

DONKEY PUNCH

by

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

New Mexico Desert; a seemingly endless ocean of sand covered by creosote bushes and cacti. Almost tranquil...except for a few instances of indigenous fauna hastily traversing the terrain.

Amidst the blowing sand is the top secret government base, Area 69, standing out like a sore thumb.

SUPERIMPOSE: AREA 69 - ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

INT. AREA 69 - CONTINUOUS

SCIENTIST #1, a somewhat slender man in his late 40's and wearing a white lab coat, makes his way through a narrow corridor. In his hand is a sealed test tube containing an unknown green substance. He approaches a large metal door at the end of the hallway and comes to a stop.

Next to the door is a slot intruding into the wall. Scientist #1 sticks his right hand into the slot; it scans his hand and then turns green, indicating that it's valid. We then see that there's a rounder slot down by his crotch. He unzips his fly and thrusts his pelvis forward. After a few seconds, the slot makes a DING sound, indicating validity.

As he zips his pants back up, the door opens and he enters what appears to be a control room with a large glass pane in front of him. Inside, he meets up with SCIENTIST #2, slightly younger but still rocking the same white lab coat; they approach one another and shake each other's hands.

SCIENTIST #1  
(gripping Scientist #2's hand)  
Miles.

Both scientists proceed towards the glass pane and gaze down into a containment pen packed with donkeys; they all BRAY and stare vacantly into space, as if they were brain damaged. Scientist #1 brings his right hand closer to his face and his eyes focus sharply on the test tube.

SCIENTIST #1  
At long last, after five exhausting years of research and trial and error, we have the world's first biological weapon, the *Botana* virus, confined in this very test tube.

SCIENTIST #2

Remind me why the donkeys are a necessity.

SCIENTIST #1

Simple, they're the specimens that we're testing the virus on; the guinea pigs, so to speak.

He removes the cap from the test tube and jams it into a slot on the control panel beneath the glass pane.

SCIENTIST #1 (CONT'D)

And if our calculations are correct, then enough exposure to this substance should release the antigen into their bloodstream, which will then multiply, go directly to the brain, and alter the normal processing of emotions in the amygdala, causing their aggression levels to rise above all else and become the predominant instinct.

SCIENTIST #2

It's truly amazing that our science has come this far. Who knows, maybe one day you can develop a serum that increases the size of your penis, cause' it sure seems like your lacking down there, eh Bill?

SCIENTIST #1

(firmly)

Why don't you create a serum that makes you shut the fuck up Miles, I think that would definitely be a breakthrough in modern science!

Scientist #1 presses a button on the control panel. At that moment, the vents that are inside the pen open up and release a greenish gas into the contained atmosphere. The gas makes it way down and seeps right into the nostrils of the unsuspecting donkeys.

Back up in the control room, the two scientists observe a device, similar to a seismograph, that measures the asses' aggression levels; they start spiking.

SCIENTIST #1

Alright, our *Botana* virus seems to be working perfectly. There's

(MORE)

SCIENTIST #1 (CONT'D)  
definitely an increase in the  
donkeys' aggression levels.

As they take in more of the gas, the donkeys seem to get distressed and start BRAYING loudly.

CLOSE UP ON - A DONKEY'S EYES

as they turn bloodshot.

Suddenly, the aggression levels on the graph start spiking rapidly; the two scientists immediately take notice and get concerned.

SCIENTIST #2  
Wait what the hell? The aggression  
levels are increasing  
expeditiously.

The pen on the seismograph-esque device is now grinding against the paper because the levels have reached unfathomable proportions. The donkeys can be heard BRAYING vehemently from down below.

SCIENTIST #1  
(frightened)  
Holy fuck, they're off the charts!

SCIENTIST #2  
(yells)  
Well close the vents for Christ's  
sake!

Scientist #1 presses the button on the control panel, which fails to work, much to his dismay.

SCIENTIST #1  
It's not working!

He repeatedly slaps his palm down upon the button, but it continues to refuse functioning.

SCIENTIST #1  
(angrily)  
God damn it, the fucking vents  
aren't closing!

As soon as he says that, the pen on the seismograph-esque device SNAPS IN HALF. At this point, the donkeys have gone from braying to straight up SCREECHING. They begin displaying aggressive and viciously violent behavior; ramming into the walls of their confinement.

SCIENTIST #2

(panicked)

Shit, we gave em' too much of the virus! Now they're trying to escape!

SCIENTIST #1

Don't worry, the walls are reinforced with five layers of pure titanium, they'll never get out.

Not a moment after he says that, one of the donkeys slowly approaches the door and lightly taps it with his snout; it falls over.

SCIENTIST #1

No!

The donkeys start pouring out of the room like a storm surge. The two scientists in the control room panic and fear for their very lives.

SCIENTIST #2

(screams)

Oh my God! OH MY GOD! They got out!  
How the hell did they get out!

SCIENTIST #1

(shouts in anger)

Cause' the fucking idiots who built the containment pen made everything out of titanium except the door! I kept insisting that they do it but they just blew me off! Imbeciles!

They hear a STORM OF FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs from outside the control room.

SCIENTIST #2

(screams at the top of his lungs)

That's it, we're fucked! We're fucking fucked! We're just two sitting ducks waiting to be devoured by a storm of pissed off donkeys!

Suddenly, the door to the control room flies off its hinges and the donkeys flood in. They sink their teeth into the SCREAMING SCIENTISTS and rip them apart; A FOUNTAIN OF GORE ERUPTS AND SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE.

EXT. AREA 69 - CONTINUOUS

The donkeys form a giant stampede and make their way towards the exit. Military soldiers from all corners of the base arrive at the scene and try to obstruct them; FIRING GUNS and whatever artillery they have. However, they quickly get overpowered by the massive orgy of bloodthirsty jackasses charging at them. The helpless soldiers SCREAM IN AGONY as they are devoured like cockroaches in a fire ant colony.

One SOLDIER takes a painful bite to the crotch; he YELLS IN PAIN as he struggles to get his man parts loose from the jaws of the donkey. A SECOND SOLDIER aims his gun towards the donkey's head and pulls the trigger, but instead of shooting the donkey, he BLOWS OFF SOLDIER #1'S NUTS.

SOLDIER #1  
(screams in agony)  
AAAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!! You just shot  
my dick off you asshole!

SOLDIER #2  
(shouts)  
I'm sorry, I wasn't aiming for your  
dick!

SOLDIER #1  
(angrily)  
Well your aim is fucking awful!  
It's worse than Helen Keller  
playing *Call of Duty*!

Eventually, the donkeys reach the edge of the base and they knock over the fence.

AERIAL PANNING SHOT ON - THE DONKEYS

as they disappear into the desert; the volume of their BRAYING gets fainter as they get farther away from the frame.

**TITLE CARD. DONKEY PUNCH**

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: EL CHAPO, NEW MEXICO

After the opening titles, we cut to a typical suburban neighborhood sprawling with Halloween decorations. That's because the town of El Chapo is preparing for its annual Halloween parade, which can be deduced by the fuckload of

signs advertising it very quarter inch of a mile. People humbly walk the streets, too engulfed in their own lives to even comprehend the shit storm about to plague their town.

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Enter the Sawyers, our main protagonists that we're supposed to care about the entire film. We've got AMANDA SAWYER, somewhere in her late 30's, your ordinary "housewife", so to speak. Right now, she's at the sink doing dishes like every stay-at-home mom does for recreation. Then there's BRITTANY SAWYER, 16, the stereotypical teenage girl who's got her eyes glued to the screen of her smartphone and her earbuds locked in her ears just to make sure she's extra oblivious to her surroundings.

Finally, for now, we have JUSTIN SAWYER, 7, the innocent little first-grader whose hands and imagination work cooperatively to create a pretend conversation between his cowboy action figure and a plastic horse.

JUSTIN

(southern accent, as the cowboy)

Did you let Rodney and his crooked bandits outta jail?

(high pitched, as the horse)

No, I most certainly didn't.

(as the cowboy)

Lies! You're the only other person who knows the secret code to open the jail cell.

(as the horse)

I swear it wasn't me! Maybe they got out because your terrible at your job and you suck at keeping criminals from escaping.

(as the cowboy)

Oh shut up, Sarah Jessica Parker!

On the couch, Brittany continues texting on her phone; her fingers tapping on the screen faster than the speed of light. Amanda walks over and tries to get her attention.

AMANDA

Brittany. Hey Brittany!

She pulls one of her daughter's earbuds out.

AMANDA

Brittany!

BRITTANY  
(in a whiny tone)  
Whaaaaat?

AMANDA  
Brit, can you take out the trash,  
it's really starting to stink up  
the kitchen.

BRITTANY  
(groans)  
Oh my Gooooooooood, can this wait?  
I'm busy!

AMANDA  
Busy what? What are you doing  
that's so god damn important right  
now?

BRITTANY  
(in a bitchy tone)  
I'm posting on my Snapchat story!  
People need to know what I'm doing!

AMANDA  
Brit, all you're doing right now is  
lying on a couch, why the literal  
fuck does everyone need to know  
about you lying on the couch? What,  
is somebody gonna view your story  
and suddenly have an epiphany?  
Their entire perspective on life is  
suddenly gonna undergo a major  
shift all because they saw you  
sitting on a couch?

BRITTANY  
I don't know, maybe?

AMANDA  
Bullshit, the most impact that  
would have on someone is  
encouraging them to get off their  
fat asses so they don't end up like  
you, now can you please make  
yourself useful and take out the  
fucking garbage?

Brittany lets out a LONG, SULLEN GROAN that kind of sounds  
like a dying whale.



AMANDA

For God's sake, I'm not asking you to climb Mount Everest, I'm just asking you to do one simple task that'll take literally a minute at most. After that, you'll be totally free to resume shit-posting on social media.

Brittany angrily slams her phone down, gets off the couch, and walks out of the frame. As soon as she exits, a HANDYMAN enters and approaches Amanda.

HANDYMAN

Good news ma'am, your window's fine, I just finished caulking it.

AMANDA

Oh thank God, that's a relief. How'd it go?

HANDYMAN

Well, there was a hole by the shutters but don't worry, I stuck my caulk in there and fixed everything.

AMANDA

Huh, sounds like you got a pretty handy caulk.

HANDYMAN

I do. But sometimes, you have to lube it up before sticking it inside of someone else's hole.

As he says that, he holds up a container of caulk and strokes the top of it in a gesture that coincidentally resembles masturbation.

AMANDA

Wow, there must be a lot of work that goes into being a handyman.

HANDYMAN

Not at all, ma'am, I enjoy what I do. I just love jamming my caulk into other people's holes, especially if their holes are tight.

AMANDA

Who wouldn't enjoy it?

HANDYMAN

Although sometimes, there's holes that are too large for regular sized caulks. Which is why you would need a big black caulk to get the job done.

AMANDA

I'm sure everybody loves black caulk. What do I owe you?

HANDYMAN

Nothing, it already came out of your husband's credit card, just like everything else does.

AMANDA

Great! Maybe next time there's a hole, you can show up with some black caulk.

HANDYMAN

It would be my pleasure.

AMANDA

Alright, have a fantastic day.

HANDYMAN

You too, ma'am.

He exits. As soon as he's gone, the man of the house, SHERIFF DAN SAWYER, about 39, walks in through the door to the garage with a bag in his hand. He greets his wife and kisses her on the cheek. Justin sees him and is immediately imbued with excitement.

JUSTIN

(excitedly)

Daddy! Daddy! You're home!

SHERIFF SAWYER

Oh hey buddy, I got you something!

JUSTIN

Really, what'd you get?

SHERIFF SAWYER

I bought you a werewolf costume for the Halloween parade.

He reaches into the bag and holds up a werewolf outfit, much to the dismay of his son.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Pretty cool, huh?

JUSTIN  
(whines)  
Daddy, I said I wanted a  
Transformer costume.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Yeah, well you also said you wanted  
a costume that would scare all the  
other kids. How the fuck is a  
Transformer gonna scare anybody?  
Tell me how that's even remotely  
frightening.

JUSTIN  
(hesitates)  
Uuuuhh...

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Exactly. Your desires don't match  
and your rationale is flawed.

Brittany re-enters the living room.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Hey Brit, what's good?

She ignores him because her earbuds create a barrier to all outside noise.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
God damn, doesn't even acknowledge  
me anymore. It's like the little  
girl I once knew is gone forever.

AMANDA  
She is gone, Dan. Brittany's all  
grown up and the only things she  
cares about nowadays are vibrators  
and posting pictures on social  
media.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
See, hearing you say that is  
exactly what worries me. If that's  
how kids are growing up in this day  
and age, then our country is  
D-O-N-E fucked.

AMANDA

Relax, you shouldn't be worried about that. Her generation will be just fine. What you should be worrying about is whether those anal beads you bought for our anniversary are gonna fit inside of me or not.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Oh yeah, that's right. I might've gotten them too wide.

JUSTIN

Mommy, Daddy, what are anal beads?

The Sheriff and Amanda hesitate for a second.

AMANDA

(hesitates)

Uh...

SHERIFF SAWYER

They're...a type of candy.

Amanda gives him a look of 'are you kidding me!'

JUSTIN

(excitedly)

Really?

SHERIFF SAWYER

Yeah...that's what anal beads are. They're candy...you eat them.

Justin exits.

AMANDA

(angrily)

Are you shitting me, Dan?

SHERIFF SAWYER

Relax honey, he'll find out what they really are when he gets a girlfriend of his own.

BEGIN IMAGINARY SEQUENCE:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUSTIN, now a fully grown man, is about to get it on with his gorgeous GIRLFRIEND, who lays across the bed and holds up a pair of anal beads.

GIRLFRIEND  
(seductively)  
You ready to try out my anal beads?

JUSTIN  
Hell yeah! Can't wait to bite into em' and lick all the gooey stuff in the middle!

GIRLFRIEND  
(shocked and confused)  
*What!*

END IMAGINARY SEQUENCE:

The Sheriff and Amanda flash each other looks of awkwardness.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Yeah, we fucked up.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Slowly, we pan up from the ground and what comes into view is a run down trailer in the middle of butt fuck nowhere, the number one housing choice for white trash Americans. The interior of the trailer is even worse than the outside. Sprawling everywhere are empty cans, bottles, magazines, and half-eaten take out meals from last week. How could anyone live in such a shit hole?

ALBERT ADAMS, somewhere in his 70's, slouches on a puke green couch with a bottle of hand lotion surrounded by crumpled up tissues. Albert has a personality as shitty as the pair of underwear lying by his feet, though the medals hanging on the wall indicate that he was a veteran in the Vietnam War. At this moment, he's watching old talk shows about as aged as the screen he's watching them on.

Suddenly, the sound of someone RUMMAGING through garbage occurs. The attention of Albert is immediately captured.

ALBERT  
What the hell?

He turns off the TV and grabs a shotgun.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Albert proceeds cautiously towards the origin of the sound. He gets to the side of the trailer and is shocked to discover that someone, or something, went through his trash cans.

ALBERT

Oh, I knew this day would come.  
After four decades, the Viet Cong  
are finally back for their revenge.

He starts FIRING HIS SHOTGUN up towards the sky and shouts like a drunken hillbilly.

ALBERT

(yells)

You think I'm afraid of you, you  
bastards! I ain't scared of  
nothin'! Hit me with your best  
shot, I'm standin' right here!

At that moment, he hears RUSTLING from a nearby bush, followed by a WOMAN'S SCREAM. He approaches anxiously and pulls apart the branches, only to find a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN having intercourse; both of them are startled and the Young Woman SHRIEKS.

ALBERT

What the hell are you two little  
nimrods doing?

YOUNG MAN

What does it look like we're doing,  
we're fuckin'.

ALBERT

Doesn't she look a little young to  
be eighteen?

A moment of awkward silence.

YOUNG MAN

Oh shit, he knows! Get your panties  
on, we gotta go, now!

The young couple flees as fast as they can. Albert proceeds back towards the trailer but is spooked to see a donkey staring right at him.

ALBERT

(startled)

Whoa, shit!

As soon as he says that, two more donkeys emerge from the shadows and stand right next to the first one. He slowly turns around and finds a fourth donkey right behind him; all of the donkeys have their eyes poised on their prey. Albert finally comes back to his senses, COCKS HIS SHOTGUN, and pulls the trigger. But to his dismay, no rounds are fired.

ALBERT

Fuck me!

(continues pulling the trigger)

Shouldn't have spent all my rounds when I was rambling.

The donkeys don't spare a second, they instantly pounce all over him and sink their teeth into his body; as he's ripped apart by the foul beasts, Albert sees quick flashes of footage from Vietnam, suggesting that he's experiencing flashbacks to the war. Once the flashes are over, his SCREAMS begin to fade.

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - NIGHT

The whole Sawyer family cuddles together on the living room couch, watching a football game.

INT. STADIUM - (ON TV)

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now back to the MLF Championships.

Down on the football field, the two teams, the El Chapo Illegals and the Cleveland Steamers, line themselves up, facing each other head on. The game's COMMENTATOR begins commenting.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Alright, we're back again and let me just say, this has truly been one hell of a match between the El Chapo Illegals and the Cleveland Steamers; the score is currently twenty one to seven in favor of the Steamers. Right now, it's fourth down and the Illegals start with the ball.

The Ref hands the ball to the Hiker on the Illegals' side and the other players make themselves in a ready position.

QUARTERBACK

Set, hike!

The Hiker throws the ball to the Quarterback and he starts running.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Alright, Johnson has the ball and he's making a run for it. He makes a long pass for Daniels and-

The Quarterback throws the ball to one of his teammates but it gets intercepted by Mulligan of the Steamers. In the background, the spectators start CHEERING.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(excited)

Holy shit, Mulligan has intercepted the ball! And he's running for the end zone! Here come Parker and Williams about to tackle him.

Mulligan dodges the two opponents and keeps going for the end zone.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(shouts)

Oh my God, he just slid right through them! Right fucking through them! And now he's hauling ass, just ten more yards to the end zone!

Mulligan leaps into the end zone and scores a touchdown, causing the crowd to ERUPT INTO A ROAR OF EXCITEMENT.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(shouts)

He made it! He just scored an epic touchdown! The El Chapo Illegals are getting raped by the Cleveland Steamers! Down in the bleachers, the fans are going absolutely apeshit! Some of them have even started exposing their genitals in support for their team!



INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF SAWYER and AMANDA GROAN in disappointment after their team's loss.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
God damn it, are you shitting me!

BRITTANY  
Dad, relax, it's just a football game.

AMANDA  
We can't relax, we invested a lot of money into that team.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
A team of pussies if you ask me! I told you fantasy football wasn't worth it.

The Sheriff gets up from the couch and heads into the kitchen. Right as he's about to open the fridge, his phone VIBRATES in his pocket; he answers it.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
What's up?

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

DEPUTY DICKSON, 35, stands by the side of his police car.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
(panics)  
Sheriff, you gotta get down here!

INTERCUT BETWEEN SAWYER AND DICKSON

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Why, what's going on?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
We got a call from a jogger at about nine forty-five saying that she saw a dead body by an old, run down trailer.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
What did the body look like?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
Grisly, to say the least. I almost threw up when I saw it. You need to get down here, now!

SHERIFF SAWYER

I'm on my way.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff arrives at the trailer, which is now a crime scene, and gets out of his car. He crosses under yellow police tape, makes his way through the police personnel, and finally discovers the body of Albert; the corpse was completely dismembered and there's several chunks of flesh missing. Sawyer looks away in pure disgust as Deputy Dickson approaches him.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(disturbed)

What the fuck happened?

DEPUTY DICKSON

I have no idea. Obviously, this old dude was murdered.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Do you have an I.D. on him?

DEPUTY DICKSON

Yeah, his name is Albert Adams. Seventy six years old and served in the Vietnam War.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Jesus! What kind of sick person would kill a veteran?

Right as he says that, one of the FORENSICS chimes in.

FORENSIC

It wasn't a person that did this.

SHERIFF SAWYER

What makes you so sure?

The Forensic crouches down by the body and shines a flashlight by the stump of the left arm.

FORENSIC

If you take a look here, you can see that there's skin flapping over the rest of the stump. The arm was severed at an oddly uneven angle, as opposed to just straight down like it would be if were severed by a blade.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
What does that mean?

FORENSIC  
It means that his limbs weren't cut off, they were bitten.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Are you saying that this old geezer was killed by an animal?

FORENSIC  
Yes, but we're not gonna know what type of animal it was until we further examine the body back in the lab.

As soon as she says that, something is heard RUSTLING through the bushes. Almost everybody, including Sawyer and Dickson, draws their guns.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
You think that's the creature who did this?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
I don't know, but we'll find out.

The sound of TWIGS SNAPPING continues. The Deputy takes a step towards the bush but is swiftly stopped by the Sheriff.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Deputy, are you fucking insane? What if that thing in the bushes leaps out at you?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
Relax Sheriff, that's why God gave us guns.

The Deputy slowly and anxiously makes his way towards the bush; the sound of another TWIG SNAPPING makes him jump. He looks back at the Sheriff.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
(whispers nervously)  
Sheriff!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
It's fine, we'll cover you.

Dickson finally reaches the bush and comes to a halt. He takes a deep breath, COCKS HIS GUN, and then extends out his

left arm, which is shaking severely. Grasping on one of the branches, he yanks it back and discovers the same YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN from before having intercourse, again. All three of them SHRIEK in shock.

YOUNG MAN  
Jesus, what the hell, man!

DEPUTY DICKSON  
I'm sorry!

YOUNG WOMAN  
(yells angrily)  
God damn it, why can't we have any  
privacy tonight?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
Wait a minute, is she eighteen?

YOUNG MAN  
(angrily)  
Oh for fuck's sake!

Several police officers rush over to the bush and apprehend the young couple.

EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - DAWN

The windows of the house glaze with the reflection of the rising sun.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sunlight seeps in through the window and the whole room is engulfed in the glittering glow of the morning. While Amanda is still solidly asleep, Sheriff Sawyer is slightly awoken by the sound of GLASS BREAKING. However, he dismisses the noise and goes back to sleep. Suddenly, another loud CRASH follows and Sawyer immediately jumps out of bed, grabbing a shotgun from the closet.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff, wearing a white T-shirt and pajama pants, cautiously proceeds down the hallway towards the kitchen. When he hears more DISHES BREAKING, he COCKS his shotgun and continues.

When he finally gets to the kitchen, he's absolutely stunned to see that almost everything has been ransacked and that there's a donkey eating food out of the fridge. Sawyer and the donkey engage in awkward eye contact for a few quiet seconds until the donkey opens its mouth and lets out a

bloodcurdling SCREECH. The Sheriff immediately FIRES THE SHOTGUN and BLOWS ITS HEAD OFF; blood and bits of brain matter are sprayed everywhere. Sawyer stares directly at the bloody mess as Amanda approaches him from behind.

AMANDA

Dan!

He gets startled and accidentally FIRES THE GUN right at the ceiling; his wife lets out a frightened GASP.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Fuck, you scared the shit out of me!

AMANDA

What the hell's going on, Dan?

SHERIFF SAWYER

Have a look for yourself.

Amanda takes a peek at the bloody remains of the donkey and immediately RETCHES in pure disgust.

AMANDA

(queasy)

What the fuck is that?

SHERIFF SAWYER

It's a donkey, I found him eating food out of our fridge.

AMANDA

How the hell did a donkey get into our house?

As soon as she says that, more donkeys BURST THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW of the living room, sending a force of glass shards soaring through the air; the donkeys all let out hair-raising SCREECHES as Amanda SCREAMS IN TERROR.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(frightened)

Quick, honey, grab something to defend yourself with!

Amanda crouches down behind the kitchen island as Sawyer COCKS HIS SHOTGUN and OPENS FIRE upon the donkeys. He manages to take out two of them but more keep coming. Amanda reaches into one of the drawers and grabs a meat cleaver, right as her husband runs out of ammo.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (angrily)  
 Fuck me, I'm out!

One of the donkeys lunges at the Sheriff, who reflexively hits it with the butt of his shotgun. The donkey flies into a set of cabinets and destroys them. Sawyer then pulls out a pistol and puts a bullet right between the donkey's eyes. He then continues SHOOTING at the rest of the donkeys as he retreats to the back of the kitchen island. Another donkey throws itself right onto the top of the island, startling both the Sheriff and his wife. It SCREECHES and ferociously SNAPS ITS JAWS. Out of fear, Sawyer UNLOADS THE LAST OF HIS BULLETS RIGHT INTO THE MULE'S HEAD. Amanda then grips her meat cleaver and DECAPITATES THE DEAD DONKEY; A FOUNTAIN OF GORE ERUPTS FROM THE STUMP.

Eventually, the two remaining donkeys reach the Sheriff and Amanda and they resort to throwing whatever they can get their hands on at them. Unfortunately, this does little to help because one of the donkeys lunges at Sawyer and pins him down on the ground. The other SINKS ITS TEETH right into Amanda's hand. She SCREAMS in pure pain and terror as she takes her other arm and attempts to reach for the meat cleaver.

The Sheriff places both of his hands on the donkey's snout and tries as hard as he can to resist the ferocity of the donkey's jaws. Just as he's about to lose, someone smacks the donkey in the back of the head with a baseball bat. Sawyer shoves the donkey off of him and looks up to see Brittany holding the bat.

She then proceeds to BASH THE DONKEY'S BRAINS IN while the Sheriff hands his wife the meat cleaver. Amanda takes it and cuts into the other donkey's snout until it's forced to let go of her hand. She grips the meat cleaver and then violently HACKS its face apart while letting out a CRY OF RAGE. When she finally tires out, she sinks to the floor with blood oozing from her right hand.

BRITTANY  
 Are you guys okay?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (pants)  
 We're fine. That should be the last of them.

BRITTANY  
 (shocked)  
 Holy shit, Mom, your hand!

AMANDA  
 (weakly)  
 Don't worry about me, I'll be  
 alright. Where's Justin?

BRITTANY  
 He's at school.

AMANDA  
 (worried)  
 Oh my God, my baby! We gotta go  
 make sure he's okay!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Sweetheart, we should get you to a  
 hospital cause' your hand-

AMANDA  
 (shouts)  
 Fuck my hand, we have to rescue our  
 son! For God's sake Dan, he's only  
 seven!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Well what are we gonna do about  
 your hand, it's practically  
 mutilated!

AMANDA  
 Just wrap that shit in bandages, we  
 gotta go, right now!

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

MISS RODRIGUEZ, 31, lectures her class of young first  
 graders.

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
 And that, class, is why all the  
 religions are false.

One of the kids, CHARLIE, asks a question.

CHARLIE  
 So you're saying that God doesn't  
 exist?

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
 Nope, none of them do. God, Satan,  
 Shiva, Pan-they're make believe.

Not a moment after saying that, a spitball gets launched  
 into the side of his head.

KID IN BACKGROUND  
Ha, douchebag!

Another kid, DUSTIN, raises his hand

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
Yes Dustin?

DUSTIN  
Does Santa Claus exist?

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
No, that's also a lie made up by  
your parents as a way to get you to  
behave.

The class GROANS in despair.

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
Hey, you were all gonna find out  
eventually. Now in the meanwhile,  
we're gonna watch another video  
about why there's only two genders.

She sits down at her computer and pulls a video up on her Smart-board. She clicks the play button but instead of educational, school appropriate material, a porno gets shown. However, we only hear the MOANING that comes with the video.

WIDE-SHOT ON - THE ENTIRE CLASS

as they form shocked and confused reactions to what they're watching.

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
Aw fuck, I accidentally clicked  
RedTube instead of YouTube.

JUSTIN, who sits by near the corner, looks out the window and sees a small group of donkeys running towards the school.

JUSTIN  
(to the other kids)  
Guys look! Donkeys!

At that moment, everybody looks towards the window and MURMUR AMONGST THEMSELVES when they see the donkeys. Miss Rodriguez forms a look of horror on her face and slowly rises from her seat, removing her glasses.



MISS RODRIGUEZ  
Oh...my...God!

The donkeys suddenly LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW, causing everybody in the room to SCREAM at the top of their lungs; glass shards fly everywhere. Several of the donkeys slip and slide on the floor, knocking over a bunch of desks. They move right past the children and walk menacingly towards the teacher; GROWLING at her.

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
(panics)  
Whoa, whoa! Why are you all heading towards me? There's small children all around you, eat them instead!

The donkeys suddenly bear their sharp teeth and lunge at Miss Rodriguez; they all pounce on her and SINK THEIR JAWS into her body as she SCREAMS IN AGONY.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

An SUV at top speed flies into the parking lot and comes to a SCREECHING STOP by the entrance sidewalk, knocking down a streetlight. Emerging from the car are the Sawyers, who are determined to rescue their youngest offspring, Justin. Brittany notices that one of the classroom windows has been decimated.

BRITTANY  
(shouts)  
Look, that window's been smashed!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Aw fuck, the donkeys must already be inside the school!

AMANDA  
(cries)  
Oh, my baby!

The Sheriff pulls out his walkie.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(into radio)  
Dispatch, we have a situation down at El Chapo Elementary, there's broken windows, possible sign of forced entry, requesting backup, I repeat, requesting backup immediately.

He puts his walkie away and they all rush towards the school.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The donkeys have now completely dismembered poor, sweet Miss Rodriguez. The classroom is covered in her blood as the donkeys now descend upon the terrified school children. Just as one of them is about to take a bite out of a SCREAMING LITTLE GIRL, the sound of a shotgun COCKING captures its attention. It looks over and sees SHERIFF SAWYER and his family standing in the where the window was.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(boldly)

Get away from her you bitch!

AMANDA

Really, you couldn't think of anything more original? That line is so overused.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Blow me.

He pulls the trigger and BLOWS THE DONKEY'S HEAD OFF; BLOOD AND GORE SPLATTER all over the terrified Little Girl and the kids standing next to her. Not a moment after, the rest of the donkeys now lunge for the Sawyers. The Sheriff simply BLASTS THEM with his shotgun. One of them gets dangerously close but Brittany takes her baseball bat and CAVES ITS HEAD IN. After all the donkeys are dead, Justin runs up and hugs his family.

JUSTIN

(excitedly)

Mom! Dad!

AMANDA

(in tears)

Oh honey, I'm so glad you're okay!

The Little Girl suddenly approaches the Sawyers.

LITTLE GIRL

(innocently)

Are you gonna rescue the rest of us too, Sir?

SHERIFF SAWYER

(softly)

Oh sorry sweetheart, but we're only here for our kid.

(to Amanda)

Head for the car, don't make eye contact.

The family runs off frame and the sound of them DRIVING AWAY is heard in the background as all the children watch in sadness and confusion.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Sawyers sit quietly and stare vacantly out their respective windows, watching all the cars and buildings as they come and go. Amanda then abruptly breaks the silence.

AMANDA

I can't believe we just left those children at the school, Dan.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Well what'd you want me to do, give them a ride too? Look around you Amanda, we're in an SUV, not a school bus. I highly doubt that there would've been room for em'.

AMANDA

Yeah no shit, Sherlock. What I meant is that we could've helped them. Those poor innocent children are stuck in that classroom alone with a dead corpse, you think they're not gonna be scarred for life by that?

SHERIFF SAWYER

They're not alone sweetheart; I think by now, the backup I called in earlier would've arrived. Let them fucking deal with all the traumatized little kids.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER POOL - AFTERNOON

The pool inside the community center is packed; just about every inch of water is occupied by people. Children of all ages are frolicking in the water while the majority of the grown ups are hanging out in the hot tub, on the benches, or even by the edge of the pool. All other sounds inside this place are drowned out by the roar of WIDESPREAD CHATTER.

Most of the people here are tourists visiting the town for the annual Halloween Parade. Amidst the giant cluster fuck of locals and potential parade-goers is ELI, a handsome young man somewhere around 18 or 19, is swimming by the deep end with his GIRLFRIEND when all the sudden, he gets out.

ELI'S GIRLFRIEND

Eli, where you going?

ELI

I'm just going outside to have a  
smoke, I'll be right back.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Eli closes the exit door behind him, pulls out a lighter, and lights up a cigarette. While looking up at the sky, he hears the sound of GROWLING. He looks back down and is absolutely horrified to see a large mass of donkeys standing in front of him; he drops his lighter and cigarette.

ELI

(slowly)

Holy fuckamoly!

He immediately runs back inside.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER POOL - CONTINUOUS

Everybody in the pool goes silent when they see Eli sprinting as hard as he can away from the door.

ELI

(screams at the top of his  
lungs)

DOOONNKKEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYSS!!!

As soon as he says that, all of the donkeys SMASH THROUGH THE WALL. Everybody inside starts SCREAMING at the top of their lungs and they all rush for the nearest exit. Those at the tail end of the crowd or still stuck in the water are the ones who are first to meet their grisly demise at the jaws of the vicious creatures.

By now, every inch of water in the pool is red with blood along with a few severed limbs floating around. A team of SECURITY GUARDS arrives, making its way through the onslaught of petrified patrons. They all draw their guns and start SHOOTING at the donkeys.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(yells as he's shooting)

RAAAAAAGGGHHHH!!! Die you fucking  
fuckers!

The Security Guards are no match, they only manage to kill three donkeys before the rest overwhelm them and devour the Guards.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

And we're back to the Sawyers in the car.

JUSTIN

Can we go get waffles, daddy?

SHERIFF SAWYER

Justin, five minutes ago, you were about to become the meal of a bloodthirsty donkey. How the hell is waffles the first thing that crosses your mind after nearly dying?

JUSTIN

Cause' they're delicious, and dying sure makes me hungry.

AMANDA

Kid's got a point Dan, I think we could all use some waffles after what we just went through.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Fine, if it's what everybody wants, we'll go get waffles.

JUSTIN

(excitedly)

Yay!

At that moment, the Sheriff's phone rings; he pulls it out of his pocket, sees that it's DEPUTY DICKSON, and answers it.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(into phone)

What is it Deputy?

DEPUTY DICKSON (V.O.)

(panics)

*Holy fucking shit, Sheriff, we've got a major situation down at the community center!*

SHERIFF SAWYER

(into phone)

Jesus Deputy, you sound like you just saw a ghost, what's going on?

DEPUTY DICKSON (V.O.)  
*There's bodies everywhere, and all  
 the people who are here are saying  
 that the place is being overrun by  
 a horde of-*

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Donkeys!

DEPUTY DICKSON (V.O.)  
 (surprised)  
*Yes, how'd you know?*

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 I was attacked in my house this  
 morning by a bunch of donkeys and I  
 just rescued my son from the  
 school, they killed his teacher!

DEPUTY DICKSON (V.O.)  
*God damn!*

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Listen to me, Deputy, I'll be there  
 in a few minutes but in the  
 meantime, call dispatch and tell  
 them to send every police officer  
 in the station to the scene! We  
 need to get this shit under  
 control!

DEPUTY DICKSON (V.O.)  
*You got it, sir!*

He hangs up.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (to his family)  
 Change of plans, we're going to the  
 community center!

JUSTIN  
 (whines)  
 But dad, you said we would get  
 waffles!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 How many times do I have to tell  
 you, daddy's work is more important  
 than you and your sister.

The Sheriff pulls out a strobe light and places it on his  
 dashboard.

LONG-SHOT ON - THE SUV

as it makes a SCREECHING U-turn in the middle of the road and heads the opposite direction.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The SUV speeds into the parking lot and comes to a halt by two other police cars. Sheriff Sawyer pulls out his shotgun, COCKS IT, and opens his door.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Alright guys, stay in the car, I'll be back in a bit.

BRITTANY

Why do we have to stay in the car?

SHERIFF SAWYER

So the donkeys don't get you!

BRITTANY

Hello, if we stayed in here and the donkeys got to us, we'd have nowhere to go.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(firmly)

They're not gonna get you cause' they're inside the building!

BRITTANY

But they could come out at any moment-

AMANDA

(shouts)

Will you two shut the fuck up and make up your god damn minds?

SHERIFF SAWYER

Let's go, I don't have time to argue, people are dying in there!

Brittany grabs her baseball bat and they all get out of the car and run towards the building. The Sheriff is greeted by Deputy Dickson.

DEPUTY DICKSON

Sheriff, thank God you're here!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
How's the situation inside?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
Oh it's a total fucking shit show,  
go in there and see for yourself!

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The main room of the El Chapo Community Center is nothing but chaos. Everybody is SCREAMING and running for their lives as the donkeys charge in all directions, knocking over chairs and tables. Nearly half the ground is covered with pools of blood as more and more people get ripped apart by the merciless mules.

The Sawyers arrive and are overwhelmed by the scene, but nevertheless, the Sheriff attempts to play hero and FIRES HIS SHOTGUN to get the donkeys' attention.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(shouts)  
Hey! You wide-eyed motherfuckers  
want a piece of me, well come and  
get it!

As soon he says that, all of the donkeys in the room charge at him as the Sheriff and his family run for their lives.

BRITTANY  
(screams)  
Why the hell did you do that, now  
they're all chasing us!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(shouts)  
Don't worry, I have a plan!

AMANDA  
Why are you the only one with a  
gun?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(to Amanda)  
You want a gun, well here, take it!

He throws a pistol back at her but she fails to catch it.

AMANDA  
Shit!



SHERIFF SAWYER  
Nice job, Helen Keller!

AMANDA  
(yells angrily)  
SUCK! MY! VAGINA!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Glad to!

As they sprint through the food court tables, the donkeys start getting dangerously close.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(shouts)  
Head for the kitchen!

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Just as the donkeys are about to get a bite out of the Sawyers, the family reaches the cafeteria and they leap over the serving counter into the kitchen.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Quick, get behind something!

The Sheriff ducks behind the stove while Amanda and the kids crouch down near the commercial dishwasher. Sawyer draws another pistol.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(to Amanda)  
Here's another gun. If you don't catch this, I swear to God, I'm divorcing you.

He throws her the gun and she catches it, right as some of the donkeys enter the kitchen. She checks the magazine and COCKS IT.

AMANDA  
(to Brittany and Justin)  
Get ready kids, we're in for a hell of a fight.

Brittany grips her baseball bat as Sawyer and Amanda OPEN FIRE on the donkeys. With their combined shooting, they manage to hold off the donkeys coming in from over the serving counter. However, Justin notices another donkey entering from behind, much to his horror.

JUSTIN  
 (screams)  
 Mom, Dad, behind you!

The Sheriff turns around and BLASTS ITS HEAD OFF. However, since he wasn't paying attention, one of the donkeys from the front leaps up and belly flops onto the stove; it wraps its jaws around the edge of his shotgun. Sawyer pulls the trigger but to his dismay, nothing is fired.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 God damn it, I'm out!

While he reloads, Justin crawls over by the stove and places his hands on two of the knobs.

AMANDA  
 (snaps)  
 Justin, what the hell are you doing!

JUSTIN  
 (to the donkey)  
 Burn in hell, jackass!

He turns the knobs as far as they go and flames SHOOT UP from the stove, incinerating the donkey. It thrashes violently and SCREECHES at the top of its lungs. Sawyer then pulls the trigger and BLOWS ITS HEAD OFF, a volcano of gore flies up into the air and rains down on the Sawyers.

Eventually, donkeys start pouring in from both in front of and behind the family. The Sheriff takes care of the donkeys in the front while Amanda gets the ones from the back.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Amanda, I can't deal with all these donkeys up here, I need you to cover me!

AMANDA  
 What about the ones behind us, who's gonna deal with them?

BRITTANY  
 (firmly)  
 I got this!

Brittany grips the handle of her baseball bat and suddenly flies into a fit of rage, ferociously hitting all the donkeys coming at her. As they pile up at her feet, still barely alive, she heaves the bat down and BASHES ALL OF THEIR BRAINS IN SIMULTANEOUSLY. One donkey leaps at her; she

positions herself in a batting stance and when it gets close enough to her, she hits it hard enough to where it lands on the strip feeding into the commercial dishwasher.

Brittany then runs over and flicks the switch up, turning the machine on. The strip starts moving and the donkey gets fed into the dishwasher; it starts shaking rapidly and the sounds of the donkey SCREECHING IN PAIN are heard. Eventually, it comes out the other side, now a bloody and mutilated corpse.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(frustrated)

Oh my God, how many of these fucking donkeys are there?

AMANDA

I have a question, why aren't any of your guys helping us!

SHERIFF SAWYER

Good question, I'll call em' up right now!

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

While the struggle between the Sawyers and the donkeys is unfolding in the kitchen, the Deputy and the other POLICE OFFICERS are casually standing outside, chilling and smoking cigarettes. The Deputy's phone rings and he answers it.

DEPUTY DICKSON

(into phone)

What's up?

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF SAWYER

(yells)

Deputy, where the fuck are you! Why aren't you in here helping us out with the donkeys!

INTERCUT BETWEEN SAWYER AND DICKSON

DEPUTY DICKSON

(hesitates)

Uh yeah...we're totally helping. We're sure killing a lot of donkeys out here, right guys, aren't we killing a lot of donkeys?

POLICE OFFICER #3  
You betcha'.

POLICE OFFICER #4  
A lot of donkeys.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(firmly)  
You're so full of shit, all of you  
need to get your asses in here  
right this instant and help me and  
my family deal with these god damn  
donkeys!

He hangs up.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
(whines)  
Aaaawwww, I don't wanna go in  
there. If we go in there, we're all  
gonna die.

POLICE OFFICER #4  
My wife and I just adopted a bunch  
of kids whose fathers disappeared  
on them, the last thing they need  
is for history to repeat itself.

They all draw their guns and head into the building.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

By now, the Sawyers are on their last stand. Both the Sheriff and Amanda's guns are near empty and Brittany has gotten tired of swinging her bat. Eventually, the Sheriff does run out of bullets and so does his wife.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(angrily)  
Fuck, I'm out!

AMANDA  
Me too!

BRITTANY  
(panics)  
This is it, we're dead! We're not  
making it out of here!

AMANDA  
I'm afraid so.

JUSTIN  
(cries)  
Nooooooooooooooooo!!!!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Well, if this is how it all ends, I think now's the best time for me and your mom to come clean about certain things.

AMANDA  
Brittany, we almost aborted you.

BRITTANY  
(shocked)  
*What!*

AMANDA  
It's true, we tried everything; condoms, birth control, coat hangers, I even had your dad throw me down the stairs.

BRITTANY  
(tears up)  
Oh my...God.

AMANDA  
One night, we drove all the way to the abortion clinic but by the time we got there, it was closed.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
At that point, your mother was already eight and a half months into the pregnancy so we just said 'fuck it' and decided to keep the baby.

AMANDA  
Yeah,  
(laughs)  
-you can thank your lucky stars for our laziness.

At this point, Brittany is full on sobbing.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
And Justin, I'm sorry to say, but Santa Claus doesn't really exist.

JUSTIN

It's okay, my teacher already told me.

As the donkeys get closer, the Sawyers all huddle together, arms around each others' shoulders, bracing for their impending deaths.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(cries)

Oh fuck.

AMANDA

I love you Dan, I love you with all my heart.

SHERIFF SAWYER

I love you too, Mandy. And I love you kids, more than anything in the world.

JUSTIN

You too, Dad.

Right as the donkeys are about devour them, the sound of GUNSHOTS erupts in the background. The donkeys stop, turn around, and then get SHREDDED BY BULLETS. The Sawyers look up to see Deputy Dickson and the other Police Officers standing before them, much to their relief.

AMANDA

(relieved)

Oh thank God, we're saved!

SHERIFF SAWYER

How come it took you so quickly to get to us? Wasn't there an onslaught of donkeys out there that you had to fight through?

DEPUTY DICKSON

Actually, by the time we got here, there were only like five left.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Oh...really?

DEPUTY DICKSON

Yeah, you didn't need us. You guys could've just finished them off with a meat cleaver and a couple frying pans.

The Sheriff kneels down and hugs his family.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Guys, we made it. We got through  
this together, as a family.

They are engulfed in each other's affection until Deputy Dickson interrupts.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
(clears his throat)  
Are you done?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Yeah.

Sawyer gets back up and a brief moment of awkward silence comes and goes.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
So...what now?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
All of you get back in your cars,  
we're going to the town hall and  
having a word with the mayor.

INT. TOWN HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

MAYOR CAMPBELL, a grumpy middle aged asshole who cares only about himself, is sitting behind a wooden desk in the center of his giant, decorated office; on the phone with an unknown person.

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
(shocked)  
The place was attacked by *what*?  
(pause)  
Donkeys? That's impossible, there's  
no such thing as man-eating  
donkeys!  
(pause)  
They just smashed through the wall?  
Well how much is it gonna cost to  
replace it?  
(pause)  
I don't give a shit about  
casualties, what I wanna know is  
how much money is gonna end up  
coming out of my pocket to pay for  
all the damage expenses!  
(pause)  
You have no idea? Well, you know  
what Chris, you're fucking useless!

He hangs up and slams the phone down in anger. As soon as he does that, SHERIFF SAWYER, along with his family and DEPUTY DICKSON, enter the office. Campbell gets up from his seat.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Oh thank God you're here, Sheriff,  
I was just about to lose my shit.

SHERIFF SAWYER

I don't mean to alarm you but  
something catastrophic just  
unfolded down at the community  
center and-

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Yeah, I know, I just got off the  
phone with someone who informed me  
of the whole thing. Apparently, a  
bunch donkeys broke into the place  
and ate a lot of people, which I  
think is complete horseshit.

DEPUTY DICKSON

No, actually it's not. That's a  
hundred percent the truth. We were  
just there, we saw it all unfold  
with our own eyes. There was an  
enormous amount of donkeys and let  
me just tell you, they are the most  
vicious creatures that you'll ever  
encounter. They almost killed us,  
too.

SHERIFF SAWYER

So what's your plan of action, Mr.  
Mayor? Once the people of this town  
know what's happening, they're all  
gonna look to you to for a  
solution.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Do I look like I have a fucking  
solution? I just found out about  
all this, if anything, I'm feeling  
extremely overwhelmed right now.

SHERIFF SAWYER

You know what I think is a good  
solution? Cancelling the annual  
Halloween parade.



MAYOR CAMPBELL

Are you out of your god damn mind?

SHERIFF SAWYER

(firmly)

No, I'm dead ass serious! If you have all the townsfolk out and about on the night of the parade with these ferocious creatures on the loose, then I guarantee you everybody will die!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

I can't just cancel the parade!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(snaps)

Why not!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(harshly)

Cause' this town thrives on the Halloween parade! Don't you get it, around this time of year, there's so much money to be made!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(boasts sarcastically)

Oh, so this is about money!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Yes! Coffee mugs, T-shirts, all that other merchandise, *plus* the tourists staying at our hotels, that's how our town's economy survives! And if all the sudden, I were to just cancel the festivities, then I'd risk everything going down the shitter!

SHERIFF SAWYER

Well don't you think the safety of our citizens is more important than your stupid economy?

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(raspy)

Well if you're so god damn concerned with everybody's well being, then why don't you do your fucking job and get rid of every last donkey before the night of the parade!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(angrily)

Are you *shitting me!* How the hell do you expect me to find all the donkeys in less than three days?

MAYOR CAMPBELL

I have no idea, but for all I know, if you don't do it, then not only will everybody's blood be on my hands, it'll be on yours too.

The Sheriff doesn't say a word, he just stares directly at the Mayor in pure disgust. He then turns around and exits the office along his family and the Deputy. After they're gone, Campbell sits back down at his desk and sighs in distress.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Thank God my term is almost up. Let the next mayor deal with all this bullshit!

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

Two young news anchors in their early thirties, SHARON HEAD and MIKE OXARD, begin the news report.

SHARON HEAD

Good afternoon, I'm Sharon Head.

MIKE OXARD

And I'm Mike Oxard and the top story of the moment is the town of El Chapo, New Mexico, which is currently being plagued by a swarm of ferocious, bloodthirsty donkeys. Nobody has any idea how and where these malicious mules originated from and why they've developed a craving for human flesh. Some speculate that this was a deliberate act of population control by the government. Others say that the incident is a result of climate change. We now go live to Phil Mianus at the El Chapo Community Center, Phil.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Reporter PHIL MIANUS, 24, stands in front of the community center; he raises the microphone to his face and starts talking to the camera.

PHIL MIANUS

Good afternoon Mike, I'm reporting live from the community center where earlier today, a large swarm of killer donkeys attacked the people inside. About forty nine people died and dozens more were injured and are currently being treated in the hospital. Ma'am, what are your thoughts on all the ensuing chaos?

The camera pans over to a PINK-HAIRED FEMINIST with glasses and a white button up shirt who speaks into Phil's microphone.

PINK-HAIRED FEMINIST

(firmly)

The reason why all this is happening is because women and our vaginas have been oppressed by the patriarchy for far too long!

PHIL MIANUS

Ma'am, I don't think the issue of feminism has anything to do with the savage donkeys that are-

PINK-HAIRED FEMINIST

(yells)

Shut the fuck up you misogynistic pig!

PHIL MIANUS

(frightened)

Aaahh! Back to you Mike!

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIKE OXARD

Thanks Phil, hopefully you survive those fists of female fury.

SHARON HEAD

The issue of the killer donkeys has already garnered so much controversy that it's even starting

(MORE)

SHARON HEAD (CONT'D)  
to influence local politics. Just  
take a look at this footage from  
last night's mayoral debate.

INT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The main room of the town hall is packed with locals observing the debate between the two candidates for El Chapo's next mayor, which is a parody of the 2016 Presidential Debates. On the right podium, we have CANDIDATE #1, who resembles real life Donald Trump in almost every way, and to his left, CANDIDATE #2, who's got that Hillary Clinton look about her, except much younger. The TOWNSFOLK in the peanut gallery begin questioning the Candidates.

TOWNS PERSON #1  
I have a question for both  
candidates. What are your plans to  
keep our town safe from the  
flesh-eating donkeys that are  
invading our town?

CANDIDATE #1  
(sniffs)  
What people don't realize is that  
these creatures aren't donkeys.  
They're actually illegal  
immigrants trying to take our jobs-  
(sniffs)  
-which is why we need to build a  
wall and deport all the Mexicans.  
(sniffs)  
Everything bad that's ever existed  
originated in Mexico; corruption,  
drug cartels, rapists, Ebola, 9/11,  
the war in Iraq, federal income  
taxes-  
(sniffs)  
-and my sudden allergies.

CANDIDATE #2  
I think we all need to remain calm  
and rational-

CANDIDATE #1  
Wrong!

CANDIDATE #2 (CONT'D)  
-because we can overcome this  
together-

CANDIDATE #1

Shut up!

CANDIDATE #2 (CONT'D)

-if we just put our differences  
aside and-

CANDIDATE #1

Nobody likes you, you corrupt  
whore!

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIKE OXARD

Coming up next, can taking hormones  
cause testicles to grow from your  
chin? Find out after the break.

INT. AREA 69 - DUSK

The TV that we just saw the previous news report on gets  
shut off. We now find ourselves in a small office, barely  
lit by the setting sun gleaming through the cracks of the  
window shades. Along the walls of this room are numerous  
classified documents posted on a bulletin board as well as  
assault rifles hanging off a gun-rack.

Sitting at a large table that takes up most of the office is  
a group of SCIENTISTS and SOLDIERS. The two men standing up  
in front of them are DR. ANDERSON, 57, the head scientist  
and the one in charge of everything that goes on at Area 69,  
and SERGEANT WINSTON, African-American, 41, who stands by  
the corner, stiff as a board; his face somewhat cloaked by  
the shadows.

DR. ANDERSON

So that's where all the donkeys  
are, in El Chapo. Know what that  
means? It means we were too late in  
re-capturing them. Now, they're out  
and about, wreaking havoc on  
thousands of innocents. Who knows  
how many they've killed. People are  
dying as we speak. We need  
solutions! We created this  
shit-storm and now, it's up to us  
to put a stop to it!

SCIENTIST #3

I say we make like Kim Jong Un and  
just drop a nuclear bomb; let's  
like Hiroshima the shit outta that  
town, that way, it wipes out all

(MORE)

SCIENTIST #3 (CONT'D)  
the donkeys in a split second. We'd  
being killing around forty birds  
with one stone.

DR. ANDERSON  
And what about all the people  
living there? We're not gonna drop  
a bomb on a town that's densely  
populated, you fucking dumbshit!

SCIENTIST #3  
Aw come on, when are we ever gonna  
get to use those missiles we built.  
We have them just sitting around  
underground. I mean, what are we  
gonna do, drop another one on  
Syria?

SERGEANT WINSTON (O.S.)  
(firmly)  
I'll tell you what we need to do.

He emerges from the shadows.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
(harshly)  
We need to gather all of our most  
advanced weapons from every corner  
of the base, head over to that  
little town, and then obliterate  
every last one of those  
motherfucking jackasses! Cause'  
until somebody shows up and puts an  
end to their reign of terror, the  
donkeys will go on killing person  
after person; men, women, and  
children!

SCIENTIST #3  
Can we still use the bomb?

SERGEANT WINSTON  
Why the fuck is he still here?

DR. ANDERSON  
Yeah, I thought I fired you  
yesterday, Dave.

SCIENTIST #3  
I can't lose my job or else my wife  
will leave me.

EXT. AREA 69 - CONTINUOUS

By now, the last glistening rays of the sun are disappearing and being replaced by a blanket of darkness. Positioned in the hills above Area 69 are a band of guerrilla fighters dressed in outfits of green and red and armed with assault rifles. They belong to an extremist nature activist group known as the 'Spring Sluggers' and are planning on attacking the base in an attempt to steal the *Botana* virus.

Right at the entrance to the base, two Army Watchmen stand guard, stiff as boards; not knowing that they are being observed through the scope of a sniper rifle. Then, in a split second, both of them are SHOT IN THE HEAD. As soon as their bodies hit the ground, the Activists move quickly and stealthily from the hills down to the entrance.

At that moment, they pull out grappling hook launchers and shoot grappling hooks over the top of the barbed wire fence that encloses the entire base; they climb over the fence with ease and then proceed to scurry throughout the test area.

Meanwhile, behind one of the armored cars, SOLDIER #3 sticks his head over the hood to check to see if anyone's coming. He then retracts and pulls out a bottle of hand lotion. He applies the lotion to his right palm and then reaches down past the bottom of the frame; we hear the sound him BEATING HIS MEAT.

SOLDIER #3  
 (to himself as he's spanking  
 it)  
 Alright, let's make some whipped  
 cream.

Soldier #3 continues doing this until the Activists show up and startle him; he drops his bottle of lotion and lets out a surprised gasp.

SOLDIER #3  
 (surprised)  
 Aah! Do you mind?

Both sides engage in awkward eye contact until Soldier #3 regains his senses and realizes that the Activists are trespassing.

SOLDIER #3  
 Hey wait a minute, you guys aren't  
 homosexuals dressed in camouflage!  
 (shouts)  
 INTRUDERS!

As soon as he says that, one of the Activists SHOTS HIM IN THE HEAD. Not a moment after, a SCREECHING ALARM blazes and all the headlights shine brightly upon the Activists.

ACTIVIST #1

(angrily)

Aw, fuck me right up the asshole!

Suddenly, a swarm of the Area 69 militia emerges from every direction and starts SHOOTING at the Activists. They duck behind the army car and COUNTER FIRE at the soldiers. As the gun battle rages and bullets fly, the Activists prove to be the superior side as all the soldiers firing at them start falling to the ground, dead.

Eventually, one of the Activists takes a rocket launcher and fires a rocket right at a military convoy vehicle, resulting in a huge explosion that simultaneously ends the lives of many soldiers. They now have an opportunity to move and they take it. Pushing forward towards one of the research buildings, they SHOOT all the military personnel that try to obstruct them.

INT. BASE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Back in the office, Sergeant Winston receives a radio transmission, via his walkie-talkie, from ROBERTS, one of the soldiers.

ROBERTS (V.O.)

*Sarge, we have a serious problem down by the testing sector, do you copy? Over.*

SERGEANT WINSTON

(into walkie)

What's your situation, Roberts?  
Over.

ROBERTS (V.O.)

*A bunch of nature activists with assault rifles have entered the premises and ambushed us! They're shooting our privates! Now it's just lieutenants and corporals left! You gotta hurry, over!*

SCIENTIST #3

Did he just say nature activists?



SERGEANT WINSTON

Yeah, that makes no sense. Why the hell would nature activists be attacking a military base? How would they even get in with all the security?

Dr. Anderson suddenly realizes what he meant.

DR. ANDERSON

(horrified)

Oh shit, I know what he's talking about! We gotta get down to the laboratory control room ASAP!

EXT. AREA 69 - CONTINUOUS

As of this moment, the Spring Sluggers are still engaged in a gunfight with the army. The soldiers seem to be doing little damage as there are still plenty of Activists still standing. A sniper on one of the rooftops tries to scope them off, but he too gets SHOT IN THE HEAD.

Meanwhile, Dr. Anderson, Sergeant Winston, and everybody else from the office hurries down a flight of stairs along the side of one of the buildings.

The Activists get closer to the laboratory building.

Dr. Anderson opens a door and everybody follows him inside.

The Activists shoot two more soldiers and enter the building.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Anderson and everybody from the office are now inside the control room from the first scene.

SCIENTIST #3

Why did we have to come here?

Dr. Anderson opens a centrifuge by the control panel and takes out a test tube containing the *Botana* virus.

DR. ANDERSON

This is what the intruders want.

SCIENTIST #3

I don't understand, why would they want the *Botana* virus? How do they even know that we have a *Botana* virus.

DR. ANDERSON

Remember how all our research files were hacked a few months ago, the people attacking us right now are the culprits.

SCIENTIST #3

Wait, I thought you said it was Russia that hacked us.

DR. ANDERSON

No, they hacked the election. Someone else hacked us.

SCIENTIST #3

I'm so confused right now.

DR. ANDERSON

(snaps)

Look, this is not the time for explanations! We have to get this test tube into a secure location before they can seize it!

SCIENTIST #3

(shouts)

Before *who* seizes it? Who the fuck is trying to steal it?

As soon as he says that, the sound of GUNS BEING COCKED is heard in the background. The Scientists and the Sergeant turn around and see the Activists holding them at gunpoint.

DR. ANDERSON

Oh shit!

At that moment, DAMIAN SLATER, 27, the young, hipster-looking leader of the Spring Sluggers, steps into the room.

SERGEANT WINSTON

(angrily)

Who are you people, and what the fuck are you doing on these premises?

(shouts)

This is a high ranking military base sanctioned by the United States government, so unless you wanna be shot to pieces, I suggest you get the fuck outta here right this instant!

DAMIAN SLATER

Not to worry, we'll be on our way.  
As soon as we have the test tube  
that's in his hands.

He points to Dr. Anderson.

DR. ANDERSON

Why do you want the *Botana* virus?  
It's not gonna serve you any  
purpose!

DAMIAN SLATER

See, that's where you're wrong. To  
ordinary people, the 'Average Joe',  
it serves no purpose. But to us,  
the Spring Sluggers, whose morals  
and efforts are dedicated to  
preserving and protecting our  
environment, the substance you're  
holding right now is in essence the  
holy grail that we've been  
searching for. With that virus, we  
will finally give Mother Earth a  
chance to defend herself. A chance  
to seek retribution against the  
selfish scum that's been poisoning  
her with toxic chemicals and taking  
advantage of her precious  
resources! And by selfish scum, I  
mean *all* of humanity!

DR. ANDERSON

(yells in anger)

You people are fucking insane! You  
won't lay a finger on this test  
tube!

He unscrews the cap of the test tube and attempts to pour  
the virus out but he quickly gets SHOT MULTIPLE TIMES IN THE  
TORSO. He drops the tube on the ground and SLAMS INTO THE  
CONTROL PANEL. Sergeant Winston tries to pick the virus up  
but ACTIVIST #2 intervenes, kicking him in the crotch and  
smacking him across the face with a gun. He falls to the  
ground, unconscious.

ACTIVIST #2

Don't even think about it, unless  
you want your fucking brains all  
over the glass.

Damian walks over, picks up the test tube, and wipes the top of it with his finger to prevent the *Botana* virus from leaking out. He then puts the cap on it and leans menacingly over Dr. Anderson, whose bleeding out and GASPING FOR AIR.

DR. ANDERSON

(weakly)

You won't get away with this. Every government agency in America is gonna be looking for you-

(coughs)

-and they'll use all the resources they have to bring you down.

DAMIAN SLATER

Quite frankly, I don't give a shit. Once we release this virus, your silly government agencies will be no match for the wrath of Mother Nature.

Dr. Anderson spits blood onto Damian's face as a gesture of bitterness. Damian wipes it off, then grabs him by the shirt while Activist #2 grasps his feet. They lift him off the control panel and THROW HIM THROUGH THE GLASS PANE in front of them; glass shards fly everywhere and a SCREAMING Dr. Anderson hits the ground beneath them with a *SPLAT!*

With him dead and nobody left to stop them, the Spring Sluggers turn around and head out the door. Activist #1 looks back at a trembling Scientist #3 and points his gun at him.

SCIENTIST #3

(terrified)

Aaah! Please don't shoot me, I didn't do anything wrong!

ACTIVIST #1

(sneers)

Shut up you whiny little bitch!

He lowers the gun and exits along with the rest of the Activists.

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - NIGHT

We PAN IN through the front window, which is currently being replaced by two contractors. Passing over the couch, we stop at the kitchen where Amanda pours a glass of water and walks over to the island counter to give it to SHERIFF SAWYER, who has his head down between his shoulders.

AMANDA

Honey, what's the matter? You seem distressed.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(picks his head up)

You know exactly what the matter is. Our ignorant asshole of a mayor expects me and my whole department to eradicate God knows how many donkeys before the Halloween Parade in two days.

AMANDA

Oh Dan, you're worrying about it too much.

SHERIFF SAWYER

God damn right I'm worrying, with very good reason. See, when the lives of an entire town are in your hands, that's a lot more stress than your two shoulders can tolerate.

Amanda walks over and puts her arms around his shoulders.

AMANDA

It's okay sweetheart, everything will be fine. We live in the era of fake news so if the people get pissed at you for not protecting them, all we have to do is write a story about how the town commissioner slept with an underage girl and everybody's attention will be immediately diverted.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Oh Mandy, I wish it were that simple. There could be donkeys killing people as we speak, I must act quickly before it's too late! But what the hell do I do?

AMANDA

I have no idea, but I'll tell you one thing, sitting around and moping like a fucking pussy is not gonna do any good at all.

SHERIFF SAWYER

You're right.

(sighs)

I gotta come up with a plan.

From the hallway, we see that JUSTIN has been peeping his head out from his room, eavesdropping on his parents' conversation. His attention is then captured by the sound of RUSTLING in the background. He steps out into the hallway and walks over to the neighboring bedroom. Justin then opens the door and finds his sister, BRITTANY packing all of her belongings in a large suitcase.

JUSTIN

Brittany?

BRITTANY

(startled)

Justin! What the hell are you doing in my room?

JUSTIN

Why are you packing, are you going somewhere?

BRITTANY

Yeah I'm going somewhere, somewhere far away from this place. Somewhere where I'm actually wanted, unlike here where I'm just an accident, a mistake.

As she shoves a pile of clothes into the suitcase, Justin runs out of the room, screaming.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

(screams)

Mom! Dad! Brittany's running away!

BRITTANY

(grumbles)

Oh you little twat!

Amanda and the Sheriff storm into the room.

AMANDA

(yells)

Brittany, what the fuck do you think you're doing?

BRITTANY

(shouts)

I'm running away cause' you guys don't want me!

Both parents are shocked and perplexed by her statement.

AMANDA

(softly)

Brit, what do you mean we don't want you? Where did you get that thought cause' that is absolutely not true!

BRITTANY

(harshly)

Oh don't pull that shit on me, you think I'm fucking dumb? I heard what you said in the cafeteria kitchen loud and clear!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(face palms)

Aw shit sweetheart, is that what this is about?

AMANDA

Look, Brittany, that was sixteen years ago. Back then, we didn't think we were ready to have a child-

BRITTANY

(maliciously)

Yeah, thanks for telling me what I already know, Captain Obvious.

She swings the suitcase off the bed and speeds out the room; her parents follow and beg her not to leave.

AMANDA

(pleads)

Please Brittany, this is a huge misunderstanding! Just give a chance to explain-

BRITTANY

(angrily)

Explain *what!* How you tried to abort me a bunch of different ways? No thanks, I'm getting the fuck outta here and never coming back!

She storms out the front door and heads for her car. The Sheriff and Amanda stand in the doorway, continually pleading.

AMANDA

(shouts)

Brittany! Where will you go?

BRITTANY

I have friends, I can just crash at one of their places.

She gets in her car, REVS UP THE ENGINE, backs out of the driveway, and speeds off; her tires are heard SCREECHING behind her. Amanda breaks down and sobs on her husband's shoulder.

AMANDA

(cries)

Ooooh...

(sniffles)

My baby!

SHERIFF SAWYER

It's okay Amanda, she's just having her period. She'll be back once she realizes there's a shortage of tampons.

A moment of awkward silence.

SHERIFF SAWYER

She's never coming back. We might as well just adopt another kid to replace her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

In an empty, dim-lit gymnasium, a Narcotics Anonymous meeting is about to commence. A group of CRACK HEADS sit in a circle in the middle of the gym quietly until DALE, the dude in charge of the meeting, breaks the silence.

DALE

Hello everyone, my name is Dale and welcome to our first NA meeting. I'm so excited to get to know you all and let me just say, by being here today, you are signifying to the world that you are suffering from the terrible disease known as addiction and that you are ready to undergo the process to making a full recovery. Who would like to start us off?



CRACK HEAD #1

Uh hi, my name is Scott...and I'm an addict.

EVERYBODY

Hi Scott.

CRACK HEAD #1

Prior to me showing up at rehab, I would smoke up to three bags of crack a day. At first, I thought nothing was wrong but then one afternoon, my family walked in on me...I was high as a satellite and balls-deep in our German Shepard. It was only after the vet told us that our dog was pregnant that I finally realized...

(breaks down and sobs)

-I was hurting myself and those around me.

DALE

Thank you for sharing that with us Scott, just know that you're in a safe place and nobody here will judge you.

CRACK HEAD #2

(mutters to himself)

Dog-fucking junkie.

DALE

(to Addict #2)

Sir, do you have something you'd like to share with the group?

CRACK HEAD #2

(hesitates)

Uh...I'm Colin and...I'm also an addict.

EVERYBODY

Hi Colin.

CRACK HEAD #3

Oh for fuck's sake, can we stop pretending that rehab is actually gonna benefit us? Let's be honest with ourselves, we only say that we're going to rehab as a way to convince our wives to not leave us. In reality, none of us wants to

(MORE)

CRACK HEAD #3 (CONT'D)  
 fucking be here, so let's stop  
 trying to fight our urges and just  
 indulge, cause' every single person  
 in this room knows that being high  
 is a hell of a lot more fun than  
 being sober.

A moment of silence washes over everybody in the room. Afterwards, they all pull out bags of crack, open them, and SNORT whatever's inside. Clouds of powder erupt near their faces and all of the addicts suddenly experience bursts of energy. Three of them start YELLING at the top of their lungs while two of them instigate a fight for no freaking reason.

EXT. TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, out on the track, two young athletes in track suits, ERIC and CAMERON, around the age of 17 or 18, prepare to go on a run.

ERIC  
 Did you bring the Gatorade?

CAMERON  
 (holds up a bottle of  
 Gatorade)  
 Way ahead of you.

He hands them to Eric who sets them down on the bleachers next to a stack of towels.

ERIC  
 Alright, let's run two miles in  
 under six minutes so that those two  
 girls from the marathon will have  
 sex with us.

As soon as he says that, they both pull out a pair of earbuds and stick them in their ears. At that moment, all other sounds are muted and the only thing we hear is the hip-hop music that they're listening to. They get into a starting position at the finish line, set the timers on their wrist watches, and then commence running.

Instead of trying to compete with each other, they stay next to each other, using the other person to pace off of. We then see a SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS on their shoes, calves, arms, and earbuds. Eventually, they complete one lap and move past the finish line.

As they come up on six hundred meters, Eric looks down and notices that his shadow is being blocked out by the shadow of something larger from behind. He looks back and is horrified to see a pack of donkeys running right at him. He immediately rips his earbuds out and screams.

ERIC  
(screams)  
Holy shiiiiitt!

The donkeys immediately pounce on him and the sound of them BITING INTO HIS FLESH is heard over his SCREAMS OF AGONY. Cameron notices that his buddy isn't beside him, so he comes to a stop, pulls out his earbuds, looks back, and is absolutely alarmed at the sight of Eric being completely DISMEMBERED by the donkeys.

CAMERON  
(screams)  
Eric! Noooo!!!

Some of the donkeys look up at him; he quickly sprints for the bleachers and takes cover underneath them. He then pulls out his phone and calls 9-1-1.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at a desk in the middle of a busy police station, POLICE OFFICER #5 hears the PHONE RINGING and answers it.

POLICE OFFICER #5  
(into phone)  
Nine-one-one, what's your emergency?

EXT. TRACK - CONTINUOUS

CAMERON  
(panics)  
You gotta help me! My friend and I were running on the track and all the sudden, these donkeys just came outta nowhere and now, they're killing him!

INTERCUT BETWEEN CAMERON AND POLICE OFFICER #5

POLICE OFFICER #5  
Hold up, did you just say donkeys?

CAMERON  
(shouts frantically)  
Yes, there's a whole dozen of them and they're eating my friend Eric,  
(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
you gotta hurry up before they get  
me, too!

POLICE OFFICER #5  
Sir, don't worry, everything will  
be fine. I just need your name and  
location.

CAMERON  
(frantically)  
My name's Cameron and I'm at the El  
Chapo High School, down on the  
track, just please hurry the fuck  
up!

POLICE OFFICER #5  
Alright Cameron, we'll be there in  
about five to ten minutes.

They hang up. Cameron then notices that it's completely  
silent and gets nervous.

CAMERON  
Oh fuck! Shit!

He slowly and anxiously crawls towards the edge of the  
bleachers. When he does get to the edge, he sticks his head  
out from underneath, only to notice that there's no donkeys  
to be seen anywhere on the track.

CAMERON  
(frightened)  
Shit! Shit! Shit! Where the fuck  
did they go?

As soon as he says that, he hears something GROWL. Cameron  
looks up and sees a donkey standing right above him on top  
of the bleachers. Before he can even scream, it snaps its  
jaws and BITES HIS FACE OFF.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

At this moment, all the police personnel are preparing to  
respond to the disturbance unfolding at the high school.  
They put on bullet proof vests, grab their pistols and  
shotguns, and head out to their squad cars. As Police  
Officer #5 loads up his gun, DEPUTY DICKSON walks over and  
questions him.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
Where the hell is the Sheriff?

POLICE OFFICER #5

I don't know, I think he's at his house.

DEPUTY DICKSON

Well what are you waiting for, call him up and tell him to meet us at the high school! *Rapido! Rapido!*

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff walks into the living room as he's putting his uniform on, capturing Amanda's concern.

AMANDA

Honey, what's going on?

SHERIFF SAWYER

We just received a distress call. There's donkeys attacking at the high school.

AMANDA

(hugs him)

Please be careful.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Don't worry, I'll be fine.

He COCKS HIS SHOTGUN.

SHERIFF SAWYER

I got this at my disposal.

AMANDA

(sighs)

Oh Dan, if only you would shoot your load into me the way you shoot your load into those donkeys.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Maybe later, sweetheart.

The Sheriff exits the frame.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Amidst the ensuing turmoil, the Crack Heads are still getting high. By now, all of their eyes are bloodshot.

DALE

(shouts through gritted teeth)

Oh my fucking God! I forgot how much fun it was to do crack! I

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)  
haven't felt this alive since  
college!

In the background, we see Crack Head #2 doing a bunch of cartwheels across the gymnasium floor. He slips and we see his neck SNAP. Everyone in the room GROANS IN DISGUST.

CRACK HEAD #1  
Oh shit!

CRACK HEAD #3  
You okay, Colin?

Crack Head #2 gets up on his feet, his head is leaning unnaturally off to the side.

CRACK HEAD #2  
Yeah, I feel great!

He places his hands around his head and SNAPS HIS HEAD BACK INTO THE PROPER POSITION. They all start WHOOPING and CHEERING again. Then suddenly, the donkeys BURST THROUGH THE DOORS to the gym; everyone comes to an immediate halt and they stare in shock and confusion at the creatures.

CRACK HEAD #1  
What the fuck? Are those donkeys?

DALE  
Okay, I think we've all had a little too much crack. Now we're seeing shit that isn't really there.

The donkeys at the front SNARL and bear their sharp teeth.

CRACK HEAD #4  
Uh, I don't think they're hallucinations, I think we're  
(raises his voice)  
actually about to be killed by a swarm of fucking donkeys!

The donkeys start SCREECHING VIOLENTLY at the Crack Heads, frightening all of them except for #3.

CRACK HEAD #3  
(shouts)  
Guys, don't worry! If we have enough crack running through our systems, it'll give us the energy to fight them off!

DALE

That's fucking brilliant! Everyone,  
take whatever drugs are left, let's  
snort em'!

All the Crack Heads start finishing what's left of the crack; the donkeys ROAR VEHEMENTLY and charge towards their prey. Seeing them coming, Dale riles up the addicts and prepares for combat.

DALE

(shouts)

Crack Heads!

They all stop and look at him.

DALE

(screams)

Let's bust some ass!

The Crack Heads let out WAR CRIES and charge across the gym at the onslaught of vicious donkeys. When the two sides finally collide, some of the donkeys pounce on their targets. Crack Head #1 gets tackled by one of the donkeys and it SNAPS ITS JAWS ferociously at him. However, he takes his right hand and TEARS THE DONKEY'S EYEBALL RIGHT OUT OF ITS SKULL.

CRACK HEAD #1

(yells)

RRAAAAGGGHHHH!!!! Take that,  
motherfucker!

Crack Heads #2 and #3 clash with a smaller gang of donkeys and take them out with ease; punching them, kicking them, BREAKING THEIR NECKS, whatever. One of the donkeys leaps at Crack Head #3 but gets stopped in midair when he grabs it by the jaws. The donkey thrashes vigorously but Crack Head #3 YANKS ITS HEAD OFF with his bare hands. He then raises the head by his shoulder, turns towards the basketball hoop, and prepares to shoot it like a basketball.

CRACK HEAD #3

Kobe!

He thrusts the donkey's head forward at a curved angle and it goes right through the net. The scoreboard on the wall BUZZES and Crack Head #3 celebrates like a champion.

CRACK HEAD #3

(shouts)

GOOOOAAAAAALLLLLLL!!!!!!

He runs in circles, WHOOPING and CHEERING. They jump up and high five each other in the air, only to have donkeys pounce on them and TEAR THEM TO PIECES.

DALE

(yells)

Crack Heads! Unleash the artillery!

As soon as he says that, Crack Heads #1 and #4 run out of the storage room, pushing a cart full of dumbbells, weights and other exercising equipment. Everybody whose left rushes for the cart and grabs whatever they can get their hands on.

DALE

(shouts)

Give them...nothing! But take from them...EVERYTHIIIINNNGGGG!!!

Crack Heads #1 and #4 charge at the remaining donkeys and bash them with the dumbbells. Dale walks over to the cart and grabs a kettle ball and a pole-vaulting stick. He then runs towards the middle of the gym, slams the stick down by the half-court mark, and pole vaults high up into the air.

While in midair, Dale raises the kettle ball above his head and soars down into one of the donkeys, completely DECIMATING ITS SKULL with the weight; blood and gore SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

At this time, everybody from the police department, including a few SWAT vans, is just pulling into the parking lot. They come to a SCREECHING stop and the POLICE and SWAT OFFICERS emerge from their vehicles, guns drawn and everything. The Sheriff and Deputy Dickson move to the front of the squad and signal everybody else to move.

DEPUTY DICKSON

(shouts)

Let's go! Let's go! Move it!

All of them proceed towards the building. When they get to the entrance, the Sheriff SMASHES THE GLASS on the front door with the butt of his shotgun and opens it. He then enters the school with the whole police department following and they traverse the pitch black halls. They hear a loud BOOM! in the background and come to an immediate stop.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Did you hear that?



SWAT OFFICER #1  
It sounded like it came from the  
gymnasium.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
You heard him, let's move!

The Police and SWAT teams advance towards the gym. When they finally reach it, they see a gaping hole where the entrance used to be and back up against the wall.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(quietly)  
Alright, on the count of three, we  
all storm into the gym, guns  
blazing and everything!  
Three...two...ONE!

Nobody moves a muscle.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Why didn't you guys go, I did the  
countdown!

POLICE OFFICER #5  
Well you said go on the count of  
three but you ended on one so we  
didn't know if you wanted us to  
storm in or not.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Of course I did, a simple mix up  
like that shouldn't throw you off-  
(sighs)  
Alright, we'll try it again. This  
time, on the count of one, go! Got  
it?

They nod.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
One...two...THREE!

Nobody moves again.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Why didn't you all go, I said on  
the count of one!

POLICE OFFICER #5  
But you went right past one and  
ended at three so again, it  
confused us!

SHERIFF SAWYER

You know what, fuck counting, just go! We're gonna have to retrain you all on your numbers when we get back to the station!

Everybody rushes into the gym and all of the Police Officers are completely awestruck by the sight of the floor littered with dead donkeys.

DEPUTY DICKSON

(confused)

What the...fuck? What happened?

DALE

Oh nothing much, we were just having an NA meeting and a couple donkeys showed up so we kinda...killed them.

SWAT OFFICER #1

How'd you manage to kill an entire onslaught of donkeys with just your bare hands, were you on crack or something?

CRACK HEAD #1

(hesitates)

Uh yeah...I guess you could say that...we were on crack.

As soon as he says that, a group of donkeys ambush them from behind. They pounce on the Police and SWAT Team Members in the back of the squad and tear them to pieces. Their SCREAMS OF AGONY capture the attention of the rest of the Officers, who FIRE THEIR SHOTGUNS AND ASSAULT RIFLES at the donkeys.

DEPUTY DICKSON

Fuck, it's an ambush!

CRACK HEAD #4

Oh shit, more donkeys!

DALE

It's okay, those police officers have guns, let them deal with it. Right now, we gotta get the fuck outta here!

Dale and the remaining Crack Heads exit.

DALE (O.S.)  
This meeting is officially  
adjourned!

The Police Officers are still engaged in firearm combat with the donkeys. Unfortunately, the donkeys have the cover of darkness out in the halls so they can just attack whenever they please.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(as he's shooting)  
It's too dark out here, we'll never  
be able to see them all! Go  
backwards into the gym so it'll  
force them to come in the light!

They all heed and back into the gym, obliging the donkeys to advance forward into the light. As soon as they enter, they all get mutilated by the hailstorm of bullets flying right at them. Some of the donkeys leap at the police squad but they're no match for the widespread crossfire. Wave after wave is shot down and eventually, their bodies pile up to the point where the entrance is blocked. When the Police and SWAT Officers notice that there's no more donkeys coming, they cease their fire.

SWAT OFFICER #1  
Alright, that should be all of  
them.

POLICE OFFICER #5  
Great, can we go home now?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
No way, our work is far from over.  
The SWAT team can go home.

SWAT OFFICER #1  
Yay!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
But as for everybody else, I want  
you all to search the perimeter for  
any more dead bodies, every room,  
every corner, every closet. This  
school is now an official crime  
scene. Deputy, get forensics down  
here, now.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
You got it, sir.

The Deputy goes out into the hall, pulls out his walkie-talkie, and places a call back to the DISPATCHER.

DEPUTY DICKSON

(into radio)

Dispatch, we have a situation down at the El Chapo High School. So far two dead bodies, possibly more, and a whole lot of dead donkeys. Gonna need every forensic in the station to come down and examine the scene, over.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

You got it, forensics should be arriving in about ten minutes.

As soon as he puts the walkie away, he hears a LOUD BANG in the background. The Deputy immediately draws his pistol and proceeds with caution. Just as he's about to turn right into the next hall, he backs up against the locker and takes a deep breath. He then makes a right and is immediately greeted by a donkey that leaps at him.

Back in the gym, everybody, including the Sheriff, is alarmed by the sounds of Deputy Dickson's SCREAMS. They rush out into the hall and find the screaming Deputy being dragged into the darkness by the donkey. The Sheriff COCKS HIS SHOTGUN and FIRES at the donkey though unfortunately, he misses.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(shouts)

Nooo!!! Deputy!

He sorely listens to the WAILS of the Deputy until finally, they cease. The Sheriff is grief-stricken; he falls to his knees and sobs like a little bitch. As he does that, we PAN backwards until eventually, the Sheriff is merely a tiny little speck in the middle of the screen.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. TOWN HALL - EARLY MORNING

On a cool, tranquil morning, the town is nearly empty. Not a single soul is travelling along the streets and the only sound is that of the birds CHIRPING. The rising sun gleams in through the giant glass window of the Mayor's office where MAYOR CAMPBELL sits at his desk, on the phone with an unknown person.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(into phone)

Are you sure the insurance companies will pay for all the damage?

(pause)

And the majority of the money will be going to me, right?

(pause)

Well Damian, you got yourself a deal. Tell you what, our town is having its annual Halloween Parade tonight, there will literally be thousands of people attending. You and your Spring Sluggers are welcome to come and release your Botana virus while it's happening.

(pause)

You too, have a good day.

He hangs up the phone and then looks up to see CHRIS, 37, the town commissioner, standing in the middle of the office with a perplexed look on his face.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(startled)

Aah, Chris! You totally surprised me, I did not see you coming! What is it that you want?

CHRIS

Who were you on the phone with and what the hell were you talking about?

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Oh that?

(chuckles)

I was just talking to a friend about a science fiction movie I watched the other night.

CHRIS

(firmly)

Don't bullshit me Mr. Mayor, I heard you talk about releasing a virus at the Halloween Parade. What the fuck is going on!

The Mayor's facial expression suddenly changes from pleasant to grim.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(sternly)

This is a classic example of being  
in the wrong place at the wrong  
time.

Mayor Campbell suddenly reaches into his desk and pulls out  
a gun, immediately striking fear into the innocent town  
commissioner.

CHRIS

(frightened)

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Are you fucking  
insane? Why are pointing a gun at  
me?

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Cause' you stumbled in at a very  
bad time and now you know too much.

CHRIS

(hysterically)

Know too much about what? I don't  
have a fucking clue what's  
happening-I mean the mayor of El  
Chapo is currently holding me at  
gunpoint, I don't think I can think  
straight-

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(firmly)

Shut up, or I'll blow your god damn  
face off!

Chris refrains from speaking.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

You see, I've just made contact  
with a nature activist group known  
as the Spring Sluggers. And they  
informed me about a biological  
virus that they stole from Area  
Sixty Nine and how they plan on  
releasing it in order to weaponize  
Mother Nature so she can retaliate  
against the human race, which I  
thought was kinda weird, but that's  
not the point. The point is, is  
that if and when they release this  
substance at the annual Halloween  
parade tomorrow night, at least a  
couple hundred people are gonna  
die. Tragic, right? Not for me,

(MORE)

MAYOR CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
 cause' apparently, I just learned  
 that when the insurance company  
 pays for all the losses and  
 damages, a large chunk of the money  
 will go to me via taxes and  
 reparations. Know what that means?  
 It means that when my time as mayor  
 finally comes to an end, I'll be  
 walking away with enough money to  
 afford ten Lamborghinis. How do  
 like that?

CHRIS  
 (angrily)  
 You're a sick, sadistic  
 motherfucker and I'm gonna walk out  
 of this room right now and tell  
 everybody in town what you're  
 planning to do!

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
 Oh-ho-ho...no, you're ass is going  
 nowhere.

CHRIS  
 Really, why's that?

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
 Cause' who's gonna believe a dead  
 man?

As soon as he says that, the Mayor pulls the trigger and  
 SHOTS CHRIS MULTIPLE TIMES IN THE TORSO. He falls to the  
 ground and bleeds out; the Mayor walks over and finishes him  
 off with a BLOW TO THE HEAD at point-blank.

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
 (sighs)  
 Now if I was a corrupt politician  
 who just shot somebody to cover up  
 their own dirty little secret,  
 where would I hide the body?

He drags Chris's body towards the window and then HEAVES HIM  
 THROUGH THE GLASS; the body hits the ground beneath as  
 broken glass rains down upon it. Mayor Campbell then sits  
 back down at his desk, presses a button on his answering  
 machine, and contacts his secretary.

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
 (into answering machine)  
 Diane, can you have Jesus and Jose  
 come up and replace the window in  
 (MORE)

MAYOR CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
my office? Unfortunately, Chris was  
feeling suicidal, shot himself in  
the chest, and then jumped to his  
death.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Sure, right away Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor plops back down in his chair. Not a moment later,  
SHERIFF SAWYER bursts through the door with a very irritated  
look on his face, surprising the Mayor.

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
(surprised)  
Sheriff! What are you doing here?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(firmly)  
Oh, have you not heard?

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
Heard what?

The Sheriff walks over to his desk, grabs a remote, and  
turns on the flat screen TV on the wall. The news comes on  
with MIKE OXARD doing the report.

MIKE OXARD  
Breaking news, the killer donkeys  
have struck again. Last night at  
the El Chapo High School, a  
Narcotics Anonymous Meeting was  
taking place in the gym when  
suddenly, an entire onslaught of  
the ferocious creatures invaded. At  
least fifteen people died in the  
incident with the majority of them  
police officers-

The TV gets shut off.

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
(stammers)  
I...I was not...aware of that.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Yeah, you weren't. A lot of people  
lost their lives last night, with  
my Deputy being one of them!



MAYOR CAMPBELL

Well I'm...sorry for your loss.

SHERIFF SAWYER

You see now why the parade has to be cancelled? It just can't happen tonight, you gotta put it off!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Over my dead body!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(yells)

Is the incident last night at the school not enough? Are you still not convinced after seeing the news? For fuck's sake Mr. Mayor, this isn't about tourism and profits! This is about the lives of all the citizens, these donkeys are still out there and nobody is safe!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(sternly)

Well maybe you should've done your job and exterminated all the donkeys like I said to do!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(angrily)

Fuck you! I tried as hard as I can to eliminate those donkeys, but you know what, there's just too many of them. And I lost a lot of good men during the fight!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Oh boo-hoo! It's not because there were too many donkeys, that's not why you failed. Maybe, you failed cause' you're just a shitty sheriff!

The Sheriff's eyes fill with rage. The Mayor simply smirks just to taunt him. At this point, Sawyer finally loses it; he leaps across the desk and tackles the Mayor.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(enraged)

Motherfucker!

The Sheriff repeatedly PUNCHES CAMPBELL IN THE FACE. But the Mayor is able to defend himself by grabbing a case full of

pencils and SMACKING THE SHERIFF ACROSS THE HEAD with it. After brief recovery, both men jump to their feet and position their fists out in front of their faces; eyes poised on the opponent. Mayor Campbell then takes a swing at the Sheriff but he dodges, swooping around back and locking the Mayor in a choke hold position. Sawyer tightens his squeeze around Campbell's neck, causing him to GASP FOR AIR and his face to turn purple.

The Mayor then raises his elbow and digs it into the Sheriff's waist, forcing him to let go. The Mayor and the Sheriff continue their physical struggle; punching, kicking, slamming each other into walls and knocking over anything that gets in their way. Eventually, the fight ends with Sheriff Sawyer yanking the TV off its hinges and LETTING IT FALL ONTO THE MAYOR'S HEAD, knocking him out.

The Sheriff backs into the wall, BREATHING HEAVILY in order to catch his breath.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(panting)  
I gotta warn everybody.

He exits.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NOON

Just another typical afternoon in the marketplace where people are casually shopping for their weekly groceries. What could possibly go wrong? That's what BRITTANY and her friend ASHLEY, who's also 15, are about to find out.

Walking through the pasta aisle, Ashley is lost in the virtual world of her smartphone while Brittany still has her foot in reality and just stares vacantly into space. When they get to the end, Brittany looks to her left and sees her mom, AMANDA putting some soup cans in her shopping cart, prompting her to nudge Ashley's shoulder to get her attention.

BRITTANY  
Shit, it's my mom. Turn around!

The two girls head back the way they came whilst trying to avoid being noticed but this ultimately fails as Amanda spots them and calls out to Brittany.

AMANDA  
Brittany?

BRITTANY  
(quietly)  
Fuck.

AMANDA  
(shouts)  
Brittany, it's me, your mom!

BRITTANY  
(to Ashley)  
Go, go.

The girls speed walk in an attempt to get away from Amanda but she pursues, continually calling out to her daughter. Finally, Brittany gets fed up so she stops and faces her mother.

BRITTANY  
(through gritted teeth)  
Go away Mom!

AMANDA  
Brittany, it's been a few days,  
don't you think it's time to come  
home?

BRITTANY  
Forget it, I'm not going home with  
you!

AMANDA  
Brit please, I'm sorry for  
everything!

BRITTANY  
(firmly)  
Oh stop trying, you failed as a  
mother and you know it!

She and Ashley storm off while Amanda simply stands there with a sad yet puzzled look on her face. As she absorbs the intensity of what just happened, a STORE BUTCHER walks up to her with a rather large piece of beef and a meat tenderizer.

STORE BUTCHER  
Excuse me miss, my meat here is  
pretty hard, would you mind giving  
me a hand in beating it?

Amanda flips out and slaps the beef out of his hands.

AMANDA

Get the fuck outta here!

She storms off as the Store Butcher picks up his meat.

STORE BUTCHER

Why do girls always flip shit when  
I ask them to beat my meat?

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Sawyer is now hauling ass, driving between cars on the road as the angry drivers BEEP THEIR HORNS in annoyance.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(shouts out loud)

Oh shut up! I've got lives at  
stake, you don't get to honk your  
horns at me, asshole!

The Sheriff slams on the brake and drifts into the parking lot of the local news station.

BACK TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

As Brittany and Ashley walk towards the frozen aisle, they see shoppers running out in front of them, SCREAMING IN TERROR. The two girls look behind them and see a small group of donkeys raging through the store; chasing after people and knocking over shelves and anything that gets in their way. As the donkeys get closer, they both SHRIEK at the top of their lungs and book it as fast as they can.

They make a left into the canned goods aisle, right as one of the donkeys slips and slides across the floor behind them. As they get closer to the end of the aisle, Brittany trips and falls flat on her stomach. Ashley looks back and stops and Brittany reaches her hand out in desperation.

BRITTANY

(cries)

Ashley, help me!

Ashley takes a step towards Brittany but comes to a halt when she sees a donkey raging head on towards them, smashing into the shelves and sending cans flying everywhere. Instead of helping a friend in need, she takes off in the other direction, leaving Brittany to fend for herself.

BRITTANY

(screams)

Ashley, wait! Don't just leave me!

She looks back over her shoulder and she sees the donkey leaping at her with its jaws wide open. Right as its about to sink its teeth into her horrified face, a small shopping cart flies out of nowhere and SLAMS INTO THE DONKEY, bringing it to the ground. Brittany looks up and is flabbergasted yet relieved to see AMANDA standing in front of her, making it obvious that she threw the shopping cart.

The donkey recovers from the blow and is now absolutely pissed, thrashing its whole body violently and ferociously SNAPPING ITS SHARP TEETH. It then lets out a DEAFENING SCREECH as loud as it can. Amanda grabs a brand new kitchen knife from a nearby cutlery shelf, tears it out of its package, and then lets out a CRY OF WAR; raising the blade high above herself and then HEAVING IT DOWN RIGHT INTO THE DONKEY'S FOREHEAD.

BLOOD OOZES AND SQUIRTS EVERYWHERE as Amanda ferociously STABS THE DONKEY'S SKULL until its completely mutilated. Brittany stares in awe at her mother as she sets the knife down and catches her breath.

AMANDA

(panting)

Come on, let's go somewhere private.

INT. FOOD STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Brittany seek refuge from the ensuing chaos by entering the back of the store, scurrying towards the back and crouching down behind a stack of boxes.

BRITTANY

You came back for me.

AMANDA

Of course I did, you're my daughter. I'd never let anyone or anything hurt you.

A moment of awkward silence occurs between them. The only thing that we can hear are the muffled sounds of PEOPLE SCREAMING in the background.

AMANDA

Look, I know it's been hard trying to wrap your head around the whole abortion thing and to be completely

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

honest...we shouldn't have told you. The only reason why we did say something is because we thought that we were all gonna die back in that kitchen, so it wouldn't have mattered what we said cause' the donkeys were gonna kill us.

BRITTANY

Yeah well guess what, it mattered after all. You and dad didn't count on us surviving.

AMANDA

Look Brit, I'm not gonna sugar coat it in any way. Fifteen years ago, I got pregnant and your dad and I, we...we were scared. We didn't think we had what it takes to be parents, so we kinda reacted out of fear and...tried to abort you. But you know what, just because we tried doing that back then doesn't mean we don't love you or don't want you now. Truth be told, once I queefed you out and nearly tore my cervix in half, your father and I...we felt a sense of pride, a sense of accomplishment. We thoroughly enjoyed raising you from a little girl to a rebellious teenage bitch. As a matter of fact, we loved parenting so much that we decided to fuck and have another kid; hence, that's why your brother exists.

(pauses)

Brittany, don't ever think that your dad and I hate you. We love you more than anything in the whole world and we would do anything for you. You were wrong to believe that we didn't want you just because your dad didn't pull out quick enough.

BRITTANY

(sighs)

I guess I did overreact. Even though I was mad as hell at you guys, deep down, I kinda knew that you and dad loved me all along.

AMANDA

So what do you say, will you let  
this all go and come back home?

BRITTANY

Of course I will.

Brittany and Amanda hug each other and finally reconcile.

AMANDA

Now let's go find your father.

INT. NEWS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The NEWS CREW is busy getting all the cameras and equipment  
set up for the broadcast. The two anchors, MIKE OXARD and  
SHARON HEAD, are having make-up applied to their faces.

MIKE OXARD

(snaps)

Ow, can you not be so god damn  
rough on my cheeks?

CREW MEMBER #1

(in a wimpy tone)

I'm sorry, sir!

MIKE OXARD

There's gonna be a Filipino hooker  
who sits on this face later  
tonight.

SHARON HEAD

(to Crew Member #2)

Can you go a little lower and get  
some makeup on my boobs, I prefer  
my face and rack to be the same  
color.

CAMERAMAN

Alright, we're on in five...four...

The two anchors have a seat and look directly at the camera.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

three...two

(quietly)

...one.

SHARON HEAD

Good afternoon, I'm Sharon Head.

MIKE OXARD  
And I'm Mike Oxard and the top  
story of the moment is-

SHERIFF SAWYER suddenly bursts into the room, immediately  
drawing reactions of shock and confusion.

MIKE OXARD  
The fuck is he doing here?

The Sheriff steps in front of the camera and is approached  
by the Crew Members.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(to the camera)  
People of El Chapo, don't go to the  
Halloween parade tonight! It's too  
dangerous-

CREW MEMBER #2  
Sir, you're not allowed to be in  
here.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
I'm the Sheriff, I'm here on police  
business!

CREW MEMBER #3  
It doesn't matter if you were the  
FBI, this is an ongoing news report  
and you're trespassing!

MIKE OXARD  
(yells)  
Yeah, get the fuck out!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(defensively)  
No, I have to warn everybody!

CREW MEMBER #2  
Security, get rid of this guy!

As soon as he says that, two security guards show up and  
attempt to restrain the Sheriff; he thrashes violently,  
trying to escape their grip.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(struggling)  
Listen to me, don't go to the  
parade! The donkeys-

One of the guards hits him in the back of the head with a  
night stick, rendering him unconscious.



INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

The Sheriff regains consciousness and opens his eyes. When they're completely open, he finds himself in a hospital bed, hooked up to a heart rate monitor which BEEPS STEADILY, and sees his wife and kids standing at his bedside.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(weakly)  
What the fuck? Where am I?

AMANDA  
You got knocked out by a security guard at the news station. What the hell were you even doing there, Dan?

SHERIFF SAWYER  
I...I had to warn everybody...not to go to the Halloween parade.

He notices Brittany by his bedside.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(surprised)  
Brittany? You came back?

AMANDA  
Yeah, we met up at the grocery store and reconciled so now, everything's all gucci.

Brittany hugs her father.

BRITTANY  
I'm glad you made it through, dad.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Aw Brittany, I love you too. I'm so sorry about everything that happened.

The DOCTOR enters the room and stops by the bed.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
How's everything, Doc? Am I gonna be fine?

DOCTOR  
(sullenly)  
I come bearing some terrible news. The lab results came back...you have testicular cancer.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(shocked)  
What!

DOCTOR  
Oh sorry, wrong patient. No, your  
head injuries healed up just fine  
so you should be able to leave.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(relieved)  
Thank God, I'm tired of staring at  
all those anus diagrams up on the  
wall!

DOCTOR  
Oh, and one more thing, you some  
visitors.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Who?

As soon as he says that, the Doctor exits and SERGEANT  
WINSTON along with SCIENTISTS #3 and #4 and some other dudes  
from Area 69 enter the room.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Whoa, who the hell are you?

SERGEANT WINSTON  
Sheriff, I'm Sergeant Winston,  
behind me are the nation's top  
scientists. We're all from Area  
Sixty Nine.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
You mean the top secret military  
base where they reverse engineer  
all that alien shit?

SCIENTIST #3  
(hesitates)  
Yeah...pretty much.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Well why are you guys in El Chapo?

SERGEANT WINSTON  
We have reason to believe that the  
donkeys that escaped from our  
research facility are currently  
occupying this town.

SHERIFF SAWYER

No shit, they've been wreaking havoc on everything for like the past few days.

AMANDA

Wait, how do you know about the donkeys?

SCIENTIST #3

We created them.

Everybody in the room suddenly GASPS IN PURE SHOCK.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Why?

SCIENTIST #3

It was all apart of a covert military operation. The Central Intelligence Agency was looking for new ways to fight terrorism overseas without having to spend any more human lives, so they asked us to invent an implement that would weaponize elements of the natural environment. We spent the last five years trying to concoct such a substance that would meet their demands. And it wasn't until a few weeks ago that we finally isolated the right biological genes to create what we called the Botana virus.

SCIENTIST #4

Basically, what this virus does is it seeps into the brain of any organism made of living tissue and it suppresses the feeling of fear and overstimulates the feelings of anger and distrust to the point where the organism is basically an unstable killing machine.

SCIENTIST #3

But before we unveiled our new weapon to the CIA, we had to test it to make sure that it worked. So we gathered a large horde of donkeys and had them breathe in a sample of the Botana virus. Unfortunately, the dosage we gave

(MORE)

SCIENTIST #3 (CONT'D)  
them was too large so they became  
ultra violent and smashed their way  
out of the containment pen.

AMANDA  
Oh my God!

SCIENTIST #4  
And then they massacred a large  
number of our militia like fucking  
insects and escaped from the base.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
And that's not even the worst of  
it. We believe there's an even  
bigger threat plaguing this town.

BRITTANY  
What could possibly be worse than a  
bunch of flesh-eating donkeys?

SERGEANT WINSTON  
Try extremist nature activists with  
assault rifles. Less than two days  
ago, the entire base was raided by  
a group of pro-environmental  
hippies who call themselves the  
Spring Sluggers. They killed almost  
everybody who worked there,  
including the head scientist, and  
stole the Botana virus from us.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Okay, and that's worse than the  
donkeys because...

SCIENTIST #4  
The Botana virus can be  
catastrophic if it ends up in the  
wrong hands. And right now, it is  
in the worst possible hands ever  
imaginable.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
If that group releases the virus,  
it won't just be killer donkeys  
that you're up against; it'll be  
killer dogs, killer birds, killer  
trees, killer everything. That's  
why it's absolutely imperative that  
we recapture the Botana virus from  
the Spring Sluggers before they get

(MORE)

SERGEANT WINSTON (CONT'D)  
a chance to use it. If we don't,  
then everybody in this town is  
gonna die.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Oh shit, the Halloween parade,  
that's where they would release the  
virus! We gotta warn everybody to  
not go!

AMANDA  
It's too late, it's already  
happening!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
(shocked)  
What! No! God damn it, no! Now  
we're totally fucked!

JUSTIN  
No you're not, it just started!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Really?

JUSTIN  
Yeah.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
If the parade's only beginning,  
then that means we still have a  
chance to get there and stop the  
Spring Sluggers before they unleash  
the Botana virus.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Well what the fuck are we waiting  
for, let's load ourselves up and go  
save the town!

The Sheriff puts on his uniform and a bullet proof vest.

Sergeant Winston loads up an assault rifle.

Amanda puts on a bullet proof vest and COCKS TWO PISTOLS.

Scientist #3 jams a rocket into an RPG.

Brittany SMASHES A GLASS BOTTLE with a baseball bat.

Sergeant Winston puts on a belt full of grenades.

The Sheriff COCKS HIS SHOTGUN and FIRES A SINGLE ROUND.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Let's roll.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DUSK

As the last gleaming rays of the sun sink below the trees, the streets of El Chapo are swarming with crowds of locals and tourists alike; each dressed up in a costume of their choosing; whether it be a ghost, a vampire, or a giant dildo. The people flow through the sidewalks like a river, SCREAMING and CHEERING in excitement as the town celebrates the ancient tradition of All Hallow's Eve.

Amidst the excitement and commotion, MAYOR CAMPBELL walks up onto a decorated wooden platform in front of the town hall; everybody CHEERS and APPLAUDS for him as he makes his way over to the podium. He adjusts the microphone and prepares to address all the locals and tourists in the crowd.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(proudly into microphone)

Citizens of El Chapo and all those visiting, it's that time of year again. The time where we all dress up as our favorite characters or superheroes and celebrate the spirit of Halloween by parading through the streets of our glorious town!

People in the crowd resume their CHEERING and APPLAUSE. As soon as it starts to die down, the Mayor continues.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Now I know that recently in the past few days, there's been a large cluster of mutant donkeys ravaging this establishment; killing hundreds of innocents and causing God knows how much property damage. And I know that a lot of you are still in fear. But I'm here to tell you that there's no need to worry anymore. I mean, look at how many of us are still alive! Look at how many people who showed up to the Parade. There's no reason to be afraid anymore, tonight is a time of relief from all the chaos and carnage. There are no more donkeys because our wonderful sheriff and police department took care of them all. They are no longer a problem.

(MORE)

MAYOR CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

So do yourselves all a favor; let go of whatever dread and anxiety you still have. Bury it away and move on! Right now, the only thing you need to worry about is having the time of your lives here tonight at the Halloween Parade. So put your masks on, get your candy bags ready, and go make this a parade to remember for generations!

When the Mayor sets down the microphone, the crowd goes absolutely APESHIT. As everybody starts HOOTING and HOLLERING, Campbell steps off the platform and goes behind it to make phone call.

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(into phone)

Everything's set, it's time to unleash the virus.

Meanwhile, SHERIFF SAWYER, HIS WIFE AND KIDS, SERGEANT WINSTON, AND EVERYBODY ELSE FROM AREA 69 are just arriving at the scene of the parade. With their weapons at hand, they briefly boast a bad ass slow motion stride. They then come to a halt in the middle of the street, overwhelmed by how many people there are.

AMANDA

Jesus, look at all the people who showed up.

SHERIFF SAWYER

How the hell are we ever gonna find these douchebags in this giant clusterfuck of tourists?

SERGEANT WINSTON

Simple, we split up into three groups and assume different spots around town to keep an eye out for anything suspicious.

(to the Soldiers)

Private, you and your platoon will take cover in the bushes by the fountain.

(to Scientist #3)

Dave, you and all the other lab-coats will be up on the roof of the post office. Sheriff, you and your family will be with me by that wooden platform over there. If

(MORE)

SERGEANT WINSTON (CONT'D)  
 anyone sees anything, immediately  
 contact everybody else and we'll  
 all meet up at the scene of the  
 disturbance, everybody understand?

They all nod.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 Alright, move out!

Everybody splits up into three groups and they each assume their assigned positions. Sergeant Winston then pulls out his walkie-talkie and checks in with the other groups.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 (into radio)  
 All units, this is a check-in call.  
 Private, what's your status? Over.

PRIVATE (V.O.)  
 All good sir, everybody's here and  
 accounted for, over.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 Excellent! What about you Dave,  
 where are you currently positioned?  
 Over.

SCIENTIST #3 (V.O.)  
 Uh yeah...we're all good. Just give  
 us a second to find the post  
 office.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 (firmly)  
 Well you better find it quick  
 before I come down there and fuck  
 you right up the asshole! Over!

Amanda places her hands over Justin's ears. The Sergeant puts his walkie away and turns to the Sawyers.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 Alright guys, stay alert and  
 whatever you do, do not take your  
 eyes off the paraders.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 You got it.

The Sergeant pulls out a pair of binoculars and places them over his eyes.



SERGEANT WINSTON  
 (quietly)  
 Oh yeah.

From the perspective of the binoculars lens, we see that he's staring at a few college girls' butts.

Over by the fountain, the Soldiers are all camouflaged into the bushes that they're hiding in.

Up on the roof of the post office, the Scientists are all seated by the edge.

Everybody waits patiently for something to happen.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Nothing's happening. No donkeys, no activists, no nothing.

Sergeant Winston pulls out his walkie talkie.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 (into radio)  
 Private, has anything unusual occurred by you yet? Over.

PRIVATE (V.O.)  
 Negative, the only unusual thing was an old man giving out used condoms instead of candy, over.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
 What about you Dave? Have you and the lab-coats spotted anything that looks like a donkey or an activist? Over.

Back on the rooftop, Scientist #3 answers.

SCIENTIST #3  
 (into radio)  
 No, we don't see anything that fits the criteria of what you just described-

As soon as he says that, the sound of GUNS BEING COCKED is heard in the background. The Scientists turn around and see the Spring Sluggers, led by DAMIAN SLATER, holding them all at gunpoint.

DAMIAN SLATER  
 If you say one thing to blow our cover, then I will unload this  
 (MORE)

DAMIAN SLATER (CONT'D)  
entire magazine right into your  
little bitch face.

SCIENTIST #3  
(into radio)  
Um uuhhh...everything's honky dory  
up here. There's definitely no way  
that the Spring Sluggers are  
anywhere nearby.  
(whispers)  
That's a lie, they're right behind  
us.

DAMIAN SLATER  
Hey dumbass, I can hear you!

SCIENTIST #3  
(into radio)  
Like I said, no killer activists up  
on the roof.  
(whispers)  
They're holding us at gunpoint,  
please send somebody to save us!

DAMIAN SLATER  
You really think I'm fucking deaf?

The sound of a LOUD, WET FART is heard.

SCIENTIST #3  
Uh-oh, I just shit my pants.

The Sergeant pulls out his walkie once again.

SERGEANT WINSTON  
(into radio)  
Attention all units, we have a  
situation over by the post office,  
get your asses over there ASAP!  
Over.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
What's going on?

SERGEANT WINSTON  
It's them. The Spring Sluggers are  
up on the roof of the post office.

He grabs his assault rifle.

SERGEANT WINSTON

Let's go!

The Sergeant, the Sheriff, and his family all emerge from behind the platform and start running out into the street.

The Soldiers all load up their assault rifles and burst out of the bushes running. Eventually, the two groups meet each other in front of the post office where Damian and the Spring Sluggers are still up on the roof with the Scientists at gunpoint. Everybody on the ground points their guns towards the activists.

SERGEANT WINSTON

(yells)

Give it up you bastards! You're surrounded by marines of the United States military! If you even move a single muscle, we will shoot you!

DAMIAN SLATER

(mockingly)

Oh no, it's the military! I'm so scared that I've shit my pants, just like this little pussy down here did.

SCIENTIST #3

Hey, fuck you!

SERGEANT WINSTON

(yells)

All of you stole something highly classified from a top secret military base! We demand that you return it or else you'll face the deadly consequences!

DAMIAN SLATER

We stole that virus from you with very little effort. What makes you think that you have a better chance of getting it back?

SERGEANT WINSTON

Cause' this time, we came prepared!

DAMIAN SLATER

Really now? So does that mean you're prepared for this?

At that moment, the Spring Sluggers OPEN FIRE upon the Soldiers. They take cover behind two parked cars which

slowly get decimated by the bullets raining down on them. The sound of the guns causes all of the paraders to run away SCREAMING. Everybody in front of the post office who has a gun COUNTER-FIRES at the Activists.

Amidst the ensuing gunfight, a terrified Scientist #3 sees his RPG from earlier laying by the edge and cautiously crawls towards it. When he reaches it, he picks it up, stands up on one of the exhaust vents, and aims the RPG right at the Activists.

SCIENTIST #3

(shouts)

Mother Nature can suck my dick!

Scientist #3 FIRES A ROCKET AT THE ACTIVISTS, killing a small group of them in the EXPLOSION. Damian then SHOTS HIM right between the eyes; BLOOD SPLATTERS from the exit wound and his body falls off the edge of the roof.

Back on the ground, the Soldiers are still dodging bullets from up above. While FIRING HER PISTOLS, Amanda looks through the front window of the post office and sees some of the Activists coming down from the roof.

AMANDA

Shit, they're coming down!

As soon as he sees them, Sergeant Winston grabs a grenade from his belt and pulls the ring out with his teeth. When the Activists burst out the door, GUNS BLAZING, the Sergeant hurls the grenade at them. It EXPLODES, killing them and OBLITERATING THE FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE.

Unfortunately, he gets SHOT IN THE NECK, causing Brittany and Justin to SCREAM IN HORROR as he drops his weapon and falls to the ground. With BLOOD SPURTING from the wound, the Sheriff leans over and tries to help him.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(frantically)

Aw shit Sarge, you've been hit in the neck.

SERGEANT WINSTON

(weakly)

Nothing could make this...any worse.

As soon as he says that, the sound of BRAYING and SCREECHING is heard in the background. Everybody looks up and sees a massive horde of donkeys approaching them.

JUSTIN  
 (screams)  
 DOONKEEEEEEEEEYYYYSSS!!!

AMANDA  
 Aw, you've gotta be fucking  
 shitting me!

The Sheriff COCKS HIS SHOTGUN and heads towards the post office.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (shouts)  
 Quick, everybody head for the back  
 room! We'll barricade ourselves in  
 there!

His wife and kids follow him into the post office. Amanda sees two more Activists coming down from above and SHOTS THEM DEAD. The onslaught of donkeys finally reaches the building and they DEVOUR THE POOR, HELPLESS SOLDIERS, including Sergeant Winston.

The Sawyers rush into the back room, which has unopened packages and envelopes sprawling everywhere, and slam the metal door shut. Amanda and Brittany slide one of the shelves up against the door right as the donkeys start BANGING ON IT from the other side. The Sawyers back against the wall, guns pointing out in front of them, as the donkeys continue trying to get in.

BRITTANY  
 Dad, you realize that if the  
 donkeys break through the door,  
 we're totally fucked!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 I'm aware of that, sweetheart!

The donkeys SCREECH as they continue trying to smash their way in.

Back up on the roof, Damian pulls out the test tube containing the Botana virus and holds it high in the air.

DAMIAN SLATER  
 (shouts)  
 Gentlemen, this is the moment we've  
 been dreaming of since we first  
 established our organization. This  
 is us finally fulfilling our duty  
 to God and helping our fellow  
 plants and animals in their time of  
 (MORE)

DAMIAN SLATER (CONT'D)  
 trouble. At last, Mother Earth will  
 have her chance to strike back  
 against the human scum that's been  
 oppressing her for far too long!  
 It's time to unleash the Botana  
 virus!

The one other remaining Activist unzips a duffel bag and displays a rocket launcher looking device. Just as Damian is about to give him the test tube, he looks down below and sees a giant semi-truck heading full speed towards the post office.

DAMIAN SLATER  
 (shocked)  
 What the fuck!

The speeding semi MOWS DOWN A LOT OF DONKEYS and SMASHES ITS WAY THROUGH THE POST OFFICE ALL THE WAY TO THE BACK ROOM. When it PLOWS THROUGH THE WALL, the Sawyers are startled. The truck then stops and the door on the passenger's side opens; DEPUTY DICKSON emerges from the truck. Only, he's changed drastically since the last time we saw him.

Now, his face has completely morphed into that of a donkey's, and the entire left side of his body has also transformed; he has hooves instead of hands and feet. Everybody in the room immediately GASPS IN PURE SHOCK the second they lay eyes upon him.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (in pure shock)  
 Deputy? Is that...you?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 You know it, the one and only.

AMANDA  
 (stammers)  
 Wha-what...happened to you?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 Well back at the high school, I was ambushed by a donkey and dragged away to my impending doom.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 Yeah, we thought you died.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 I thought I was gonna die too, but then, the most unique and

(MORE)

DEPUTY DICKSON (CONT'D)  
 unexpected thing happened to me.  
 The donkey that dragged me  
 away...we locked eyes. We were  
 staring uninterruptedly at each  
 other for a few minutes until  
 finally, we...

BRITTANY  
 What? What'd you do?

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 We...you know...

BRITTANY  
 I'm not getting it.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (outraged)  
 No, no you fucking didn't! You did  
 not!

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 We did.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 (disgusted)  
 Aw, that is so nasty! That's fucked  
 up!

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 Well I did what I had to do to  
 survive.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
 So you're saying this-

The Sheriff holds up a doughnut.

DEPUTY DICKSON  
 And this?  
 (holds up a banana)  
 Yup.

The Deputy takes the banana and slowly pushes it towards the  
 doughnut, imitating the sound of AN AIRPLANE LANDING with  
 his mouth. When the banana finally goes through the doughnut  
 hole, he makes the sound of an EXPLOSION.

BRITTANY  
 (disgusted)  
 Aw ew! What the hell!

AMANDA

Well it does explain why you look like a jackass.

Suddenly, the donkeys ROAR VEHEMENTLY, startling the Sawyers and the Deputy.

DEPUTY DICKSON

We gotta get to the roof before the donkeys devour us, let's go!

Everybody in the room makes their way towards the exit; one of the donkeys BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL but is immediately SHOT DOWN by the Deputy.

DEPUTY DICKSON

Hurry!

They scamper up the stairs. When they get up onto the roof, they shut the door behind them.

DAMIAN SLATER

Oh, look who showed up! You're just in time to witness the downfall of this shithole you call a town!

The rocket launcher device in the other Activist's hand turns green and Damian CACKLES EVILLY as the Sheriff draws a pistol and aims it at him.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(aggressively)

If you detonate that virus, I swear to God, I'll put a bullet right between your fucking eyes!

DAMIAN SLATER

Go ahead, I'm not the one with the rocket launcher, you can shoot me all you want!

The Sheriff pulls the trigger but to his dismay, no bullets are fired, indicating that his magazine is empty.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(angrily)

Aw, fuck!

DAMIAN SLATER

(cackles)

There's nothing you can do to stop us now! Nobody stands in the way of Mother Nature's will!



SHERIFF SAWYER  
Hey look, a dancing gay unicorn!

DAMIAN SLATER  
Really, where?

Damian looks behind his shoulder for a second, prompting the Sheriff to hurl the pistol right at him, knocking him off the edge of the building.

ACTIVIST #2  
Motherfucker!

The Activist points the launcher device right at the Sheriff but Deputy Dickson intervenes, pouncing on him and TAKING A BITE OUT OF HIS FLESH. The Activist SCREAMS IN AGONY as the Deputy ferociously tears him apart.

AMANDA  
Jesus Christ!

DEPUTY DICKSON  
(burps)  
You know, human flesh isn't half bad. It kinda tastes like fried rice mixed with a cow's uterus.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Only you would know what that tastes like.

Down below, Damian is still alive but unable to get back up onto his feet. He tries to crawl forward but sees the entire horde of donkeys zealously looking down at him.

DAMIAN SLATER  
(stammers)  
Uuhh...good donkeys...no need to hurt me, I'm on your side. Let's all work together and kill them-

The donkeys don't give a shit about what he's saying and immediately overwhelm him. The sounds of CRUNCHING FLESH AND BONE can be heard over his SCREAMS OF AGONY. Everybody on the roof watches in horror.

BRITTANY  
What are we gonna do about the donkeys? There's still too many of them!

DEPUTY DICKSON

I have an idea.

The Deputy takes a handful of firecrackers and explosives and jams them into a flesh wound on Activist #3's corpse.

SHERIFF SAWYER

What are you doing?

DEPUTY DICKSON

We're gonna toss this douchebag's body down into the donkey horde and as soon as they all take a bite out of it, boom!

The Sheriff and the Deputy grab the corpse's arms and legs, respectively, and fling him off the edge of the roof down into the ocean of murderous mules. It lands right smack in the middle of the horde and the donkeys don't spare a second; they immediately sink their razor sharp teeth into the partially eaten corpse of Activist #2. Eventually, one of them bites into the firecrackers, causing them to IGNITE.

With a loud and deafening BOOM!, every last donkey is immediately blown to smithereens in the blast of the explosives while the fireworks soar up into the sky. Red, white, and blue rain down upon the street along with bloody chunks of what used to be the donkeys. The Sawyers CLAP and CHEER at the morbidly marvelous sight; Amanda gleefully hugs the Sheriff while Justin jumps up and hugs his older sister.

DEPUTY DICKSON

Oh that's cute, I guess nobody fucking loves me!

SHERIFF SAWYER

Aw, get over here!

The Sheriff wraps his arm around the Deputy.

SHERIFF SAWYER

(sniffs)

You smell like ass!

DEPUTY DICKSON

What do you think I am?

When the fireworks cease, so do the hugs. They all stare triumphantly at the setting sun.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Our work here is done. From this point forward, the killer donkeys are a thing of the past.

AMANDA

Phew, thank God! Now I can go back to meditating and masturbating.

DEPUTY DICKSON

What do you say we head home, I'm sick of being up here on this roof.

They all head back inside the post office, or at least what's left of it, and begin their long journey home. However, as soon as they get out onto the street, Mayor Campbell jumps out from behind a trash can, more pissed off than ever, and points a gun at them.

AMANDA

(screams)

Agh! Oh my God!

SHERIFF SAWYER

(shocked)

Mr. Mayor, why are you pointing a gun at us? Have you lost your fucking mind!

MAYOR CAMPBELL

(angrily)

No I have not! But I'll tell you what I did lose, all the insurance money I was supposed to collect from the casualties that would've been caused by the Botana virus!

AMANDA

(shocked)

Wait, you knew about the virus?

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Of course I did, the Spring Sluggers were supposed to detonate it at the parade tonight!

DEPUTY DICKSON

(yells angrily)

You sadistic motherfucker! You were willing to let everybody in the town die just so you could inherit some insurance money??

MAYOR CAMPBELL

Yeah, that money would've given me a huge boom in my bank account. I could've retired as soon as my term ended. But now thanks to you, I don't get jack shit!

He COCKS THE PISTOL.

MAYOR CAMPBELL  
Prepare to die, Sawyers!

His finger squeezes the trigger but just before he can pull it completely, a voice we haven't heard in a while calls him out.

JUSTIN  
(shouts)  
Hey assface!

The Mayor looks to his right and is absolutely stunned to see Justin pointing Scientist #3's rocket launcher at him.

JUSTIN  
You ordered a huge boom? Coming right up!

He FIRES A ROCKET at the Mayor, BLOWING HIM UP INTO LITTLE BITS AND PIECES. Everyone stares with their jaws dropped at the little first-grader.

JUSTIN  
What, you never seen a seven-year old with a rocket launcher before? Give me a break, this is normal in Syria.

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Good job son, Daddy's very proud.

JUSTIN  
Can I keep it?

AMANDA  
Fuck no! You're way too young to have a rocket launcher!

JUSTIN  
(groans)  
Aawww!

SHERIFF SAWYER  
Tell you what, if you behave well for the rest of the year, then maybe you'll get it for Christmas.

JUSTIN  
(excitedly)  
Yaaaaayyy!

AMANDA

Now it's finally over. No more donkeys, no more activists, no more psycho mayors.

SHERIFF SAWYER

Fuckin' A right sweetheart, no more catastrophic threats. Let's all go home and celebrate, cause' we deserve it after saving this town.

DEPUTY DICKSON

Hell yeah we do.

The Sawyers and the Deputy all start their lengthy trip home, again. This time, all the paraders come out of hiding and CHEER FOR THEM as they walk down the street. As we PAN UP, the protagonists of our story walk further and further away from the frame until finally, they disappear into the setting sun.

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

MIKE OXARD and SHARON HEAD appear once again for another wacky news segment.

SHARON HEAD

Good evening, I'm Sharon Head.

MIKE OXARD

And I'm Mike Oxard, proud to have survived the donkey epidemic that came to a gruesome end tonight.

SHARON HEAD

That's right, local sheriff Dan Sawyer, deputy George Dickson, and the rest of the sheriff's family have emerged as heroes out of the shocking turn of events that unfolded at tonight's annual Halloween Parade.

MIKE OXARD

Basically what happened is that the people we just mentioned foiled a plot devised by a bunch of hippie faggots to release a deadly virus that would've killed us all; a plot that our very own Mayor Campbell, now deceased, was apart of. Also, the rest of the donkeys were killed...by fireworks.

SHARON HEAD

Finally, at long last, we the citizens of El Chapo can rest peacefully tonight, knowing that the donkeys are all gone and that nothing else could possibly go wrong from this point forward.

MIKE OXARD

This just in, the Botana virus has gone missing. Newly surfaced security footage shows a man dressed in all black retrieving the virus from the scene of the shootout and then vanishing without a trace.

The footage he just described is shown. A shady man dressed in a black robe with a strange symbol on it walks over to Damian Slater's chewed up corpse, grabs the test tube containing the Botana virus out of its pocket, and then swiftly disappears in a CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE.

THE END