

CREATURES OF HABIT

BY  
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FADE IN:

SUPER: BOSTON, 2087

INT. HABIT CORPORATION. HALLWAY - DAY

The LIONESS (late 20's) walks down a hallway with a unlit neon sign that says 187 on a wall.

All around the hallway are MOUNTED CAMERAS that spy on every moment in the hallway and TV monitors which play music videos that showcases bikini women and wailing guitars.

Two HABIT EXECUTIVES (40's) named HAURAKI and YURKI meet with her.

They bow to each other.

LIONESS  
Domo Arigato.

HABIT LAB

Various TECHS work on machines and computers.

Lioness, Hauraki and Yurki watch them through a plate glass window.

LIONESS  
Where is Damian?

YURKI  
He's watching.

Nods to a small video camera behind him. She steps past him and inspects the camera.

LIONESS  
He is supposed to be here.

She breathes on the camera and fogs it up with her breath.

DAMIAN's voice blares over an unseen loudspeaker system. The speakers don't entirely mask his teenage years.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)  
Now that wasn't nice.

HAURAKI  
Miss Kirin, Mister Damian is a  
real busy young man. He means  
no offense.

LIONESS  
Busy how? Couldn't tear himself  
away from the chocolate factory  
to see how this inspection  
goes?

A loud SIP of a straw at the end of a paper cup comes  
over the speakers.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)  
What's your handle name? The  
Lioness? I don't know what your  
little scamps said to you, but  
you are wasting your time, and  
mine.

LIONESS  
"My little scamps" go over the  
system, we do the job and we  
find a lot of odd things, as  
with my connection to the local  
law enforcement-

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)  
"Law Enforcement"? Yeah right.

LIONESS  
I have legal authority to  
conduct a routine but thorough  
investigation.

HAURAKI  
The Enforcers may in fact  
protect the welfare of those  
that live in the city, but I  
speak for everyone here that we  
do not, or ever have, developed  
bio-genetic weapons of any  
kind.

LIONESS

Habit is clean? That's your story?

HAURAKI

We are trying to improve the city, not decrease its value.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

Don't you worry about the little people. Habit is for making a better future, progress!

HAURAKI

You'll have to forgive Damian's candor. But I can tell you that are research is legitimate and our records are in order.

LIONESS

Good Hauraki. I want to see them.

She looks to the mounted camera.

LIONESS

All of them.

HALLWAY

A video camera spies on Lioness and the two men as they walk down the hall.

LIONESS

I want all files downloaded to my terminal by the end of the day. It's my job to make sure Habit is on the level. I get high clearance, no exceptions.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

Sure thing, sweetheart.

LIONESS

Damian, I'm not one of your secretaries, so close it up.

YURKI

Excuse him. He's young.

LIONESS

He's a punk.

YURKI

He runs this company!

LIONESS

God help you. I'll be in touch.

LAB - MINUTES LATER

The LAB TECHS work on various projects as before.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

Okay, folks, the inspector has left the building. Get back to work.

Various tables turn over to reveal more hi-tech equipment and more microscopes.

Three TECHS remove a hidden wall to show items marked with a biohazard sign, bizarre machinery and four giant twenty-five foot EGGS with wires and cables attached to them with suction cups.

COMPUTER MONITORS turn on as techs go to new work stations.

The monitors show X-Rays of the frog like embryos inside the eggs.

EXT. SIMONAN STREET - DAY

WILLIAM "OWL" HUNG, (late 20's) rides his souped up motorcycle hog around PEDESTRIANS who barely get out of the way, hot dog carts and the road kill.

He zooms under a partially torn banner that reads HAPPY NEW YEAR BOSTON 2087!

FIVE THUGS (all between 16 and 22) harass a twenty-ish Playboy model type OWNER of a small dog.

They corner her and her pet at knife point.

The jackets of the thugs have a gang affiliation : "The Alchemist Gang"

Two of them, MONTE and LATCH act more menacing than their three friends.

INSERT

Owl's arm patch reads ENFORCERS.

BACK TO SCENE

As Owl weaves around the traffic, The Alchemist Gang sees him and drops the Owner's compact purse as they split up in a madman's dash.

Owl doughnuts around, inches away of smacking into the dog and the mutt's Owner.

OWL

You alright?

DOG OWNER

You bastard, do I look alright?

Owl gets off his bike and picks up her purse, even though she lightly shoves him.

DOG OWNER

What are you doing? I can get that myself!

He hands it to her. She rips it out of his hand.

OWL

They're long gone.

DOG OWNER

Should have went after them.

OWL

The Alchemist Gang. They hide out just on the outside of Chinatown. The Enforcers will deal with them real soon.

She slaps him in the face.

DOG OWNER

I didn't need help! I could  
have taken care of them myself.  
I don't need a dirty Enforcer-

Owl frowns as he gets to his bike, revs it up.

She eats his dust and answers to only the back of his  
leather jacket: an upside down peace symbol.

INSERT

Owl motions with his jacket sleeve, a dagger emerges  
into his hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Owl makes his bike jump on a trunk of a parked car,  
rides up on the roof. flies right towards the banner.

As he passes under the banner, he cuts it with his  
blade.

He lands roughly, but gets the bike down on both tires  
like Steve McQueen in "The Great Escape".

He spins around to see his work. The banner still  
stands. A PEDESTRIAN (40's) beside him speaks up.

PEDESTRIAN#1

You suck!

Owl eyeballs him.

PEDESTRIAN#1

You been trying that for stunt  
for almost three months. Give  
it up!

OWL

I'm the only one who ever  
tries.

PEDESTRIAN#1

Yeah, well you still ain't done  
it. You're just one more low  
life, tryin' to turn this city  
into a pigsty.

OWL  
It is a pigsty.

PEDESTRIAN#1  
Don't need to help it.

OWL  
Toe the line.

Owl takes off.

The Dog Owner reaches in a garbage can and pulls out a rotten tomato.

EXT. STAR STREET - DAY

Owl turns the corner, the Dog Owner tosses the tomato at him. It hits the rear of the bike.

Owl looks her in his rear view. Dog Owner flips the bird.

A BEEP sounds off on Owl's bike, a mini-video screen appears near the speed gage.

It flickers on to reveal the Lioness.

A small button sized RADIO TRANSMITTER sewn in Owl's collar.

LIONESS (STATIC)  
Owl, Habit's inspection didn't pass. I think I found something that they are trying to hide, I want you to come down to my place and have a look for yourself.

EXT. THE LION'S DEN - DAY

Owl parks his bike outside of The Lion's Den, whose neon sign also boasts "The Best Apple Pie Anywhere- Made With real apples!"

Owl reaches in his jacket and takes out a device as he leaves his bike. A "beep - beep" sounds off, the bike's lights flash once.

INT. THE LION'S DEN - DAY

Rows of apple pies on a counter.

Some customers, various ages, who need a bath.

The Den has a Japanese theme to it.

Aside from a tank full of live crabs, the entire place is decked out in golden and silver Buddhas, wall paintings of Samurai warriors and dragons.

Owl walks in and beelines to a flight of stairs that lead to a basement.

DOWNSTAIRS

He sees smoke that rises out through the beads in front of him. He goes into the

ROOM

And sees what's left of Lioness.

Her halfway burned up body still seated and wired up at a computer terminal, her blood boils around her jaw, which is dislocated.

Owl comes closer and on closer inspection, sees that one of her eyes is missing and the other bulged out; her chest is open with her heart exposed.

Her body gets another jolt of electric shock, she contorts violently as her left eye and her heart jump out in unison. Blood explodes all over the table.

Owl carefully removes the cables out of her cybernetic right arm. Her body twitches once more, and stops.

Owl looks at the computer screen, wipes off the thick blood.

He flicks off a eye off the keyboard and types LAST TRANSACTION.

Three dimensional shapes appear in a hologram: A ladybug, a frog, an egg, a puddle and something that looks like an Omega sign.

The words OP CLEAN SHEET and PROPERTY OF HABIT CORPORATION flash below the graphics of the creatures.

A request for a CODEWORD pops up. The computer enters FLIES.

All images vanish, the image of a thundercloud appears.

The SMASH of THUNDER echoes out of the computer speakers. Lightning bolts head towards the screen.

When they 'hit' Owl backs up as the computer console crackles in an electric fury.

The monitor melts, and Owl jumps to the blood caked floor.

The computer explodes, broken screen glass pepper the corpse in front of it.

Owl gets up, his clothes soaked. Lioness' heart slides off his jacket.

EXT. THE LION'S DEN - MINUTES LATER

An Alarm blares loud.

Owl walks up to his bike and pushes off the bloodied gaunt DEAD PUNK (20's) who sits on it.

He squats down, wipes his hands on the dead punk's shirt.

He turns off his alarm, gets on his bike, takes off.

EXT. RAVEN STREET - LATER

Ripped in bare shirtless beefcake, DUKE and MANSON (20's) escort HAURAKI and YURKI down a busy street.

The two executives carry stainless steel briefcases.

The two bodyguards, aside from the right shoulder tattoos bearing the company name of HABIT, wear dress pants and shoes that match the men they protect.

They stop at a corner in front of THE SHINDIG HEATH FOOD STORE who's neon sign is written in Korean.

JAMMER (30's) an athletic Native American woman decked out in black rubber, gives Owl an ear piercing.

In one ear is an earring of a lizard claw.

JUICE (20's) and PRICE (30's) -two rough looking biker types armed with high-tech guns in shoulder holsters, take instant note of the new visitors.

JUICE

Kiss my ass, drink piss from my glass. Hauraki and the 'boys' Duke and Manson.

HAURAKI

I'm here on business, gentlemen.

PRICE

Sure.

A scorpion's stinger for an earring follows Owl's new piercing.

OWL

Let the man speak. I'm curious as to what he has to say.

HAURAKI

I'm sorry about the loss of your friend.

PRICE

No shit. Really?

DUKE

Watch it punk.

PRICE

Wipe me.

DUKE

You and your boyfriend pipe  
down.

PRICE

That's my brother you're  
talking about. So you're shit  
out of luck, unless you suck  
your own pal off.

JUICE

Oh, I'm a peter piper too.

OWL

Alright, knock it off.

JUICE

Hey Duke, I gotta ask : You  
ever by chance perpetrate the  
perpetrator?

OWL

Mister Hauraki, I apologize. My  
crew is a bit edgy since the  
passing of The Lioness.

HAURAKI

She was one remarkable lady.

OWL

She ran security checks for  
you, virus tests. Why would her  
own security wall ice her up?

PRICE

She was asked to do an  
inspection tour to ease some  
fears. See something she wasn't  
supposed to?

HAURAKI

We are looking into it.

OWL

That's nice to hear.

Jammer gives Owl a sword, Owl checks it out.

HAURAKI

Good steel.

JAMMER

The best. Cuts through all the bullshit.

HAURAKI

Owl, your people-

OWL

I don't trust you or that spoiled brat that runs Habit. Anytime we do business with you, someone gets themselves donated to science.

HAURAKI

Accidents happen.

JUICE

Well, damn. I knocked up your sister last night, it was a accident.

Price laughs. Taps the handle of his gun.

PRICE

I got the snake right here.

MANSON

You ain't got the nuts.

Jammer grabs the bodyguard and rams her right knee hard between Manson's legs. He falls to the street.

Jammer puts the tip of her right leather steel toe boot on Manson's neck.

JAMMER

Neither do you.

Duke steps up as Price whips out his gun, puts it right to the surprised man's temple.

Hauraki hears a swish and his pressed suit opens up as his buttons fall off.

OWL

Maybe I should do an independent investigation, ask around. I'll start with you, suit.

Owl points the tip of his sword next to Hauraki's neckline.

HAURAKI

This is outrageous!

OWL

Paper cuts are accidents. A person cooked alive with blood all over the place that's something else.

TWO PEDESTRIANS walk by and gawk.

JUICE

What are you lookin' at?

Juice flashes a brass badge.

JUICE

Official police business, can't you see that? Get out of here.

They do that, quickly.

JUICE

Pedestrians, never minding their own business.

OWL

These are my questions: What's Habit up to? What do the frogs and ladybugs mean? What's "Operation Clean Sheet"?

HAURAKI

Renovation programs. In about a week or less the program will begin cleaning up the city.

OWL

"Urban redevelopment?"

HAURAKI

Something like that. The animals are used as symbols for different stages of the program.

Owl slowly pulls back his sword, puts it away.

OWL

What about the mud puddles?

HAURAKI

Same.

OWL

The Cheerios?

HAURAKI

The what?

OWL

The ringy like things. The  
what-the-hell-ever they are.

HAURAKI

Classified.

OWL

You come here and tell me all  
this cloak and dagger game  
doesn't mean anything? That's  
your story?

Owl takes out a cigar, smells the flavor..

OWL

City clean sheet. What's that?  
Something that gives back to  
the city and someone gets  
killed over it?

JAMMER

Kickbacks, payoffs?

HAURAKI

No, no nothing like that.

Hauraki nods to Yurki, who in all of this has nearly  
been an observing statue.

Yurki opens a small hand held case and hands it to  
Jammer who tosses it to Owl.

Owl opens it.

PRICE

What is it?

Owl turns over the case, dumps out the five credit cards.

OWL  
Get the hell out of here.

Jammer lets Manson up as the bodyguards and the two suits leave.

INT. HABIT CORPORATION. MEETING ROOM - DAY

DAMIAN, (late teens) and Hauraki are seated at a conference table by themselves.

Damian, hair slicked back and very Wall Street looking for his youthful age, drinks out of a straw from the contents of a "Fast N' Fresh Burger"'s cup.

DAMIAN  
He's a cockroach. Whoever appointed him and his clowns law enforcers in this city I hope he rots in hell.

HAURAKI  
Your late father.

DAMIAN  
Owl Hung isn't a lawman. He's a dead one. Put the word out, five hundred and safe passage to anyone who has his head on a stick.

HAURAKI  
Will do.

Damian looks at a printout chart in front of him.

DAMIAN  
Dammit, Hauraki, are these figures correct? Eighty-seven?

HAURAKI  
They are.

Damian balls up the paper report and tosses it at Hauraki.

DAMIAN

What is this crap! Seventeen years ago I was engineered to be a perfect genius.

Damian grabs one of several DARTS off his desk, aims at a poster on the wall opposite him.

DAMIAN

What happens? I wind up with a bunch of idiots who think out of their ass.

He throws the dart.

A wall poster with the heading "DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES? JOIN US" and the ENFORCER logo with upside down peace sign, serves as Damian's personal dart board.

His dart hits well outside of the upside down peace sign.

DAMIAN

Find out what went wrong. The number was supposed to be double.

Hauraki backs off as the young loudmouth points an accusing finger.

DAMIAN

Why the hell are you still standing there? Get on it!

Hauraki leaves. Damian reaches out to an egg shaped remote control. With the press of a button closes the door.

He presses one more button.

A TV monitor comes down from the ceiling and plays a ROCK VIDEO.

Damian nods his head in tune with the beat.

Sings it out with the band, although his voice is far worse and the band is terrible.

A little bit of air guitar.

DAMIAN

Damn well know you... got... to  
shove it inside the... the...  
pink taco!

INT. JESTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

The SAME ROCK VIDEO plays out over a TV screen.

The video shows images of fly infested, half decomposed road kill, followed by a medical footage of a DOCTOR probing a human brain in a tub of water.

JESTER (20's) his long rainbow colored hair tied up in a ponytail, pants halfway down, his black and white polka dot underwear exposed.

He cHunges the channel with an egg shaped remote.

A beer commercial, two BIKINI BABES gulp down "F BEER". After the guzzle and double burp, they give each other an erotic mouth to mouth. After lips part-

BIKINI BABE#1

UHM-UHM Good!

He cHunges the channel. The local news.

KATE NELSON, a twenty-ish happy face loaded with false optimism and short spiked hair, holds the microphone as if she were about to eat an ice cream cone.

KATE

Kate Nelson, W-H-A-T Channel  
thirteen. Top story of the  
hour...

A rock flies, smashes the TV set.

Jester turns to see Owl behind him.

OWL

Evening, Jester. Anything on  
the six news?

JESTER

You didn't need to trash my  
tube, man.

OWL

You were supposed to meet me at the bar. You had information on what's going on at Habit.

JESTER

You know the brat is running the show.

OWL

Damien.

JESTER

Well if were you, I'd stay off the street for awhile. Or get and get gone, far away from Boston.

OWL

Why?

JESTER

The kid's come up with some plan to help clean the city up. I don't mean fixing up that old movie theater down the street, or fixing up a pothole. I mean getting rid of pedestrians out of this ghost town.

OWL

Forcing people to move out of Boston?

JESTER

That energy surge this morning wasn't an accident. It was on purpose. Any person who worked outside the company was asked to plug in. Half did, half didn't. I was lucky.

OWL

But they came to me-

JESTER

Hell, Habit's got a contract on you.

OWL

What?

JESTER

Damn skippy. Seven figures.  
Shit up a rope, I'd be worth  
that if Habit knew I was even  
talking to you.

OWL

It's not exactly a ghost town,  
Jester.

JESTER

Course not. It's Habit's town.

INT. KROME KANDY BAR - EVENING

The energetic dance music booms as the CYBERNETIC STRIPPERS go topless, revealing smooth silver mirror breasts that reflect the faces of the crowd.

With golden heel pumps built into their feet, they twist and turn in outrageous positions no human being can possibly do.

Some of them have wires and one even had a vibrator near her thong. Despite a few cat calls, the act is not too erotic.

KILLER, a late thirties hard-bodied blonde with tattoos on her body neck to toe that range from a Queen of Diamonds to a Chinese Dragon, joins Price and Juice at a table.

JUICE

Where have you been?

KILLER

You my keeper?

She leans over. they kiss.

JUICE

Missed a lot of action earlier  
today.

KILLER

Poor me. Where's Owl and  
Jammer?

JUICE

Owl's working his snitches, I  
haven't seen Jams since earlier  
today.

PRICE

Hey, Killer, you want to go up  
there and show this joint what  
real tits and ass look like?

KILLER

You don't like this place?

JUICE

He's right. It's a dump.

KILLER

Not my fault its under new  
management. Jerry left a few  
days ago, signed the papers and  
everything. Fired everyone,  
told his dancers to leave the  
city.

PRICE

What is that shit?

Points to the stage.

KILLER

Looks like a vibrator.

PRICE

Question: where's the peach?

KILLER

It's an acquired taste.

PRICE

Well I haven't 'quired no show.  
Where's the peach?

He stands up in protest.

PRICE

Where's the peach! This is  
bullshit and my beer is flat! I  
want to see peach!

Some cheers.

PRICE

Get that wired up microwave  
shit off the stage!

The lights go out all through the bar.

PRICE

Now what!

Built into the palm of her hand, Killer shines a  
flashlight in Price's face.

PRICE

Knock that shit off!

PATRON#1

Anyone smell that?

PATRON#2

Hydrochloric sulfide mixed with  
carbon monoxide!

Flashlights go about in various directions; a greenish  
yellow gas cloud clouds up at floor level. Patrons choke  
and fall over.

MEN'S BATHROOM.

Juice, Killer and Price enter the men's bathroom  
quickly. They practically trip over CLASS (20's) a young  
punk with a purple buzzcut.

He has a wad of money in one hand, five credit cards in  
the other and a big hunting knife, blood on it, tucked  
in his sheath.

A DEAD MAN lies in a pool of blood just beside Class.

CLASS

Oh shit! Uh, look, I know how  
this looks. It was self  
defense! Him or me!

KILLER

Yeah, whatever.

Killer goes to the mirror, smashes it. Behind the mirror are grenades, plastic explosives and a row of gas masks.

As the gas cloud comes in the bathroom, Killer tosses a gas mask to Juice, then to Price. They put the masks on quickly.

Killer hands one to Class, and puts hers on. She hands extra masks to the Brothers, who go out of the bathroom.

KILLER

Self defense?

CLASS

Uh, yeah.

KILLER

Pull that steel on me, I will cut your nuts off and show them to you. Understand?

KROME KANDY BAR.

Juice and Price put the gas masks on two PATRONS who they are closest to.

INT.JESTER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Owl and Jester are alone as the lights go off. Owl takes out a lighter and flicks it on.

JESTER

Now it's begun. Way, way too soon. I gotta get out of here!

Jester takes out a gun that opens up like a switchblade. He aims it at Owl's chest.

JESTER

But not before I get some spending money.

He fires the gun, a blade shoots out. Owl clangs it away with his sword, and in the next move chops Jester's head off.

EXT. JESTER'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Owl storms out, puts away his sword. An Alarm roars out.

He comes up to his bike and pushes off the dead man seated on it. Owl turns off the alarm, gets on the bike and rides away.

EXT. STAR STREET - MINUTES LATER

Owl turns the corner street, and sees some distance away FOUR THIRTY FOOT EGGS. The eggs are already getting attention from various PEDESTRIANS and a TV CREW including Kate Nelson.

Owl stops his bike in front of the eggs.

He gets off his bike and flashes his badge.

PEDESTRIAN#2

Oh, lookout, it's the fucking law.

Owl ignores the comment, and examines one of the eggs. He feels it, and puts his head up to it, as to listen for a living heartbeat inside it.

Kate approaches.

KATE

They just came from nowhere.

OWL

Nowhere.

KATE

Serious. Just showed up fifteen minutes ago. What's inside the eggs?

OWL  
Habit's behind this. Whatever  
it is, it isn't good.

KATE  
Got any proof those things  
inside are bad? Every creature  
has a right to live, you know.  
They are here for a reason.

OWL  
You're that reporter, right?

KATE  
I'm a star.

OWL  
Yeah, everyone adores you.

KATE  
Well, they do.

PEDESTRIAN#2  
Hey, lawman! Wipe me!

OWL  
Death and a blackout and now  
this. Now I get the Earth Day  
lecture. Guess what?

KATE  
What?

OWL  
There's still a hole in the  
ozone layer. Fuck the Green.

KATE  
Cute. I'm just saying-

OWL  
(to crowd)  
Alright! Listen up! We don't  
know what things are, and in  
spite of recent events, I urge  
everyone here to keep a safe  
distance-

Boos and hisses from the crowd.

OWL  
Until we find out what's what.  
Calm down. Go home.

A young PUNK (17) steps forward defiant.

PUNK  
What's a safe distance? Here?

Takes another step to one of the eggs.

PUNK  
How about now?

Another step.

PUNK  
Right here? What are you gonna  
do? Take me in? It's a free  
country, I have rights. You  
can't tell me what to do.

Jumps forward.

PUNK  
How's this?

Owl puts one hand on his sword handle, slowly pulls the  
sword out of the sheath. The punk sees this and backs  
off.

PUNK  
Sorry.

Owl puts his sword back slowly in the sheath.

OWL  
Now most of you may not like me  
or my authority.

PEDESTRIAN#3  
No kidding!

OWL  
But I am the law around here. I  
am the authority. A lot of  
crazy things have happened in  
the last twelve hours. They  
don't need to get crazier.

PEDESTRIAN#3

You gonna preach, lawman? Give  
a sermon on the mount?

OWL

Remember: safety first.

INT. KROME KANDY BAR - NIGHT

The corpses of the gassed lie about in various positions  
on the tables and the floor. Even the cybernetic  
strippers never finished their act.

FOUR MEN with gas masks and jumpsuits appear out of the  
haze, armed with all sorts of hardware.

The jumpsuits have name patches. Left to right: Duke,  
Manson, SHARP, and JONES. Sharp and Jones don't sound a  
day over twenty.

SHARP

That's cool.

JONES

Awesome. Just like a video  
game!

A SMOKE ALARM sounds off and bleeps out every three  
seconds of any noise.

One of the two SURVIVORS that Price and Juice helped out  
approaches the men.

SURVIVOR#1

Oh thank God! It's madness.

Duke blasts the man off the floor with a burst from his  
weapon.

MANSON

Good shot!

JONES

That gas I planted didn't get  
everyone. Where did he get the  
mask?

MANSON

Maybe you should have spiked  
the beer.

Jones goes to a table, lifts up his gas mask enough to  
take a glass of beer and down it.

He drops the glass, it shatters on he floor.

He puts his mask back on, with a slight exhale.

JONES

You're right. Damn thing was  
flat. Needed some flavor.

Sharp laughs like a stoned out surfer. He seems to  
ignore the loud beep of the alarm.

The sound overrides several of his profane comments, a  
variation of one word in particular.

SHARP

Motherfucking Jones, you crazy  
motherfucker.

DUKE

We didn't check the pisser. You  
check the pisser? Didn't even  
have a look backstage.

SHARP

Duke, that's your damn job.  
Ain't my damn job.

SURVIVOR #2 runs from his hiding space and makes a dash  
for the EXIT. He fails to open the door.

Sharp aims his gun, it jams up on him.

Manson takes out his laser sight handgun, fires away at  
Survivor #2 and blows a big hole in the man's back.

Manson is exited at his kill, pumps his right elbow down  
and clenches his fist.

MANSON

YEAH!! Who's the man! Who's the  
man!

High fives Duke, Jones.

JONES

Sweetness!

Turns to Sharp.

MANSON

Hey Sharp. You snooze, you  
lose.

SHARP

Fuck you, Manson. Don't have to  
rub it in and shit.

INT. KROME KANDY BAR. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Duke walks down a hallway, enters through an open  
backstage door. Manson follows him. Sharp and Duke stay  
behind near the bathrooms.

SHARP

Find that thing and shut it  
off. It's giving me a headache.

MEN'S BATHROOM.

Jones enters the bathroom, sees the dead man on the  
floor, steps in the blood. Wipes his combat boots off on  
the dead man's back.

He sees the broken mirror.

JONES

Got something here.

He checks out the stalls. Kicks open the first stall  
door.

JONES

Man it stinks up in here.

BATHROOM STALL #3

A hand grenade tied and wired up to the door from the  
toilet seat lid, waits for Jones who kicks open the  
second door.

JONES

Some dummy sprayed diarrhea on  
the walls. I'm glad we killed  
these-

He kicks open the third stall door. The grenade goes  
off, toilet and door crash into Jones, followed by fire  
and smoke.

HALLWAY

Fire billows out as Sharp becomes engulfed in flames. He  
drops his gun and flays his arms around like the "Lost  
In Space" robot.

BACKSTAGE

Price and Juice unload their guns into Manson, who  
dances in a hail of bullets. Jones fires back, and  
Killer jumps him from behind.

They wrestle, and Jones hits her in the face. She drives  
her right knee into his groin.

Before she makes contact with the heirlooms, Jones  
vanishes into thin air as if he were a ghost.

She falls flat on the floor.

CLASS

That was mondo awesome.

Killer gets up.

KILLER

Pack it, bitch.

CLASS

Cool.

JUICE

She said shut up, pedestrian.

CLASS

I'm not a pedestrian, bonehead,  
so you can just wipe me.

PRICE

What was that?

CLASS

You can wipe me too.

The alarm sounds over some of Price's comeback.

PRICE

Oh excuse me, civilian.

KILLER

What do they call you on the street tough guy?

CLASS

Class.

KILLER

Yeah, because you have none. If you stay with us, you do as we say and you'll stay alive. Other than that, get some balls and grow a brain.

JUICE

How do you think that bum got out of here? How do we get out? Everything's sealed up.

KILLER

First, we'll open up the vents, air this place out.

Price holds another grenade.

EXT. STAR STREET - MORNING

Jammer comes up to the POPSICLE VENDOR (40's) and places an order of

JAMMER

One strawberry, one Listerine.

She pays with a credit card, and places her thumb on a scanner.

The Vendor hands her the popsicles.

VENDOR

One strawberry, One Listerine.

Jammer walks over to Owl, who sits on his bike, guarding the eggs a short distance away.

Behind him is a yellow tape line that sections off the eggs and an electric wire with a sign that reads HIGH VOLTAGE.

JAMMER  
Got your favorite.

OWL  
Thanks.

Owl unwraps the treat and has a taste. Smack his lips. Jammer sits on his bike with him. He french kisses Jammer. When the tongue war is over, he grins.

OWL  
Nothing beats the taste of menthol.

Price, Killer, Juice and Class ride up on motorcycles and join Owl and Jammer.

OWL  
Who's this?

CLASS  
I'm Class.

OWL  
What's your real name?

CLASS  
That's what people call me.

JAMMER  
I could call you asshole, does that make you one?

PRICE  
Too late on that.

CLASS  
I don't like my real name. It sucks.

JAMMER  
Your real name is "It Sucks"?

OWL

You want to be deputized we got to know your real name. After that the public can use your name, but with us, you'll be called a street name.

CLASS

Like a gang.

OWL

Excuse me? I'm a law enforcer. I work for a living.

CLASS

Bill Mason.

OWL

"Bill Mason"? What's wrong with that?

Jammer steps up and whispers in her hubby's ear. He frowns.

OWL

Well, that's not that bad. Could be worse.

Frown fades and now he talks like a used car salesman.

OWL

Now take my name, you can call me Owl. That's my call name. Real name's William Sean Hung. Sean as in S-E-A-N. Not bad unless you make it an initial.

OWL (cont.)

When I was six years old some kids made fun of me. When I was twelve it got worse, as you can guess.

CLASS

Really? So one day you had enough and what?

OWL

No, when I was fourteen they stopped giving me a hard time.

Laughter among the crew.

OWL  
I started stealing their  
girlfriends.

Class is clueless.

OWL  
They were curious.

More laughter. Class still doesn't get it.

OWL  
Okay, I admit it. When I was  
fifteen I finally beat every  
kid up, every kid that poked  
fun at my name. Then I tortured  
small squirrels and rabbits.

CLASS  
That's sick.

OWL  
Okay. That's it. Price, check  
him.

CLASS  
Whoa. Check me for what?

PRICE  
"Check him for what"

JAMMER  
Drugs.

CLASS  
I'm not into that!

OWL  
What are you into? You must be  
on something.  
(to Price)  
Where'd you pick up this stray?

One of the eggs cracks.

CROWD  
Ooh...

And they applaud.

SUPER: "A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY..."

Kate's cell phone rings. She gets it out, turns on the on inch eraser size flip top phone.

KATE

Hello?

A VOICE belonging to BRITTANY (20's) spits out on the other end.

BRITTANY (FILTERED)

Hello Miss Kate. I'm your number one fan. I was wondering, what do you stuff in your bra?

KATE

Excuse me?

BRITTANY (FILTERED)

Well, you must do something to keep that boyfriend of yours interested in you. What is it? Boobs? Perfume? Tell me. Does he like, buy you a whole bunch of shit?

KATE

How did you get this number?

BRITTANY (FILTERED)

I'm very resourceful. So tell me, I wonder if I fucked your boyfriend would I get a little piece from you?

The stalker hangs up. Kate presses a few numbers.

KATE

Winston Central? Kate Nelson again. I'd like to change my cell number. Yeah, this person keeps calling again. She's a nut.

Kate wakes up EDDIE the cameraman (20's) who snaps to attention.

KATE  
Yeah, thanks.

EDDIE  
You alright?

KATE  
Yeah. That crazy girl got my new number again. Forget it-let's get on with it.

EDDIE  
Can talk to those Enforcer fellas.

KATE  
What are they gonna do? Yeah, right.

She puts away her cell as Eddie turns on the camera despite his baggy eye and unkempt hair.

EDDIE  
Going live in three, two, one!

KATE  
Kate Nelson here live downtown where four mysterious eggs appeared out of nowhere last night. One of the eggs is starting to hatch. As you can see, the crowd here is curious and eager with anticipation.

As the other three eggs crack, an orange puss emerges from within.

The eggs completely break, reveal four twenty foot slimy frogs with thick brows.

CLASS  
Check it out.

OWL  
Everyone get back.

Tosses the popsicle stick away over his shoulder.

The crowd, led by the Punk, chants:

CROWD

Who the hell are you? Let us  
through!

OWL

Listen! Last night there were  
several businesses that were  
hit by bio-chemical agents put  
out by terrorists. Many people  
were killed.

PEDESTRIAN#2

That's got nothing to do with  
this!

PEDESTRIAN#3

You can't tell me what to do.  
I'm a grown man, you can't tell  
me what to do!

The first frog that hatched opens its eyes. They roll  
around and look down at the people below.

The other three frogs open their eyes.

KATE

Look!

PEDESTRIAN #4, an attractive woman in her 20's, with a T  
shirt that says "MY CHOICE MY VOICE" breaks past the  
barrier.

PEDESTRIAN#4

They can see me! They are so  
cute!

PRICE

Cute? Things are slimy.

PEDESTRIAN#4

These creatures have the right  
to live.

She takes off her shirt and reveals another underneath  
it which says "SAVE THE PLANET: EARTH DAY 2069".

PEDESTRIAN#4

They don't deserve to be  
quarantined, blocked away from  
us.

PRICE

Huh?

She takes off the shirt, reveals another which says  
"MAKE LOVE NOT WAR"

PEDESTRIAN#4

We must untie the bonds that  
bind us and be free of the  
tyranny of hate!

JUICE

What?

PEDESTRIAN#4

Who's with me?

She takes off her shirt, reveals a Victoria Secret push  
up lace bra.

PEDESTRIAN#4

Revolution!

Cheers from the crowd.

The main frog's snake like tongue shoots out and smacks  
into the back of Pedestrian #4's head.

The tongue retracts, pulls the protesting woman along,  
lifts her up in the air, speeds her into a waiting  
mouth.

Just like tagging a fly.

The frog jumps forward, over the flimsy barricade and  
Owl's crew. It lands half a yard from its original  
position, flattens five people with its slimy mass.

Another zip of the tongue and it swallows The Punk.

Another frog follows, as they spread out and work both  
ends of the street.

Death for the onlookers is now arbitrary. No distinction  
of class, race or creed. Everyone is under attack.

Owl and Jammer ride on the bike, going between the mad beasts. A tongue spits out and hits the rear tire of the bike.

Like having a carpet ripped out from under them, Owl and Jammer fall off the bike as the frog yanks it away.

Still attached to the frog tongue, the bike, engine still on, dangles...

Owl rolls on the ground, sees this. He grabs his alarm keychain and aims it at the bike. Beep- beep.

The frog's tongue smokes up and the frog freezes as its head explodes in green and yellow goop.

The tongue falls to the street, and on impact, splatters over a portion of the confused crowd.

The ten people hit with the blood from the tongue melt like heated plastic within moments, as bones fall and break to the street.

The vomit blood from the dead frog flows out like lava and kills anyone the same way as the severed tongue did.

Jellyfish tentacles emerge out of the yellow lava blood and yank random people into the puddles of death.

Juice and Killer toss grenades at the frog that chases them. They are successful as the frog's feet explode in flame from the blasts.

The severed feet smoke as more vomit colored blood oozes out. This time, the blood is joined by thousands of slugs and snake like things which move out fast.

Juice fires his gun at one of the frogs, which only irritate the beast.

He saves the life of Class in the process, as the frog ignores the petty thief and turns to Juice.

Price sees the frog eat his brother a few seconds later. Killer tugs at Price's jacket.

KILLER

Keep moving!

She grabs him by the arm and leads him on.

SUPER: NOT TOO FAR AWAY

Owl comes up to Jammer and helps her up. Five slugs jump up to attack the pair, but Owl lashes out like a samurai with the sword and chops up four of them, and sticks the last one.

He holds it up to examine the slug. It disintegrates to dust.

Owl looks around fast. The creatures do not attack anyone around steel and they avoid contact with anything steel.

OWL

Well, that's easy enough.

Owl runs, sword in hand.

With a click of his boots, steel cleats pop out as he goes runs through a puddle which evaporates on contact with the steel.

Owl jumps on the back of one of the last two frogs.

He runs up the slimy back and jams his sword inside the beast.

He slips off the frog, which stops the attack and falls to the side.

The frog's slimy skin melts like butter. Nothing comes out of it. Owl takes out his sword, and as he does so, a BODY covered in a sheet of web like slime, falls out of the wound.

The action gets full media coverage as, near the

W.H.A.T. TV TRUCK

KATE

Did you get that?

EDDIE

I got it all!

Owl takes off after the last frog, Jammer behind him. The dead frog's skin continues to burn off. Kate and Eddie get closer.

Something comes out of the thing. Organic yellowish balls, three of them.

Kate and Eddie back up.

EDDIE

Balls.

KATE

Brains.

An opening for a mouth appears; the creatures looks like a deformed hula hoop standing up as they grow three tripod crab like legs .

EDDIE

Now what?

One of the hula hoop creatures jumps on Eddie. Eddie comes out the other side of the O ring thing enveloped in a slimy covering.

Kate screams as Eddie dissolves into goo covered bones.

The thing comes after her as she runs.

She finds herself behind many who run away from other hula hoop like things, slugs, puddle tentacles and one pissed off giant frog.

See sees Owl and Jammer ahead of her.

Owl and Jammer head towards the remaining frog which turns a full reversal in one hop.

Owl, Jammer and a few other pedestrians stop running.

The pedestrians retreat only to face the other creatures who in turn pick some of them off at random.

Kate runs ahead of Owl and Jammer. The frog sees her and shoots out the tongue, misses her and tags a mailbox instead.

It brings up the mailbox to its mouth and lets the mailbox go.

The mailbox busts open as it slams into the giant frog's nose. Tons of snail mail litter around the thing's face.

Owl and Jammer see Price, Killer and Class near a sidewalk store. Price waves them over.

Nearby pedestrians that survived the attack thus far go into the store.

Owl and Jammer beeline towards them- as a dozen slugs jump all over Owl's feet and jacket.

He brushes a few off as they duck in the store.

The giant frog follows, but does not go after them to destroy the building. It merely peers inside, lifts up its head and looks left then right.

The frog uses his tongue to rip out a fire hydrant out of the street. Water geysers up like Old Yellowstone as a result.

The red hydrant dances on the frog's tongue.

The frog throws the hydrant inside the store window.

Seconds later, it snake out a hapless pedestrian out of the store through the window.

OWL

Stay away from the windows!

The frog repeats his action and grabs another meal.

INT. HARDWARE STORE.

Owl holds his sword up ready to strike.

OWL

Everyone get back!

He looks over his shoulder; most of the pedestrians are gone, a few that Owl sees go to the back room. They close the door behind them.

Jammer cannot open the door.

JUICE

Pedestrians.

The frog tongue zips out and comes between Owl and Price. Class throws a cigarette lighter on the sticky tongue and it catches fire.

The tongue retracts.

Outside, the frog gives up as those left inside the store watch it move on.

Jammer turns to Owl, who has six slugs on his leather jacket. Owl takes off his jacket quickly, and throws it to the floor.

Jammer and Price open fire and kill the slugs- and Owl's jacket along with it, turning it into swiss cheese.

Owl cringes as he shows his friends his back- to reveal four more slugs as the things eat through his shirt.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kate, ducked behind the smashed, turned over WHAT van, slowly looks around to see the last frog hop away.

The thing chases more people as an army of slugs follow it.

Kate sees the puddles grow grasshopper like legs and move sluggishly forward, as their jellyfish tentacles wave around.

KATE

(whispers to herself)

What the fuck?

An O Ring creature plays Pop Goes The Weasel right in front of Kate's face.

Kate goes to her right and another O Ring creature turns to her, having just dispatched a pedestrian.

The creatures come after her as Kate runs through the broken out windshield of the van, into, and out of the van.

The two O ring creatures collide into each other.

A third O Ring creature chases Kate. The thing gains on her. She ducks into the Hardware store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

And closes the door.

OWL (O.S.)  
Get back!

KATE  
What?

She backs away from the door as BAM! A series of teeth punch through the wooden door, and some wood splinters. The teeth retract and leave holes in the door.

OWL (O.S.)  
Don't open that door.

KATE  
I won't.

PRICE  
Oh look, it's the bubblehead  
from the six.

KATE  
I'm on at eleven, thank you  
very much.

With a knife, Jammer takes off a slug off Owl's bare chest. He takes the knife and shows Kate the slug like thing, its mouth like a suction cup

OWL  
Pretty, isn't it? One or two of  
these gives you an itch, six or  
more and you'll die slower if  
you slit your own throat.

Jammer throws the knife and slug at a dartboard and hits the bulls-eye.

The slug melts into goo. The goo turns to dust.

Price and Killer take two small axes and take turns as they cut open the locked door a little bit at a time.

OWL

Okay, I seen what the froggies do, sluggies, I think I get what the puddles are about. What's the deal with the walking Apple Jacks do?

KATE

Apple Jacks?

JAMMER

The condom creatures. The ringy things. The one chasing you.

KATE

They kill your ass, what do you think!

Kate walks forward and walks on the remains of Owl's jacket.

OWL

Come on, I just had that damn thing cleaned yesterday. Might as well just go ahead and take a leak on it now.

KATE

What?

OWL

That's my favorite and only leather jacket. You have any idea how much those things cost nowadays?

Owl puts an cigar in his mouth. Class offers him a light. Owl gives him a look.

OWL

Never ever light me.

His attention, as does everyone else's but Kate's, turns to a sight out in the street.

OWL

Now what?

Kate turns to see their confusion. The glass storefront window reveals it all: the street is empty.

Owl hands his cigar to Class, without thinking.

Class puts it in his mouth instantly and is about to light it for himself when Jammer stops him and yanks the cigar out of the young man's mouth.

JAMMER

What do you think you are doing?

CLASS

What did it look like?

JAMMER

No one smokes his Cubans. No one but me.

Owl walks to the door.

PRICE

Where are you going? Stay away from the door, man!

Owl ignores him.

PRICE

Now you ain't going out there, man. My brother's already dead, I'm not losing my best friend too.

Owl slowly opens the door. The creatures are gone.

KATE

They were just there. This is impossible.

CLASS

What does it mean?

PRICE

It means we're screwed.

KATE

So what are we gonna do?

JAMMER

"We"?

OWL

"We" are going to do a bit of hunting. We split up.

Nods back to Class.

KATE

That's insane.

OWL

You may not like me, those people out there may not like me, but me and my crew we're still the good guys.

Kate cracks up.

KATE

Way I hear it, you and "the guys"-

She glances briefly to Jammer, then back to Owl.

KATE

- "appointed" yourselves as the law, you were never hired, no one asked for you, you just decided to play policeman, and you are surprised no one respects you?

JAMMER

Someone's got to do it.

KATE

Who the hell are you, a history teacher in S and M leather?

JAMMER

No, before this I coached girls' volleyball. Now I dress up in S and M rubber and I wear a badge.

OWL

Alright. Knock it off.  
Bubblehead-

Meaning Kate.

OWL  
Watch Triffid Boy .

Jerks a thumb over to Class.

CLASS  
Hey! I though you said my name  
was alright.

JAMMER  
He lied.

OWL  
When we split up, whoever he  
goes with, you don't. I don't  
want to burden anyone or myself  
with two annoying dunderheads,  
one is bad enough. But if you  
stick "with" us, you have to  
"be" with us.

CLASS  
But-

Owl turns to him and points a finger in the air.

OWL  
That's rule number one.

INT. HABIT CORPORATION. HALLWAY 555- DAY

Hauraki walks down a hallway that has the number 555  
painted on one of the walls. Plenty of tinted windows  
still show the city below.

He stops at a door which reads DAMIAN'S OFFICE and on  
the door handle a red stop sign that says KEEP OUT I'M  
BUSY.

He enters

DAMIAN'S OFFICE

The office is so huge that it allows room for a personal  
indoor Moonwalk where Damian bounces around in his with  
two TWIN BUXOM BLONDES inside.

The TV plays rock videos, and on a large oak desk are half eaten pizzas and glass bottles of various soft drinks.

DAMIAN

Hauraki, that you? I got four things to say to you now that you are here.

MOONWALK

Both of the Buxom Blondes (20's) are in pajama bottoms and Victoria Secret like bush up bras. The Blondes are twins.

Damian jumps up and down with them, in his marijuana themed shorts.

DAMIAN

First. They may have been cold and bottled, but I asked for the imported beer, not the sugar water. Second-

He falls down with the two blondes by his side.

BUXOM BLONDE #1

Woo-hoo!

DAMIAN

Woo-hoo! Second- you may not help yourself to the pizza.

Catches his breath.

DAMIAN'S OFFICE

Hauraki sees on the floor among the stripped off clothes and shoes, an abundance of discarded mushrooms.

DAMIAN (O.S.)

Third - and this is the only thing you done right all day - my four buttercups I have here.

The Blondes laugh.

BUXOM BLONDE #1 (O.S.)

There's only two of us.

Sounds of Damian rolling around. A giggle.

BUXOM BLONDE #1 (O.S.)  
Oh, those buttercups.

Giggles.

BUXOM BLONDE #2 (O.S.)  
Here's mine.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, ooh baby. Hey, you two do anything, you know, "special"?

HAURAKI  
Mister Damian Montana!

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, that's what I'm talking about.

Giggles.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
I like that.

HAURAKI  
Mister Damian Mont-

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, yeah. Heard you the first time.

Blondes giggle.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Just a second.

BUXOM BLONDE #2 (O.S.)  
One.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Oh, that's cute. What'cha got here? Oh my. I didn't know you brought that in here. What'cha gonna do with that?

Loudly calls out to Hauraki as if the man were deaf.

DAMIAN (O.S.)

Oh, did you see a sign on the door?

HAURAKI

I did.

Damian stands up, obscured by the mesh net window of the indoor Moonwalk. The arms of the Buxom Blondes reach up at his legs.

DAMIAN

It said do not disturb. Can't you read?

HAURAKI

It said you were working.

Hauraki finds a remote and turns off the TV.

HAURAKI

Listen. I have some news about-

DAMIAN

Just a goddamn minute!

Damian leaves the Buxom Blondes and exits the moonwalk. On his bare chest is an unfinished game of tic-tac toe with X's and O's painted on by pink lipstick.

DAMIAN

Let me see this.

He bolts out past Hauraki and checks the door. Frowns.

He flips over the sign and now it says DO NOT DISTURB.

DAMIAN

Well, out with it. What do you want?

HAURAKI

Progress report? Thought you would be interested.

DAMIAN

Well. Okay. Are we making progress?

HAURAKI

The creatures have cleaned up  
the main downtown city streets.  
There are some problems.

DAMIAN

Problems? How many bought it?

HAURAKI

Last count, estimate of three  
hundred and thirty, maybe more.

DAMIAN

Three hundred, maybe more. See?  
It's working. That's awesome!

HAURAKI

We have one frog left.

DAMIAN

What! I am not hearing this, I  
am not hearing this!

Covers his ears as if having a massive headache.

DAMIAN

My frogs get to Chinatown?

HAURAKI

Chinatown? I thought you just  
wanted one small area of the  
city.

DAMIAN

No, no NO! We clean it all up  
in one neat little vacuum!

Raises a finger and points in the air.

DAMIAN

Send out The Duke.

HAURAKI

Duke's team got killed in one  
of the clubs. Duke's the only  
one who made it.

DAMIAN

Get some more guys. Make sure  
they wear their wristbands.

He goes back to the Moonwalk.

DAMIAN  
Beep-beep incoming!

He dives right in. The Buxom Blondes giggle.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Miss me?

HAURAKI  
You're not even going to ask  
how we lost three frogs?

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
What? Oh, that. I already know.

HAURAKI  
You do?

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Of course I do. Who else could  
it be? Ain't Santa Claus.

BUXOM BLONDE #1 (O.S.)  
Ho- Ho - Ho.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
And a Ho - Ho - Ho to you.  
Jingle my bells!

Laughter in the Moonwalk.

HAURAKI  
Maybe instead of targeting the  
rest of the "undesirables" we  
should have Duke and his new  
squad target...the Enforcers.

Damian jumps up and comes to the mesh window of the Moonwalk with lipstick smeared in a valentine heart on his right cheek.

DAMIAN  
Now you're talking my language!  
Just for that you get a nickel  
raise!

Female hands pull him back. He bounces around.

DAMIAN (O.S.)

Woo-hoo!

HABIT HALLWAY 360- MINUTES LATER

Hauraki exits the elevator and enters the hallway, a red neon sign '360' on the wall fizzles in and out.

Various TV screens up and down the hall shows countless bikini clad women dancing to music videos.

Hauraki beelines to a hallway intercom which bears the legend THE HOTLINE. He taps the button.

HAURAKI

Send in The Duke.

The ROCK VIDEOS break up as Damian comes on the screens. He is standing behind a podium, decked out in a cheap theatre military type uniform.

He has his hair slicked back, and a light swings over him back and forth.

DAMIAN (TV)

The death of one man is a tragedy. The death of millions is a statistic.

EXT. SIMONAN STREET - LATER

Owl, Jammer and Class walk carefully down the empty city street, which is littered with debris and a number of dead and dismembered bodies.

OWL

Me and Jams established the Enforcers. No one's seen a police officer for well over twenty years in this city until we came along.

CLASS

But you aren't really a cop.

JAMMER

Just a bunch of peacekeepers,  
looking out for our community.

OWL

You know how we recruit? We  
take troublemakers off the  
street and spend the day with  
us. By reputation, they become  
us. Saving a world that doesn't  
want to be saved.

CLASS

You were doing that with me.

OWL

And the O'Neal Brothers, few  
others here and there.

They pass by the torn down HAPPY NEW YEAR banner. Owl  
takes a look at it, and walks on.

CLASS

Hey how come I don't get a gun?

OWL

Because you might shoot me in  
the ass.

Taps his collar.

OWL

Come in Price.

PRICE (FILTERED)

I'm here.

OWL

The hopper should be over to  
the northeast, he came down  
Simonan.

PRICE (FILTERED)

How about our other friends?

OWL

No sign of them.

PRICE (FILTERED)

We seen couple of leeches go  
down the storm drains and into  
the sewers.

CLASS

Hey, I need one of those.

INT. JASMINE'S FISH MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Price, Kate and Killer enter. Seated at a table, Four  
SURVIVORS who vary in age range and ethnic background.

They look up at the trio, sink back into their drinks  
and fish platters.

KATE

Stinks in here.

PRICE

We are in Jasmine's fish  
market. Got four strays.

A bubbly twenty-ish blonde BRITTANY, with a low cut  
blouse and hot pants approaches the new "customers".

BRITTANY

Hello! I'm Brittany Jasmine,  
how may I help you? Would you  
like our special of the day, an  
all you can eat fish platter  
including crabs, starfish and  
scallops?

She hands them menus.

PRICE

What the fuck?

BRITTANY

Now, now, no need for bad  
language. All that's needed is  
good service.

PRICE

You are aware of what's going  
on out there, right?

BRITTANY

You think because you're  
Enforcers that means you can  
come in my place and get a free  
meal?

KATE

Pipe down, we aren't all rent-a  
cops.

BRITTANY

OH-MY-GOD!!!

Brittany pops her bubble gum.

BRITTANY

Kate Nelson in my place! I'm  
sorry! Uh, smoking or non-  
smoking?

Price looks around, the place is not big enough for two  
separate sections.

BRITTANY

I'm your like, biggest fan!! I  
have posters of you all over my  
door!

She moves aside to reveal a behind the counter shrine to  
Kate Nelson.

PRICE

Alright. Hold on just a minute.

BRITTANY

Neat. Enforcers for bodyguards  
and former strippers in the  
entourage. Awesome!

KILLER

How'd you know I was a former  
stripper?

BRITTANY

Yes, how would I know.

Gives a wink-wink.

PRICE

We aren't here for the seafood.  
We're here to help people-

BRITTANY

Of course. So much crime out  
there, glad to see Miss Kate  
put you to work, make some  
moonlight money.

PRICE

"Miss Kate"?

KATE

No one's called me that since I  
started at the station. You  
really are my number one fan!

BRITTANY

I told you so! I bet there are  
pictures on my wall even YOU  
didn't know were taken!

CLASS (STATIC)

Hey, Brit!

BRITTANY

Who said that?!

CLASS (STATIC)

It's me, Bill Mason! Talk to  
the collar!

BRITTANY

Class! Where are you?

CLASS (STATIC)

Talk-to-the-COLLAR.

BRITTANY

Oh. Okay.

She comes and tugs at Price's jacket.

BRITTANY

I'm talking to the collar now!

Price pushes her away.

PRICE  
Crazy skank get your fish  
breath away from me.

EXT. SIMONAN STREET - SAME

Jammer pulls Class away from Owl.

CLASS  
Those things are great! I want  
one! I want one!

OWL  
You and this Brittany know-  
  
Considers.

OWL  
Of course you know her. Only  
you would.

INT. JASMINE'S FISH MARKET - SAME

Price gets in Brittany's face, like an Army drill  
Sergeant.

BRITTANY  
Okay, okay. Chill.

KILLER  
Figures you would know that  
guy. Small world.

BRITTANY  
(concludes)  
After all.

KILLER  
Don't even fucking start.

BRITTANY  
And you wonder why people hate  
Enforcers so much. You guys are  
so mean. Don't even share.

KATE

We aren't in the best of moods.

BRITTANY

Sorry. But come on, not  
everyone's had a bad day.

Price pulls out his gun and waves it in the air around  
Brittany's face-

PRICE

One more damn time! Say or do  
something stupid one more damn  
time! Right in front of me, do  
it, woman!

Price fires the gun at a plate of sardines. Blows them  
all over the counter.

PRICE

I don't want to deal with any  
more of the brain dead, and I  
sure as all out hell don't want  
any damn trout!

BRITTANY

Sardines and crabs.

PRICE

I'll give you goddamn crabs.

KILLER

Don't you and your customers  
know what's happening?  
Pedestrians are dying!

BRITTANY

I didn't say I'd charge anyone  
for the food.

KATE

Why would you?

BRITTANY

Whose side are you on?

A low HUM is barely heard outside.

KATE

My side.

PRICE

Shut up. Everyone!

BRITTANY

You can't tell me to shut up!

He aims the gun at her head. She goes cross-eyed.

PRICE

Listen.

The HUM sound is easier to hear when everyone is silent.

EXT. SIMONAN STREET - SAME

Owl, Jammer and Class hear the HUM too, which out in the street, echoes in four different directions. It gets LOUDER with each second.

CLASS

Now what?

JAMMER

Helicopters.

OWL

Ladybugs. The last icon on the screen.

Class snaps his fingers.

CLASS

I get it! Killer frogs, killer ladybugs and killer lily pads! Leeches! Things found in a swamp!

Owl and Jammer look at him as if Class suffers from brain damage.

CLASS

And the O thingies are jellyfish turned on the side! Ain't I smart!

OWL

Why ladybugs? Why not dragonflies? Mosquitos?

CLASS

Well, I-

OWL

Just be quiet Einstein.

CLASS

Who's Einstein?

JAMMER

You're kidding.

CLASS

Einstein? I don't get it. You  
lost me.

JAMMER

Not a hard thing to do.

CLASS

What?

OWL

Cut it out.

CLASS

You know, you got a really  
serious attitude problem.

BAM!

Jammer gets winged in the shoulder. Another SHOT rings  
out and she goes down.

Owl picks her up and drags her to the side of the street  
as bullets zip around the street. Class is of no help,  
but follows him quickly.

EXT. MONICA'S FLOWER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Owl, Class and a wounded Jammer take cover. Class peers  
out from around the corner of the store.

CLASS

Who's shooting at us?

Owl ignores him as he holds a limp Jammer in his arms.

Her neck pumps out blood and prevents her from speaking, but she grabs Owl's hand, and squeezes tight.

OWL

No. Not you. Please, don't-

Sounds of FILTERED GUNFIRE buzzes from Owl's and Jammer's collars.

INT. JASMINE'S FISH MARKET.

Kate and Price take cover as the "SURVIVORS" in the market blast away at them with automatic weapons.

Fish, smoke and bits of glass and wood fly all around.

Price sees KILLER face down, blood and bullet holes all over her.

Price fires his gun and takes out one of the gunmen.

The other three "Survivors" open fire and riddle him with short bursts. Price dances backward and smashes through the remains of the broken window.

The assassins reload.

BRITTANY

No! Not Kate! Hold your fire!

Kate reaches over and grabs Killer's discarded gun and fires away.

All three assassins go down.

Kate turns the gun on her number one fan.

KATE

This was a trap?

BRITTANY

If you saw the money being put down before you got here, you would do the same thing!

KATE

The Enforcers are trying to protect the city!

BRITTANY

Why? All you need to do is take the offer, move out, or help them out and no one dies. No one except the low lives that suck off the city like a damn mosquito!

EXT. MONICA'S FLOWER SHOP - SAME

Jammer's hand falls away from Owl's. Owl tumbles down on his butt and in a dead stare, leans against the Flower shop wall.

Class overhears the monitored conversation and can't believe his ears.

BRITTANY (STATIC)

The city goes to hell in a handbag and they don't care. Then those do-gooders set up shop, call themselves "the Law". Law! What law? All Owl and the Enforcers had to do was look the other way!

CLASS

I can't believe she just said that.

BRITTANY (STATIC)

Why do it anyway? Nobody likes them.

OWL

Because we care.

BRITTANY (STATIC)

Just a bunch of self appointed righteous do-gooders getting in the way of progress! You are supposed to question authority not be a party to it!

Class steps closer to Owl and the dead Jammer.

INT. JASMINE'S FISH MARKET - SAME

Brittany backs up towards the shrine of Kate.

BRITTANY

You think I'm just a fan of yours? I want to show you something, Miss Kate. Look at the future.

She takes down the SPECIALS MENU to reveal a signed eight by ten black and white photo of Damian.

BRITTANY

You think I'm the only one? There's a half a dozen other businesses that are under the protection program! All you need is THIS-

She rolls up her sleeve and shows off a fancy armband with a blinking red dot and the company logo of HABIT etched on the side.

BRITTANY

And the Creatures Of Habit will stay away from you!

KATE

You sellout!

CLASS (STATIC)

Sellout!

Kate pulls the trigger and CLICK.

BRITTANY

You bitch!

Brittany reaches from under the counter, pulls out a baseball bat.

She jumps over the counter and swings the bat, and demolishes more tables, chairs as she corners Kate.

BRITTANY

I worshipped you! I admired  
you! I thought you would be  
different! That you would  
understand!

Kate finds a broken table leg and uses it to counter  
Brittany's next blow. The table leg splinters off into a  
million toothpicks on contact. Kate drops the table leg.

BRITTANY

Well, now we know the truth  
don't we? You are a phony!

KATE

Hey, I know that voice. I know  
who you are now-

BRITTANY

You never paid attention to me!

KATE

You-you stalked me!

BRITTANY

Well, you want to play hero,  
you'll die like the loser you  
are!!

Kate slaps her upside the head, Brittany wobbles.

KATE

Get a grip.

EXT. MONICA'S FLOWER SHOP - SAME

A GUNSHOT blares out over the collar communicators.  
Class has his mouth is agape and he covers it with his  
hand.

He squats down to Owl and grabs him by the jacket.

CLASS

We can't stay here, man! We got  
to move!

OWL

She's gone. My crew-all dead.  
For people that don't care.

CLASS

Hey, man, I hate to break it to  
you, but you're the only good  
guy left around here! You have  
to think of something.

OWL

Yeah. I'm thinking I'm mad as  
hell and I want to kick  
someone's ass.  
Other than that, I need a  
moment alone.

CLASS

Okay.

A brief silence, followed by a light HUM.

Owl reaches and pulls Class down as from within the  
Flower shop, GUNFIRE explodes out in every direction.

Class reaches in his jacket and pulls out a GRENADE.  
Pulls the pin and tosses it over his shoulder into the  
Flower Shop.

Class and Owl get up and run as the Shop explodes in a  
ball of fire. TWO GUNMEN , on fire, fly out in the  
explosion and hit pavement.

Owl takes a brief glance back at Jammer, now covered in  
fire and smoke. Then shifts his gaze at the two dead  
gunmen.

CLASS

Come on, let's go!

Owl breaks away and darts towards the two dead men.

CLASS

What are you doing!

Owl pats out the fire and checks the bodies. He finds  
the wristbands. On further inspection, there is some  
DEVICE attached to the belt buckles on both men.

INT. JASMINE'S FISH MARKET. - MOMENTS LATER

Kate stands up and walks along spilled platters of fish and salads, broken tables, busted chairs and an army of bullet casings.

She reaches down and takes the wristband off Brittany's wrist, and puts it on her own.

Kate steps outside of the Fish Market and goes over to Price, pulls at his collar.

KATE

Hello? Owl? You there?

She gets static in return. She lifts up Price just enough to take off his Enforcer jacket, puts it on herself.

Brittany, bleeds from a leg gunshot wound, comes to and musters all of her strength. She jumps through the store window tackles Kate.

Once on top, she smacks Kate in the face.

EXT. JASMINE'S FISH MARKET.

Brittany chokes Kate.

After they roll around three times over, Kate knocks her off and stands up.

Brittany grabs Kate by the hair and pulls. She hits Kate in the gut, pushes her to the ground.

BRITTANY

I sent you hundreds of hundreds  
of fan mail each month and not  
one response! I dedicated my  
life to you! And this what I  
get!

She kicks Kate in the side.

BRITTANY

I ran your ultimate fansite on  
the World Wide Web! You get  
over a thousand hits a night!  
Even the doctored photos get  
downloaded!

Kate picks up a trash can lid and blocks her number one  
fan's oncoming kick.

Brittany's foot connects with a CLANG and she backs off,  
as she hops briefly on one foot.

Kate swings her new shield like Captain America, knocks  
Brittany down.

Brittany slowly gets back up, only to have her face  
drain of all color, as she looks at her right hand. One  
of her painted nails is broken.

BRITTANY

You slut!!

Brittany reaches in the back of her hot pants and pulls  
out a SWITCHBLADE KNIFE.

BRITTANY

I'm going to cut you up, you  
fake!

Kate knocks the knife out of Brittany's hand with one  
swing of the trash can lid, knocks her out with the  
next.

She tosses the lid down on her opponent.

KATE

Number One fan. Real fans don't  
stalk, Crab Girl!

EXT. SIMONAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Owl hands Class one of the wristbands.

CLASS

Does it work?

OWL

We'll find out soon enough.

CLASS

What are the belt buckles for?

OWL

Not sure, but I'm sort of hoping my theory of teleportation is right.

CLASS

You mean like people just popping in and out like ghosts?

OWL

Like giant eggs appearing out of nowhere in the middle of an intersection.

CLASS

Damn.

A cell phone RINGS to the tune of the 1812 Overture by John Philip Sousa.

CLASS

Yours?

OWL

No.

CLASS

I sure don't have one of those-- wait a moment.

Class takes the belt buckle given to him. Sure enough, that is what is ringing.

CLASS

Should have known it would be something this gay.

He fools with it, an antenna goes up, the belt buckle flips open. Class slowly puts the buckle phone to his ear.

DUKE (FILTERED)

It's the Duke. How did it go?

CLASS

Duke?

Owl motions for him to give him the cell. Class waves him off.

CLASS

We took care of this end.  
Simonan street is cleared.

DUKE (FILTERED)

Owl?

CLASS

Enforcers are dead. A team took out a few of his people down at Jasmine's fish market, we took out Owl and Jammer.

DUKE (FILTERED)

What about the new guy? They got a new rookie. Bag him too?

Class frowns.

CLASS

Negative. Negative. He's too green. He's headed towards Chinatown.

DUKE (FILTERED)

That's where the last frog is headed. He won't last.

CLASS

Before we killed Owl, he got one of us. The rookie took a wristband. Kid is a booster, I don't even think he knows how it works, but he'll figure it out.

DUKE (FILTERED)

Okay. How many guys you have left?

CLASS

Two. Including me.

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Two out of three?

Owl shakes his head. Raises four fingers.

CLASS  
Four. Two out of four.

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Yeah. Four.

CLASS  
Want us to take out the new  
guy?

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Yes. Damian might give you a  
raise for that.

CLASS  
No, he will give me a raise for  
it. We're all out here, busting  
our ass.

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Who is this?

CLASS  
Just one of the team who's  
pissed. I want my bonus! You  
call him, you tell him that!  
Oh, and when this is over, I  
want my vacation pay!

DUKE (FILTERED)  
I hear you. Take it up with the  
union.

CLASS  
We're union?

Owl signals Class to cut off the conversation.

CLASS  
Damn skippy I'll bring it up at  
the next meeting. I'm surprised  
that twerp hasn't brung in  
scabs, we should be on strike!

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Hey, man. I hear you. I hear  
you. First things first. I'll  
send you guys to Chinatown, you  
take out the rookie-

CLASS  
What do they call him anyway?  
The Rookie?

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Does it matter?

CLASS  
Hell yeah it does. I get all  
these funky names for these  
Enforcers, I got to know the  
name of this punk I'm gonna  
snuff. What's his name?

DUKE (FILTERED)  
They call him Class, which he  
ain't got. Know him now?

CLASS  
Yes.

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Good. You guys are on Simonan,  
I'll be there in a few minutes  
to pick up Owl's jacket. Damian  
will want it.

CLASS  
Can I have the scorpion stinger  
earring?

Owl lightly shoves him.

DUKE (FILTERED)  
Just get the job done.

Duke hangs up.

Class puts away the phone, clasps it on his new belt,  
smiles.

CLASS

No Class my ass. Hey, if there's four, and there's only two guys over there-

OWL

In the Flower store. If they weren't, we wouldn't be standing here.

CLASS

You mean I took out FOUR bad guys! Wow! But- how did you know there were only four?

OWL

They go in fours. All the time.

A HUM.

CLASS

Feel kind of weird.

The surroundings DISSOLVE in a BLUR around them and they find themselves-

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

On a two story rooftop overlooking Chinatown.

CLASS

Like an elevator ride.

The last frog passes by them, pays them no attention. They see the slimy head as the creature lumbers on.

Owl takes out his sword.

He runs to the end of the rooftop and jumps off.

EXT. PEKING STREET - CONTINUOUS

Owl lands on the head of the monster frog and the results are less than satisfying.

He loses his balance and slides down off the thing's back like a human toboggan.

He lands on the pavement behind the frog and surrounded by loads of debris and other property damage.

He breaks his fall but the wristband BREAKS on impact.

The giant frog stops in its tracks and looks left in a slow burn towards Owl.

In one hop it turns around to face him and the pavement cracks on impact.

Owl rolls to the edge of the creature's right front foot. He rolls out of the way as the frog raises the foot and nearly stomps on him.

ROOFTOP

Class throws a few stones at the Frog, and hits his target dead center in the left eye.

The irritation causes the monster to shoot out its tongue wildly and instead of hitting Owl, wraps around the corner STREET SIGN instead.

A HUM sound echoes as Class turns to see DUKE appear out of nowhere, alongside three other THUGS, all armed to the teeth.

DUKE

Hello there, rookie. Think you're pretty smart there, don't you?

Class jumps off the roof, and lands right on top of the Frog's head. The THUGS aim their automatic weapons ready to fire. Duke stops them.

DUKE

You'll hit the frog. Take them out when you got a clear shot.

PEKING STREET.

Owl avoids the frog's onslaught as it swings the STREET SIGN with its tongue, which, not unlike the event with

the motorcycle, causes injuries to panic ridden people and tons of decrease in property value with each passing moment.

Owl ducks as the frog demolishes a wooden bench in a million splinters.

Class falls off the giant frog and gets lost in the chaos.

The frog tosses away the weapon.

A split second later the slimy tongue hits Owl, and promptly reels him in. Owl falls to the pavement from ten feet off the ground.

Owl feels around himself, and realizes his belt is gone, as is the belt buckle cell phone. He looks up to the giant beast who gulps up his belt.

And burps.

Swallows.

ROOFTOP

Duke takes out a sniper rifle and loads it.

DUKE

On my mark, put the man down.

PEKING STREET.

Owl picks up his sword and holds it defiantly in front of the giant frog.

Class runs up to the frog's left hind leg and stabs it with a knife.

The frog jumps to the right in reaction, and smashes part of the building next to it in the process.

The building foundation collapses, and sends Duke and company over the edge and into a pile of debris.

The heap covers the monster in an avalanche of gravel, wood and brick; dust kicks up all around.

Owl walks forward and sees the frog's face as it sticks out of the rubble. The frog bleeds yellow puss around the neck and the head slides off in a squishy mess.

Owl steps out of the way in time to avoid it, then steps closer and promptly puts his sword in the severed frog head.

OWL

Thousand one, thousand two,  
thousand three, thousand four,  
thousand five, thousand-

The head deflates as the puss fizzles out.

OWL

My mother and your mother were  
Hanging out clothes, my mother  
socked your mother right in the  
nose.

The frog's head takes some time to evaporate.

OWL

Anytime now. Any time like the  
present.

It's irritating.

OWL

DIE already! Die! Die! Die!

Class puts his hand on Owl's shoulder.

CLASS

It's alright. It's dead.

OWL

It's dead when I see the tip of  
my sword touch pavement!

There is nothing left of the monster except for the skin and two eyes. The eyes squeak out and roll away like bowling balls.

Owl sees this, and swipes the knife from Class. He throws it and hits one of the rolling eyes.

Owl's sword touches pavement, he SCREAMS as he runs to the remaining eye, and proceeds to stab it several times.

OWL

Take that! You ain't so bad!  
For the brothers - for Killer -  
Lioness and Jams! DIE! DIE!  
DIE!

CLASS

It's dead. You're alive. That's  
what matters.

OWL

Damn thing almost took my  
pants!

CLASS

Oh, well, yeah, okay. I'd be  
pissed too. But it didn't eat  
you or your pants.

OWL

I know that's right. Little  
bastard ain't gonna eat another  
thing, person or anything else.  
It's DEAD!

Stops stabbing the eye and points with, then shakes his sword to the rubble.

OWL

Who's the man! You see what you  
get when you mess with an  
Enforcer...

He stops his rant and does a slow turn to his left. Class backs up too, as a dozen O Ring monsters corner them.

CLASS

We're dead.

Class and Owl run, the O Ring creatures dart after them. Class ducks into CHOW'S GYM.

Owl slows down, turns, and chops an O Ring in half with his sword. And other. Slime flies all around as he loses himself again in an act of slice and dice.

When he's done, he relaxes with a smile- he cut down all twelve of the creatures! A look of satisfaction washes over his face. As he looks ahead, that joy fades.

Another dozen O Rings zoom out from around a corner, and head right to him. He divides them in slimy pieces just like the last bunch.

Out of breath, Owl looks around at the slimy carnage. None of the remains reform into anything else.

He sees one more O Ring come casually to him, and he's ready for it. But then four crab like slime puddles come up behind the O Ring creature.

Owl takes a stance with his sword, and cranks his neck, pops out a bit of stiffness and backs off in sidesteps as the rest of the creatures of HABIT surround him.

He YELLS loudly and makes his move...

INT. CHOW'S GYM. - MINUTES LATER

Owl, caked in sweat, dirt and slime, walks in and meets back up with Class, who has a .357 Magnum to his temple.

THE ALCHEMIST GANG, including Monte and Latch- who terrorized the buxom Dog Owner a day before- holds him captive.

Monte and Latch have the wristbands but no belt buckle cell phones. The other three members of their gang have nothing extra but the weapons they carry:

From left to right-

BASEBALL BAT taps lightly up and down in a pair of hands sounding like a ticking clock;

WEED WHACKER held by a trigger happy fellow who likes to hear it whistle every other minute;

A PAIR OF PLIERS WITH A BLOWTORCH, just for show.

OWL  
Now's not the time.

LATCH  
Enforcer. Should have known.

MONTE  
We got some unfinished  
professional business we got to  
get to, know what I'm saying?

CLASS  
Hey guys, why piss him off  
anymore than he already is?

LATCH  
Shut up.

OWL  
Yeah, Class. You heard the man.  
Because you're right I'm  
already pissed off.

Points his sword at Monte.

OWL  
So why say something so  
obvious?

LATCH  
Drop the sword and I'll let  
your rookie go.

CLASS  
Let me go and you're the sucker  
getting dropped.

Latch eyeballs Class. Smiles and lets him go.

LATCH  
Alright. I know how it is. You  
do your thing, put down a  
score, Enforcer catches you,  
they sucker you in.

MONTE  
Extenuating circumstances.

LATCH  
Completely understandable.

OWL

I'll make you a deal, right here, right now. You back down, I make you Enforcers, you don't have to be a bad guy ever again.

LATCH

And you get no respect. Scared now that you have to make deals?

OWL

The alternative is that I bust you up.

LATCH

Is that right?

OWL

Right on. You know after fighting those things out there, I'm not that tired, but I step in here and all your chit-chat is putting me to sleep.

He lowers his sword, and slowly puts it away.

OWL

Tell you what.

Reaches in his jacket pocket and tosses Latch a BELT BUCKLE. Latch catches it.

LATCH

What's this?

OWL

It's a two in one.

LATCH

So?

OWL

HABIT uses it to find your location and put you from one place to another like a magic act.

MONTE

Oh, you mean like they do on that TV show from a long time ago!

OWL

Yeah, like the old TV show.

MONTE

I stopped watching it right after they started the eighty seventh spin-off. That was ten years ago.

Laughter.

Monte aims his gun at Owl.

MONTE

It stinks just as bad as you do.

OWL

If you say so. Now stop talking and get on with it.

MONTE

I want one too.

OWL

Want one what?

MONTE

Buckles, man!

Owl nods to Class.

OWL

He's got one.

MONTE

No-no-no. You got another one. I want it from you.

OWL

You sure?

MONTE

Don't mess with me, you ain't  
even a real pig.

Some laughter.

OWL

Today's your lucky day.

Reaches inside his pocket and tosses the BELT BUCKLE to  
Monte, who catches it with one hand.

MONTE

Sweet.

OWL

Now you gonna shoot or shoot  
off?

MONTE

Thinking it over.

CLASS

You can think?

MONTE

Latch, he opens his mouth one  
more time blow his brains out.

OWL

That's right. Let's see you  
take care of business outside,  
all those things running  
around. In fact- there's one in  
the Habit database which I  
haven't seen yet.

CLASS

The ladybug.

OWL

Ladybugs. Hey, there was more  
than one hopper, a lot of  
slugs, the Condom guys.

LATCH

The Cheerios things.

OWL

Whatever. Any case, I'm willing to bet that those Ladybugs are the bawdiest of the bunch.

LATCH

If you didn't see them, how do you know? How can you make that opinion?

OWL

I seen the previews, alright.

LATCH

Everyone who seen those previews died. Don't nobody know what those previews say.

OWL

Not everyone.

MONTE

Just so happens The Man do.

BLOWTORCH

"The Man?"

MONTE

Bad ass wants to be The Man, hell, let him be The Man.

BLOWTORCH

But he's saving the city.

MONTE

And maybe the city don't need saving. I want to humiliate this Man, make him suffer. Hear me out, rent a cop?

OWL

Loud and clear. Before I suffer in pain, can I ask you a question?

MONTE

Why did I screw your sister?

Latch laughs a little.

MONTE

Why did I knock her up and drop  
that whore at the bus stop?

Leans in Owl's face.

MONTE

With a ticket to the clinic.

BLOWTORCH

That ain't funny.

MONTE

Shut up.

WEED WHACKER

Let him ask the question,  
Monte.

LATCH

He's just gonna say something  
stupid.

MONTE

Always does. Ask you question,  
tough guy.

OWL

How come you and Latch have  
armbands and they don't?

WEED WHACKER

They run the gang, they said it  
would be cool. Leaders get to  
be cool.

INT. CHOW'S GYM - LATER

Owl, cleaned up and hair slicked back, smiles as he  
takes out a cigar.

Blowtorch and Weed Whacker put the gags over the mouths  
of the hog-tied Monte and Latch, who protest with  
muffled voices.

Bat fumbles around his pocket, and finds his lighter. He  
flicks it and offers it to Owl, who waves him off.

BAT  
You don't want a light?

CLASS  
Nobody lights him.

OWL  
Okay, folks. Everyone in the  
room is now a rookie Enforcer.  
Except those two.

Jabs a thumb over to the indisposed Monte and Latch. He  
points at the three new "rookies" and calls them by  
"name".

OWL  
You'll be called Bat. You,  
Blowtorch.

BAT  
Couldn't I be called Base?

OWL  
No. And you-

Stops on Weed Whacker. Snaps his fingers as if trying to  
figure what to call him.

CLASS  
Weed Whacker?

WEED WHACKER  
Oh hell no!

OWL  
Can't call you Weed, somebody  
might think the wrong thing.  
You don't smoke it-

WEED WHACKER  
I don't touch drugs, man.

OWL  
Whacker.

Sighs.

OWL  
Whacker.

CLASS

What were you doing with a weed whacker anyway?

OWL

Knock it off. He is- "The Player To Be Named Later"

WEED WHACKER

Player. Yeah. I like that. I am a Player.

BAT

How come you get to be the Player?

OWL

He isn't. He's the Weed Whacker.

WEED WHACKER

What? You just said-

OWL

Until further notice.

WEED WHACKER

Okay, but I'm still a Player.

OWL

Whatever. Here's what we have to do-

A BURST of STATIC sounds out over his collar.

BLOWTORCH

What's that!

KATE (STATIC)

Owl. Come in Owl.

OWL

Who is this?

BLOWTORCH

Cool! I got to get me one of those!

CLASS

We all do.

KATE (STATIC)  
Kate Nelson. Forget about me?

OWL  
No. Thought you bought it.  
Where are you?

KATE (STATIC)  
Just passing through. Keep  
talking I'll find your signal.

OWL  
"Find My Signal"?

BAT  
What is she, some sort of super  
cop?

OWL  
No, she's a TV news reporter.

BAT  
Oh.

EXT. CHOW'S GYM - MINUTES LATER

Owl leads his new crew out of the Gym and back out in  
the street.

Waiting for him is Duke, all grimed up and dirty. Duke  
holds a big sickle like sword in his hand.

DUKE  
Surprise.

Owl and the new Enforcers stop in front of Duke.

DUKE  
Come on, Enforcer. Just me and  
you. Right here, right now.  
I'll cut your head off!

OWL  
Right here, right now?

DUKE  
I'll cut you up, gut you like a  
pig.

OWL  
Spill my guts out all over the  
street?

DUKE  
That's right!

OWL  
Can it wait? I'm a bit busy  
right now.

DUKE  
I'm tired of your lip. Maybe  
it's time someone handed you  
your ass.

Owl takes a .357 And shoots Duke in the kneecap without  
hesitation. Duke falls to the ground, looks up at Owl.

A HELICOPTER flies overhead.

OWL  
Now if you don't mind, I'm  
going to have a few words with  
your boss.

The HELICOPTER with the call letters WHAT-TV lands in  
the middle of the street.

Blowtorch goes over to Duke and takes Duke's belt  
buckle.

BLOWTORCH  
I need one of these.

I/E. HELICOPTER - MINUTES LATER

Owl, seated in the passenger side, relaxes for a moment  
as Kate flies the helicopter.

OWL  
You had access to this all the  
time?

KATE  
You didn't ask.

OWL

Well I should have figured it.  
What made you change your mind?

KATE

I'm a woman.

He gives her a glance.

OWL

Now we're really in trouble.

KATE

Well, other than that, when you  
got a bunch of mutated  
creatures trying to eat you and  
a psycho fan waving a knife  
around, it isn't that tough  
choosing whose side you're on.

OWL

What's the real reason?

KATE

Alright. I kicked some ass  
today.

Owl nods.

INT. SHINDIG HEATH FOODS - MINUTES LATER

Class, Weed Whacker, Bat and Blowtorch examine the  
interior of the heath food store.

They beeline to the side of the store where before them  
are countless leather jackets on a rack.

Class looks at one of them. The arm patch has an upside  
down peace symbol and the word ENFORCER on it.

He checks the collar.

INSERT

The radio transmitter is, as hoped, built into the  
collar.

BACK TO SCENE

Bat sees a small cooler that displays several cases of bottled grape juice. A handwritten sign proclaims FOR ENFORCERS ONLY!

The collar radios crackle with audio life.

OWL (STATIC)

Our goal is to get to the lab  
in this building and smash it  
up.

EXT. HABIT CORPORATION. ROOFTOP - MINUTES LATER

The helicopter is on the Habit rooftop with Owl filling in some more info for the group as Kate looks on.

OWL

Once inside, we can guide you  
from place to place as only  
this control-

Owl holds up the briefcase that belonged to Duke.

OWL

And possibly one inside can  
make them work, so far as we  
know.

BLOWTORCH

So we have to wait out here  
until you get in there?

KATE

That seems to be the case.

BLOWTORCH

That sucks.

BAT

So you go up against the bad  
guys first?

OWL

I just want you guys to find  
and destroy the lab. I want  
nothing less than a whole bunch  
of property damage.

INT. HABIT CORPORATION. DAMIAN'S GAMEROOM - MINUTES  
LATER

A scaled model of Boston of 2076, including Chinatown and the giant exaggerated HABIT building sits on a big display table.

Damian, in his bathrobe and flanked by his Buxom Blonde Twins who are clothed in skimpy dresses and furs. The Buxom Blondes giggle at what Damian is occupied with.

Damian makes all kinds of war sounds with his mouth as he plays with toy soldiers, toy frogs and tanks.

BUXOM BLONDE #1  
I didn't know you had any tanks.

DAMIAN  
They are on back order.

BUXOM BLONDE #2  
But I thought you didn't want to destroy Boston.

DAMIAN  
I'll rebuild.

He stops with his war game and shows them ANOTHER MODEL of Boston of 2076, with twice as more fancy buildings and tall skyscrapers, although none as tall as the model of the HABIT building.

DAMIAN  
More business means more economy. And The Habit Corporation will run it all- and here I am-

Points to the top of the Habit model then taps it with a finger.

DAMIAN  
Right at the top of the mountain. And no one is going to knock me down.

He walks over to a series of video monitors right beside a air hockey table.

INSERT

A video screen shows Owl and Kate enter a hallway.

Another screen shows the LAB where TECHS examine a GIANT PUPA with some THING alive in it.

DAMIAN (O.S.)  
Especially no damn Enforcers.

BACK TO SCENE

Damian turns to face the Buxom Blondes. Waves a finger in the air as he speaks.

DAMIAN  
They want a war, dammit, I'll  
give them one!

BUXOM BLONDE #2  
What are you gonna do, Damian?

DAMIAN  
I'll show you!

He finds a remote control and presses a button. A secret panel slides out and reveals a neatly stacked rack of whips, chains and wax candles.

DAMIAN  
Ha! Ha! Wrong one!

He presses another button and the rack turns around like a letter being turned on The Wheel Of Fortune, complete with a DING and a white light lighting up behind

A SWORD AND GUN COLLECTION.

DAMIAN  
Ladies, It's time to kick ass  
and take some names.

HALLWAY 555- MINUTES LATER

Hauraki and Yurki unsheathe two swords while they walk in step with each other.

TEN ARMED GUARDS come out of doors and back them up, followed by ANOTHER TEN ARMED GUARDS.

Hauraki and Yurki toss aside their sheaths, which are caught by two GUARDS behind them.

SERIES OF SHOTS

--The Creature inside the PUPA;

--VIDEO CAM ANGLE captures Hauraki and Yurki with GUARDS down hallway 555;

--Owl and Kate stop to activate the transporter briefcase;

--Damian disrobes showing only a Speedo and striped socks;

--TECHS checking the X Rays of more FROGS inside of eggs.

--GUARDS grab guns of racks

--BLOWTORCH turns on his weapon of choice;

--Damian dresses himself in black clothes and BODY ARMOR;

--a COMPUTER BLUEPRINT GRID of the Habit building, with two red dots moving towards moving white dots;

--GUARDS take assault positions on both sides of a hallway;

--Buxom Blonde#1 puts on a sweatband on Damian's forehead that reads BORN TO KILL.

--CLOSE ON Hauraki and Yurki's swords;

--CLOSE ON Owl's sword.

--Damian, dressed like a cross between a Karate student and a spiked up leftover extra from The Road Warrior, facial war paint included, french kisses Buxom Blonde#1 and then does the same to her twin.

HALLWAY 555

Damian charges out into the hallway with a blood curdling yell, his two .45's in both hands.

He catches up to the GUARDS and Hauraki and Yurki.

DAMIAN

Where are they!

YURKI

They should be here any time.

DAMIAN

Hey, ENFORCERS! Come on down!  
We got something for you!

Disgusted that he gets no action or response, he puts his guns away in his holsters. It is clear Owl and Kate are not coming towards them.

DAMIAN

Dammit!

He beelines to a nearby INTERCOM and presses down the button. His voice BOOMS throughout the entire building.

DAMIAN

Now you listen here you  
bastards. You bring it! You  
bring it or you get the hell  
out of here!

SERIES OF SHOTS

--various hallways, light and dark, various floors etc.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

You can run, but you can't  
hide!

LAB

Various LAB TECHS have their hands up in surrender as Class covers them with the .357 Magnum, and Weed Whacker makes his weapon of choice whiz at every press of his trigger.

Kate, chain around her shoulder, holds a BIG SHOTGUN .

Bat taps his slugger in a challenge to any who wish to get by him.

Blowtorch sets FIRE to various computers and documents. Owl vandalizes a few monitors.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

You mess with me, I'll show you who you are messing with. Come out and show yourselves, you cowards.

Blowtorch sets fire to the EGGS; they crack from the heat and soon burst open, the frog embryos slime out. Some of the TECHS back up a few paces.

Owl stabs his sword in one of the embryos and destroys it.

CLASS

Hey, dude. Make sure you fry those eggs real good.

One slimy embryo turns into a killer puddle, but Blowtorch halts the mutation with a few blasts of fire.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

May I ask you a question?

WEED WHACKER

I wish he'd shut up.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

These people are a cancer that eats the city inside out. Isn't only fair that I dispose of them by having them being eaten from the inside out? And as for YOU another question!

WEED WHACKER

Gosh this guy is annoying.

CLASS

Hey MORON why don't you shut up! Who's he talking to?

OWL

Nobody. He's a clown.

WEED WHACKER

You know that's right.

DAMIAN (INTERCOM)

What the hell are you doing with a weed whacker?

A STRONG AIR CONDITIONER-WIND MACHINE inside various VENTS turn on and promptly put out the fires.

Two WORM LIKE tentacles emerge from the burned up death puddle, the creature explodes out in puss and green blood.

Papers, some burned some not, FLY all around the lab as the worm things grab objects at random and toss them about.

The Enforcers turn their attention to the creature and back off with the rest of the Techs.

KATE

Don't you guys wear armbands?

TECH#1

Armbands?

The slime puddle finds a Tech and claims him as a victim. The puddle grows spider like legs out of the burned body.

CLASS

Fry it! Fry it!

BLOWTORCH

I can't! The wind blew out my candle!

Class fires the gun with no results but making more puss fly. Kate also fires her shotgun.

BAT

Steel! Steel makes it die,  
makes it harmless!

OWL

Only prolonged contact!

BAT

Should have brought more  
swords, man!

Class, now with an empty gun, throws it at the approaching monster. One worm arm attacks a Tech but finds itself in Weed Whacker's sight, and he cuts it up in various pieces fast.

The chopped off parts become alive as they turn into slugs. Tech guys run in corners away from the creatures.

OWL

Everyone stay close to us!

INSERT

X-RAY SHOT under all but one the ENFORCERS jacket's right arm reveals armbands.

The one missing armband reveals to be

BACK TO SCENE

Owl holds his sword and strikes away picking off various SLUGS.

The Surviving Techs nervously hide behind the Enforcers, and the Creature has trouble getting around the heroes.

OWL

Don't you guys have any  
containment shield or anything?

TECH#1

It never came up in the board  
meetings!

HALLWAY 555

Damian watches the events unfold on a video monitor from above.

DAMIAN

The guards should stay here. We are going to shut down the main teleporter, if the Enforcers make it out of there, they won't make it out of here.

He taps the screen and walks off. Hauraki and Yurki follow him.

DAMIAN'S GAMEROOM - MINUTES LATER

Damian stops in his gameroom and sees the Buxom Blondes on the floor, passed out, whips in hand.

He looks around and also sees his model buildings demolished.

DAMIAN

Oh, now they've done it! Now they've done it!

Damian, Hauraki and Yurki hear a faint HUM.

HALLWAY

A slimy mess explodes out of thin air, and it smothers half of the GUARDS while the other half are forced out of the window panels.

Damian, Hauraki and Yurki duck out of the gameroom and witness the remains of the slime puddle ooze down the hallway.

It grows bigger as it absorbs several GUARDS.

LAB

Class tosses the belt buckle on the last bit of slime. It vanishes in moments.

KATE

That's one way to do it. But  
where did it go?

EXT. HABIT CORPORATION - SAME

Top floor 555 floods over with massive slime and goo;  
the side of the building looks like a melting wax  
candle.

The outer steel of the Habit building causes the slime  
to evaporate halfway down the structure.

INT. HABIT CORPORATION. SECRET LAB - MINUTES LATER

Damian, Hauraki and Yurki enter another, yet more  
spacious and more Gothic looking lab. No Techs are  
present here.

HAURAKI

They all left.

YURKI

Or they all died.

DAMIAN

Outstanding!

He jumps like a cheerleader.

DAMIAN

Look!

He points to the big giant PUPA. Not a moment later, he  
goes into a wild man's dance.

DAMIAN

They haven't been here! They  
don't know about this lab!  
They-goofed-up! They-goofed-up!

Hauraki and Yurki are expressionless.

DAMIAN

Don't you know what this means?  
I'm still in business! We can  
still make a profit!

HAURAKI

There are more?

Damian goes around and takes sheets off tables and computers.

DAMIAN

We can take the remaining DNA  
samples!

HAURAKI

And Owl?

DAMIAN

The Enforcers blocked off their  
only escape. From here I can  
shut off the main teleporter,  
among other things.

A burst of smoke occurs when he strokes a keyboard. He looks over to the Pupa which slowly opens up.

DAMIAN

In the meantime, you two better  
get the hell out of here!

HAURAKI

We have the armbands on.

DAMIAN

Armbands work on every  
creature- but that one.

Insect like legs emerge from the pupa.

HAURAKI

What about you?

DAMIAN

My pets are genetically  
altered, I'M genetically  
altered! I'm immune! Now get  
out of here, I'll join you soon  
at our second site in  
Philadelphia!

HAURAKI

But how do we get out of here?

DAMIAN

Take the elevator.

HALLWAY 187 - LATER

The Enforcers help TECHS get out of the building.

TECH#1

Can't believe you're letting us go.

OWL

Damian might stab you in the back, I won't. Just from now on, use science responsibly.

TECH#1

Will do.

OWL

What's your name?

TECH#1

Uh, Jerry Candela. Why?

OWL

Any nickname?

TECH#1

Why do you want to know?

OWL

Could always use a scientist on the team, you can be an Enforcer.

TECH#1

For real?

OWL

Sure. Crazy things happen. We could use a top notch gene-splicer like yourself. So, what did your friends call you?

TECH#1

Galahad.

OWL

No, really.

TECH#1

Galahad.

Owl gives him a blank stare: the man speaks the truth.  
Owl looks around at other Techs who nod and smile.

Owl kicks Galahad in the rear and into the STAIRWAY.

OWL

Get the hell out of my sight,  
you dirty commie bastard! Get  
out before I do something  
really nasty!

Kate comes up to him.

KATE

What was that all about?

OWL

I'm very selective on who I  
recruit. Speaking of which, are  
you sticking with us, or going  
back to your day job?

KATE

Day job. Nothing personal. But,  
on the other hand, I'll have a  
story, maybe public opinion  
might sway a little.

OWL

Sounds good. I'll believe it  
when I see it.

KATE

You can trust me.

OWL

But whose story will you tell,  
ours, yours, or theirs?

KATE

All three.

OWL

Well, you better get to the station, if Habit didn't attack it.

KATE

The media. Damian even won't go that far.

Bat, Blowtorch and Weed Whacker pass by.

OWL

Nice job, guys.

BLOWTORCH

Thanks. It was fun.

OWL

Hey, Whacker.

WEED WHACKER

What up?

OWL

Your name is Galahad.

WEED WHACKER

What? What's that? Why not give me a cool name? Player. How about that?

Hauraki and Yurki run out from a side door, and promptly close it. Owl gets his sword ready at the sight of them; Kate pumps a round in her shotgun.

But the two Habit execs flee and zip right past them right to the ELEVATOR.

They press the button, and step in. A few Techs who witnessed the action step in with them.

CLASS

What are they running from?

SOMETHING POUNDS HARD on the other side of the door Hauraki and Yurki locked.

CLASS

I thought we got all the creatures.

OWL  
Ladybug. Has to be.

CLASS  
There is no ladybug.

The door breaks slightly in splinters.

KATE  
A ladybug?

Most of the techs are gone, the last few hurry.

CLASS  
What does the ladybug do?

OWL  
Get everyone moving downstairs.  
Now. I'll take care of it.

CLASS  
But-

OWL  
I'll take care of it.

The BANGS get louder; the door BREAKS with every push on the other side. Giant Man Size Bug legs flurry out in a scramble.

Class and the other rookies hurry out of there.

KATE  
Owl-

OWL  
I'll be fine. This one's for  
some friends of mine.

KATE  
William-

OWL  
Go!

She does so. Owl is alone, and waits for the thing on the other end to break through.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN in an explosion of wood and brass locks.

P.O.V LADYBUG

Multiple images of Owl show up as the monster charges at him.

CLOSE ON ONE IMAGE

Owl swings his sword...

GREEN GOO splashes all over.

BACK TO SCENE

Owl takes his sword and stabs the bug in the back. Its severed head rolls about on the floor in white slime.

Wings expand and the monster ladybug rams upward into the ceiling. It Falls back down in a dead heap.

OWL

Not so bad.

He waits for the metal of his sword to melt it down.

It doesn't happen. Instead, the ladybug regenerates a new head with fanged teeth.

Angered, it flies all around and bangs against floor and ceiling like a out of control ping- pong ball.

It goes down one end of the hallway, then comes back. Owl slices into it and cuts it in two.

The two slices regenerate into two giant ladybugs. The severed head from the first one grows legs of its own.

Owl goes to the stairway, but one of the giant bugs blocks him off. They attempt to corner him.

The ELEVATOR DOOR opens. Owl slips in there, and a ladybug head with legs follows.

ELEVATOR

Owl drops his sword as the thing wrestles with him. Another LADYBUG tries to squeeze in.

The elevator doors close on it and cuts off one of its mandibles. Owl knocks it off him and presses up.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

The doors open and the giant ladybugs pursue Owl and the elevator.

The ladybugs get on the bottom of the elevator and POUND on the bottom of the elevator as it rises up quickly.

ELEVATOR

Owl struggles again with the creature, who grows bigger within seconds.

Owl throws it off him again, and picks up his sword as a mandible pokes through the metal.

OWL

Metal doesn't hurt you guys.

He stabs the Ladybug head-thing and pins it to the elevator wall.

Owl reaches the ROOF one step above floor 555. He stops the elevator in between floors. He opens up the doors and pushes open the above elevator doors.

The ladybug below pokes through.

He crawls into the opening above, and reaches back, pulls his sword out of the wall. The thing squirms as both Ladybugs beneath break through.

Owl slices the cable wires.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

The elevator falls like a speeding guillotine all the way down. Bugs squash into pancakes on impact.

EXT. HABIT ROOFTOP - MINUTES LATER

Owl comes onto the rooftop, only to be fired upon by Damian.

DAMIAN  
Well, I'll be damned. That you,  
Rent A Cop?

Owl searches for a gun and does not have one. Damian's two guns pin him down.

DAMIAN  
You got to admit-this is just  
like a video game!

Damian runs to Owl, and fires his guns like a wild west cowboy.

He is out of bullets. He drops both guns and takes out a sword.

DAMIAN  
Moment of truth, Enforcer!

But he chickens out and gets inside the helicopter.

Owl approaches the WHAT helicopter, only to see it take off with Damian in it.

DAMIAN  
Until we meet again, loser!

Owl waves him off. He speaks into his collar.

OWL  
Hey Kate. Looks like I'll have  
to find another way down.

KATE (STATIC)  
That's not you in the chopper?

OWL  
No, it's the spoiled rotten-

He picks a set of keys of the roof. It enlightens him. He aims it at the WHAT helicopter and presses a button.

BEEP - BEEP!

The HELICOPTER EXPLODES in a fireball that is so sudden it surprises even Owl.

KATE (STATIC)  
I see you found my keys.

OWL  
Let's see. No teleporter belt buckle. No bike. No helicopter, no elevator.

KATE (STATIC)  
I'll send you a friendly on the way. This is news.

Owl smiles he checks out Damian's discarded sword.

OWL  
I'm going to hold you to it.

He hears a slight BUZZ. He turns to see a giant LADYBUG squirm out of the elevator shaft.

OWL  
Take your time. I'll find something to do to keep myself occupied.

KATE (STATIC)  
Like what?

The wounded Ladybug flies right at Owl, who uses both swords to stick it and force it to the rooftop. It squirms and fights but cannot get on its feet.

Owl checks the .45's Damian left behind.

OWL  
I'll think of something.

He reaches in his pocket and puts in a clip, slams it home in one of the guns.

FADE OUT.