stuff so he can't leave us again. We gotta' check out of here.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

Von bursts through the door and holds his ground. His gaze is frozen. The Cadillac parked alone across the way.

VON

No... The Kingfisher. No... I DID NOT DO THAT!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER - THE CAR

Von carefully comes close to the trunk. Now he knows. He reaches for his keys - fingers trembling - keys rattling.

VON

You're not in there, Curtis.

Von opens the trunk. Curtis lies comfortably with head against the spare tire.

Von slams the trunk.

VON

You are in there. I did do it.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS FREEWAY - DAY

Von's grip on the wheel is a tight one. The top of the trunk is covered with their bags - ropes and knots.

We see the boys rapidly moving en-route due west toward the Minneapolis St. Paul Airport.

The top is down and collars are up - Guys are shivering. (Minnesota - dead of winter).

KAMAL

Cross country road trip, convertible Cadillac, dead of winter, priceless.

DAVID

This is the last thing he's ever talking me into again. Ever. I swear to God. Ever. Ever!

Von nervously fingers the radio dial. Every station we hear, there is mention of the "activity at the cemetery."

BILTMORE

Wonder what happened at the cemetery? That's weird. All the stations. We were just there.

VON
Yeah, weird, huh?

KAMAL
Hey, Von? Why you so nervous? You look nervous.
You nervous? Because I get nervous when you get nervous.

Von drives right past the MINNEAPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT exit.

BILTMORE
Hey, Von! You just missed the exit! Dude?

EXT. ISOLATED ROAD - END OF RUNWAY - DAY

Von barrels right towards us at high speeds. He then slams on the breaks skidding our way. Tire chunks fly!

All THE GUYS
Wooooooooowwww!!!

Von jumps out of the car, finds a ditch and begins throwing up.
The guys slowly get out.

BILTMORE
He's cracked. Gone insane!

DAVID
We're going to miss our flights. You gotta' get us out of here, Von!! My wife will kick my ass and that's no joke.

KAMAL
Von!! Hey, Von?

BILTMORE
What is going on with this guy? He's worse now than he was last night.

Von breaks at his knees. An American Airlines flight takes off right overhead.

VON
(yelling out - more vomiting)
I messed up big time!

The jet wail above is deafening.

DAVID
What'd he say?

Another strafing jet takes off above the heads of our guys. They all move to cover their ears.

VON
I DUG HIM UP!!

Jet strafe trails loudly.

BILTMORE
Can't hear a word he says!

Von gathers himself. Wipes his chin and musters up his courage. Comes back to the guys near the rear of the car.

VON
I have something to show you guys.

His demeanor sobers. He takes a breath - reaches deep for his keys out of his pants pocket - fumbling.

VON
(wipes his chin)
I hope you guys are cool with this.

Von throws open the trunk!!! All eyes and faces fixate on the Dead Body of Curtis.

ALL
(beat)
AAAAAAAHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!!!!!

Pandemonium. The Devil Dogs begin heaving up their own chunks of morning breakfast in all directions.

KAMAL
NO WAY!! YOU DID NOT DO THAT!! WE DID NOT JUST SEE THAT!!

BILTMORE
THAT'S GRAVE ROBBIN' MAN!! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, VON?

VON
I know, I KNOW!!

KAMAL
Taking a guy out of his grave? That "rest in peace" part is serious business. You know what they're going to do you?

DAVID
(getting sick)
Not just "him!" "Us!" It's all of us. "We" are the ones with the car, "we" are the ones with,
(MORE)

DAVID (Cont'd)
"Curtis". Every news station! Every one of
them!!

Another plane blows by overhead. BBBLLLLLLAAAAASSSSSTTTT!!!

KAMAL
What the hell were you thinking?

VON
I just wasn't ready to...

DAVID
Wasn't ready for him to be gone? His name was
"Curtis." Not "Lazarus" Von! You, idiot!

David makes a lunge for him, grabs him tightly.

DAVID
You know what my wife is going to do to me?

VON
Get off me. Get off me, David! Guys get this
samurai off me!

Von pushes David away - finds a place to sit. Another jet blasts
overhead.

The guys cover their ears. They're lost.

KAMAL
(beat)
They'll be looking for the guys who did this
everywhere.

BILTMORE
We have planes to catch. We gotta' get out of
here.

DAVID
We're not taking him with us!

KAMAL
We gotta' take him back where he came from.

BILTMORE
Rebury him?

KAMAL
No, the morgue. Leave him there with a note.

BILTMORE
Like a Doggy Dumper? That's not cool.

KAMAL

They got cameras. They'd find us in a heartbeat.

DAVID

Guys - planes, wives, and automobiles. Don't you see? It's happening again. The "Vonmuda" Triangle. I'm not going down because of you, Von!

KAMAL

Yeah, what's wrong with you, Von?

No answers - Von shrugs.

VON

I didn't mean to.

BILTMORE

Wait a minute. Wait... Why don't we just bring Curtis back with us?

DAVID

Get him a coach ticket, put a hoodie over his face, and tell everybody he's a real quiet guy?

BILTMORE

No. I mean we drive back like we planned. With Curtis. We take the time we had planned and we drive him back and get him buried in Kernville. I mean I do work graveyard at the graveyard. Howard can set that all up.

KAMAL

We just keep going?

DAVID

Illegality aside for just a minute, in a practical sense, you know what he's going to smell like in about twelve hours? Like a hot steamy bag of diapers. No disrespect, Curtis.

Von rises to the occasion.

VON

He's embalmed! This just might work. Curtis would dig this!! We take the trip like we planned! We get him buried right! Back in Kernville, where he should be.

DAVID

Oh, no. Oh, no. I'm not going to be a part of any, friend, grave-robbing, kidnapping. Folsom, San Quentin, Pelican Bay? Those places aren't
(MORE)

DAVID (Cont'd)
country clubs you know? Forget it. I'm not going
to end-up tossing somebody's, sushi!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

David is restrained in his seat with suitcase straps. We follow our heroes south on interstate 169 through Mankato to highway 60.

VON (V.O.)
Tokyo, Dave. We're glad you decided to join us.
All right, listen up, Devil Dogs. Our quest has
presented itself and our task is a noble one.

They connect all the way to Worthington heading Southwest on highway 90 to Sioux Falls.

VON (V.O.)
We may face difficulty ahead leaving all things
familiar behind.

KAMAL (V.O.)
That's fine with me.

VON (V.O.)
So, I say to all of you, take a deep breath as
we knock on the door to the other side. Boys,
we're going back home!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering paces before his large hearth of fire - unhinged.
Jeeves attends nearby.

MR. PICKERING
Earthquakes and floods I can account for. But a
drunken, plunderous, idiot who takes what is
mine? The body?

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
They intend to rebury it.

MR. PICKERING
Do they? If they bury him, our good friends
above may suddenly feel, *benevolent*, or
forgiving as they do. They need to be brought
off-course. Led to all those places where they
will never arrive.

Jeeves extends the folders. Pickering muses through.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
This is the one. Von Patterson. Slumlord.

MR. PICKERING
One of ours?

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Not "officially" but trending. He's spoken of
"The Grail, my Dark Lord."

Pickering stops everything and lifts his eyes up to Jeeves with deadly precision.

MR. PICKERING
The grail? Light burns ten-fold from those who consider the grail. And, a slumlord?

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Yes.

MR. PICKERING
"Only a knight perfectly pure in life and heart could find the Grail and free the King" if memory serves.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Yes, my Dark Lord.

MR. PICKERING
And, Percival is remembered on the lips of a slumlord? Didn't the gallant knight endure endless, difficult and excruciating "trials and tribulations in seeking the Grail?" A proof of his loyalty if I'm not mistaken.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Painful and humiliating. To him and to his fellow members of the table of round.

MR. PICKERING
Well then, we'll just have to see how loyal our knights are willing to be to Mr. Blyleven won't we? Jeeves, let the games begin!

EXT. SIOUX FALLS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

From above, like the scavenger it is, the familiar Black Raven appears shadowing our travelers.

The boys pull in. Get out and stretch. Von momentarily opens the trunk.

Curtis appears content. The boys look in, shrug their shoulders.

DAVID
He doesn't smell, yet. Looks content.

BILTMORE

Curtis, you okay in there? We're going to get some beers. Figure this out.

Trunk slams.

BILTMORE

It's kind of like he's really with us.

INT. SIOUX FALLS BAR - NIGHT

A NATIVE AMERICAN BAND singing "I shot the Sheriff".

Corner table - guys sitting. Von carries a tray of drinks from the bar. He sits and hands out the beers.

VON

Keep everything on the down-low. There's a few real red-necks in here.

KAMAL

You know what you call two red-necks breaking up?

BITLORE

What's that?

KAMAL

Cousins.

VON

Bud for me, Coors Light for D, Bud part-deux for Biltmore, Moosehead for K. All right Devil Dogs, 500 miles out from the Twin Cities, let's put our heads together and figure this out. Cheers.

DEVIL DOGS

Cheers.

KAMAL

So, some hot, possessed chick walks in the room and a black raven follows her.

BILTMORE

Packin' a 12 gage Mosberg.

DAVID

She said something like, "You sweet-talk a vulnerable widow out of her fortune and now you try to buy me off with my own money?"

BILTMORE

YEAH! Then she said, "Not everything in the world is for sale".

VON
Then, started firing.

KAMAL
That doesn't sound like Curtis. You think she's
got the wrong, guy?

DAVID
He spoke to her like he knew her.

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA CEMETERY - NIGHT

Our familiar raven circles and lands on a tipped-about
headstone.

Jeeves appears and stands over two long-since abandoned graves.

Ragged and decayed, skeleton CREATURES begin working their way
out through the earth and barrows.

Wobbly skeleton legs get them barely upright - both shake off
the dirt and decay. One coughs spewing out earth and grass.

CREATURE # 1
Hey Jeeves? Been about three hundred years.
How've ya' been?

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Follow me.

INT. SIOUX FALLS BAR - LATER - NIGHT

A few more empties lie on the table before our guys. Von shakes
his head.

VON
Then she shot him. Just like that. Then chaos.
We have the trip to figure it out. Boys, a
toast? To Curtis.

DEVIL DOGS
To Curtis.

VON
You definitely stirred it up this time, my man.

They hold up their drinks. They drink.

KAMAL
So, I was thinking, with Curtis in the trunk,
going through every little hick, red neck town,
with a red caddy, we're going to have to take
precautions. We need to get our story straight
if we get separated. They tie us back to the
(MORE)

KAMAL (Cont'd)

Minneapolis cemetery, it'll be over before we even started. Next thing you know, immigration's got me, and I'm on the first flight back to Jalalabad. And, there's no telling who the python called.

VON

Smart. Pay cash for motel rooms. Cover the car at night.

BILTMORE

Use campgrounds where we can. Maybe in public, we use different names.

VON

Off the grid. Like it. The crazier, the better.

DAVID

What about Curtis? We gotta' be careful. He definitely needs a code name. We should refer to him as ah...

KAMAL

Let's call him, "Shotgun-Catcher."

VON

Shotgun Catcher? Now that's what I'm talking about!

The Boys raise a toast and howl.

KAMAL

Okay. Biltmore, my friend, let's see. Seeing that you talked me into marrying the pit bull-whisperer for the papers, you are now known as, "OTS".

BILTMORE

"OTS?"

KAMAL

Short for open-toilet-seat. Because that's what I'm hugging everyday when I wake up and face the constrictor you talked me into marrying.

DEVIL DOGS

To OTS.

KAMAL

Tokyo David. You have a choice. Either Geisha boy, or Kim Jon-un, chairman of the workers party.

DAVID

I'm Japanese, he's Korean. But I'll take it.
Just call me, "the chairman".

The boys raise their glasses.

KAMAL

The "Chairman" it is. Now, Von.

VON

Can't wait for this.

KAMAL

The ring leader. The one who by an impulsive blunder has single-handedly changed the course of our destiny. We need an endearing term, one that reflects your unique genius. You are now simply known as, "Skidmarks".

VON

SKIDMARKS? Fuck that.

KAMAL

Gentlemen?

The Guys hold up their drinks.

DEVIL DOGS

Tribe has spoken.

VON

C'mon, Ghandi. Next round is yours.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeeves the raven lands on the hood of the Devil Dog mobile.

The skeleton creatures, one behind the wheel, pull into the parking lot with their tow-truck.

The truck weaves from right to left banging on other cars.

CREATURE # 1

Look out!

CREATURE # 2

Shut up, ass-rash.

INT. SIOUX FALLS BAR - NIGHT

Biltmore approaches the pay phone. A beautiful Native American girl RUNNINGFOOT (27), wipes down the bar next to him.

RUNNINGFOOT (O.S.)
It doesn't work.

BILTMORE
(turns)
Huh?

RUNNINGFOOT
The phone. It doesn't work. They were suppose to
come around, but like most things around here.

Biltmore listens for a dial tone. Sure enough.

BILTMORE
Oh...

He places the receiver back onto the cradle - looks for the
bathroom. Runningfoot washes a few glasses, warms to Biltmore.

RUNNINGFOOT
Where you guys from?

BILTMORE
Oh, Kernville California originally.

RUNNINGFOOT
Seeing the sites?

BILTMORE
Kind of. We just buried... I mean, ah, married,
married off one of our friends back in
Minneapolis.

RUNNINGFOOT
Sounds like fun.

BILTMORE
Yeah, it was kind of a "shotgun" wedding if you
know what I mean?

RUNNINGFOOT
Ah, I see.

Biltmore refers to his friends.

BILTMORE
We're all actually old high school buddies. That
group over there. Pretty immature when we all
get together but we'd all take a bullet for the
other if it came down to it.

RUNNINGFOOT
That's rare these days. The way it should be.

Biltmore - floats in space.

RUNNINGFOOT
What's your name?

BILTMORE
Bilt... I mean OTS. OTS Bilt.

RUNNINGFOOT
Where'd you get a name like that?

BILTMORE
Oh, that's a whole other story.

RUNNINGFOOT
Well, maybe I'll see you around?

She slides forward her number.

BILTMORE
Thanks. Maybe we will.

EXT. SIOUX FALLS BAR - NIGHT

The guys step out - a little drunk. They look off to see a TOW TRUCK raising up the front end of the Devil Dog Mobile.

DAVID
Hey, look! There's a tow truck taking our Devil Dog Mobile.

VON
They call a tow on us?

BILTMORE
No! The phone didn't work.

KAMAL
HEY!

The guys panic and make a beeline for the Truck calling out and closing in!!

ALL
Hey!! Hey!!

INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

The creatures panic - reach for shifts and gears - Devil Dog Mobile up and down, down and up.

Jeeves the raven squawks and takes flight. The boys are on the warpath.

CREATURE #1

Ah, oh...

Hallow faces and crusty skins share a look.

CREATURE # 2

No time. Get out and run!! Make for the hills!

The skeleton creatures jump from the cab, slam the doors, bones snap and crumble - hobbling about, out to the darkness.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The guys arrive to the car panting and out of breath.

VON

What the hell was that?

KAMAL

Regular tow guys wouldn't have run. That didn't look right.

BILTMORE

Somebody wanted this car.

VON

We can't call the cops.

David bends down and finds a few bones left behind from the wobbly dead.

DAVID

Look at this. Bones? They weren't here before.

VON

(beat)

Let's get the car off this thing before somebody shows up. C'mon.

EXT. A FIELD - NIGHT

The two Creatures approach the awaiting Jeeves. They quiver and shake scared half to death. An arm is missing of the one.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES

Where's the car? Where's the body?

CREATURE #1

Ah, we had a little trouble.

CREATURE #2

With the hitch. Very complicated mechanism, actually.

VON (Cont'd)
making it to Kernville. We gotta' tighten-up the
reigns. Agreed?

DEVIL DOGS
Agreed.

EXT. FAR AND AWAY PLACE - NIGHT

Curtis picks up the pieces of a broken bowl. He looks around -
begins to rain. He sees a small scout tent and a light nearby.

He steps cautiously towards the makeshift bivouac. He
approaches, cautiously opens the flap.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Curtis looks in. Melinda, the Girl Scout sits before the fire
reading her manual. She looks up.

MELINDA
(beat)
You can come in from the rain if you'd like?

Curtis hunches down and sits. A small fire burns before them
both.

CURTIS
(beat)
Who are you? Do you work with Mr. Pickering?

MELINDA
No.

CURTIS
Are you some sort of demon?

Melinda, penetrating. She reaches for his shirt. She wrings a
small amount of water out of his sleeve over the flames and into
the fire.

MELINDA
I'm here for something else.

Steam rises - the fire dims. Melinda then sprinkles fairy dust
into the remaining flames. Sparks jump out like fiery poppers.

MELINDA
See?

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Devil Dog mobile is parked in front of a row of the first
level cracker-box motel rooms.

Biltmore and Kamal place the cover over the red caddy. Von and David approach with keys in hand.

BILTMORE

You think Shotgun will be all right? First night in the trunk. Maybe one of us should stay out with him?

VON

I worked it out so we're all right here in front. Anything happens, we'll hear it.

Von hands out the keys. The guys make for their rooms then turn to face the car.

DEVIL DOGS

(softly)

Good-night, Shotgun.

The last door motel shuts. The car - still. Suddenly the Black Raven (Jeeves) whooshes down gain, and lands on the trunk of the car.

The Raven's eyes are thrown to the each of the rooms. His mouth opens, eyes dart and flare. Fury. He then flies off.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Hellevator doors open wide - the frightened condemned are led by trolls to step forward toward the Book of Fallen Souls.

Mr. Pickering stands to greet them, distracted by the one he's lost.

MR. PICKERING

Welcome.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

Morning comes upon us with ease. The warm starry night gives way to a beautiful Dakota morning orange.

Von, stands car-side, cover off, ready to go - honks the horn.

The guys come out from their respective rooms half-asleep.

DAVID

Yo, Skids? Digging Curtis up a girlfriend?

VON

Better than that. It came to me in a dream. I got this whole thing figured out.

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - HWY - LATER - DAY

The sun is out and the top is down. An upbeat tune carries us along.

VON

So, I was thinking - if we were going to make this trip memorable, then we should treat it as if Shotgun was really with us. Really "alive" and with us, Right?

Von then reaches into his shirt pocket.

He checks the rear view mirror for any cars. He then checks his side view mirrors - no cars in sight.

VON

He always said he wanted to see the countryside. Remember? Originally it was his idea to take this trip in the first place!

KAMAL

Yeah?

VON

OTS, reach for glove box will you?

He does so. Von squeezes a remote. Instantly the trunk opens by hydraulics.

DAVID

Hey, the trunk's open! Dude, shut the trunk!

We see Curtis perched comfortably in the wide trunk.

VON

A trunk with a view. He gets a little air, we get a little air. Now he can see the sites like the rest of us. Devil Dogs are actually fully operational again!

KAMAL

Oh, I get it. We drive by a lake? Something Shotgun might like to have seen?

VON

Right! Click the trunk open!

Oncoming car in the distance. Von throws the remote in the back seat to David.

VON

Okay, boys. The real McCoy at 12 o'clock. Flaps down. Engage the hydraulic switch.

DAVID
 (flicks a remote clicker)
 Hydraulic switch engaged. Trunk flaps down.

The trunk slowly closes.

EXT. SKY - DAY

From the Raven's point of view, Devil Dog Mobile below at 9 o'clock.

ONCOMING CAR - VARIOUS - MORE

The boys see yet another convertible. In it are FOUR BEAUTIFUL HOT SWEDISH BIKINI MODELS.

VON
 Holy sheeski. You guys see this coming our way?

DAVID
 Slow down. Slow down.

The oncoming car gets closer and closer. The girls wave. Each of our guys can't believe their eyes.

As both cars pass, the passenger BIKINI MODEL # 1 lifts up a Rocket Propelled Launcher to her shoulder.

KAMAL
 That chick's got an RPG!

She aims it.

DAVID
 She's aiming that thing at us!

The Swede fires! Rocket Propelled Grenade traces past just missing our heroes.

BILTMORE
 Look out!

DAVID
 Holy shit!!!

KABOOM!! Nearby earth and rock fly!

The Devil Dog mobile careens and spins, goes into a 360 and is thrown of onto the shoulder of the road - dust and fury!

EXT. SWEDES' CAR - DAY

The BIKINI MODEL DRIVER reaches for her face - lifts off a rubber mask. It's Jeeves.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Dust settling. The guys, startled, shaken.

BILTMORE
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

DAVID
RPG redneck bikini models?

The guys jump out of their car. Open the trunk. Curtis, not a move.

BILTMORE
Something's going on that's really weird.

VON
We gotta' to get off the road and figure this out before something actually happens. C'mon, lets go find an off-grid, camp site.

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

A small campfire burns.

The Boys angle the car so the trunk is open and pointed toward the open flames.

Biltmore drapes the caddy all but the trunk with the cover.

Shotgun-Curtis looks on with a prop'd up beer in hand. Above them, the four great FACES OF MT. RUSHMORE.

VON
So far, Curtis has weathered being shot and a kidnapping attempt.

KAMAL
(beat)
Ravens, bones, the Swedish Rocket Launching Team - some hot chick giving OTS-Biltmore her number. Lions and Lambs, gophers and snakes. Something's way off.

DAVID
Look at him. Just sitting there. For me, he did something dark, man. Nobody just walks in and shoots a guy unless he did something.

BILTMORE
I bet we never find out either.

INT. MELINDA'S SMALL TENT - NIGHT

Melinda fries truffles on a small plate.

MELINDA

Are you a "Doubting Thomas?"

Curtis assesses the wound in his chest. He puts his fingers inside the bullet holes. Slight memory returns.

CURTIS

That's what all this is about isn't? The deal I made with Mr. Pickering? But, I didn't take that seriously.

MELINDA

He did.

INT. A ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

Curtis, now wearing roller skates - lost.

Filled with netherworld souls, the rink swirls with frozen-in-time, captive revellers going round and round in endless circles and circles.

Melinda approaches from behind.

CURTIS

Why are we just going in circles?

Numerous large screens line the rink. We see images of Curtis' life - the orphanage - Hungry Orphans, Homeless Elderly, Vicious Storms, Children eating out garbage cans, Miss Colbert - The Devil Dogs.

CURTIS

My life.

MELINDA

The choices of your life.

CURTIS

The guys.

Curtis frozen - petrified.

CURTIS

Are they in danger? Can you help me talk to them?

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The guys settle in for the night, sleeping bags, stoking the fire, getting comfortable.

BILTMORE

I haven't camped like this since we all went on that school retreat up to Big Bear.

VON

Let's just forget about it tonight, get some rest, and we'll get an early start in the morning for Kernville. Call Biltmore's boy, Howard to find a place where we can get him buried. Get this thing over and done with...

The Boys let it rest for the time being.

DAVID

What a wild few days.

KAMAL

So, Skids?

VON

Yeah?

KAMAL

I think we've all been wondering about something?

VON

(sips)
What's that?

DAVID

You were up there kicking it around on that dance pole like Lady Gaga.

KAMAL

And, what's up with the zucchini-sling? Victor's Secrets?

BILTMORE

We were thinking maybe you lost a bet?

KAMAL

Looked like you were packing a small bag of unruly, fury lemons.

VON

I saw some Cuban guy wearing one in Miami once. He got chicks. Chicks dug him. I pack it when I travel. I wear it, chicks dig me.

KAMAL

Pack it when you travel?

DAVID

This has just gone from bad to worse.

KAMAL

You sure they were chicks?

VON

Chicks, love the Skids.

KAMAL

And the moves? You find a Zumba Groupon deal somewhere?

The boys begin to lighten up. Von gets up, reaches for a long branch of wood.

VON

Let me show you how it's done, gentlemen. First I grab the pole like this. Double fisted - with a little sass. Then I tease 'em by pulling up the banana hammock. Just above the hip, just a bit. Just a tiny hip-kiss. Hey, Toilet? How about a lap dance?

BILTMORE

Seen it once. I'm good.

VON

You haven't seen these moves. I circle around a little bit, like those Hawaiian dancers. Big Island stuff.

Von tears into his set.

KAMAL

I guess we don't have any TV.

DAVID

Maybe it'll keep the evil spirits away.

Suddenly an "odd" sound emanates from the fire itself. The fun begins to slow.

KAMAL

Skids, cool out. What is that? You guys hear that? That's a weird sound.

It's a creepy - yet, familiar.

KAMAL

What'd you put in that fire, OTS?

BILTMORE

Nothing. Shrub bush and a flare.

POOOWWW!! A surge of flame skyrockets from the fire pit knocking back our guys.

DEVIL DOGS

Wooooow!!

The campfire suddenly surges, pulses, viciously upward and begins whipping around the campground.

KAMAL

Look out!

The flames lick upward with a malevolent throb.

DAVID

What is this? You put an aerosol can in there?

BILTMORE

No!

The flame grows more and more agitated - whistling with a white hot heat. It roars and dances brilliantly before them.

KAMAL

That's no aerosol can, man!

Shooting out from the core of the blaze - a long searing, white-hot torch carves out a message into the gravel before our Devil Dogs.

VON

Look at that!

Dirt and rock fly in every direction. The guys cover their eyes.

Message reads: **H E L P M E ! !**

BILTMORE

Help me??!

Curtis' body then begins to rattle back and forth inside the trunk.

DEVIL DOGS

WWWOOOOHHHHHH!!!! You see that? He's coming alive!!

The roar of the flame is now blended with bits and pieces of Curtis' voice. **H E L P M E !!! H E L P M E ! !**

VON

That's Curtis' voice coming from that fire!!!

DAVID

He's trying to tell us something!

The guys throw their eyes to the trunk.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Mr. Pickering and Balthazar Jeeves look on to their orbs before them.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES

Mr. Blyleven is trying to send them a message.

MR. PICKERING

He must be getting some help from the other side. Well then, let's see how they like the heat. Here's to your Grail, Devil Dogs!!!!

Pickering holds out 4 Devil Dog "Voodoo Dolls." Pickering extends them each over an open flame.

MR. PICKERING

A little Devil Dog barbecue, hey Jeeves?

Back and forth in the fire - in and out.

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Our Heroes begin levitating - all hell is breaking loose.

DEVIL DOGS

We're flying! We're flying!!! We're now flyin'!

The guys now spin over the flames enduring the heat of the fire.

DEVIL DOGS

AAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGGGGGG!!! We're getting cooked!
Curtis is cooking us!!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering and Jeeves continue the voodoo assault - up and down, inside and out of the fire.

MR. PICKERING

Sometimes being the Father of Lies has its moments. Let's find our friend, Mr. Henshine.
(MORE)

MR. PICKERING (Cont'd)
That will occupy our friends. Get the altar
ready. Let's prepare FOR Mr. Blyleven's return.

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The boys fly about dangerously close to these flames. Suddenly
each of the Devil Dogs falls helplessly to the ground - hard.

DEVIL DOGS
Ahhhgggg!!

The roaring campfire is then quickly sucked back into the earth
as violently as it came. Gone!

All quiet.

DAVID
That was some weird, wild, wicked, shit!

Curtis' dead body begins laughing uncontrollably. The guys
approach - TERRIFIED.

DAVID
Dead guy laughing. Huh?

BILTMORE
He's not suppose to be doing that!

KAMAL
What'd you do to us, Von?

VON
I don't know. Break down all this stuff. We
gotta' get on the road!

INT. HOWARD'S TRAILER SHED - KERNVILLE - DAY

Howard - trailer walls, covered with mummy posters, and various
mortuary artifacts...

The phone rings.

HOWARD
Kernville cemetery? Oh, Biltmore? Hey how's the
trip?

EXT. PAY PHONE - ONE PUMP GAS STATION - DAY

Biltmore breathes in and out of your bag. Looking for cell phone
hot spots to no avail, the guys stride over.

DAVID
You get him?

BILTMORE (phone)
Howard, listen we need some help. You see, we
ah, Von ah...

INT. HOWARD'S TRAILER SHED - KERNVILLE - DAY

Howard slowly releases his fingers from the blinds.

HOWARD
You did WHAT?! DO YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS??

EXT. PAY PHONE - ONE PUMP GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING - DAY

The Guys huddle around Biltmore - share the phone.

BILTMORE
(into the phone)
What laws have been broken? Supernatural laws?
(cups the phone) He wants me to wait.

Staring at each other.

BILTMORE
He's checking something out.

INT. HOWARD'S TRAILER SHED - KERNVILLE - DAY

Howard quickly thumbs through a very large book. It reads,
"Death, Burial, Supernatural Events."

HOWARD
Epiphany. Exorcisms. There, "Exhumed Bodies".

He frantically checks his references.

We see an illustration of a room which details a lost and
forgotten city - the grounds shake, spirits fly about, worlds
collide, souls tormented.

HOWARD
(phone)
Biltmore! Biltmore? You've got to get him back
in the ground as soon as possible. His soul
could be anywhere!! You could have ripped him
right out of the afterlife!!!

EXT. PAY PHONE - ONE PUMP GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Biltmore cups the phone with his other hand.

HOWARD (PHONE - V.O.)
Biltmore, you there?

BILTMORE

I'm here.

Biltmore shares the lower half of the phone with the others - tight.

HOWARD (V.O.)

You guys got to get Curtis back in to holy ground within three days...

Click! The line goes dead.

BILTMORE

Howard? Howard?!!

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

Jeeves is up on the pole - a phone line falls to the ground.

EXT. PAY PHONE - ONE PUMP GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING - DAY

BILTMORE

The line just went out!!

EXT. HWY 385 - NEBRASKA - HWY 30 WYOMING - DAY

The boys cruise at 100 plus.

We see other road signs reading. Laramie. Rock Springs. Salt Lake City 300 miles.

DAVID (V.O.)

Hey, Skidmarks? I don't know what you've done, but whatever it is, you've done it again.

EXT. WINTERY SHARP CLIFFSIDE FJORD - DAY

Wintery winds howl and blow snow and freeze. Curtis stares out at the vast open spaces before him. Melinda, nearby - calm.

MELINDA

There's one you can save from the fate that was yours'.

CURTIS

Von?

MELINDA

Yes.

CURTIS

How?

MELINDA

You must go back to where this started. Limbo
will be lost and your destiny, then, embraced.

CURTIS

Pickering.

Steps forward.

MELINDA

(beat)

For the others to be saved. Yes.

EXT. ELKO NEVADA CEMETERY - DAY

An OLD WOMAN places flowers on her husband's grave. Her thoughts
drift as to the days they were together.

OLD WOMAN

I miss you so much. Bernie. I wish you were
here!

Suddenly, a rumbling of sound, an unearthing of soil and dirt.
The Woman's eyes widen. She looks strangely to her prayer book.

OLD WOMAN

Bernie? Is that you?

A man appears from the grave.

Meet MR. HENSHINE (50's), Australain. Muscular, aggressive. Dead
for years - rotten skin, teeth an earthly brown and hair,
bleached white.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, my.

Henshine shrugs off the decades of filth - walks by and grabs
the flowers out of the old lady's hands.

MR. HENSHINE

(all charms)

Good' day ma'am.

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

Mr. Henshine walks with flowers in hand. A Big Rig passes by and
slows down. Jeeves is at the wheel. Henshine approaches.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES

Get in.

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - HWY - DAY

Von at the wheel. The guys speed at an even 100 M.P.H.

All business.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

Henshine's big-rig slows.

A STATE TROOPER (40's) approaches. Mr. Henshine opens up the cab door and steps out.

Trooper takes notice of Henshine's dirt and filth - steps back from the smell.

STATE TROOPER

Weeeewie... You got some rank, boy. You been on the road for a while, boy?

Henshine swiftly attacks the State Trooper with wolf-like power, strength. The decisive mauling - ferocious.

EXT. NEVADA GAS STATION - DAY

The guys hover around the phone booth. Von reaches for his chest once again - more heartburn.

VON

There a fricken' pharmacy somewhere in this wasteland? Feels like there's a bucket in my chest.

Biltmore hangs up the phone.

KAMAL

What'd he say now?

BILTMORE

He says, when Von dug him up, he thinks the soul was actually still in a state of limbo. He thinks all this stuff is some sort of demonic, tug-a-war for Curtis's soul.

KAMAL

Hey, Von. Ted Cruz just called. He wants his dick-sock back!

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - NEVADA HWY - DAY

All quiet. The guys take in the scenery the best they can under the circumstances. NORMAN GREEBAUM'S SPIRIT IN THE SKY.

All very nervous. Von fumbles with the radio.

RADIO

"When I die they lay to me to rest, I'm gonna'
go to the place that's best. When I lay me down
to die, going up to the spirit in the sky".

We then HEAR Curtis's voice coming through the radio.

CURTIS (radio)

"Got have a friend in Jesus."

David turns see a crusty and earthly, rotting Curtis/Devil
sitting right between Biltmore and Kamal in the back seat.

David nudges Von.

DAVID

Hey, Von? We got a visitor.

Kamal and Biltmore finally look from the scenery to see who's
sitting in the middle next to them - the Curtis/Devil.

BILTMORE/KAMAL

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Von turns around to the back seat.

VON

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Car swerves all from left to right over the freeway. An oncoming
truck blares it's horn - near head-on!

David

Look out!!

Von just gets back in his lane.

Boys take a breath. Curtis/Devil stretches out his arms across
the back seat unleashing the dark arts of *doubt*.

CURTIS/DEVIL

(voice of Pickering)

Hello, Devil Dogs. The trunk was getting kind of
tight back there. You don't mind if I get some
fresh air do you?

KAMAL

Where's Curtis?

CURTIS/DEVIL

Nice ride. 57 convertible caddy, 370 horse-
power. Rear wheel drive,

BILTMORE

Yeah, it's got a V-8, 4400 RPMS, Hydra-matic.

DAVID

Hey!!

BILTMORE

Sorry.

Some of Curtis's skin peels away in the wind.

VON

Yeah, so where is he? Where's Curtis?

CURTIS/DEVIL

We were wondering the same thing?

VON

What do you want?

CURTIS/DEVIL

Curtis, of course.

The Boys share a look.

KAMAL

Well, you're not getting him.

CURTIS/DEVIL

Looks like we'll have to do this the hard way.

EXT. UNDER A BILLBOARD - DAY

Mr. Henshine now wears the State Trooper's uniform. His face is covered in fresh red-blood.

We look down to see the devoured Trooper.

MR. HENSHINE

Yummy.

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - NEVADA HWY - DAY

Curtis/Devil - now even more demonic. His head spins and spins in continuos circles - laughing all the way.

DAVID

Great. Now we have an exorcism in our car.

Curtis/Devil now goes to work on our guys.

CURTIS/DEVIL

Hey Biltmore? Graveyard at the graveyard? That's gotta be getting you down?

Biltmore then throws his eyes over to the Curtis/Devil.
Curtis/Devil then turns into Runningfoot.

DEVIL/RUNNINGFOOT
How many times are you going to fall for it?
Didn't your mother teach you anything?

BILTMORE
Leave my mother out of this.

Devil/Runningfoot begins laughing hysterically.

DEVIL/RUNNINGFOOT
Do you really think I gave you my real number?
S U C K E R!!!

KAMAL
In the balls with that one. Dark side. Hang
tough, Bilt! I saw her - she was real!!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering's expression burns with interest.

MR. PICKERING
Good. Very good. Now, the screws to the others.
Make them pay!

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - NEVADA HWY - DAY

Curtis/Devil transforms into David's wife, Debbie. She is very
pregnant and wearing a tight bikini.

VON
D, you're up!

David looks in the rear view mirror.

DAVID
Ah, this isn't going to be good.

DEBBIE/DEVIL
How do like me now, David?

Debbie-Devil wears tight, black rubber gloves - she rubs her
stomach.

KAMAL
(beat)
That ain't right.

DEVIL/DEBBIE
I mean guys, I don't know if David is going to
be able to handle being a new dad. He can barely
(MORE)

DEVIL/DEBBIE (Cont'd)
get the garage cleaned up. I mean, how could
anyone be responsible for their kid when he
can't even put his tools away?

DAVID
Hey?! I, clean...

KAMAL
Be cool D, that's just straight, down and dirty,
evil, poison talking.

Devil/Debbie goes in for the kill shot.

DEVIL/DEBBIE
I mean really, David being a father, a new dad?
That's hilarious! His own father was nothing
more than a failed, laundry mat, sake-king.
Remember? Fold 'em and dry, fold 'em and dry,
take a drink, fold 'em and dry 'em.

EXT. NEVADA HWY - BILLBOARD - LATER - DAY

The Devil Dog Mobile races by Mr. Henshine who holds a speed
gun. Reads: 110 M.P.H.

MR. HENSHINE
(Heavy Ausie' accent- whispers)
We must be quiet now as there they are! The ever
elusive wild and hard to find North American
Dingo! Absolutely, b e a u t i f u l!!!

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - DAY

Curtis/Devil, more screws! Now sits looking like Becky. She/He's
laughing like hell - time of his/her life!

Baby spiders fly out of his/her mouth like a storm.

BECKY/DEVIL
Look Kamal, our babies have arrived.

KAMAL
I HATE SPIDERS!! ARRRRRHGGGHHH!!

The convertible is floods with crawling black widows.

EXT. DIRT SIDE ROAD - DAY

Mr. Henshine gets out of his car - cleaned up, presentable.

MR. HENSHINE
(Texas-style accent)
How ya' doing partners! Clocked you back there
(MORE)

MR. HENSHINE (Cont'd)
doing over a hundred! Now you wouldn't mind
stepping out of the car would ya'll please?

Von opens the door. Mr. Henshine steps back. The boys get out one by one.

Mr. HENSHINE
Now, you boys wouldn't be travelin' at that
speed for any reason in particular now would
ya'?

VON
Just for the wind in our hair and the bugs in
our teeth.

MR. HENSHINE
You mind opening that trunk, please?

VON
May I ask if you got probable cause?

The guys hold their ground. Mr. Henshine then releases the
leather safety-catch on his holster.

MR. HENSHINE
Is this "probable" enough?

Von reaches in his pocket.

MR. HENSHINE
Ah, ah, ah...

Von produces the remote-clicker. The trunk pops open. Mr.
Henshine struts over to see Curtis.

MR. HENSHINE
Hot damn. Ain't that something? You boys seem to
have a dead body in this-here trunk. That
explains the speed.

Henshine's clean figure then turns back into his old decaying
self.

MR. HENSHINE
Gruesome, aren't I?

Henshine flicks his gun towards a nearby Water-Pumping Station.

MR. HENSHINE
What was lost, is now found again. Let's move
it, Dingos!

INT. WATER PUMPING STATION - DAY

The Devil Dogs wearing only T-shirts and tennis shoes are forced with hands tied up against the wall.

Asses exposed, pants down around their ankles.

Mr. Henshine paces behind them back and forth, brandishing a very large outback hunting knife.

Henshine raises up his long knife. In his other hand he carries a long wide and thick FOUR PRONGED GARDEN HOSE.

MR. HENSHINE

You boys ever hear of the Swedish Enema contest?

KAMAL

They drive in cars and carry RPG's?

Henshine moves closer to the boys and speaks in a whisper.

MR. HENSHINE

(Ausie accent - whisper)

Here's how it works. I'm gonna' take this hose and pump each of your bums up with about a gallon or two of well water. The object of course will be to hold it inside as long as possible. The first one who breaks water, loses.

VON

Then what?

MR. HENSHINE

I then decide how I'm going to carve you up and eat ya'!

Henshine then pulls a rip-cord. A small but loud compressor fires up!! RRRRRRROOOOAAAAARRRRRRR!!!!

MR. HENSHINE

Knuckle up Dingos, I'm coming in!

EXT. DESERTED WOODEN SHACK - DAY

Mr. Henshine exits the shack and makes for the Cinco Mobile. He approaches the trunk, checks on Curtis.

MR. HENSHINE

Drivel dravel drivel drone, time for this one to come home.

EXT. NEVADA HWY - DAY

Mr. Henshine at the wheel. He passes under a sign which reads, "Reno, the Biggest Little City in the World - 150 miles."

EXT. PUMPING STATION - DAY

The Devil Dogs make their way out of the debris. Their legs bulge-wide from the ferocious wash.

BILTMORE

We should make a pact about this never speak of this to anyone. I mean it all happened to us, we should just shut up! Right?

KAMAL

On the upside, the Egyptians used enemas for health, long life and as a way to honor the Gods.

David snaps. He suddenly attacks Von with a body blow from behind. Boom! He knocks him down and goes for the headlock!

DAVID

AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

VON

Get this kamikaze off me!!

Von shovels a handful of dirt in David's mouth. Kamal and Biltmore look on; shake their heads.

VON

Eat that you little sawed-off, samurai!

David counters. A fist full of dirt of his own.

DAVID

You eat it back!

More wrestling. They break apart - get to their feet.

VON

What's wrong with you, man?!

DAVID

What's wrong with me? You go on a bender, dig up a guy up out of his own grave, wake up the next day and forget what you did, get us out here to get our asses washed out by some Australian psycho, Biltmore hooks up with some hot chick named, Runningfoot, Howard tells us we got to get Curtis back into holy ground in three days, worlds are going to collide, and we don't even
(MORE)

DAVID (Cont'd)

have the car we started with! Not to mention, some, fricken, weirdo-demonic interrogation, and we just lost the guy we were trying to get back home in the first place. Is this how you envisioned our little reunion? Because I didn't. I knew I'd get my balls busted for a stupid kick I missed, a hundred years ago but not my ass washed out by Mr. Outback!

The boys fall silent.

BILTMORE

Well, you put it that way.

In the far distance right off of David's shoulder, a train makes its way across the desert expanse.

The guys rush past David leaving him a bit stranded.

KAMAL

(passing)

Good speech, Dave.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - DAY

The train moves just slow enough to where our heroes can make the leap into a box car - destination? Somewhere West.

Von reaches his hand out to David.

VON

C'mon. Grab my hand. We're Devil Dogs.

INT. TRAIN CAR - LATE -DAY

The guys catch their breaths - take opposite ends of the train car to reflect. Dry, desert scenery rushes by.

VON

(finally)

Hey, guys. I just, ah. I just want to say, I'm sorry for getting you all involved in this thing. I don't know how or why all of this is happening. I guess by me digging up Curtis, it's caused some trouble. We don't have the car anymore, or Curtis. Listen, when we get to Reno, there's an airport there. I'll pick up all the flights back home. We can all get on a plane and call it a day.

The guys consider.

BILTMORE

What about Curtis?

VON

Who knows where he is. He's with Mr. Buttwash somewhere. Looks like he'll have to fend for himself.

David stands and looks out the train car to the desert before him.

DAVID

(beat)

I got a question. How did we get the name Devil Dogs anyway? Anybody remember?

BILTMORE

Mr. McDonald called us that. He was an ex-Marine. He told the story in English class of the first fight between the Germans at the battle of Belleau Wood of 1918.

KAMAL

We were the tightest pack in high school. Nobody messed with us.

VON

Described the fighting abilities of the new, fresh Americans as fighting like, "Teufel Hunden".

DAVID

Teufel Hunden. "Hounds from Hell". I guess we could, get back, get a room, shower off the grime from this trip. Catch a plane, call it a day. But for some reason, I don't feel like running from this fight. Feels like we all have skin in this game. My father lost his business to a greedy relative. Ruined him. He wasn't a sake king. He never even drank - but that's what everyone was led to believe. I have a feeling there's going to be something very interesting behind the wizard's curtain if we can get there, and speaking for myself, I'd like to see what it is.

The guys come together in the middle of the train car.

DAVID

(smiles)

Teufil Hunden?

DEVIL DOGS

Teufil Hunden!!

EXT. CHICKEN RANCH BROTHEL - EVENING - DUSK

Mr. Henshine pulls into the brothel parking lot.

The black raven descends from the sky and lands on a nearby bench. Henshine parks, gets out, crosses, sits next to Mr. Jeeves.

MR. HENSHINE
He's in the trunk. He's there.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Good. Very good.

Jeeves produces a shovel.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES
Get him buried and let him rot. We'll take it from here. Your reward will be waiting.

Jeeves turns back into a raven and takes to the air.

Henshine stands and reaches for the shovel. He then looks over to see a sign above the front door of the brothel.

Signs reads: CHICKEN RANCH.

MR. HENSHINE
HMMMM. Yummy!

EXT. MIRROR LAKE - DAY

Curtis sees his own reflection in the pool. Ripples carry his image outward.

MELINDA
You trusted only in life's curses and not its magic.

Melinda finishes up packing her outdoor provisions.

CURTIS
What now?

MELINDA
You must decide.

Curtis looks up to the rock. The Girl Scout is gone. Behind, she leaves her Girl Scout's badge of courage.

CURTIS
Melinda? Melinda??

EXT. NEVADA TRAIN TRACK - NIGHT

The boys hop off the train and start walking.

EXT. KERNVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Howard nervously works the backhoe preparing a grave. Tractor headlights cut through the darkness.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - 4 AM - NIGHT

Our Devil Dogs make their way up a small hill. They see a red glow from a rooftop. It calls to them like the north star.

BILTMORE

Hey, look. What's that building doing way out here?

VON

I think it's a brothel. C'mon...

EXT. LIP OF SLOPE - CHICKEN RANCH - NIGHT

Devil Dogs crest over the small hill. Parked - their abandoned "Devil Dog Mobile!"

The guys duck behind the bush.

VON

Looks like Henshine stopped for some earthly delights.

KAMAL

What are we going to do? If he sees us out here, he'll kill us this time!

BILTMORE

We gotta' see if Curtis is still in the trunk.

David bolts from the pack!

VON

(hushed whisper)

David? Wait!

EXT. CHICKEN RANCH - WINDOW - NIGHT

David approaches the brothel windows looking for Henshine. He sees a State Trooper hat on a bench in front of one of the rooms.

DAVID

Bingo.

EXT. LIP OF SLOPE - CHICKEN RANCH - NIGHT

David hits the dirt throwing Henshine's State Trooper hat to the guys.

DAVID

He's is in the room at the end.

VON

Then it's now or never!

EXT. DEVIL DOG MOBILE - NIGHT

The guys approach. There's a shovel leaning against the trunk. Von pops the trunk. Curtis lies still against the spare tire.

VON

Almost lost you, buddy.

Collective sigh of relief.

KAMAL

We gotta' get out of here.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 - DAWN - DAY

Top down, the Devil Dog mobile cruises at 120 plus.

The sun makes its way up over the horizon. Our Heroes have been up for a good stretch - readying for the showdown.

EXT. CHICKEN RANCH BROTHEL - DAY

Mr. Henshine strolls out from the brothel-ranch doors. He looks relaxed. He takes a morning stretch - contented.

He looks off to see the Devil Dog Mobile missing. Nothing is left but the shovel and his tropper hat resting on its top.

MR. HENSHINE

(venomous)

AAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 rest stop - HEADING WEST - DAY

Von is on the phone with Howard. Kamal inspects a map.

VON

(into phone)

Howard! It's Von. We're coming in! Highway 95 south straight down Nevada then we'll cut over to 162 west. That's our best shot. Shit is going down!

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Howard gathers burial artifacts at feverish pitch.

HOWARD

(phone)

I'll meet you at the cemetery! Hurry up, we may be running out time!

EXT. HWY 95 SOUTH - DAY

Kamal takes location readings with map in hand. Von at the wheel. The boys fall silent. It gets quiet, then...

BILTMORE

Guys, I have a thought.

DAVID

What's that?

BILTMORE

We've all seen enough to get a pretty good idea that Curtis, for whatever reasons, is treading on some shaky ground at best.

VON

Yeah?

BILTMORE

I mean whose to say, but what if we're delivering Curtis straight to hell?

The guys consider.

BILTMORE

What if he's in a better place now than where we're taking him? Doesn't look like the other side is too cozy for Curtis.

VON

The only thing we do know, is that Henshine is trying to stop us before we hit Kernville. We must be doing something right. Right?

EXT. HWY 80 - DAY

Henshine walks along the side of the road. He throws out his thumb. A car pulls over. It's Balthazar Jeeves - not happy.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES

Get in!

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Mr. Pickering - full Demonic Regalia. He leads a congregation of fallen spirits in very dark prayers.

An altar before them has been fully prepared - awaits the return of Curtis' spirit.

MR. PICKERING

No more mistakes.

EXT. HWY 95 SOUTH - DAY

We follow our boys as they go.

In the rear distance we then see another car enter, Mr. Henshine. He too drives a convertible.

On his hood bears the mark of a "Nazi Swastika!" He bares down!

VON

Ah, shit. HENSHINE!! He's going full-on German
Luftwaffe on us, too!

EXT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

Skaters continue in circles. Curtis, stands before a bank of screens - sees his friends in the showdown with Henshine.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

The congregation has pitched itself high in this underworld chorus! Mr. Pickering glares hard at circular orbs.

EXT. HWY 95 SOUTH - CLASS FIVE RAPIDS - DAY

The Devil Dogs race around a sharp turn. Right behind them - is Henshine. HE'S GAINING GROUND!!!

Henshine smiles broadly with his Nazi, yappy-yellow grin.

Von guns the accelerator. He begins weaving through the dangerous and high pitched corners.

Down below is a very long drop into the Class Five River Rapids.

Von finds a parallel dirt access road.

VON

Hold on.

Von pulls a hard vicious right! Dirt and gravel fly!!

EXT. PARALLEL DIRT ROAD - DAY

Von's car - clouds of dust! Henshine follows. Von weaves from right to left throwing dirt and gravel in every direction.

Henshine is momentarily blinded by the churning dust and debris!

He lowers his goggles then catches a fast flying mid-sized rock in his teeth. He spits it out.

Von sobers.

VON

Holy, shit.

EXT. LONG MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - DAY

The boys hit the long dark tube. Henshine closes. The roar from both speeding cars is deafening.

Henshine gains ground on the open stretches - closer and closer!!!

DAVID

Rommels' gaining!!

VON

He's got too much under that hood!

BILTMORE

HE'S TAKEN US!

Our Heroes burst from the dark tunnel into the bright light of day. Henshine, 25 car lengths behind.

DAVID

Give it all she's got, baby!!

We then See a ROAD-CREW working in the distance.

VON

Ah, no....

Von blares his horn. Men scatter.

Henshine too barrels right on through losing absolutely no ground. Cones, manhole skirts and signs fly!!!

ALL

WWWOOOOOHHHHH.....

Henshine speeds and gains on them quickly.

KAMAL

He's got too much speed!!

Von looks down into the dangerous river below. He falls silent for a minute. The raging rapids race down river violently.

Just then Henshine accelerates past our Heroes.

KAMAL

Here he comes! Rommel's making his move on the outside!!

Black smoke comes out of Nazi Mobile blurring all vision. He pulls past and way out ahead of the Devil Dogs.

VON

Shit!!! I can't see! He's smokin' us out!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Henshine slams on his breaks and spins his car to face our boys. Henshine's engine idles.

EXT. ROAD - FULL SCENE - DAY

Von locks up his tires. Burnt rubber flies! Henshine awaits down the road - stand off.

VON

(beat)

He wants us. Boys. This would definitely be called a "sac-check."

The Devil Dogs quietly exchange looks.

KAMAL

Teufil Hunden.

BILTMORE

Teufil Hunden.

DAVID

Teufil Hunden.

DEVIL DOGS

Hounds from Hell!

Von guns the Devil Dog Mobile. They get up to top speeds. Henshine guns his car. Tires spin. Showdown is on!

MR. HENSHINE

Let's see what kind of bite you have now, Devil Dogs.

Both cars speed towards the other. Like two locomotives on the same track, a perilous game of chicken. Closer, closer, closer, faster...

DEVIL DOGS
Ahhhhhhhhh!!!

Henshine then raises his hands creating a hologram illusion of "School Children Crossing a Crosswalk."

BILTMORE
Look out!! Kids!!

Von yanks the wheel to the left. No more road. Nowhere to go. River below. Silence.

DAVID
(still)
Oh, no.

The Devil Dog Mobile and our Heroes are sent completely airborne. WHIIIISSHHHH of air.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Not a sound. The car flies, river below.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Henshine appears over the lip of the guard rail. He sees the car flying high over the towering embankment - class five rapids below.

MR. HENSHINE
Auf Wiedersehen, heir, Teufil Hunden.

EXT. CLASS FIVE RAPIDS - DAY

SPLAAAASSSHHHHH!!!!!! The weight of the car explodes into the water. Or guys pounce from their seats into the raging current.

Trunk opens, & rushing water fills and lifts Curtis's body out of the trunk and into the river.

BILTMORE
Grab 'em! Grab, Curtis!!

EXT. KERNVILLE MORTUARY - DAY

Howard and the other Religious Leaders measure up a coffin. Howard checks his watch.

HOWARD
Where are those guys?

INT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

Curtis turns to see those behind him forever skating in inescapable circles. He turns back to the screens.

CURTIS

Henshine is going to kill them.

EXT. CLASS FIVE RAPIDS - DAY

Our Heroes carry down the river at an extreme rate of speed, between rocks, under water, popping back up again.

Von, David, Kamal and Biltmore fight to get Curtis and themselves to the side of the riverbank.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Pickering's Congregation is now in a demonic frenzy! The hourglass sands - nearly empty.

EXT. KERNVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

Clouds loom above. Howard works the backhoe. A steady rain then begins to fall. Lightening cracks! Thunder Booms!!

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - MIRROR LAKE BELOW - DAY

Curtis, cliffside looks down to the drop into the lake below. Behind him - Melinda approaches through the whipping winds from behind.

Her gear is packed and stowed.

CURTIS

I'll die if I go back.

MELINDA

And they will if you don't.

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

The Boys, out of breath, shoulder Curtis up to the shoulder of the road - prop him up. A small town lies in the near distance.

Henshine pulls up and idles nears by. He gets out of the car close to the guys bearing a shovel in hand - menacing.

MR. HENSHINE

Hello, Devil Puppies. Looks like I'm just in time to give Curtis an afternoon burial.

VON

Leave him alone, Henshine.

MR. HENSHINE
Little too late for that I'm afraid.

Henshine makes for the body.

MR. HENSHINE
He'll be coming with me.

Pushes his way through the guys. He gets Curtis up on his shoulders and makes for the trunk of his own car.

BILTMORE
Shit, what do we do now?

VON
We can't let him go.

The Guys are at a loss.

DAVID
We fight. Like DEVIL DOGS. SAMARAI!!

David leads the charge, Henshine turns, is batted down like a fly.

DAVID
Arrrggh.

Von then rushes Henshine with a clumsy kick.

VON
C'mon, Henshine. You got a plan?

Henshine steps aside, plants a hard right between the eyes and Von goes down like a sack of soil.

VON
Arrrgghhh! I guess you did.

Biltmore then picks up a heavy branch and expertly swings it around his body - Henshine swiftly moves between the swinging blows and sends Biltmore down with a furious punch.

BILTMORE
Arrrgghhh!!

Henshine swings Curtis in circles upon his shoulders.

MR. HENSHINE
You next, Mr. Ghandi?

KAMAL
Oh, those are fighting words!

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - MIRROR LAKE BELOW - DAY

Curtis turns to Melinda amidst the whipping, freezing winds.

Melinda - still. Curtis throws his eyes back to the pool.

CURTIS

What can you tell me?

Melinda steps forward.

MELINDA

Loyalty redeems.

Curtis looks into the pool of images. Kamal is beaten and thrown out of the way.

CURTIS

He's going to kill them. Kill them all.

Curtis turns back and Melinda is gone.

Alone in the flogging freeze, Curtis steps back from the rock. He takes a breath, then leaps off the side of the cliff to the mirror lake below. He falls, falls and falls.

CURTIS

Ahhhhh...

INT. MIRROR LAKE - DAY

Curtis penetrates the lake - begins clawing for the bottom.

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

The boys lie sprawled about - beaten up - bruised and bloody.

Henshine grabs the shovel and carries Curtis' body to the trunk of his car.

MR. HENSHINE

Let's go, Blyleven. You're coming with us.

Henshine opens the trunk and tosses Curtis' body inside.

MR. HENSHINE

Your time has come.

Henshine moves to close the trunk but his shovel is suddenly wedged to keep it from closing!

CURTIS

Not so fast, arschloch (asshole).

It's Curtis. He comes fully alive and jumps out the trunk.

MR. HENSHINE
(rebel cry)
Ahhhhhh!!!

Henshine swings the shovel nearly missing Curtis' head.

CURTIS
That all you got?

Curtis ducks with skill and sends a supernatural blow into the center of Henshine's chest. Henshine is sent flying!!

He lands in the desert - dirt and gravel fly!!

Henshine gets to his feet and it's on! The two men loaded with their own supernatural powers and weapons circle the other.

CURTIS
You been chasing me down for along time,
Henshine. Well, here I am.

The Boys stand by as they are witness to a fierce match-up between two other-worldly forces.

DAVID
We need a car.

David looks over to the town nearby.

DAVID
Kamal, Von. Keep an eye on this thing. Bilt,
c'mon.

EXT. SMALL TOWN USED CAR LOT - DAY

Sign reads: CLOSED. David and Biltmore briskly walk up the line of available cars.

BILTMORE
We can't wait until they open!

David slows and makes his way to one car in particular i.e., a second convertible.

EXT. SMALL TOWN AVENUE - DAY

Minutes later - driving, David and Biltmore smash through the chain link and hit the road.

To the right of the street is a GUN SHOP! The boys share a look...

BILTMORE
Firepower.

DAVID
Definitely.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

David and Biltmore enter. An old Nevada red neck named HENRY (70's) sits behind the counter.

HENRY
What can I do you boys for?

DAVID
(out of breath)
FBI Agents. You're just the man we need to see.
We got a situation on our hands. A bus load of
convicts just broke loose - High Desert State
Prison.

Henry cautious.

BILTMORE
Terrorists mostly.

HENRY
Why didn't you say so? Let me bring you to the
back room. National Homeland Defense
coordinator. They armed me to the gills!

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

David and Biltmore pull up. Von and Kamal rush over to the car.

VON
Where'd you pick this up?

DAVID
We borrowed it. Get in.

Von and Kamal jump in the back. David guns the car pedal to the metal towards Curtis and Henshine.

BILTMORE
CURTIS! HEY!! GET IN! GET IN!!

David arcs the car in the tight 360 around the two gladiators, dust and gravel fly.

KAMAL
Jump in.

It's a macabre scene with Curtis, Henshine and the Raven all in savage free-for-all.

David guns toward the brawl!

BILTMORE
Curtis!! Curtis!!

Biltmore reaches out his hand - Curtis dives onto the back of the car's trunk just clutching Biltmore's outstretched arm.

VON
Go, go, go!

David makes a narrow escape.

DAVID
Bilt!? Take out Rommel's pussy, panzer-wagon!

Biltmore brandishes military grade, automatic weapon. He loads a clip.

BILTMORE
Lock and loaded.

David pulls up alongside Henshine's four wheeled Nazi machine.

VON
Fire at will.

Biltmore unloads with automatic fire - windows gone, tires blow, pop, pop, body completely riddled with holes.

VON
That'll slow him down for a while.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

David drives. Curtis sits in the right side passenger's seat. Casino town in the nearby distance.

CURTIS
I guess I owe you guys a few explanations.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR - DAY

Henshine's eyes crack open slightly.

A light wind begins to pick up and whirl around him. Suddenly it turns into a fast moving, whirling Dirt Devil.

The dust spirals gather in strength around Henshine as furnace winds whip and churn.

Henshine's body is then absorbed skyward by the escalating, wheeling, winds.

INT. TWO LANE ROAD - CONVERTIBLE # 2 - DAY

Curtis, mid-explanation.

CURTIS
What happened was...

BILTMORE
Look.

The Boys look out to see a thunderous sandy funnel cloud coming up behind them - gaining in strength and speed.

CURTIS
More, Henshine.

VON
What now?

CURTIS
Get into a parking structure and get this car hidden near that casino. David, Go!!

David guns the car!

EXT. DESERT FLOOR - DAY

The funnel cloud grows larger and larger. Powerful gale force winds of sand, dust, and debris.

Inside the crucible currents, wide, gaping mouths and fierce, fiendish faces look to devour!

EXT. CASINO STREET - DAY

Dozens of TOWNSFOLK look onto the desert cloud coming their way from the desert.

One WOMAN points, screams!

SCREAMING WOMAN
It's coming! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!

INT. FOUR LEVEL PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

1st floor, the guys whip the car into position. They get out and look out onto the street and oncoming Dirt Devil Tornado!

Sand, rock and debris fills the streets and sky smashing, crashing, penetrating.

VON
Holy shit. (beat) Curtis? What did you do?

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

After a moment, the storm passes. Rock and debris float about. Cars sit stranded but all is clear.

VON
Seems like its quiet.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The guys slowly exit the lot. No sign of danger.

BILTMORE
Looks clear.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The Boys slowly drive down main street. Town-folk make they're way up the sidewalks covered in dirt and sand.

It gets deathly still.

The Boys drive cautiously making their way out of town. Von stops the car in mid-street.

VON
It's too quiet. Doesn't make sense.

From around the corner block, a PEDESTRIAN, ghastly white, runs past in a frantic frenzy. Then another, and another.

DAVID
That isn't good.

Suddenly the street and block is filled with people running for their lives.

PEDESTRIANS
RUN!! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!! SAVE YOURSELVES!!!

A large creeping oversized shadow edges around a corner. The sun is blocked.

BILTMORE
It's like an eclipse.

Near complete darkness overtakes the whole street and the guys in their car.

David stops the car in mid-street. Kamal points upward.

KAMAL

Holy Mother of God! Look!! In the sky!

The Boys look up to see. A SIXTY-FIVE FOOT 75 YEAR-OLD LAUGHLIN NEVADA COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

Name-tag reads: ALICE.

VON

Alice is on the rampage!

Alice the Giant towers over the phone booths and fire-hydrants - angrier than a tipless hostess.

She scans the city below her on the hunt for our heroes.

KAMAL

Alice means business!

Alice crushes cars with her work-tennies left and right. She makes her way up the street heading directly for our guys.

A twenty pound cigarette ash flicks from her smoke, lands on a tree-planter and ignites with explosion!

VON

She's a monster! She's going to crush us!

CURTIS

That's nobody's grandmother. It's Henshine in there is who that is!! We gotta' take him down.

Alice slams into signs and buildings wreaking mayhem with every stride. Stoplights explode and shatter with Alice's every step.

VON

She's on a warpath!!

Residents and tourists run for cover - dart inside casino doors. Hookers discard their high-heels and barefoot it up the boulevard.

DAVID

Quick. Trunk. Weapons. Get the weapons!

Devil Dogs jump out of the convertible and race to the back of the trunk. Biltmore opens the trunk. It's loaded with maximum firepower.

VON

Holy shit.

Von reaches in and tosses each of the guys a loaded and armed weapon.

VON
Queen-Kong is gonna' get some!!

The Devil Dogs spread out across the street loaded for bear.

CURTIS
Let her get just a bit closer. On my word. Von
you go for the support hose. Biltmore, you take
out her arch. Tokyo Dave, hit her with
everything you've got. And Kamal, eyeballs!
Remember, she's not your grandmother.

Alice continues to stride closer. Destruction follows her every
inch of the way.

CURTIS
Steady. Steady. Hold.

Chunks of buildings smash into the ground. Alice reaches for a
tree planter and takes an angry bite out of its palms.

CURTIS
Steady. Hold...

Angry Alice then looks down to see our heroes standing in the
street below. She roars like Kong thumping her breasts.

CURTIS
FIRE!!

Weapons blaze! Von fires the tow missile directly into her
support hose and calf.

VON
Direct hit.

Alice roars, staggers but doesn't fall.

Biltmore begins with a barrage of RPG launches. KABOOM! KABOOM!
KABOOM!!

BILTMORE
That aught to take care of those corns!

David unleashes a peppering assault. Alice doubles up but
doesn't take the powder.

DAVID
There ain't no "depends" in the world that can
take that.

Kamal launches a Bazooka blast and the shell hits her directly
between the eyes shattering her thick black frames.

Our heroes just thunder out of her crashing frame. CRASH! The guys escape. Debris and dust flies everywhere.

Alice's tired oversized head comes to a liltng standstill.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

Narrowly escaping, our Devil Dogs head for the hills. Destination, an awaiting grave and a cemetery in Kernville California.

INT. CAR - OPEN ROAD - DAY

For the time being, danger has been put behind them. The scenery fills the silence.

It's been a long strange trip. The guys share a look.

VON

How are you going to get out of this?

CURTIS

I don't think I can.

EXT. KERNVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

Dark clouds loom, the sky threatens with heavenly revenge.

Howard works feverishly preparing the new grave for Curtis. A PRIEST (50's) stands by the grave as he begins to read the Rites of the Dead.

PRIEST

A life of faith begun in the waters of Baptism,
strengthened...

Our Heroes slowly pull in close.

VON

There's Howard. This is it.

DAVID

There's not much time.

For Curtis, the end of the road.

CURTIS

Yeah.

Curtis gets out of the car - the others gradually follow.

CURTIS

There's the grave.

The boys exchange looks of the inevitable. Curtis remains poised, honest - maybe for the first time.

CURTIS

I guess it wasn't such a good idea now was it?

Howard approaches.

HOWARD

Hey, how ya' doing, Curtis? I'm sorry to, ah.

CURTIS

Yeah, I know. I'll be there in a second.

HOWARD

Guys, we got make this thing happen!

Howard retreats. Thunder cracks overhead. The five Devil Dog brothers face one another.

VON

(beat)

Jeeez, Curtis. I have no idea what to say?

The guys register a small bit of disappointment.

KAMAL

You cut a deal with the Devil?

CURTIS

Yeah, I did. A really bad mistake. But along the way, I found out how good-of-friends, I really have.

BILTMORE

But why?

CURTIS

Because I believed in what I could take, not what I could give or share I guess. Life's curses, rather than its magic. I wanted a rigged game. I just didn't think I could play fairly.

Howard unloads the coffin from the hearse and moves it closer to the burial site.

CURTIS

But I did get to see a lot more then I ever thought was ever out there. True friends risking something of themselves because they cared enough about not to let you go. That's the magic. You guys are the magic.

Curtis looks around sensing the impending doom.

CURTIS

I gotta' go now. Got to take my chances like everybody else and see this thing through. No more short cuts for me.

More thunder cracks overhead. Curtis moves closer to Biltmore.

CURTIS

Biltmore.

BILTMORE

Yeah? You always looked out for me.

BILTMORE

Well, we were Devil Dogs, you know?

CURTIS

Yeah.

The two men embrace. From behind Biltmore's back Curtis reveals a medal. A "Medal of Courage." He gives it to his friend.

BILTMORE

What's this?

Biltmore holds the medal.

CURTIS

This is so you can open up that sporting goods store you always dreamed about. You've always had the courage to do it. It's just that somebody along the way made you believe otherwise. You could do all that in a heartbeat.

BILTMORE

Thanks, man.

Curtis moves over to David. He looks him in the eye.

CURTIS

Tokyo Dave. The Chairman.

Both men embrace. As they pull apart, Curtis reveals an engraved plaque and hands it to David. It reads: "Father Of The Year."

DAVID

What's this?

CURTIS

You're going to make a great dad, Dave. No matter how much your own dad wasn't. And, I tell you something, you may have missed a kick and lost a game, but you never missed a kick where
(MORE)

CURTIS (Cont'd)
your friends were concerned. And, that's the
only game that really matters. Take it from me.

DAVID
Thanks.

Curtis steps back and stands before Kamal.

CURTIS
Kamal. I mean it. I'm sorry for all of this. I
mean you and I.

KAMAL
Hey, c'mon. Don't worry about it. I was glad to
get out of the house.

Curtis smiles, steps back.

KAMAL
What'd you see out there, for me?

CURTIS
Well. I had to think about it. But just, "Let it
burn and she will come".

KAMAL
Huh?

CURTIS
It'll make sense. I promise.

Curtis steps over to Von.

CURTIS
Von. I appreciate what you did.

VON
Ah, you know, hey, we go back. You would have
dug me up if I went first.

CURTIS
I'm sorry. I let you down.

VON
Ah, man. You didn't let me down. You just made a
mistake, that's all.

CURTIS
You are that "noble knight" that Percy was
talking about. "Perfectly pure in life and
heart" - even if, like me, you yourself didn't
know it. But you forgot one thing.

VON
What's that?

CURTIS
It's the reason I came back to tell ya'.

VON
Tell me?

CURTIS
Everything about your future depends on it.

Curtis then raises his hand, and reaches inside the chest cavity of his friend. Von's chest opens - Von's eyes widen.

VON
What are you doing?

CURTIS
Last place Mr. Pickering would ever look for this.

Curtis pulls out the Holy Grail from Von's chest.

CURTIS
The cup of the carpenter, Von. Hidden, now found again, in you.

Von's chest seals back up.

VON
That was inside me?

Curtis holds it up in front of Von.

CURTIS
The greatness is in you! You've just forgotten it - like I did.

Von breaks - tears maybe. Curtis extends to give Von the Grail Cup.

VON
No, no, no. You take it with you. In case you, you know? You need it.

CURTIS
Thanks.

Curtis takes in one last look at his friends and the world around him.

CURTIS
(this is it)
It's a beautiful place, this world. I'm going to miss it.

A Scottish Bagpipe is then heard from beyond.

HOWARD (O.S.)
We gotta' make this happen.

CURTIS
I'll see you guys.

Curtis turns and approaches his awaiting grave.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY

Curtis looks over to his friends one last time, then raises the Grail and steps and sits inside the awaiting coffin.

VON
Let us know, somehow. From the other side.

Curtis nods. He slowly lowers his back and Howard closes the coffin lid.

Howard lowers the coffin lid, then motions to lower the coffin down in the grave site.

VON
There he goes.

INT. INDUSTRIAL HELLEVATOR - NIGHT

The Hellevator drops at a very high rate of speed. Curtis stands alone holding the cup at his side. Steel-mesh shadows crisscross his face as he descends.

The hellevator stops. Curtis takes in a deep breath. He hears a familiar voice.

Melinda (V.O.)
"Loyalty redeems".

Curtis squeezes Grail-Cup. He stares at it for just a minute.

CURTIS
The cup of the carpenter.

Hellevator doors open.

INT. WAREHOUSE OF FALLEN SOULS - NIGHT

Curtis is met with a warm glow along with Mr. Pickering and Jeeves.

MR. PICKERING

So, Mr. Blyleven? Time is the great teacher, but unfortunately for you, it kills all of its students.

Curtis steps forward. Original shotgun chest-blast now in tact.

MR. PICKERING

You can run but hiding is entirely another matter. Now if you please? Shall we get down to our business?

Jeeves escorts Curtis to a large table and to the book of fallen souls.

Pickering pushes it forward.

MR. PICKERING

Devil's in the details, hey, Mr. Blyleven?

Curtis looks on to the shelves and endless shelves of fallen and captured souls.

CURTIS

A deal is a deal isn't it?

Curtis then looks at Grail Cup in a way he never has until this moment.

MR. PICKERING

Your friends put up a good fight but again here you are. Too bad it was all for naught.

Pickering slides forth the feathered pen. Curtis's fingers begin to shake.

MR. PICKERING

Not to worry, you'll be in good company.

Curtis slowly lurches forward to fulfill his side of the bargain.

MR. PICKERING

Yes. Come to me and be mine, forever.

Curtis then lifts up the Grail.

CURTIS
Recognize this, Mr. Pickering? The cup of the
carpenter?

A magic light suddenly emanates from the bowl of the cup.
Pickering flinches.

CURTIS
The Grail, Pickering. The Holy Grail!

MR. PICKERING
(salivates)
To contain the Grail is to control dominion.

CURTIS
But only a knight, perfectly pure in life and
heart knows where it would be found.

MR. PICKERING
You found the grail?

CURTIS
It found me!

The sand in the hour-glass stops falling.

In one fateful movement, Curtis then wheels back and throws the
grail up high towards the infinite shelves of captured souls.

MR. PICKERING
(panicked)
What are you doing???

The Grail sails over the glass reliquaries and lands bouncing
about the corridors of the condemned!!

CURTIS
The Grail Pickering! The Holy Grail!!

MR. PICKERING
Noooooooooooo!!!!!!

Eerie silence - a waiting - a supernatural force can be felt and
heard.

Suddenly, endless numbers of jars each begin to explode,
powerfully releasing the souls of fallen DAMNED in a chain
reaction! POW!! POW!! POW!!

MR. PICKERING
What have you done?

White bursting light from each jar up ricochets up and down the
corridors exploding, releasing souls in held reliquaries!

Demons scatter in the brilliance of the escaping light but with nowhere to go.

Pickering runs up and down his corridors, desperate, incensed! Reaching out, trying to recapture escaping souls.

Mr. PICKERING
Noooooooooooooooo!!!!!!

Spirits explode outward and are set free. The chain-reaction intensifies, multiplies, gathers in momentum.

All of Pickering's best work lost - gone.

MR. PICKERING
Jeeeeves??

Spirits freed, restored souls flee upward bouncing about and finding their own escape from hell's own damnation.

Curtis stands bravely in the face of his own end.

CURTIS
How about the rhapsody of this Armageddon, hey
Pick?

Pickering reaches for the throat of Curtis. He chokes, and strangles his counter part.

CURTIS
Devil's in the details, hey Mr. Pickering?

Curtis too begins to evaporate back into the spiritual realm of light.

MR. PICKERING
You are mine! Come to me!! Come back to me!!

Curtis faintly disappears.

CURTIS (CONT)
Looks like, You've, lost, your, grip.

Pickering is left alone amidst his treasure's lost. Illuminated souls dance about, careening free - leaving the darkest of all places.

Pickering and Jeeves can only watch while their gathered, timeless work, flees and is all but lost.

MR. PICKERING
(desperate)
No. Please.

Then, ultimately, total and inescapable horror of the absence of light - total darkness - less than nothing and left in it for Pickering to find his way.

EXT. KAMAL'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY

The guys pull up to drop Kamal off. Car slows.

KAMAL
We'll take a few days... Circle around.

DEVIL DOGS
Yeah.

Von slowly pulls out of the dirt driveway.

Kamal turns to see, black embers - his trailer home, totally gutted by fire.

KAMAL
(remembering)
Let it burn and she will come.

EXT. BILTMORE'S HOUSE - DAY

Von at the wheel, drops Biltmore off - little fanfare.

VON
You good?

BILTMORE
I'm good. I don't know what to say.

VON
Let's just not say it.

BILTMORE
Yeah.

INT. BILTMORE'S HOUSE - DAY

Biltmore sits on his couch. He reveals a piece of paper with Runningfoot's phone number.

He stares at it - considers whether the cosmic joke is on him or not - but then reaches for the phone.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

David - pay phone. Von waits in the car.

DAVID
(phone)
Hi honey. It's me. Yeah, we're back in
(MORE)

DAVID (Cont'd)
Kernville. We just dropped off, Biltmore. Be
there in a few. Love you.

EXT. KERNVILLE USED CAR LOT - DAY

Von pulls in and places a sign on the window of the car. FREE!

**SCREEN READS
ONE YEAR LATER**

INT. PATTERSON'S LODGE - KERNVILLE - DAY

Von works behind a very modest Bed and Breakfast counter. He
looks refreshed, calm, relaxed, friendly, a new man.

An old COUPLE fumbles meticulously for change.

OLD WOMAN
I know I have the credit card here somewhere.

Von reaches for an "out to lunch" sign and places it before the
woman.

He hands over his keys to the entire lodge to her - gives her a
kiss on he cheek.

VON
Any room you want. On the house.

INT. BILTMORE SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Biltmore ties up some loose ends at the cash register. He looks
like he's ready to close up.

BILTMORE
It's getting late. We gotta' go.

Runningfoot enters holding seat cushions.

RUNNINGFOOT
I thought we could sit on these.

BILTMORE
Great idea. Game starts in forty!

EXT. KERNVILLE HIGH SCHOOL BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Our Heroes now sit together watching the festivities below and
all wearing Kernville Razorback Hog Hats.

David is now shouldered with wife Debbie and their new baby boy,
"Michael." Von stands and roots for the home team.

VON
Reminds me when I was,

ALL
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Sitting next to Kamal is Judy The Lap Dancer now wearing modest, levis jeans and a cream colored top.

Kamal offers her a hot-dog and a coke.

JUDY THE LAP DANCER
Thank you sweetheart.

Runningfoot is right by Biltmore's side. She adjusts his seat cushion. He gives her a kiss.

KERNVILLE HIGH SCHOOL'S FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The Kernville MARCHING BAND approaches the field with drum kits blaring.

Batons fly high and Cheerleaders scream. Football teams take to the field.

GAME ANNOUNCER
Taking to the field, Kernville Razorbacks!

CHEERLEADERS follow suit and take up their positions before the own teams.

We move down to see Howard now running the team. Howard looks up to the stands and waves to the guys.

BILTMORE
Check out Howard, he broke free from the graveyard shift.

Von hands out some coolers. Our heroes look down to see the Homecoming Parade beginning to circle the track.

VON
Boys? To hell and back. Cheers.

DEVIL DOGS
Cheers!

Leading the way slowly and distinctly is Kernville's GIRL SCOUT TROUPE led by MELINDA (from worlds far away).

She rides high in the back seat on the white tuck and roll leather of a Red Convertible 57 Cadillac - "The Devil Dog Mobile".

VON
Huh? That's our car!

KAMAL
How'd they?

Von then sees Percy (the limo driver) behind the wheel of the caddy.

VON
Percy.

Percy looks up to Von, winks.

BILTMORE
Thought that thing was at the bottom of the Kern river?

VON
(stunned)
It was.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The KERNVILLE HIGH MARCHING BAND takes to the field. The Conductor strikes up a spirited Fight Song.

Our Heroes sense something in the air. A light but distinct breeze catches the attention of our Devil Dogs.

Sensing the intangible between themselves.

KAMAL
Feel that?

BILTMORE
Yeah. What is that?

We look down onto the field. The band marches on and suddenly creates a formation of a giant cup - maybe one from a carpenter.

DAVID
The grail.

The boys fall silent. Then a bit of rumbling is felt beneath the bleachers. Shared looks.

BILTMORE
You feel that?

VON
Sounds like Curtis.

Then it begins:

Fireworks lift from the ground, carry skyward and explode!! They crack and pound over head. KABOOM! KABOOM!! Umbrellas of exploding candescence fills the night sky!

VON

Looks like Curtis made it, guys.

The sky above endlessly bursts with light or possibly - even the light of imprisoned, and freed souls.

Sparks and stars drip from above - heavenly.

VON

Curtis is going to be okay.

The guys take in a breath of relief. The band continues up and down the field!

EXT. FIELD / BLEACHERS - NIGHT

A sea of Pom Poms fill the screen.

But, then, the unthinkable. Henshine and Jeeves stand at the end of the dance-line with their pom-pom's pumping!

Now, wearing Kernville Cheerleaders skirts, sweaters and young girl's wigs, Jeeves and Henshine don't miss a step.

Von sobers.

VON

Guys. Look.

Henshine cracks a girlish yellow grin.

BALTHAZAR JEEVES

Give me an H, give me an E, give me an L, and another L.

Jeeves and Henshine wink and blow kisses to their one time foes - announcing they haven't gone too far away.

The guys slowly rise to their feet - frozen.

VON

Henshine.

The band below them begins playing AC-DC's, Highway to Hell.

We begin to fade to black.

The End