

CRYPTZ

by
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Based on an original idea by Danny Draven

Final Shooting Draft

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 1

The lights of Hollywood glitter in the sky.

A MAN -- scared shitless and running like hell -- bangs through a door and races across the rooftop.

Then SOMETHING hits him.

He goes flying. Hits a railing. Drops to the rooftop, in agony.

SOMETHING sweeps over him.

His throat is TORN OPEN. Blood GUSHES, spraying several feet into the air.

The man GURGLES and clutches at his shredded throat.

As the man shudders and dies, his blood draining from his body --

EXTREME C.U.: Fingertips wipe across thick, blood-smearred FEMALE LIPS. We see the lipstick smear and a shiny fang protruding from one side of her mouth. She slowly licks her lips...

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

2 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY 2

Not the best of neighborhoods, but plenty of KIDS still scamper around at play.

3 INT. THE DAVIS APARTMENT/TYMEZ'S ROOM -- SAME 3

Meet RANDALL DAVIS -- wait, scratch that -- I meant to say TYMEZ SKWAIR. He's a good looking lad of about 19. Except that we can't see his face, since it's currently buried in his pillow and he's SNORING like crazy. He's not wearing a shirt.

Suddenly --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

The bedroom door BANGS open and TYMEZ's MOM bursts in, hands on hips and a fed-up expression on her face. Tymeze jumps at the noise.

MOM

Get your worthless butt outta that bed!

Sitting up, Tymeze smacks his lips. Something unpleasant must've slept in his mouth. On the left side of his chest, he sports a STYLIZED TATTOO -- some kind of RUNE-LIKE LETTERING.

MOM (CONT'D)

Sleepin' till noon in the day. What kinda man are you gonna be?

TYMEZ

A rich one, Mama...

Mom isn't buying it.

MOM

(snorts)

I ain't seen the name "Randall Davis" on any paychecks that come into this house.

TYMEZ

Mama, I told you -- call me Tymeze Skwair.

MOM

I'll call you Sore Ass, 'cause that's what you're gonna have when I get done beatin' it! Tymeze Skwair... If you've gotta have a new name, why not something normal, like "Malik?" That's a good one.

TYMEZ

Mama, when my album goes platinum and I buy that gold ring spellin' out my name --

Tymeze holds up his fist and begins spelling it out.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

T-Y-M-E...

Uh-oh. Not enough fingers. Mom gives him a classic "Mom Told You So" look.

MOM

Um-hmm. Boy, I have just about it had up to here.

She snatches up a t-shirt from atop the dresser, gives it a test sniff. Pee-you.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

Don't you have any faith in my dreams,
Mama?

MOM

If you didn't have any dreams it'd break
my heart. But you have to *act* on those
dreams or they never come true. Big talk
and standin' around on street corners
don't make platinum records.

TYMEZ

How do you think Jay-Z got started?

MOM

By working his big ol' butt off -- and
you need to do the same. You can start by
getting a job.

TYMEZ

You don't know nothin' about Jay-Z.

MOM

But I bet I know something about his
mama. And she told him the same thing:
Get. A. Job. Today!

She snaps the stinky t-shirt at Tymeze.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. STREET -- DAY (LATER)

4

Tymeze walks down the street, where he meets up with a couple
of his friends, FUZZY DOWN (20) and LIKRISH (18). They
exchange greetings.

LIKRISH

What up, T-Skwair?

TYMEZ

Man, I told you, don't call me "T-
Skwair." Makes me sound like a damn
architect.

FUZZY DOWN

Whatta we been tellin' you? You gotta get
a better name.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

Like you guys are all Ja Rule an' shit.
Fuzzy Down... sounds like a label on a
comforter.

LIKRIISH

Ain't nothing wrong with Likrish.

TYMEZ

Not if you're a candy-ass.

Likrish makes a move like he's gonna throw down with Tymeze,
but it's all for show.

FUZZY DOWN

Why you all bitched-up today anyway,
bitch?

TYMEZ

Aaa, my moms... she says I gotta get a
job and quit wastin' my life on you two
penny-ante motherfuckers.

LIKRIISH

Don't she realize we're poised to be the
next Wu-Tang?

TYMEZ

Man, she's still listening to Sammy
Davis. She thinks Wu-Tang is what the
astronauts drink.

FUZZY DOWN

Damn... How do you enlighten somebody
like that?

TYMEZ

I tried playin' her some Outkast once --

LIKRIISH

That musta had *some* effect --

TYMEZ

No shit. She put the CD in the toaster.

Likrish and Fuzzy Down can feel Tymeze's pain.

LIKRIISH

That's harsh.

FUZZY DOWN

Maybe we should lay down a freestyle for
her.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

Yeah, then she'd make me *move out*, too.
(a beat)
It's hopeless...

At that point, an incredibly hot hootchie-mama, with cartoonishly-large breasts strolls by, giving our heroes a saucy smile. This is STESHA. She wears a skintight, tiny t-shirt that reads "CRYPTZ -- You Got the Bling, We Got the Bitches."

The guys watch her jiggle on past, stunned by this vision of beauty.

FUZZY DOWN

Baby, you wanna be in our video?

STESHA

(teasingly)
I don't make home movies.

FUZZY DOWN

(stung)
Ooo...

Intrigued, the guys chase her down, following close behind (and enjoying the show, I might add).

TYMEZ

What's that on your shirt?

STESHA

My place of employment.

TYMEZ

Oh baby -- nobody told me they changed the name of Heaven.

Stesha's heard it all before. She gives Tymeze a smirk, but keeps on walking.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

C'mon, you can't leave me like this -- what do you do at your job, and more importantly, what time does your shift start?

Stesha stops, turning to face Tymeze. Fuzzy Down and Likrish take a step back.

STESHA

You really wanna know?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

TYMEZ

Sweetness, you're a walking billboard but
you ain't got no address!

STESHA

Then you'd better figure it out, huh?

Smiling, Stesha gives Tymeze a playful little tweak on his
cheek. Fuzzy Down and Likrish are jealous as hell.

Then, with a flick of her ample rump, she continues on her
way, leaving the fellas behind.

TYMEZ

(yelling after her)

Wait, wait -- you gotta at least gimme a
hint!

STESHA

It ain't in the phone book!

Tymeze, Fuzzy Down and Likrish all stare in awe as Stesha
wiggles off down the street. She shoots back a little wave as
she finally rounds a corner and disappears.

Our heroes are silent for a moment, then --

TYMEZ

I don't know where the fuck it is, but I
know where I'm applyin' for a job.

FUZZY DOWN

Motherfucker, we *all* applyin'.

LIKRISH

(sadly)

I already *have* a job...

The other guys just look at him.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. FUZZY DOWN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN -- DAY (SOON AFTERWARD)

5

Tymeze is madly flipping through a phone book while Fuzzy Down
and Likrish watch, annoyed.

FUZZY DOWN

She said it wasn't in the phone book.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

Maybe that was just to throw us off the trail.

FUZZY DOWN

If she wanted to throw us off the trail, she woulda told us she's a lesbian.

LIKISH

That wouldn't throw *me* off the trail.

FUZZY DOWN

That's 'cause you're all about wastin' your damn time.

Giving up, Tymeze slams the phone book shut.

TYMEZ

Dammit, it ain't in here!

FUZZY DOWN

Imagine that.

LIKISH

You ain't serious about gettin' a job at the place, are you?

TYMEZ

Why not?

LIKISH

Well, judgin' from what it said on that shorty's shirt, I think the only position you'd be suitable for is towel boy.

TYMEZ

Why you talkin' shit?

LIKISH

Unlike you illiterate motherfuckers, I can read.

FUZZY DOWN

Hell, we can read -- we was just too busy lookin' at titties. What are you, a fag?

LIKISH

It was written across those very same titties.

TYMEZ

Stop sayin' titties -- it's givin' me wood. Now what the fuck did it say?

(CONTINUED)

LIKRISH

"You got the bling, we got the bitches."
Now what kind of establishment does that
bring to mind?

TYMEZ

Listen to this Perry Mason motherfucker.

FUZZY DOWN

It's a whorehouse.

Tymeze is appalled.

TYMEZ

Don't talk about my future wife that way.
...God damn, Fuzzy -- your fuckin' phone
book has somebody's boogers or some shit
on it.

Tymeze tears a page out of the phone book and wipes the
offending crud on the paper.

FUZZY DOWN

If it ain't a whorehouse, it's a strip
club or massage parlor. Why you gotta
tear up my phone book? Use a paper towel.

TYMEZ

(ignoring him)

We've snuck into every strip joint in
Hollywood, and I never heard of a place
called Cryptz.

LIKRISH

Then it's a massage parlor -- or it's one
of those private clubs. They don't
advertise.

TYMEZ

Shit, man, if that honey wasn't
advertising, I don't know what is.

They all consider their options for a moment.

FUZZY DOWN

Let's call Truck.

The mention of the name makes Tymeze and Likrish visibly
nervous.

TYMEZ

Fuck that.

(CONTINUED)

FUZZY DOWN

He runs with all that underground LA
shit.

LIKRISH

I'm with T-Skwair --

TYMEZ

Dammit, Likrish, how many times I gotta
tell you --

LIKRISH

Sorry, man...

(deftly changing the subject)

Hey, weren't we workin' on finding you a
new name?

TYMEZ

(relieved to be talking about
something besides Truck)

That's right! Hmm... now let's see, what
could I call myself...

FUZZY DOWN

How 'bout "Big Pussy?"

TymeZ bristles.

TYMEZ

Keep it up, you can change your name to
"One Dead Motherfucker."

FUZZY DOWN

Do you or do you not wanna get with that
sweet, big-titted honey? I'm just trying
to guide you in your pursuit and you
ignore my suggestions.

LIKRISH

Yeah, but callin' Truck... that
m'fucker's *spooky*, man.

TYMEZ

You know he's into all that voodoo shit.

FUZZY DOWN

I'm not askin' you to drink chicken blood
or some shit, I'm sayin' call the man.
See if he's heard of a joint called
Cryptz.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

That's all fine, but suppose I interrupt him while he's worshipping Satan and he throws some voodoo curse on my ass? Maybe he makes it so my dick don't get hard no more and then it don't matter if I track that fine shorty down, 'cause she's just gonna laugh at my limp biskit.

FUZZY DOWN

You're right -- maybe you'd just better go get a job at Doughnut Dan's and make your *moms* happy.

TYMEZ

(puffing up)

You didn't just say shit about my moms.

Fuzzy Down shakes his head, exasperated.

FUZZY DOWN

Man, you guys are lackin' in vision. It don't matter if that girl gives you play - - if we could get her to shake it on stage, or even just come with us when we give our demo to people, it reflects favorably on *us*. If you look big time, people treat you big time. It's about *image*, man.

Tymez thinks it over, then -- still a bit reluctant -- picks up Fuzzy's phone and makes to dial.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Not on *my* phone.

TYMEZ

Why you fuckin' with me?

FUZZY DOWN

It's my house.

Sighing, Tymez pulls out his cell phone and flips it open.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

That's what I like to see.

Likrish doesn't like it, but says nothing.

Tymez tries to remember the number, begins pushing buttons. The others watch, anxious.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (5)

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)
How many numbers you dialing? Calling
fuckin' China or some shit...

TYMEZ
He lives in the valley, man.

FUZZY DOWN
Put a brother on speed dial, that's all
I'm sayin'.

TYMEZ
Yeah, I call him so often.

Tymeze finishes dialing and puts the phone to his ear. Waits
for a moment. Then --

TRUCK
(on phone)
Yeah?

TYMEZ
Truck -- hey man, it's Tymeze Skwair, what
up?

INTERCUT TYMEZ AND TRUCK

6 INT. TRUCK'S HOUSE -- SAME

6

At first we only see the back of his impressively-glistening
BALD HEAD -- along with the creepy Goth trappings that
decorate his house.

TRUCK
My man Tymeze Skwair. Been awhile.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND TRUCK

to reveal his face. TRUCK (late 20s-early 30s) sits in a
blood-red velvet chair, his muscular form clad in black
leather. This guy looks like he'd eat Marilyn Manson's flesh
and wash it down with Rob Zombie's blood.

TRUCK (CONT'D)
Why are you interrupting my meditations?

Tymeze's eyebrows lift in horror and he quickly covers the
cell phone with one hand.

TYMEZ
(to Fuzzy Down)
Fuck, I knew it!

(CONTINUED)

FUZZY DOWN

What?

TYMEZ

I interrupted his meditations, man!

LIKRISH

Aw shit, we are so screwed...

At his end, Truck can hear all this. A slight sneer tugs at his lips.

TRUCK

Tymez Skwair.

But Tymez is still on the verge of freaking out.

TYMEZ

I'm hangin' up --

FUZZY DOWN

No! Remember the girl!

TYMEZ

There's girls at the fuckin' 7-11, man --

Truck maintains his cool.

TRUCK

I say Tymez Skwair.

Tymez finally snaps back to the phone call.

TYMEZ

(into phone)

Fuck!

(realizes he said it into
phone)

I mean, shit! I mean, I'm sorry, Truck.
Fuzzy Down and Likrish are fuckin' with
me.

TRUCK

It's disrespectful. My time is valuable.

TYMEZ

(wincing)

I know that, Truck. I'm sorry, man.

TRUCK

Apology accepted. Now how can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

Tymez breathes a sigh of relief. Fuzzy Down jabs at him, urging him onward.

TYMEZ

It's just -- we seen this girl...

TRUCK

I know this story has a point...

TYMEZ

All right man, yeah, okay, sorry -- point is, we wanna go check her out at the place she works, but it's some kinda underground club or something and we don't know where it's at. We thought maybe, with your expertise and all...

TRUCK

Where does the young lady work?

TYMEZ

Place is called Cryptz.

Truck reacts only slightly, but it speaks volumes.

TRUCK

I'm hanging up now.

TYMEZ

Wait, what? Don't hang up, man --

TRUCK

Trust me, it's for the best.

TYMEZ

Wait, man -- you don't understand, I've gotta get with this girl --

TRUCK

Did she make physical contact with any of you? Touch you in any way?

TYMEZ

No, she was way too -- wait a minute, yeah, she pinched my cheek.

TRUCK

(sighs)

Then you don't need me to tell you where Cryptz is located. You've been marked.

TYMEZ

Say what?

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK

The only advice I can offer is this: have Fuzzy Down and Likrish duct tape you to your bed --

TYMEZ

Don't talk no fag shit with me, man --

TRUCK

You're interrupting.

TYMEZ

Sorry, man, sorry...

TRUCK

As I was saying: have Fuzzy Down and Likrish strap you to your bed -- and this is important, are you listening?

TYMEZ

I'm all ears.

TRUCK

You have to do this before nightfall.

Tymeze looks out the window, eyeing the sinking sun.

TRUCK (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I've told you?

TYMEZ

Fuzzy Down and Likrish have to duct tape my ass to the bed --

Fuzzy Down and Likrish exchange a look -- they have to do *what?*

TRUCK

-- Before the sun sets, or your soul is in jeopardy.

TYMEZ

Or my soul is in jeopardy.
(to Fuzzy Down and Likrish)
You guys hear that?

FUZZY DOWN

What the fuck you talkin' about? Shit, I'm goin' over to Taco Terry's right now and get me a couple of cheese enchihatevers. Fuck a bunch of duct tape.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

TRUCK

You have to move quickly. Call me tonight
once the sun has set.

TYMEZ

You got it, Truck. Thanks, man. But hey,
just so I know -- you know, so I can
avoid the place in the future -- where's
that Cryptz again?

TRUCK

This is not a game, Tymeze Skwair. Do as
I've told you or the consequences will be
severe.

TYMEZ

You got it, brother.

Tymeze flips his cell phone shut, rolling his eyes in
disbelief.

7 INT. TRUCK'S HOUSE -- SAME

7

Truck contemplates the phone in his hand for a moment, then
places it on the table. He makes a tiny gesture in front of a
huge black candle and it BURSTS INTO FLAME.

TRUCK

(staring at the flame)

Those are some dead motherfuckers.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CRYPTZ / CELL -- NIGHT

8

In the half-light, we can SEE a sweating MAN seated on the
floor, his back against the wall. He looks like he might make
in his pants at any second.

CLUNK.

The Man looks up at the sound, his face a mask of terror.

The DOOR to the chamber OPENS slowly, CREAKING horribly.

CHAIM

N - No...

He scrambles across the floor, trying to move as far away
from the door as possible.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

As the door swings wide, a mysterious and sensual FIGURE enters the chamber.

MIZ KULADA.

She is dressed in the most skimpy of outfits, yet retains an almost regal quality. The bare portions of her skin are painted with bizarre and frightening patterns.

CHAIM (CONT'D)

Stay away!

Kulada's dark eyes, enhanced by elaborate filigrees of makeup swirling out from the corners, flicker with delight. She stalks toward the man, moving like a snake.

As the man cowers, Kulada begins DANCING.

It's unbelievably sexy. She undulates and writhes, her body swaying hypnotically.

Tears are streaming down the man's face, but he can't tear his gaze away.

As she dances, Kulada slowly goes into a crouch, her face directly in front of the man's.

Grinning, she HISSES. A low, GURGLING, WET SOUND. Utterly disturbing.

The man WHIMPERS.

Then Kulada LUNGES forward, her mouth going to the man's neck. Blood SPURTS. Kulada JERKS her head back, taking a stringy chunk of meat with her.

CUT TO:

9 INT. FUZZY DOWN'S HOUSE -- DAY

9

The place is a mess. Likrish and Fuzzy Down are seated on the couch, watching the movie "RAGDOLL."

Tymez Skwair paces nervously near the window, staring out at the setting sun.

TYMEZ

Shit, I'm dead...

He turns, watching his friends as they stare at the TV.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

You hear me? Dead!

LIKRISH

(without looking away from TV)

Yo, you said yourself Truck sounded like he was on the crack or some shit! Now sit down and watch this crazy ragdoll tear these dumb motherfuckers up.

FUZZY DOWN

Man, show a brother some titties already...

Tymez can't believe his friends' indifference to his plight.

TYMEZ

Fuck that shit, the both'a ya!

Likrish and Fuzzy Down both look at Tymez, stunned.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

I think you better start tapin' my ass to the bed -- that sun is goin' down.

FUZZY DOWN

Who you think that honey was, Sabrina the Teenage Witch? She pinched your cheek! I don't see no mark -- and I ain't tapin' you to no goddamn bed. All I need is that shit gettin' around...

Tymez paces some more, shaking his head. The other guys watch him, concerned. After a few seconds, Likrish offers up the remote.

LIKRISH

We can watch somethin' else.

Fuzzy Down snatches the remote away from Likrish.

FUZZY DOWN

Hell we can!

Tymez stops pacing.

TYMEZ

What am I doing? Man, I told you I didn't wanna call that spooky asshole. He's got me actin' like a big pussy.

FUZZY DOWN

There's a good name for you.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

TYMEZ

Yeah, you *think* you're funny...

Tymeze shoves Likrish over and flops on the couch, grabbing the remote from Fuzzy's hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. FUZZY DOWN'S HOUSE -- LATER

10

The sun has disappeared.

The guys are still watching horror movies. Tymeze seems to have forgotten his earlier worries.

Suddenly --

Tymeze HOWLS in pain.

Drops to the floor, clutching at his face.

Fuzzy Down and Likrish scramble to get away from their friend's freak-out, lifting their feet up onto the couch.

FUZZY DOWN

What the fuck!

LIKRIISH

It's a conniption! My mama always warned me about 'em, but I never thought I'd see one!

Tymeze rolls onto his back, clawing at the spot on his cheek where the STESHA pinched him.

TYMEZ

(screaming)

Fuck! It's burning up!

FUZZY DOWN

Maybe this is a good time to tape him to the bed.

Tymeze struggles to his feet, still HOWLING and grabbing at his face. He shambles into the hallway, running for the door.

LIKRIISH

Well, guess we'll see him later.

FUZZY DOWN

C'mon!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Fuzzy Down grabs Likrish and the two run after Tymeze.

11 INT. FUZZY DOWN'S HOUSE/HALLWAY -- SAME

11

Tymeze is staggering down the hall, GROANING in pain. Fuzzy Down and Likrish run up behind him. Fuzzy Down grabs Tymeze, who turns to face his friend.

TYMEZ

My fucking face is burning off!

FUZZY DOWN

Lemme see! *Lemme see!*

Fuzzy Down yanks Tymeze's hand away from his face, revealing two GLOWING SPOTS -- red-hot -- where Stesha's fingers touched the skin.

LIKRISH

Damn -- that's the Ebola!

FUZZY DOWN

Ain't no fuckin' Ebola -- let's get him to the hospital.

Tymeze tears away from Fuzzy Down's grasp.

TYMEZ

No!

He takes off running again. Fuzzy Down and Likrish follow.

12 EXT. DRIVEWAY/FUZZY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

12

Tymeze Skwair BANGS through the front door and staggers out into the driveway.

After a second, Fuzzy Down and Likrish follow. They watch as Tymeze runs to a pretty nice car parked in the driveway and begins pounding at the driver's side door.

FUZZY DOWN

My car! Don't be beatin' on my car!

Fuzzy Down and Likrish rush to the car, grabbing Tymeze.

TYMEZ

Lemme in!

FUZZY DOWN

All right, all right!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Fuzzy Down fumbles the keys from his pocket and opens the door. TymeZ flings himself into the backseat.

TYMEZ

Drive!

Fuzzy Down and Likrish exchange a look, then Likrish runs around to get in on the passenger side while Fuzzy slides behind the wheel.

The car rolls out into the street, and SQUEALS off, heading for the heart of the city.

13 INT. FUZZY DOWN'S CAR -- SAME

13

TymeZ writhes around on the backseat in pain, still grabbing at his face.

TYMEZ

Jesus Christ! It burns like hell!

FUZZY DOWN

Where the fuck am I goin'?

TymeZ manages to prop himself up to see out the windshield.

TYMEZ

Left!

Fuzzy turns left, steering onto a busy street.

14 EXT. STREET -- SAME

14

The FREAKS and WEIRDOS strolling the sidewalk are unaware of the turmoil raging in the car that rolls past them.

15 INT. FUZZY DOWN'S CAR -- SAME

15

Tears are running down TymeZ's face, SIZZLING as they hit the glowing red patches on his cheek.

TYMEZ

Take a right up here!

Fuzzy does as told.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Another right!

(CONTINUED)

19 EXT. ROOFTOP/HOLLYWOOD -- SAME

19

Tymez reaches the top of the stairs and runs across the roof. Likrish and Fuzzy give each other a "where the hell is he taking us?" look, but follow.

Tymez comes to an unmarked DOOR. He frantically BANGS on it.

Still running towards him, Fuzzy Down shouts at Tymez.

FUZZY DOWN

Don't be poundin' on no strange doors,
man!

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK FOR AN INSTANT.

Then a sliver of LIGHT appears on the right-hand side.

We realize we're INSIDE that door, which is sloooooowly opening to reveal Tymez, Fuzzy Down and Likrish standing outside.

Tymez Skwair is bent over, panting, clutching his face. Fuzzy Down and Likrish stare up at US, their jaws going slack.

ANGLE:

We SEE what our heroes are looking at.

BUFFALO.

A massively-muscled giant standing in the doorway. THROBBING TECHNO MUSIC emanates from somewhere behind him.

Tymez straightens. The pain in his face easing. He lowers his hand as the GLOWING spots FADE AWAY.

BUFFALO

IDs?

Fuzzy Down and Likrish continue to stare in shock.

TYMEZ

Oh... yeah.

Tymez pulls his wallet and extracts his fake ID, handing it over to Buffalo.

The giant eyes Tymez, then the card, then Tymez again.

BUFFALO

You really twenty-one?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TYMEZ

Yeah.

Accepting that, Buffalo hands the card back and steps aside, gesturing for the guys to enter. Fuzzy Down and Likrish are amazed, but hand over their IDs for Buffalo to check as they walk through the door.

20 INT. ENTRYWAY -- SAME

20

Buffalo hands back the IDs and closes the door, shutting TymeZ and the others inside the tiny, dimly-lit entryway.

The small room is black-walled and barren of all but a stool and a paperback copy of Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, cracked open spine-up on the stool's seat. At the far end of the room is another DOOR.

Buffalo leads the guys to the door and holds it open. The MUSIC grows LOUDER.

BUFFALO

Welcome to Cryptz.

The guys all exchange a look. They actually made it.

Buffalo nods his head, bidding them to enter the club, and they step through the door, TymeZ in the lead.

21 INT. STAIRWELL -- SAME

21

TymeZ, Fuzzy and Likrish find themselves in a creepy stairwell, littered with trash. Sprawled uncomfortably on the stairs is a strung-out JUNKIE, pasty and unmoving.

LIKISH

Dead guy.

FUZZY DOWN

That ain't a good sign.

Suddenly, the junkie TWITCHES slightly. Our heroes jump.

TYMEZ

See, he ain't dead. He's just tired.

Fuzzy and Likrish give TymeZ a funny look. They move on, carefully sidestepping the junkie.

At the base of the stairs is a CURTAIN. TymeZ looks at the others, then pulls it aside.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Incredible, colorful LIGHT spills through. Our heroes step through the curtain and into...

22 INT. CRYPTZ MAIN ROOM -- SAME

22

Holy shit.

This place is unbelievable. Pulsating MUSIC, dark and mysterious Goth decor. On one wall is a large and ominous METAL DOOR. A few other doors are visible around the perimeter.

However, the club is eerily uncrowded. A handful of CUSTOMERS sit at various tables, watching excitedly as a stripper gets busy on the main stage.

And did I mention the girls? It's like the best Jay-Z video ever made. Sir Mixalot sees this place inside his head when he closes his eyes.

Tymez Skwair, Fuzzy Down and Likrish look like they've stumbled through the side door into Wonderland.

Then Fuzzy remembers how they got here.

FUZZY DOWN

(to Tymez)

How's your face?

TYMEZ

It's okay, it's normal. It hurt like hell for awhile, though.

FUZZY DOWN

How did you know this place was here?

TYMEZ

I dunno. It was like, inside my head. Like the only way I could stop the pain was to come here.

FUZZY DOWN

That's some fucked-up shit.

TYMEZ

Yeah. Let's get a table.

The guys select a spot and settle in to enjoy the show.

At their table, Tymez and the guys are just receiving their drinks from a NAUGHTY WAITRESS. Likrish is smitten.

(CONTINUED)

LIKRISH

Baby, you are somethin' else. You're
better than baby Jesus in velvet pants.

The Naughty Waitress tickles Likrish under his chin.

NAUGHTY WAITRESS

Thanks, sugar!

LIKRISH

How 'bout a lapdance?

NAUGHTY WAITRESS

I'm just a waitress, honey -- we leave
the dancing to the dancers.

This news just about crushes Likrish's soul. Prompted by the
sad puppy dog look on his face, the Naughty Waitress glances
around, then leans in to whisper conspiratorially.

NAUGHTY WAITRESS (CONT'D)

I tell you what... if you're a good boy,
maybe we can work something out when I go
on break.

LIKRISH

(beaming)

Ohhh, you ain't never seen such fine
behavior --

(sitting up straight)

-- here, let me correct my posture and
get my elbows off the table!

Grinning, the Waitress wanders off to service the next table.
Likrish watches her go, totally in love.

LIKRISH (CONT'D)

Yo, fuck that motherfucker Truck -- he
was tryin' to save all this for his damn
self!

The mention of the name triggers a memory for TymeZ.

TYMEZ

Shit! I was supposed to call Truck after
sunset and let him know I was okay.

FUZZY DOWN

(enjoying his surroundings)

Send him a postcard.

TymeZ pulls his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ
I'll be right back --

And then Stesha appears, planting one foot up on Tymeze's thigh and staring him down like she means business.

STESHA
Looks like you found me.

Tymeze stares up at the gorgeous girl, his mouth hanging open. She looks at the cell phone in his hand.

STESHA (CONT'D)
I'm not interrupting an important business call, am I?

TYMEZ
Hell no!

He pockets the cell phone.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
I was just callin' time and temperature, 'cause baby, it's hot in this place.

Stesha leans in close, licking her lips.

STESHA
And it's still like wintertime in here. You just wait till summer.

Tymeze's gaze is drawn to her stunning breasts, spilling delightfully from her tiny top.

TYMEZ
I think spring just sprung.

GIGGLING, Stesha smothers him with her boobs for a second. Fuzzy Down and Likrish can't believe their eyes.

When she allows Tymeze to come up for air, Stesha extends a hand.

STESHA
My name's Stesha.

Tymeze, that ol' smoothie, takes her hand and plants a smooch on it.

TYMEZ
Tymeze Skwair.

(CONTINUED)

STESHA

Mr. Skwair, how would you like to experience a world-famous Cryptz private dance?

TYMEZ

Private sounds good...
(indicates Fuzzy and Likrish)
'Cause these m'fuckers is wastin' my flava.

Fuzzy Down and Likrish react with disdain.

LIKRISH

Bitch, you got flava like yesterday's Bazooka Joe!

Stesha, smiling, releases Tymeze's hand.

STESHA

You hold tight for a minute while I go tell the house mother I'm needed in the VIP room.

With that, Stesha saunters away. Tymeze, Fuzzy Down and Likrish all stare at her wiggling rear end.

FUZZY DOWN

Damn... almost makes me seasick!

TYMEZ

(cocky)
The VIP room... Fellas, don't wait for me, I'll find a ride home.

FUZZY DOWN

That girl gonna bust you in half like a shotgun.

TYMEZ

But what a way to go.
(has a thought)
Aw shit!

He jumps up from his seat, to the surprise of the other guys.

LIKRISH

What'd you do, piss your pants?

TYMEZ

I gotta call Truck.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (4)

FUZZY DOWN

At a time like this? Let him wait, you
don't owe him nothin'.

TYMEZ

I hear ya, I just don't want him makin'
no voodoo doll of my ass 'cause I didn't
call him. Be right back.

Tymeze walks through the club, winking at any girl he comes
across.

Stesha leaves the room on her way to see KULADA.

23 INT. DIRTY BATHROOM-- SAME

23

A sweating CHUBBY GUY hurriedly zips his pants and runs out
as Tymeze enters. Tymeze watches him with distaste. The room is
dirty and smells of piss.

TYMEZ

That's no good at all.

Pulling his cell phone from his pocket, Tymeze flips it open
and dials Truck's number. As he waits for an answer, he
checks out the BIZARRE GRAFFITI that covers the walls.

INTERCUT TYMEZ AND TRUCK

24 INT. TRUCK'S HOUSE -- SAME

24

Truck is shirtless and performing some sort of yoga routine.
His eyes are closed, his face content. A cordless phone rests
on the floor nearby.

The PHONE RINGS.

Eyes still closed, Truck snaps the phone up, stabs the talk
button.

TRUCK

I've been waiting for your call.

Tymeze reacts to this as one might expect.

TYMEZ

That shit is spooky, Truck.

TRUCK

I presume you're bound securely to your
bed, yes?

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ
Yeah, that's right.

TRUCK
Try again.

TYMEZ
Say what?

TRUCK
You're a terrible liar, Tymeze. I suppose
I don't really need to ask where you are,
do I?

Tymeze winces.

TYMEZ
I'm at Cryptz. We're all here -- me,
Fuzzy Down and Likrish.

Truck's eyes finally open. He settles to the floor.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
But Truck, wait, before you get pissed --
it was like I had no control over it, I
had to come here!

TRUCK
Which is why I told you to have yourself
strapped to the bed.

TYMEZ
It ain't like that, man -- the fuckin'
pain I felt, you have no idea --

TRUCK
The pain would've passed with tomorrow's
sunrise.

TYMEZ
Aw, that's bullshit! I couldn'ta made it
another half-hour, let alone all damn
night!

Truck considers things for a moment.

TRUCK
You're weak, Tymeze.
(a beat)
I'll be there as soon as I can.

TYMEZ
You don't have to do that, man --

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK
Trust me, I have no choice. And TymeZ?

TYMEZ
Yeah?

TRUCK
Whatever you do, do not -- I repeat, *do not* -- accept any offers for a private dance.

Oh shit. TymeZ's face falls.

TRUCK (CONT'D)
Is that clear?

TYMEZ
Crystal.
(a beat)
Truck.

TRUCK
I'm here.

TYMEZ
Why can't we just leave, meet up with you at JoJo's Diner for some chocolate pie?

TRUCK
It's far too late for that.

Truck hangs up.

TymeZ flips his cell phone closed. Looks at himself in the mirror. What the hell has he gotten himself into?

TYMEZ
Like I said... no good at all.

TymeZ looks at some of the strange graffiti on the wall, then leaves the men's room.

CUT TO:

TymeZ drops into his seat, a worried look on his face.

FUZZY DOWN
What'd the voodoo master have to say for himself?

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ
We're fucked.

LIKRISH
(pleased)
Shit yeah!

TYMEZ
Not like that, dumbass.

LIKRISH
(sadly)
Oh.

TYMEZ
Something really weird is going on -- I
mean even weirder than I thought. Truck
said --

But Tymeze is interrupted by the reappearance of Stesha, who
lays a hand on his shoulder and spins his chair around to
face her.

She kicks Tymeze's legs apart and steps in between them,
slowly undulating her entire body in a most appealing manner.

STESHA
Time for that private dance.

Tymeze swallows hard.

Stesha leads the nervous Tymeze across the room, towards a
door.

TYMEZ
Where are we going?

STESHA
To the VIP room, silly.

They reach the door. Tymeze looks back at Likrish and Fuzzy
Down, who shoot him the high sign.

STESHA (CONT'D)
(sultry)
Readyyyy?

Tymeze tries to speak, but is only able to muster up a foolish
grin.

Stesha opens the door to the VIP room, allowing Tymeze to
enter.

26 INT. CRYPTZ/VIP ROOM -- SAME 26

The cramped, eerily-lit room is sheathed entirely in BLACK RUBBER. In the center of the room is a old chair that looks like it may have a one time been an electric chair in a prison.

Tymez takes a deep breath.

Stesha steps into the room.

STESHA
Sit down, baby...

She closes the door behind her. LOCKS IT.

27 INT. CRYPTZ MAIN ROOM -- SAME 27

Fuzzy Down and Likrish are quite intrigued by the crotch-bendingly hot DANCER on stage.

The Dancer WHIPS around the pole, removing her top with practiced ease. She twirls the tiny piece of fabric in one hand while sauntering to the edge of the stage.

FUZZY DOWN
(mesmerized; hand on heart)
Ow. I can feel myself fallin' in love.

Smiling, the Dancer stretches her top like a rubberband and FIRES it towards Fuzzy Down. It flops across his shoulder. He ever-so-subtly gives it a SNIFF.

Onstage, the Dancer continues to GYRATE and SHIMMY...

28 INT. CRYPTZ/VIP ROOM -- SAME 28

MONTAGE:

Stesha is giving Tymez a private lapdance the likes of which no one has ever experienced in the history of lapdances.

Poised between Tymez's spread legs, Stesha spreads her own luscious gams, pressing her knees against the insides of Tymez's thighs. Her arms snake back to unfasten her top --

Sweat pours down Tymez's face. His tongue flicks across his dry lips --

(CONTINUED)

Leaning in, Stesha brushes her lips across Tymeze's ear, then swoops upward to gently slither her naked breasts across his face --

Tymeze squirms in his seat --

Dancing around behind Tymeze, Stesha crushes her breasts against his shoulders and neck --

Tymeze's eyes widen --

Moving around in front of him again, Stesha wriggles in between Tymeze's legs again. Her fingertips trail down his body and she begins unbuttoning his shirt --

Then --

TYMEZ

(has a thought)

Hey, what'd you do to my face? You know, out on the street today?

STESHA

I don't know, baby. Maybe I just have the magic touch.

Before he can say anything else, she extends her tongue and licks the sweat from his face. He pretty much forgets whatever it was he was gonna say.

Stesha goes back to those buttons. As she opens his shirt --

-- she reacts to his strange tattoo, then catches herself, going back into the routine.

STESHA (CONT'D)

That -- that's a nice tattoo.

TYMEZ

(a bit dazed)

Uh huh...

STESHA

What is it?

TYMEZ

I dunno... right before my grandma died, she gave me a piece of leather with that symbol drawn on it. I just thought it would make a cool tattoo.

Stesha slides her half-nude form along Tymeze's body, leaning in to whisper in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

STESHA

I just realized I forgot something in the club. I'll be right back.

Tymez watches disappointedly as Stesha grabs her top and moves to the door.

STESHA (CONT'D)

You keep it warm for me, okay?

She slips out of the room, shutting the door and leaving Tymez alone.

TYMEZ

Shit. Ain't nothin' wrong with this place.

29 INT. CRYPTZ MAIN ROOM -- SAME

29

Fuzzy Down and Likrish continue to admire the Dancer.

At the next table over, a CUSTOMER gets a little too excited and lunges from his seat. He grabs a handful of the Dancer's bountiful butt. She jerks away from him, frowning.

DANCER

Buffalo! HANDS!

Fuzzy Down and Likrish watch as Buffalo charges over to the grabby customer.

GRABBY CUSTOMER

C'mon now, man -- you can't blame a guy for trying --

Or maybe he can. GROWLING, Buffalo takes hold of the guy --

FUZZY DOWN

Holy shit --

Suddenly, the giant viciously SNAPS the man's neck with a sickening CRUNCH.

LIKISH

Fuck!

Buffalo tosses the man's lifeless body aside like a doll, then lifts his face toward the ceiling and bellows --

BUFFALO

LOCK DOWN!!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

The music STOPS. The sound of METAL ON METAL can be heard as OUTSIDE EXITS BEGIN TO SEAL THEMSELVES shut. The dozen or so customers, including Fuzzy Down and Likrish, are totally freaking out.

32 Several customers make a break for it, managing to slip out 32 of the club in the chaos.

The Dancer and Naughty Waitress are smiling and looking quite hungry.

As Fuzzy Down, Likrish and the last three remaining customers (DUMB MAN, FOOLISH FELLOW and NERDY GUY) try to beat it for the exits, two STRANGE-LOOKING CREATURES skitter from the shadows.

ZUVEMBIE.

Gaunt, horrible. Their pasty BLUE SKIN glistens disgustingly beneath the lights. They stare at the terrified patrons with dead, white eyes. Incredibly long, dripping FANGS jut from their mouths.

The Zuvembie block Fuzzy, Likrish and the other customers and herd them towards the back of the club. Buffalo helps by slapping down anyone who puts up resistance.

Wisely, Fuzzy Down and Likrish don't resist. They find themselves slowly being shoved back toward that massive steel door.

FUZZY DOWN

I don't know about you, but I blame Tymez
Skwair for anything bad that happens!

Likrish's Naughty Waitress watches the scene with a sinister smile on her face. She licks her lips hungrily.

As Fuzzy, Likrish and the other three customers near the steel door --

LIKRIISH

I seen this before, only it was on TV.

FUZZY DOWN

No shit?

LIKRIISH

Yeah. Cows bein' led into a
slaughterhouse.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly, one of the customers, DUMB MAN, whirls and lashes out at the nearest Zuvembie, slamming a fist into the creature's chest.

We HEAR the sound of BONE SPLINTERING within the Zuvembie's torso.

Before the customer can withdraw his hand, the Zuvembie clamps his wrist in a vise-like grip and SNAPS the man's neck into pieces, blood pours from his mouth. The man SHRIEKS and crumples to the floor.

30 INT. KULADA CHAMBER - SAME

30

Stesha approaches a corner in which KULDA sits with her back to us. She seems to be in a trance.

STESHA

Miz Kulada, I've found something I think you need to see.

Kulada HISSES softly. Almost hungrily.

STESHA (CONT'D)

It's important.

Reluctantly, Kulada comes out of her trance and follows Stesha.

31 INT. CRYPTZ/VIP ROOM -- SAME

31

Tymez's eyes widen at the sound of the doors LOCKING ITSELF.

TYMEZ

Now what is all this shit?

Tymez, buttoning his shirt and poking around the locked door, reacts to the sounds in the corridor.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

(yelling)

What the fuck's going on out there?

Tymez tugs at the doorknob, to no avail. He pounds on the door.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm locked in!

STESHA

There's someone I want you to meet.

TYMEZ

What part of that "What the hell's goin' on" stuff did you not understand, bitch?

Instantly, Stesha's hand flies to Tymeze's crotch. She squeezes hard, a fierce expression on her face.

Tymeze grimaces in agony, struggling to stay on his feet.

STESHA

In here, *you're* the bitch.

She gives Tymeze's balls one last hard tweak, then releases them. He GASPS and looks up at her.

TYMEZ

(pained)

You used to be *fine*.

Stesha shoves him back into the chair.

STESHA

Like I said: I want you to meet someone.

TYMEZ

(still hurting)

I hope it's your daddy so I can kick his ass for raisin' a bitch.

Stesha starts to lunge at Tymeze, but a delicate hand on her shoulder holds her back.

She turns to face Kulada. The House Mother smiles gently at her. We finally get a good look at her.

Kulada steps up alongside Stesha and looks at Tymeze. He stares up at her, stunned by her overt, menacing sexuality.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

(to Stesha)

Who this bitch? *you're* mama?

Stesha glowers at Tymeze.

STESHA

You need to be respectful of Miz Kulada.

Stesha lashes out to grab Tymeze's balls again. He GRUNTS in pain.

(CONTINUED)

STESHA (CONT'D)
Understand?

Tymez nods, teeth gritted. Stesha releases his package and turns toward Kulada, an apologetic look on her face.

STESHA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, Miz Kulada -- but I enjoy
 beating dumb animals.

Kulada grins.

After a moment, Kulada steps up next to Tymez, still smiling. Walking around behind him, she trails a hand across his shoulders. She lets out a soft, approving GROWL.

TYMEZ
 (to Stesha)
 She don't talk much, huh?

Stesha's demeanor has changed entirely from when Tymez first encountered her. Now she seems to have no patience for him whatsoever.

STESHA
 (sneering)
 Miz Kulada severed her own tongue as part
 of a ritual ceremony.

TYMEZ
 Damn.

Standing behind Tymez, Kulada slips her fingers around his throat.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
 Say baby, while you're back there, why
 don'tcha give my shoulders a little work?

She tightens her grip, cutting off Tymez's air.

STESHA
 Have you ever held someone's life in your
 hands?

Tymez clutches at her fingers, but can't move them. He
 WHEEZES.

STESHA (CONT'D)
 Miz Kulada does it every night. *Every
 night...*

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

Kulada releases her grip. TymeZ jerks forward, sucking in air.

STESHA (CONT'D)

...But I'm afraid it's become boring for her.

TYMEZ

(wheezing)

Yeah, I can see how that would get old...

Kulada nods to Stesha, who steps in, shoving TymeZ upright again. She begins unbuttoning his shirt.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Damn, woman -- at least wait till Miz Kulada leaves the room! Ain't proper! ...Unless it's gonna be both of you at the same time, in which case I'm fully prepared to do my manly duty. 'Course without a tongue she's gonna have a hard time doing what I wanna see...

Stesha slaps him.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Now baby, it don't have to be like that...

STESHA

Just shut up for five seconds, will you?

She opens TymeZ's shirt and steps back, allowing Kulada to step in and see his tattoo.

Kulada smiles broadly, sucking in a creepy HISS.

TYMEZ

Shit works on *all* the girls...

Stesha slaps him again.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

34

2-BAD, a scrawny, weaselly lowlife, walks down a dark sidewalk.

As he passes a shadowy doorway, SOMEONE lunges out. Grabs him.

(CONTINUED)

2-Bad has time to YELP in surprise before he is yanked back into the shadows.

Our happy-go-lucky lowlife finds himself staring into the menacing eyes of Truck. The big man has a hand clamped over 2-Bad's mouth. The little guy's eyes are alight with fear.

TRUCK

Long time no see, 2-Bad. Surely you're smart enough not to holler when I remove my hand, am I right?

2-Bad nods frantically.

TRUCK (CONT'D)

Good.

Truck lowers his hand.

2-BAD

I ain't done nothin', Truck, I swear --

TRUCK

It's not about what you've done, 2-Bad, it's about what you know.

2-BAD

I don't know nothin' --

TRUCK

Now c'mon, everybody knows something.
(a beat; stern)
Cryptz.

2-Bad's eyes widen.

TRUCK (CONT'D)

Where is it?

2-BAD

Tshh, damn, I don't -- Cryptz? Never heard of it, Truck...

Truck casually pulls a small leather pouch from beneath his leather jacket.

2-BAD (CONT'D)

What's that? That a Mojo Hand?

Truck smiles.

TRUCK

Special mixture.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

Opening the pouch, Truck shakes a small amount of glittering POWDER into the palm of his hand.

2-BAD
What is it?

Truck holds the powder up so that it catches the light. 2-Bad looks like he's gonna soil his trousers.

TRUCK
Can you guess what this stuff does to Nightcrawlers, 2-Bad?

2-BAD
(trembling)
I don't think I care to know --

TRUCK
Again. Cryptz. The location.

2-BAD
I said I never heard of --

Truck gently blows the powder from his hand into 2-Bad's face.

As the powder makes contact with 2-Bad's face, a patch of his skin begins to SPLIT. GLOWING RED LIQUID is visible in the cracks, like a lava bed.

2-Bad lets out a CRY which is cut off when Truck's hand clamps over his mouth again. 2-Bad's muffled SHRIEKS go unheard by passersby.

TRUCK
Now I know it hurts like hell, 2-Bad. But I'm gonna lower my hand again and somehow you're gonna find the inner strength so as not to yell. Isn't that right?

Tears in his eyes, 2-Bad nods again. Truck lowers his hand. 2-Bad's face is cracked and oozing.

TRUCK (CONT'D)
Cryptz.

Gasping, 2-Bad tries to blink away the pain enough to speak.

2-BAD
The entrance moves every other night, okay? But word is tonight's doorway is on the rooftop of a building somewhere near Shadow Imports.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK

That the best you can do?

2-Bad nods frantically.

2-BAD

That's all I know, I swear!

Truck considers the info. He knows 2-Bad is way too scared to lie to him.

TRUCK

You're not a good person, 2-Bad. You should work on that.

2-BAD

You know it.

With that, Truck is gone.

2-Bad carefully feels his blistered face.

CUT TO:

The night's clientele are penned up in the small, filthy holding cell. Fuzzy Down and Likrish sit on the floor near the door. The other TWO CUSTOMERS, FOOLISH FELLOW and NERDY GUY sit at the back of the room, terrified.

FUZZY DOWN

Well, if we gotta be in prison, at least it's a prison inside a strip club.

Likrish can't find it in him to laugh at the joke.

LIKRISH

What do you think they're gonna do to us?

FUZZY DOWN

(shaking his head)

I don't know, man... I wonder what they're doing to T-Skwair.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CRYPTZ/VIP ROOM -- SAME

36

There's a THUMP at the door.

Stesha moves to open it. TymeZ is stunned when a Zuvembie (ZUVEMBIE #1) enters the room.

TYMEZ
Damn, who's this Smurf-lookin'
motherfucker?

The undead creature pauses near Kulada, awaiting instructions. She HISSES at the creature and indicates TymeZ. The Zuvembie steps toward him.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
Wait a minute now --

Before he can do anything, TymeZ is gripped firmly by the Zuvembie. The creature holds him in the chair.

Kulada pulls a long, thin RAZOR from between her ample breasts.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
Aw shit... I hope you're just plannin' on
givin' me a shave.

Kulada approaches, leaning in with the razor.

TymeZ struggles, to no avail. The Zuvembie's grip is so strong that our hero can barely move.

TymeZ HOWLS in pain as Kulada begins SLICING his skin.

The woman makes a square-shaped series of cuts around TymeZ's tattoo. Blood flows down his torso.

Stesha watches gleefully.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
(through clenched teeth)
What the fuck are you doing?!

Kulada, of course, says nothing.

Kulada works the razor blade beneath the square of skin and begins PEELING IT AWAY from TymeZ's chest.

TymeZ SCREAMS, his eyes wide and staring as Kulada mutilates him.

(CONTINUED)

Grinning, Kulada makes the last slices and LIFTS the patch of skin containing the tattoo, revealing bloody muscle and fat beneath.

She holds the jiggling square in front of Tymez's horrified face.

KULADA
(wet and garbled by her lack of
tongue)
The Worrrrrd...

GIGGLING, Stesha claps excitedly.

TYMEZ
No wonder she don't talk much. Sound like
she got a mouthful of shit...

Tymez goes all woozy, as if he's going to pass out.

CUT TO:

The prisoners all look up as the door BANGS open. A Zuvembie drags Tymez's unconscious body into the cell and drops him face-down on the floor.

FUZZY DOWN
Tymez Skwair!

Fuzzy Down and Likrish rush to their friend's side.

LIKRISH
He's bleeding!

They roll Tymez over, reacting in shock at the skinned patch on his chest.

FUZZY DOWN
Holy fuck!

LIKRISH
What'd they do to him? He's missin' part
of his chest!

Fuzzy Down shakes Tymez slightly.

FUZZY DOWN
T-Skwair! Tymez! C'mon, man, wake up!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

Tymez comes out of it, eyes rolling around groggily.

TYMEZ

Owwwwww...

FUZZY DOWN

What the fuck happened to you?

TYMEZ

(weakly)

Bitch cut my tattoo off...

LIKRISH

That fine honey?

Tymez shakes his head.

TYMEZ

Naw, it was another superfine bitch. The House Mother.

It's all starting to weigh heavily on Likrish. He looks like he might be close to losing it.

LIKRISH

What the hell is going on in this place?

TYMEZ

I don't know, man, but I suspect it's a nest of feminist bitches tryin' to get their revenge on us males.

LIKRISH

What'd we ever do to them?

TYMEZ

It was a *joke*, Likrish. Damn...

Likrish looks sheepish.

Suddenly, the door CLANKS open again. A ZUVEMBIE #1 enters.

TYMEZ (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Yo, this place is lousy with these fuckin' Smurfs!

With incredible speed, the Zuvembie grabs Likrish and drags him from the cell. There isn't even time for his friends to react.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

LIKRISH
 (voice trailing away)
 Fuck, man -- I support women's rights!
 Equal pay an' all that shit --

Then the cell door SLAMS shut again.

Tymez and Fuzzy exchange a worried look.

38 INT. LIKRISH HOLDING CELL -- SAME

38

The door CRASHES open and the Zuvembie hurls Likrish into the incredibly tiny holding cell.

As Likrish flops over and looks back at the door, the Naughty Waitress appears in the doorway.

LIKRISH
 Lemme guess -- this ain't about that
 lapdance.

NAUGHTY WAITRESS
 (amused)
 Mmm.
 (a beat)
 We're saving you for desert. Y'see...
 sometimes we eat meat. We like it raw and
 stringy.

LIKRISH
 (offended)
 Stringy? Bitch, I'll show you stringy --

He starts rubbing his package. But she SLAMS the door shut, locking Likrish inside the dimly-lit cell.

CUT TO:

39 INT. RITUAL CHAMBER -- SAME

39

Stesha, the Naughty Waitress, and the Dancer are seated on the floor in the ornate chamber. Candles burn everywhere.

Kulada enters, a Zuvembie (ZUVEMBIE #1) at her side. A second Zuvembie (ZUVEMBIE #2) is already in the room, cowering in a corner as it awaits orders.

The House Mother approaches a podium at the front of the room.

(CONTINUED)

A stylish METAL PAN sits atop the podium, along with several other strange items -- a leather pouch similar to the one carried by Truck, a CANDLE, and a small dish of WHITE PAINT.

Kulada, her hands still bloody, places the rolled-up piece of Tymeze's skin on the podium next to the pan.

She LICKS the blood from her fingers. The other girls make soft, hungry SOUNDS as they watch.

Finished with her treat, Kulada fixes Stesha with a powerful gaze. Stesha's eyes go blank, staring. She rises and approaches Kulada.

Kulada looks Stesha up and down, HISSING appreciatively. With a fingertip, Kulada wipes a tiny drop of blood into the corner of Stesha's mouth.

Stesha stares out at the others, unseeing, mesmerized.

Suddenly, Kulada sinks a fierce-looking FINGERNAIL into the base of Stesha's skull. Digs it in DEEP. Settles her other fingers into place on the back of Stesha's head, like Mr. Spock doing the mind-meld thing.

Kulada tilts her head back, her mouth opening. A GASP emanates from deep in her throat --

-- and Stesha's head suddenly tilts back, her mouth opening. The GASP echoes from within her. Then, in a hideous, RATTLING VOICE, Kulada SPEAKS THROUGH STESHA:

STESHA

My childrennnnn.... For decades, we have existed in the shadows... Barely surviving, hiding from the glare of the sun...

Kulada darts her head in and licks the droplet of blood from the corner of Stesha's mouth, savoring the gore.

STESHA (CONT'D)

The blood... and the meat... have controlled ussss.

Kulada stares at her subjects, her eyes dark and powerful. She continues to manipulate Stesha like a fleshy hand puppet.

STESHA (CONT'D)

No more. Tonight, Ssstesha has brought us one who carried the Worrrrrd... a lost symbol inked in virgin flesh...

(CONTINUED)

There is an excited MURMUR from the Naughty Waitress. The Dancer stares on, nervous. Kulada lifts the rolled piece of skin.

STESHA (CONT'D)

I have taken it from himmm. With thissss, our power will be complete. We will control the hunger. We will control the prey...

The Naughty Waitress seems to grow more excited, twitching and wriggling next to the Dancer.

STESHA (CONT'D)

When the ritual is complete, we will master the shadowssss... move like the breeze... sssslip unseen into the bedchambers of our victims... the dead will rise to do our bidding...

The Zuvembie stands silently at Kulada's side, pale eyes staring.

STESHA (CONT'D)

Within the next cycle of the moon, human civilization will be laid wasssste... They will exist only as our cattle...

Kulada gestures toward Stesha, her terrible voice still emanating from the girl's throat.

STESHA (CONT'D)

Thissss one has been a loyal familiar. Now it's time that she truly join ussss...

Kulada extracts her fingernail from Stesha's neck. The girl WOBBLES slightly, still in a trance-like state.

Drawing the razor she used to skin Tymez Skwair, Kulada summons the nearest Zuvembie (ZUVEMBIE #1). She gestures to the creature and it extends one thin arm, palm up.

Using the razor, Kulada SLITS the creature's wrist. The Zuvembie does not react in any way.

As she withdraws the razor, a pinkish glop OOZES from the slit in the creature's arm.

Kulada grabs the Zuvembie's arm and holds the dripping wound over the metal pan on the podium. The pink glop drips from the thing's wrist and into the pan.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

Stesha watches, dazed.

Kulada releases the Zuvembie. The creature lowers its arm to its side.

Opening the leather pouch, Kulada extracts a pinch of POWDER. She drops it into the pink goo.

The two ingredients SIZZLE and POP.

Quickly, Kulada scoops up a dollop of the goo with a fingertip. Using the goo, she paints a SYMBOL across Stesha's chest.

Stesha shudders, head tilting back and her eyes closing.

Then Kulada plunges the deadly fingernail into the base of her own throat.

Stesha GASPS.

Kulada extracts the nail. BLOOD spurts from the hole and flows over her breasts.

After a moment --

KULDA'S FACE CHANGES into her vampire form. Kulada grabs Stesha by the hair, forcing her mouth over the wound. Stesha GULPS DOWN the blood as it pulses from Kulada's throat.

Stesha trembles violently. We see that the Naughty Waitress has turned into her vampire form as well.

Then her eyes SNAP OPEN, completely WHITE and flaring with an evil GLOW.

As the glow fades, Kulada steps away. Stesha comes back to herself, fanged motuh grinning with a newfound malevolence.

Kulada faces the other girls. She gestures to the Dancer who has not changed because she is a familiar.

Nervously excited, the Dancer gets to her feet and approaches Kulada and Stesha, believing it is her turn to be changed over. Pausing, she tilts her head back, exposing her throat.

The Naughty Waitress watches with a sort of sexual arousal.

Kulada nods to Stesha.

And Stesha lunges at the Dancer, sinking her fangs into the soft flesh of her neck. Blood flows down over the Dancer's shapely body.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (4)

39

Kulada smiles, pleased... After a few moments of feeding, the Dancer drops to the floor dead.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

40

The door leading to Cryptz opens and Buffalo steps out, dragging a body bag behind him.

BUFFALO

It's the dumpster for you, my friend.
Another casualty of the Hollywood
lifestyle.

Hidden nearby, Truck's eyes narrow as he watches Buffalo drag the corpse out onto the roof.

As the giant passes Truck's hiding place --

Truck leaps out, swinging a heavy TRUNCHEON. Blood spews from the giant's scalp as the club connects.

However, Buffalo does not fall.

Spinning, the giant slams a powerful fist into Truck's chest, sending him hurtling away.

Truck hits the rooftop hard. Rolls. Comes up on one knee, truncheon at the ready.

Buffalo is already moving in, grabbing at Truck. Truck darts aside. Fires a spinning kick into Buffalo's back.

Buffalo drops to one knee.

Truck takes another swing.

The club catches Buffalo across the back of the head. Buffalo drops, catches himself. SNARLS at Truck.

Truck moves to swing his club again, but Buffalo leg-sweeps him, dropping him to the rooftop.

As the giant rises, Truck kips up, landing cat-like on his feet. The two men trade blows, hammering each other viciously. Buffalo hits Truck with an open-fist strike, knocking him back --

(CONTINUED)

-- but Truck whirls, whipping the truncheon across Buffalo's chops. The giant staggers backwards, blood coursing from his mouth.

Buffalo SLAMS against a wall.

Truck presses the attack. HAMMERS the truncheon down on Buffalo's big head once again.

HOWLING, Buffalo tries to fight back. He clomps toward Truck. Makes about three steps. Collapses, stone dead, landing directly in front of Truck.

Truck stares at the body for a long moment, wary.

TRUCK
(shrugging)
Glad he didn't land on me.

Truck enters the building, shutting the door behind him.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CRYPTZ/CELL -- NIGHT

41

Fuzzy Down and TymeZ Skwair sit off by themselves. TymeZ has torn off a piece of his shirt and is pressing it over his chest wound.

FUZZY DOWN
Whatta you think they're doing to
Likrish?

TymeZ doesn't even want to think about it. Fuzzy Down peers over at TymeZ.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)
Looks like that bad boy finally stopped
bleedin', huh?

TymeZ gently lifts the scrap of cloth and checks out the wound.

TYMEZ
Guess so.

FUZZY DOWN
Damn, she almost got your nipple.

TYMEZ
No harm, no foul.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

Fuzzy Down stares at TymeZ's chest almost wistfully.

FUZZY DOWN

You was all R. Kelly and shit, too...

TymeZ just looks at him. Fuzzy catches on.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

I mean, I was just sayin'. Why that crazy bitch want your tattoo, anyway? Couldn't she just copy it on a piece of paper?

TymeZ shrugs.

TYMEZ

She acted like the damn thing was a Platinum Visa or somethin'.

FUZZY DOWN

Shit, ain't nothin' on your body carry that kinda value.

TYMEZ

Yo, you get all up in my ass even after I had my damn skin peeled off like a banana?

FUZZY DOWN

Just a little square.

TYMEZ

Just a little square. Bitch, lemme slice a piece off you and see how it feels.

FUZZY DOWN

I don't know what you expected, anyway.

TymeZ gives him a "what in the hell are you talking about" look.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

That's right. None of this shit woulda happened if it weren't for you and your uncontrollable urges.

TYMEZ

My uncontrollable urges?!

FUZZY DOWN

Just *had* to have you a taste of that shorty...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

TYMEZ

Whoa whoa whoa, time out. Whose idea was it to track that girl down so she could accompany us while we handed out copies of our demo tape? "If you look big time, people treat you big time" -- now where the hell did I hear *that*?

FUZZY DOWN

You're not sayin' this is *my* fault.

TYMEZ

You're the one who wanted me to call Truck in the first place!

FUZZY DOWN

Truck told you not to come in here.

The other prisoners are staring at these goofballs as they argue.

TYMEZ

And who is the motherfucker who didn't wanna tape my ass to the bed?

Tymeze turns, addressing the nearest prisoner.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

You heard me right -- he was afraid people'd find out, think he was less than a man.

FUZZY DOWN

Aw, I can't believe this shit -- you're the one who got all freaked out and made me drive us over here! I didn't even know this place existed!

TYMEZ

Neither did I! Perhaps you've forgotten the part where my face caught on fire.

FUZZY DOWN

Shit, you lucky that's all that caught on fire -- who knows where that bitch been? Argue all you want, man -- you *did* start it.

TYMEZ

All right, all right -- you explain to me right here how the hell I started this.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

 FUZZY DOWN
Doggin' that girl.

Tymez just stares at him.

 FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)
You always gotta be doggin'.

 TYMEZ
 (shaking his head)
I don't believe this shit.
 (a beat)
I am short a chunk of my chest,
motherfucker!

At that point, the lock on the door CLANKS. Everyone looks toward the sound, afraid of what's next.

The door opens and a Zuvembie steps in.

 FUZZY DOWN
Not this guy again...

The prisoners nervously stare at the creature. One of the customers pipes up foolishly --

 FOOLISH FELLOW
Maybe they're gonna let us go.

Fuzzy Down bends over, peering at Foolish Fellow's butt like he's looking for something.

 FOOLISH FELLOW (CONT'D)
What are you doin'?

 FUZZY DOWN
Lookin' for your head, 'cause it's gotta
be somewhere up that ass.

Stesha enters the cell, looking normal and sexy as hell.

 TYMEZ
Yo, it's my favorite ball-grabbin'
biznitch.

Stesha only sneers.

 STESHA
Time for a little grocery shopping.
 (checking out the assorted
 customers)
...Let me see...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (4)

41

She points at Foolish Fellow.

STESHA (CONT'D)

You...

Stepping along the line, she points out Fuzzy.

STESHA (CONT'D)

...And you...

She pauses, eyeballing the other two guys for a moment, then points at TymeZ.

STESHA (CONT'D)

...And you.

TYMEZ

Hey, we win.

Ignoring TymeZ, Stesha gestures to the Zuvembie. The creature shoves the NERDY GUY forward, towards Stesha.

She smiles. TymeZ and Fuzzy stare at her sweet face

Then --

In a frenzy of sudden motion, Stesha TURNS, eyes white fangs sharp and brutally slaughters NERDY GUY -- sinking her fangs into the neck of one while her vicious fingernails rip the throat from the other.

FUZZY DOWN

Holy fuck!

Stesha jerks her blood-drenched face up from the neck of the man, SNARLING at TymeZ, Fuzzy and Foolish Fellow.

STESHA

(to the Zuvembie)

Take them!

The Zuvembie roughly herds the three chosen ones forward, out of the cell.

42 INT. CRYPTZ / CORRIDOR - SAME

42

The prisoners come around a corner and down a creepy hallway as if being sent to the slaughter. The Zuvembie prods them forward.

CUT TO:

43 INT. RITUAL CHAMBER -- SAME

43

Tymez, Fuzzy and Foolish Fellow are led into the creepy chamber, which is much darker than it was before. Spooky shadows everywhere.

The Zuvembie herds the prisoners to the center of the room, then the creature steps back to stand near the doorway.

TYMEZ

I wonder what this is all about.

FUZZY DOWN

I suspect somebody gonna suck our damn blood.

Tymez sneers at his friend. Then he notices the podium at the edge of the light. The piece of skin with his tattoo on it is spread out on its surface.

TYMEZ

Hey...
(a beat)
That's my skin.

From behind them --

STESHA

It belongs to Miz Kulada now.

Tymez and the others turn to see Kulada and Stesha standing in the doorway, a second Zuvembie accompanying them. Stesha's mouth is drenched with gore.

Fuzzy Down is amazed by the vision of ultimate sexuality that is Miz Kulada.

FUZZY DOWN

God *damn*...

STESHA

(grinning)
God *darned* is closer to the truth.

FUZZY DOWN

Bitch, let *her* talk!

TYMEZ

She don't talk.

FUZZY DOWN

Then she's the perfect woman!

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

Cut her own tongue out.

Fuzzy Down winces.

FUZZY DOWN

I take it back.

Kulada gives Fuzzy Down the once-over. She nods to Stesha.

STESHA

(to a Zuvembie)

Miz Kulada would like to keep that one.

Kulada's Zuvembie lurches forward, separating Fuzzy Down from the others.

FUZZY DOWN

Thanks, baby!

TymeZ shakes his head. This is not gonna be good.

The Zuvembie drags Fuzzy Down over so Kulada can get a closer look. As she checks Fuzzy out, he looks her up and down.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Take your time, sugar.

Kulada gives the Zuvembie a nod and it takes Fuzzy Down from the chamber.

STESHA

We can always use another Zuvembie, after all.

FUZZY DOWN

(calling back over his
shoulder)

I don't know what a Zuvembie is, but I'm more than happy to oblige!

TYMEZ

(under his breath)

Fuzzy Down, you dumbass... don't try to play that bitch.

Kulada nuzzles Stesha's throat, licking at the blood. The House Mother GROWLS softly. Stesha fixes TymeZ and Foolish Fellow with an evil stare.

STESHA

As for you two...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

The Naughty Waitress suddenly steps from the shadows, leering at the men.

STESHA (CONT'D)

It's suppertime.

Smiling, Kulada slips from the chamber as the girls close in on the prisoners.

Stesha grins at Tymeze.

STESHA (CONT'D)

I'm savin' you for dessert, honey.

Tymeze swallows hard.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ZUVEMBIE CHAMBER -- SAME

44

Kulada enters the chamber, followed by Fuzzy Down and the Zuvembie (ZUVEMBIE #1).

The chamber itself is a spartan affair -- dusty, gray, thick with overhanging cobwebs.

At the center of the room is something similar to an operating table, constructed of ancient and battered wood. Resting on a tray next to the table is an old bottle containing a glowing liquid.

FUZZY DOWN

Damn, baby -- who's your interior desecrator? I mean, you all fine and shit, but this place needs work.

Kulada leads Fuzzy Down to the operating table. Glancing at the dead face of the Zuvembie, he begins to put two-and-two together.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Somethin' tells me you ain't gonna be givin' me a titty show.

Kulada merely smiles.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Baby, why ain't you talkin'?
(a beat, embarrassed)
Oh shit -- that's right, sorry...

(CONTINUED)

Kulada gestures for Fuzzy to lie on the table. It takes him a second before he gets it. Nervously, he starts to back away --

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

That's okay, I'm good standin'...

-- until he backs into the Zuvembie.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Sorry, man.

The Zuvembie remains still as Fuzzy Down twitches and fidgets.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Uh, I'll just go around --

He tries to duck past the Zuvembie, but the creature catches a handful of Fuzzy Down's shirt. Fuzzy Down YELPS and struggles like crazy.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Man, you're gonna stretch my shirt all outta shape!

The Zuvembie drags Fuzzy to the operating table and pushes him down on it. He struggles, but the creature manages to strap him to the table.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Kulada moves to the tray holding her equipment.

Fuzzy Down continues to struggle against his bonds, gritting his teeth.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Yo, you gotta at least gimme some famous last words, you know the deal!

(a beat)

Shit, how's that thing go... Four score and seven years ago, our... our... shit!
Hang on, I got more --

He watches as Kulada pulls the stopper from the bottle of glowing liquid.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Wait, how about this -- I like big butts and I cannot lie, some other brothers might deny --

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

Kulada stares at him for a second, then shakes her head sadly.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Just gimme a second, baby -- I got a million of 'em!

She leans in over Fuzzy Down, holding the bottle of liquid. She opens her mouth wide, then gestures that she wants him to do the same.

Fuzzy Down clamps his mouth tightly shut and twists his head back and forth.

SIGHING, Kulada signals the Zuvembie. The creature steps up to the table. Extending the forefingers on either hand, it jabs the digits into Fuzzy Down's neck just at the back of his jaw, beneath the ears.

Fuzzy Down tries to fight it, but it's too much. GROANING, he opens his mouth.

Kulada dribbles a thin stream of the liquid into his mouth.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He tries to spit the stuff back out, but the Zuvembie clamps his mouth shut. Fuzzy Down chokes on the liquid, but finally swallows.

The Zuvembie releases him.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

(smacking his lips in distaste)
What the fuck was that shit?

She turns to the tray, setting the bottle down and replacing the stopper.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

Can I have another go at them famous last words?

Kulada turns toward him again. She holds up her killer fingernail.

FUZZY DOWN (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do?

Kulada DRIVES the nail into Fuzzy Down's throat. Blood spurts in a thin stream.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

Fuzzy Down SCREAMS HORRIBLY. GURGLES.

Kulada watches the spurting blood for a moment, just her eyes go white, then drinks it up as if using a water fountain.

CUT TO:

45 INT. LIKRISH HOLDING CELL-- NIGHT

45

Likrish has his head pressed to the door and is feeling around its edges.

LIKRISH

Shit, I seen enough movies to know
there's some kinda Mission: Impossible
way outta here...

His fingers fall upon a protruding chunk of wood -- which gives him a splinter.

LIKRISH (CONT'D)

Oww! Muthahhh...

Frowning, he sucks at the tiny wound.

LIKRISH (CONT'D)

(at the taste of his own blood)
Hmm! Damn, that shit ain't so bad --
guess I know why that bitch wanna eat me
after all.

He goes back to poking around in search of a way out.

CUT TO:

46 INT. RITUAL CHAMBER -- SAME

46

Tymez and Foolish Fellow are slowly being backed into a corner by Stesha and the Naughty Waitress who are both in vampire form. The two girls are enjoying every second of it, HISSING and SNARLING.

Glancing around the chamber, Tymez looks for some weapon or another way out. Nothing.

Tymez and Foolish Fellow are almost cornered now. Foolish Fellow is sweating, freaking out.

(CONTINUED)

FOOLISH FELLOW

I can't take it -- I'm gettin' the hell

With that, he bolts for the exit.

Tymez makes a grab for the Foolish Fellow, but he slips his grasp.

The man runs like hell. He zigs and zags as if taking the ball to the hoop, ducking past the bloodthirsty women as they grab at him.

The doorway lie ahead.

Strangely enough, Stesha and Naughty Waitress seem unconcerned.

The Foolish Fellow looks at the women and makes a break for it.

Suddenly, the Naughty Waitress MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING.

A hand seizes Foolish Fellow by the neck before he can get past them.

Naughty Waitress yanks the Foolish Fellow back. SLAMS him to the floor, stunning him.

She plants a knee in his chest, pinning the man to the floor.

NAUGHTY WAITRESS

Piggie goes wee wee wee...

She LEERS into the man's face, baring her dripping fangs.

NAUGHTY WAITRESS (CONT'D)

...All the way home.

SNARLING, Naughty Waitress sinks her teeth into the Foolish Fellow's throat. He HOWLS in agony as his blood gushes like a firehose.

Tymez is horrified, but can't tear his gaze away from the carnage.

Suddenly, Stesha SNAPS UP directly in front of Tymez. Thick ribbons of sticky blood still adorn her lovely form.

STESHA

Ready for me, baby?

Tymez recoils in horror --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Then, near the doorway, Naughty Waitress SHRIEKS in agony, her head jerking up from Foolish Fellow's throat.

A hand wraps around her head and SNAPS her neck and black blood pours from her mouth.

Truck stands over her body and throws some mojo dust on her. He gives Tymeze and Stesha a casual nod of greeting.

Then Stesha BURSTS from the darkness towards Truck and Lunges for Truck's throat.

Truck lashes out in a wicked martial arts defense, knocking the GROWLING vampire girl aside.

TRUCK
(to Tymeze)
Better run.

Tymeze runs like hell. Passing the podium, he grabs his stolen skin and he and Truck bolt from the chamber just as Stesha regains her feet.

CUT TO:

47 INT. LIKRISH HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT

47

Likrish has given up on the *Mission: Impossible* approach and is simply tugging violently on the door handle and BANGING loudly against the door.

LIKRISH
Let me the fuck outta here! I ain't gonna
be nobody's meat!

The door's lock CLANKS.

Likrish shuts up and steps away from the door, dropping into a totally half-assed Kung Fu stance.

LIKRISH (CONT'D)
I'll whip out my Fist of the Mystic
Schoolboy Clan kung fu on your
bloodsuckin' asses...

The door opens, revealing a Zuvembie (Zuvembie #2).

With a SHRIEK of Kung Fu fury, Likrish leaps into action, awkwardly slamming the Zuvembie out into the corridor. It's pretty hilarious, considering the stylish moves we've just seen Truck perform.

48 INT. LIKRISH FIGHT SCENE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 48

Likrish and the Zuvembie (Zuvembie #2) land in a tangle. The creature HISSSES and swipes its claws at Likrish, who manages to dodge. He pounds a fist into the creature's face.

LIKRISH

That's what you been askin' for!

CUT TO:

49 INT. CRYPTZ/CORRIDOR (ELSEWHERE) -- NIGHT 49

Truck and TymeZ come barreling down the corridor. They pause to catch their breath for a moment.

TYMEZ

Man, I didn't think you'd really come!

TRUCK

Evil must be opposed, TymeZ Skwair -- even when it threatens morons.

TYMEZ

Hey now, don't diss.

TRUCK

Where's Fuzzy and Likrish?

TYMEZ

They took 'em off separately.

Truck frowns.

TRUCK

That's not good.

TYMEZ

Tell me about it.

Behind them, they hear Stesha HISSING and SNARLING in anger.

TRUCK

We'd best make tracks.

The two take off running down the corridor.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ZUVEMBIE CHAMBER -- NIGHT

50

Groggy from the liquid Kulada forced him to swallow, Fuzzy Down barely struggles as she slurps his blood.

Lifting her head, Kulada peers into Fuzzy Down's bleary eyes.

Fuzzy just stares at her blankly, MOANING softly.

As Kulada watches, Fuzzy's skin begins to take on a BLUISH tint.

Fuzzy Down lets out a pathetic WAIL. His eyes close.

Kulada HISSES excitedly, her body shivering.

Fuzzy's eyes snap open. They're solid WHITE.

Fuzzy Down WAILS and lays motionless again as we --

CUT TO:

51 INT. STAIRWELL -- SAME

51

Running DOWN a stairwell, TymeZ and Truck suddenly stop.

TRUCK
Hang on, quiet.

They listen to see if they are being followed, but nothing.

They try to catch a breath

TymeZ leans back against the wall, panting. After a moment, he unfurls the piece of skin, staring at it.

Truck notices.

TRUCK (CONT'D)
What's that?

TYMEZ
My damn chest. Part of it, anyway.

TymeZ unbuttons his shirt and shows Truck the wound where Kulada skinned him. He places the piece of skin over the wound.

TRUCK
You've got it upside down.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

Tymez looks, turns it over.

TYMEZ
How the hell can you tell?

TRUCK
Can I see it?

Tymez hesitates, then hands the piece of skin to Truck. His brow furrows as he examines the tattoo.

TRUCK (CONT'D)
Who did this to you?

TYMEZ
The House Mother. Her name's Kool-Aid or some shit.

Truck looks up at the name, startled.

TRUCK
Kulada?

TYMEZ
That's it.

Truck shakes his head.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
You know her?

TRUCK
I know *of* her.

TYMEZ
Then maybe you can tell me what the fuck is goin' on in this place.

TRUCK
Vampires.

TYMEZ
No shit, I kinda suspected that when I saw those chicks suckin' down blood like it was a Slurpee. If they're vampires, why the hell was that one hottie outside in the sun today?

TRUCK
The one who marked you?

(CONTINUED)

TYMEZ

(frowning)

Yeah, what's up with that? She's been drinking blood with the rest of 'em -- why didn't she turn to dust or blow up when she was out in the sun?

TRUCK

She was a recruiter -- a familiar. Vampires use humans to perform certain tasks.

He fixes Tymeze with an accusatory stare.

TRUCK (CONT'D)

Like luring in horny teenagers.

TYMEZ

(frustrated)

Yeah, it's all about Tymeze Skwair...

TRUCK

If she was drinking blood, they must have converted her tonight...

(a beat)

Did she know you had this tattoo when she marked you?

TYMEZ

No, man... she didn't see it until she was giving me a private dance.

TRUCK

I told you not to accept any private dances, didn't I?

TYMEZ

Yeah yeah yeah, I'm an idiot.

Truck considers things for a moment.

TRUCK

They converted her as a reward. For bringing your tattooed ass in here.

TYMEZ

Big fuckin' deal -- lotsa guys have tattoos!

TRUCK

Not like this one.

(holding the piece of skin up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

TRUCK (cont'd)

How'd you come to choose this particular design?

TYMEZ

I don't know... it's something my grandmother gave me when I was a kid.

TRUCK

Your grandmother gave you a tattoo?

TYMEZ

No, man -- she gave me something with that design on it. Why, what's so fucking great about it?

TRUCK

You know Macumba?

TYMEZ

No, who's he?

TRUCK

Voodoo.

TYMEZ

Aw shit.

TRUCK

Where was your grandmother from?

TYMEZ

I ain't sayin'.

TRUCK

C'mon man, don't be like that.

Tymeze thinks it over for a second.

TYMEZ

(cranky)

Haiti.

Truck considers things.

TRUCK

These aren't just any vampires. Kulada is a Macumba Priestess. Undead for at least a century.

TYMEZ

How do you know all this shit?

Truck smiles.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

TRUCK

I've long had an interest in these things.

TYMEZ

That's why you spooky and nobody wanna hang out with your ass.

Truck holds the piece of skin up, displaying the tattoo.

TRUCK

This is a secret power word. As powerful as Kulada already is, this tattoo can make her unstoppable. Give her true control of the dead. She'll have incredible strength and supernatural abilities if she uses this in a ritual of power...

There is a long, agonizing pause, then --

TYMEZ

C'mon man, finish your sentence.

TRUCK

Basically the human race is fucked.

TYMEZ

Give it here, I'll eat the motherfucker.

TRUCK

I wish that were enough. She'd just pull it from your steaming guts.

TYMEZ

Okay, forget that. What are we supposed to do about it?

Truck fixes him with a stern gaze.

TRUCK

We have to kill Kulada.

TYMEZ

How?

TRUCK

You serious about this?

TymeZ nods. He's *damn* serious.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

TRUCK (CONT'D)

Then let's go get us that bloodsucking
voodoo bitch.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ZUVEMBIE CHAMBER -- SAME

52

Fuzzy Down no longer struggles. He has become a fanged, blue-
skinned, white-eyed ZUVEMBIE.

Kulada stands back, admiring her work.

Suddenly, Stesha bursts into the Zuvembie chamber, frantic.

STESHA

Miz Kulada!

Kulada turns, startled.

Stesha breathes hard.

STESHA (CONT'D)

(hesitant)

Some of the food... got away.

Kulada's brow furrows. She's not happy to hear this.

STESHA (CONT'D)

Another man, one I haven't seen before --
he helped them. Killed Dejah.

Kulada's lips twist into a cruel sneer.

STESHA (CONT'D)

And Miz Kulada... the prisoner who
escaped... it was the one with the
tattoo, Tymeze Skwair.

Furious, Kulada HISSES. She viciously SLAPS Stesha, then runs
from the room.

Her hand going to her stinging cheek, Stesha sneers. She's
not happy about being hit. Fuzzy remains motionless on the
table.

CUT TO:

53 INT. LIKRISH FIGHT SCENE CORRIDOR -- SAME

53

Likrish and the Zuvembie continue to struggle. He GRUNTS and YELPS and kinda fights like a girl, but somehow Likrish manages to avoid the creature's fangs and claws as they roll around on the ground.

Likrish takes hold of the Zuvembie's head and BANGS it against the stone floor.

LIKRISH

How's that feel? Pretty good?

YOWLING like Rambo, Likrish SLAMS the Zuvembie's head into the floor again and again. After a dozen or so impacts, he realizes that the creature is no longer moving.

Hesitantly, Likrish releases the Zuvembie's head and jerks back, ready for an attack.

Nothing. It spits up black blood and dies.

LIKRISH (CONT'D)

(pleased)

Damn!

(sneering at the Zuvembie)

You ain't *bad*.

Getting to his feet, Likrish dusts off his hands and starts off down the corridor.

CUT TO:

54 INT. RITUAL CHAMBER -- MOMENTS LATER

54

Kulada storms into the Ritual chamber, appalled by the sight of the dead Naughty Waitress (Dejah). Foolish Fellow's blood-smearred body lies nearby.

She looks up as Stesha enters the chamber.

STESHA

They can't get far -- Buffalo is still on duty...

Kulada suddenly has a terrible thought. She leaps to her feet, racing to the podium. She realizes the skin is gone.

STESHA (CONT'D)

No!

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Stesha rushes to her side. They both look around, trying to find the precious piece of skin.

STESHA (CONT'D)
They've stolen it!

SNARLING, Kulada grabs up the leather pouch, dish of paint, and candle, then leaves the room. Stesha follows.

CUT TO:

55 INT. LONG RECTANGULAR CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

55

Kulada and Stesha hurry down the corridor.

Suddenly, Truck and TymeZ Skwair round the bend ahead of them. There's a massive pileup as the four SLAM headlong into each other. TymeZ drops the piece of skin in the collision.

Kulada snatches up the skin.

TymeZ finds himself looking into the face of Stesha. She GROWLS up at him, teeth bared.

TYMEZ
Aw shit!

He flings himself away from the furious vampire girl.

Truck and TymeZ back away as Kulada is whipping a handful of powder from the pouch into a circle around herself.

Stesha shows her fangs and tries to intimidate the guys.

Truck pulls his Mojo Hand, brandishing the pouch at Stesha. She recoils, HISSING. Kulada continues...

STESHA
It's too late -- the ritual has begun!

TYMEZ
(to Truck)
The fuck she talkin' about?

Kulada kneels. Drops the piece of skin to the floor. She quickly STRIPS TO THE WAIST, keeping a watchful eye on the others she does so.

(CONTINUED)

Grabbing up the bowl of body paint, she smears the stuff across her exposed breasts in a bone-like pattern, then wipes the rest on the floor around herself, defining the ritual circle.

Dropping the bowl of paint, she picks up the pouch and shakes a small amount of powder around her.

TRUCK

If she burns that skin, it's all over!

Stesha suddenly makes a lunge for Truck. He whips the pouch at her. She takes some of the powder on the left side of her face and neck.

Stesha SCREAMS as the flesh on her face and neck begins to SIZZLE. HOWLING, she runs as her SCREAMS fade down the corridor.

TYMEZ

That calms things down a little.

The guys gather around the circle. Kulada SNARLS at Truck and TymeZ Skwair.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

(to Truck)

Why don't you fling some of that shit on her?

TRUCK

It can't penetrate the circle!

Turning back to her wild work, Kulada picks up the piece of skin and holds it over the candle's flame.

She begins CHANTING something unintelligible.

CUT TO:

Likrish is stumbling around in the dark corridor, totally lost.

LIKRISH

Shit, I wish somebody'd left me a trail of bread crumbs or somethin'...

Suddenly, an EERIE HOWL can be heard, increasing in volume.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Likrish FREEZES.

Then Stesha races past him, clutching her blistered face.

Likrish watches her go until she finally disappears into the darkness, her SCREAMS FADING.

LIKRIISH (CONT'D)

Damn.

Likrish continues on his in the direction Stesha ran.

CUT TO:

57 INT. LONG RECTANGULAR CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

57

Still CHANTING, Kulada dips the skin towards the flame.

Tymez and Truck stare on, helpless.

As the skin draws closer to the flame, a sinister GLOW fills the room, the light forcing Truck and Tymez Skwair to step further away from the circle.

TYMEZ

Are you tellin' me we've just gotta stand here while this bitch becomes some kinda super-vampire or somthin'?

Truck just nods.

TRUCK

Unless she decides to step out of that circle and let us kill her -- and I don't really see that happening.

TYMEZ

Fuck that!

He looks around the room for a weapon of some kind. Truck just stands there watching Kulada do her ritual.

TRUCK

Tymez! You can't do anything.

He scans the ceiling until he finds a rusty length of pipe.

Grabs it. Tugs. No good.

GRUNTING, he really puts his weight into it. A section of pipe roughly five feet long TEARS LOOSE.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

Tymez hefts the pipe.

Tymez stands there holding the length of pipe before him like a lance.

TYMEZ
(to Truck)
Get that magic dust ready!

Kulada's CHANTING continues. She holds the skin just above the flame, waiting for the appropriate moment...

Then Tymez rushes forward. A burst of SUPERCHARGED ENERGY erupts as the pipe breaks the circle, CRACKLING throughout the cell.

Kulada HOWLS as she's knocked forward and out of the protective circle. She drops the piece of skin and she is thrown against a wall and the pipe goes right through her heart, sticking her to the wall.

Tymez stands off for a second as Kulada wiggles to try to set herself free from the wall. He is distracted for only a second by her stunning breasts, then grabs her throat.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
Truck!

Truck is instantly alongside his friend.

As Kulada SNARLS and SPITS, the two men force her mouth open. Truck upends the pouch over her gaping mouth, filling it with the powder.

On contact, the powder FLARES, sending Tymez and Truck TUMBLING AWAY.

Kulada shakes and screams unable to free herself from the wall, SHRIEKING in agony as she grabs at her throat.

Truck and Tymez back away, watching as Kulada thrashes.

Kulada continues to SPARK and WRITHE. GURGLING.

Then she EXPLODES into nothingness. === CGI FX === LOCK OFF

Truck and Tymez stare at the scene around them for a moment. Then Tymez notices the piece of skin on the floor she dropped. He walks over and picks it up, examining the tattoo.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
Let's get the fuck outta here.

58 INT. CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

58

Exhausted, Truck and TymeZ are walking along the corridor.

TYMEZ

You tellin' me you're a big-time vampire killer and you didn't think of staking her through the heart?

Truck shrugs.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Damn.

TRUCK

We need to find Fuzzy and Likrish.

TYMEZ

(shakes his head)

There you go, changin' the subject...

Suddenly, a someone lunges from the shadows.

TymeZ finds himself staring into the hideous face of Fuzzy Down, eyes white fangs gleaming.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Fuzzy?!

The creature merely SNARLS at TymeZ, exposing wicked fangs.

Then Truck's boot slams into its side, sending it tumbling away. Truck yanks TymeZ to his feet and shoves him back just as Fuzzy renews his attack.

Truck and Fuzzy go into furious combat in the confines of the dark corridor. The two SLAM into walls, bounce off the floor, and generally wreak havoc upon each other while TymeZ stares on.

Fuzzy's newfound Zuvembie strength serves him well against Truck's martial arts moves, but Truck finally manages to kick the Zuvembie away, slamming it to the floor.

Before Fuzzy can regain his feet, Truck presses his advantage and grabs Fuzzy's head, twisting sharply. The creature's neck SNAPS, the dead skin SPLITTING and FLAKING. Thick, black blood oozes from the wound.

Truck drops the Zuvembie. Gets to his feet, looking at TymeZ.

TRUCK

Sorry, man. Had to be done.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Tymez is shaken up, but nods. The two men move on.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT (SOON AFTERWARDS)

59

The doorway leading to Cryptz BANGS open.

Tymez and Truck walk out into the night air. Buffalo's corpse still lies on the rooftop. Tymez pauses to stare down at the giant.

TYMEZ

So that's what happened to the big motherfucker.

(to Truck)

You?

Truck nods.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)

Was he a vampire, too?

TRUCK

No. Another familiar.

LIKRISH (O.S.)

Yo!

Tymez and Truck look up to see Likrish poking his head up from behind some ductwork.

LIKRISH (CONT'D)

I was afraid you m'fucka's were dead! Well... I mean, I didn't know you were even here, Truck -- where the hell's Fuzzy?

Tymez shakes his head sadly. Likrish's face falls.

TYMEZ

How'd you get outta there?

(suspicious)

Lemme see your teeth.

Likrish opens his mouth to show his normal ol' choppers -- then he gets it and gives Tymez a dirty look.

(CONTINUED)

LIKISH

Shit, man... Hell, I just kicked some ass, wandered around, then I followed that fine bitch of yours out the door.

In the chaos, TymeZ had almost forgotten about her.

TYMEZ

Stesha.

LIKISH

Gesundheit.

TYMEZ

No, Stesha -- the honey we saw on the street. The one who got us into all this shit.

LIKISH

(annoyed)

Yo man, what the fuck is wrong with you? Give up on the bitch -- she's fuckin' evil and shit!

Exasperated, TymeZ shakes his head.

TYMEZ

(to Truck)

She got away. There's one still out there.

Truck puts a hand on TymeZ's shoulder. He smiles sadly.

TRUCK

There are more than that. A hell of a lot more.

Truck looks around at the darkness that surrounds them.

TRUCK (CONT'D)

This is what I've been preparing for. Why I've been spooky.

(a beat)

It's combat. Us against them.

LIKISH

Fuck this "Us" crap... I ain't a fighter, I'm a lover.

He pulls out a piece of TWIZZLERS and chews on it as he starts walking away, headed towards the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

Tymez and Truck hold their ground, watching as Likrish leaves.

TRUCK
What about you?

TYMEZ
I dunno man....

Truck smiles.

TRUCK
You handled yourself well in there.

TYMEZ
Naw, naw... I was scared shitless.

TRUCK
You and me both.

Truck turns to face Tymez.

TRUCK (CONT'D)
I'm offering you a job.

TYMEZ
(amused)
What, vampire hunter? I had my eye on a
safer occupation.
(a beat)
I dunno, maybe I owe it to Fuzzy...

Tymez mulls it over for a second.

TYMEZ (CONT'D)
Tell you what -- lemme sleep on it.

TRUCK
Deal.

They start walking.

60 EXT. SUB ROOFTOP NEARBY -- NIGHT

60

Stesha stands on a sub level of the roof perched, watching them.

She sneers, revealing her glistening fangs.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

STESHA

Soon, TymeZ Skwair... after all, I still
owe you that private dance.

CUT TO:

61 INT. THE DAVIS APARTMENT -- NIGHT

61

The apartment is dark except for a NIGHTLIGHT in the living
room.

TymeZ unlocks the door and enters, walking on tip-toe.

Just as he's about to slip into his bedroom --

TymeZ's mom bursts from her bedroom in a nightgown.

MOM

Creepin' in at three in the morning! No
wonder you always in bed till the crack
of noon!

TYMEZ

Sorry, mom...

MOM

Don't you "sorry" me!
(giving him the once-over)
And just look at you -- you look like you
been rollin' in pigshit or something!

TYMEZ

Yeah... I fell down in some... stuff.

MOM

I *hope* you fell down in a place of
employment.

TYMEZ

Tomorrow, mom, tomorrow. I promise.

MOM

Who do you think you are, Scarlett
O'Hara? Boy, I can assure you that
tomorrow is not another day.

TYMEZ

Gotta sleep, mom. Tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Tymez kisses his mom on the cheek and disappears into his bedroom, shutting the door. His mom stares after him for a second, then --

MOM

Hmf.

She goes back to her room.

62 INT. - TYMEZ' BATHROOM - SAME

62

Tymez looks at his cut in the mirror and bandages it up. He gives himself the once-over.

TYMEZ

All this for a piece of ass. Damn...

He flips off the light and goes to his bedroom.

63 INT. THE DAVIS APARTMENT/TYMEZ'S ROOM -- SAME

63

Tymez flops into his bed, exhausted. Remembering something, he pulls the piece of skin from his pocket and tosses it onto the nightstand.

Then he turns out the light and nestles his face into his pillow.

...And on the nightstand, the tattoo begins to GLOW ever-so-softly...

THE END