

MAKING AMERICA GREAT AGAIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Smashed tables, broken glass.

A 20 year old woman, KAY, full of tears, covered head to foot in blood sprinkles, crawls on the floor.

A massive creature stalks her. Hidden in the dark, only minor lamp light highlights it's octopus moustache and crooked crocodile-like fanged mouth. Blood and saliva drips.

The monster catches up to her. A huge hand lowers to her head. Curved claws emerge on both sides of the hand. The claws clamp down on Kay's face.

Penetrates her cheeks. She screams.

The Muck Monster lifts her head first to her wobbly feet. Lifts her off the floor. Her legs and arms swing in protest, not that it helps.

ANOTHER SCREAM. More like a war cry. HECTOR (20s) storms up with an axe and swings. Plants the edge into the monster's brains.

The blow distracts the monster, who drop Kay like rag doll.

Hector jerks the axe, yellow puss flies out.

Muck Monster swats him back, Hector regains his balance.

HECTOR

Let's get it on bitch!

Hector STRIKES.

CUT TO:

CABIN

Muck Monster knocked out in a heap. Yellow junk pulses out of it's scalp, which has the axe planted in it. It's eyes close, forked tongue slobbers out.

Hector at Kay's side. Holds her hand. She can barely speak.

KAY

Sorry Hector. We should have done better.

HECTOR  
 Hasn't been in vain. We got what we  
 came for.

Hector glances to the dead beast.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
 DNA samples from the Lanon,

Kay squeezes his hand.

KAY  
 You know what to do.

HECTOR  
 Goodbye Kay.

KAY  
 For the cause!

Kay chokes, goes limp.

INT. LAB - DAY

Crudely put together, it isn't a fancy facility. It's actually the inside of a trailer, made to some crazy scientist's fantasy.

*On a section of a corner wall:*

Photos of Hector, Kay and a few unidentified people dressed in paramilitary uniforms, giving peace signs and middle fingers.

News clippings of protests, marches and Kay in camo dress fist raised in the air. The headline reads "Students take stand Against Prop 11"

Posters of Che Guevara, Karl Marx and Joseph Stalin.

HECTOR (O.S.)  
 The sacrifices of the patriots will  
 not be in vain.

*On a table:*

A pickle jar with a slug-like creature squirming within. As it turns, it snaps a crooked baby crocodile mouth.

Microscopes, vials with varied color liquids.

Hector, with vigor and purpose, in front of a computer. Webcam on.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

As the last surviving member of the Peoples Immaculate Socialist Soldiers Of The New State, I, Hector Ssalient, will carry out the final end to the Imperialist Police State.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hector sews a slimy creature into a jacket. It squirms around. It bites through the fabric, but remains contained.

HECTOR (V.O.)

Soon the oppressed and the privileged will both on even ground, both achieving equilibrium.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Hector steps out, where the CAPITAL BUILDING OF WASHINGTON DC is seen off in the distance.

HECTOR (V.O.)

We are not terrorists. We are the unsung voice that will now be heard. Yes, there will be blood. There will more sacrifice.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Hector grimaces in pain. Looks around, he's not being watched. Pops pills.

HECTOR (V.O.)

My life for the lives of millions.

The bus slows down to a stop. Hector looks out.

The White House gates.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Hector blends in with a group of tourists. CARLOS (20s) among them, hand in hand with a woman around the same age.

CARLOS  
(to Hector)  
Hey man, you okay?

Hector glances his way.

Hector freezes, but shows no other emotion.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
You don't look so good.

Hector ignores him, strides ahead.

GUARDS and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, including JILL (40s) and DRAKE (30s) among them, scan the visitors with metal detectors.

They follow the group.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The tourists pass through another metal detector. Hector sweats the entire time. Once through, he relaxes.

Closes his eyes. Rips open his jacket.

HECTOR  
For the people!

Streaks of red pool down his back. He falls.

People rush to his aid.

Drake takes off Hector's jacket -

A reptilian slug thing bursts from chewing on Hector's back.

With a munch of Hector's flesh, ARMS emerge out the Muck Monster. It immediately slashes a random agent, misses Drake.

DRAKE  
Holy shit!

The LADON monster scurries to bite the ankle of a 14 year old boy tourist, who screams. The beast gets bigger. Yanks the kid's foot off. Spits it out, ends it flying.

The kid's PARENTS panic. Ladon grows a pair of legs, leaps like a frog from hell right at the face of the kid's MOTHER.

The FATHER, quick enough to get in the way, gets his nose eaten. The beast wails its arms, small curved nails tear into the man's face.

The more blood it drinks, more it eats it GROWS an extra two inches in height and mass.

Drake falls backward, whips out his gun. People in the way, getting the hell out of there.

The stampede causes folks to trip over each other. A GUARD drops on Drake the moment he fires a shot. The GUARD, already hacked up, gets a mercy killing as his brains sparkle all over the floor.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - RED ROOM - DAY

Face down. Carlos wakes. His eyes adjust. Blood stains on the carpet.

A handgun's safety un-clicks. His attention goes to JILL, who has a nasty head cut.

JILL  
Blood's not yours.

Carlos attempts to get to his feet.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Stay down.

Carlos obeys, but motions if he can move to his right.

JILL (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

CARLOS  
Carlos Mendez.

JILL  
Jill Whitman, US Secret Service.  
You don't want to move Carlos. Not  
a good idea.

Carlos cranes his neck to look to his right. A BODY, also face down, clothes tattered. The source of most of the blood splatter. The sorry soul is missing his left arm.

Outside in the hallway, sounds of screams, gunfire.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Just stay there.

Carols decides not to dwell on the carnage to his right. His body squirms, his face crunches as if avoiding a awful smell.

CARLOS  
Oh god. Where's that guy's arm?  
Where's Marie?

JILL  
Who?

CARLOS  
My wife. Maria.

JILL  
I don't know. Hopefully she made it  
out. A lot of people got split up.

More gunshots echo from the hallway outside the door.

CARLOS  
Everything happened so fast. How  
long have we been here?

JILL  
Five minutes.

CARLOS  
Five minutes?

JILL  
Quiet.

MAN'S VOICE  
(hallway)  
Son of a bitch shoot the thing!

DRAKE  
(hallway)  
Sorry! I'm out!

MAN'S VOICE  
Get it off me! Get it off!

Somewhere in the hall, a lamp crashes. A man's scream. Heavy  
breathing.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
No. No. No. Please god -

A THUMP. A crash.

Drake bams on the door.

DRAKE  
Anybody in there? Let me in,  
dammit!

Jill opens the door. A blood soaked DRAKE (30s) barges in. Almost trips over Carlos and the dead man.

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
Bastard got Jason.

JILL  
Shit.

DRAKE  
Close the door!

Jill goes to do it, but she has to see. As she peers through the crack, her eyes widen in shock.

#### HALLWAY

Picassos and Rembrandts of splatter on both sides of the walls. Body parts and cameras, smashed phones line the floor. Most of the dead are tourists, but it's hard to tell who's who.

Something, big, dark green, with bull horns and crocodile jaws with a tentacled "moustache" tosses around the body of JASON, (30s) what's left of him anyway.

Jason's Secret Service badge flies across the hall and annihilates a light fixture.

Jason's right arm rips from him. The mucky monster chews, crunches on it.

#### RED ROOM

Jill shuts the door.

Outside, the mucky monster bellows, a high pitched celebration of victory.

JILL  
You're completely out?

DRAKE  
How about you?

JILL  
Two shots left.

DRAKE  
Shit. What is that thing?



JILL  
Keep it down. It might hear us.

Drake looks at the dead man and Carlos.

DRAKE  
You alright?

CARLOS  
Fuck, no. What the fuck you think,  
motherfucker do I fucking -

DRAKE  
- Just stay there.

CARLOS  
Yeah, no shit.

DRAKE  
Anyone got an idea where that thing  
came from?

CARLOS  
Maybe it's just the end of the  
world. Armageddon.

DRAKE  
Be quiet.  
It's not the end of the world.

Jill aims her gun at the door, backs up.

The doorknob TURNS.

Jill inhales, exhales. Ready to go.

Drake and Carlos stare at the door, which SLOWLY swings open.

A WOMAN'S hand Fastened around the handle. Wedding band.  
Nobody attached to it. Carlos's face fills with terror.

CARLOS  
Maria! No! Maria!

Drake scans the room, hustles towards the fireplace, snatches  
up a poker.

DRAKE  
Can we get to the Blue Room?  
Dining?

Drake glances to the other *five* doors that connect to these  
and other rooms.

Drake helps Carlos get to his feet. They head to one of the doors

STATE DINING ROOM

The two men enter. It's a mess in here. Not body parts or brain matter, but a river of salad greens and vines all over the tables and floor.

Off in the Red Room, (OS) two shots ring out.

Jill charges in. Slams the door behind her.

Muck Monster follows, a clawed hand punches a hole in the door! With a good yank, it rips the door off the hinges. SMASHES the door on the floor. Splinters spit out in every direction.

Drake throws the poker to Jill, who catches it one handed.

She thrusts, impales the muck monster between the eyes!

The thing moans, an oily snake's tongue shoots, licks the blood off Jill's brow and cheek. Drops down to her left side of her blouse.

Mucky's eyes roll back, Slumps to the floor.

Drake eases Carlos in a chair.

Drake picks up a furry light red hair wig from the floor. Frowns in terror.

A BALDING MAN comes out from hiding under the table nearest Drake. The man grabs for Drake's ankle, who jumps a country mile.

BALDING MAN  
It's okay. It's okay! I'm fine!

FADE OUT.

