

Smoke Crack & Worship Satan

Written by

Brenton Charles Lonkey

Inspired by the works of  
Charles Burns and Alex Pardee

FADE IN:

I/E. CRASHED CAR #1 - NIGHT

A pop song plays over the radio as BETTE, 17, wearing a pink prom dress, flies head first through a car windshield.

Glass cuts her skin, stains her dress with blood.

In the driver seat, her PROM DATE. His face is obscured, buried into the steering wheel airbag.

Bette flies out, lands on the pavement, skids a little until coming to a halt.

INT. CRASHED CAR #2 - NIGHT

The DRIVER in the second car is dead, his mangled body slumped out the side window.

The inside of his car is cluttered with empty whiskey bottles.

INT. CRASHED CAR #3 - NIGHT

In the third wrecked car, DIANA sluggishly lifts her head up from the airbag. She's in her early 30's, has blood and glass knotted into her hair.

She looks dazed.

DAUGHTER (O.C.)

Look at the princess, mommy.

Diana immediately checks on her DAUGHTER in the backseat. She's about 6 years old, safe and sound in her child's safety seat.

DIANA

Are you okay, honey?!

DAUGHTER

Mommy, look at the princess. She's hurt.

Her Daughter points out the window.

DIANA

Stay right here. Mommy is going to get help.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Diana stumbles out of her car, sees the two other crashed cars.

She walks around the wreckage, sees Bette facedown on the pavement, her prom queen tiara lying next to her.

Diana quickly shields the window so her Daughter can't see out.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT(RAINING)

COLT, 17, wears a black suit and tie, angrily sits down on the edge of his bed.

He wrestles with his black tie, trying to get it off his neck. His clothes are drenched from the rain outside.

Colt lies back on his bed and looks up at the ceiling. His eyes slowly fade, off to dreamland he goes...

LATER

A pair of muddy bare feet stand by his bedside. Water drips off a pretty dress, onto the carpet.

Colt slowly looks up at the person in front of him.

Bette stands there pale, shivering, covered in mud and sopping wet from the rain.

BETTE

Hey.

Colt faints.

BETTE (CONT'D)

Well... Fuck.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Bette goes through Colt's closet, pulling out shirts and whatever else she could possibly wear.

A shirt flies through the air, lands on Colt's face. He wakes up and flings the shirt off.

BETTE

You have nothing to wear.

Colt sits up.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
Do you have a sister or anything?

COLT  
A sister? No.

BETTE  
What about your mom, she got anything?

COLT  
You... you're dead.

BETTE  
Rude. I'm not dead.

COLT  
You are Bette, right? You go to my high... I mean, went to my high school... You are definitely dead. I was literally just at your funeral.

BETTE  
I was dead. But I'm not anymore.

COLT  
How?

BETTE  
I don't know, maybe I got better.

COLT  
You don't get over being dead. It's kind of permanent.

She turns around and looks at him.

BETTE  
What in life can you say is really permanent?

COLT  
Death. Death I can say is pretty permanent.

BETTE  
What's your name again?

He stands up, walks over to her.

COLT  
It's Colt.

BETTE  
So you went to my funeral, Colt?

COLT  
Yeah, we all did.

BETTE  
Who's we?

COLT  
The whole school.

BETTE  
That's cool. Did I put the fun in  
funeral?

COLT  
Not really. Was actually pretty  
sad.

BETTE  
Well that sucks.

She takes her dress off.

COLT  
Shit. You're getting naked.

BETTE  
Do you mind?

Colt turns around and covers his eyes.

COLT  
What are you doing here?

BETTE  
I don't know. Was thinking about  
taking a shower.

She walks out of the room. Colt uncovers his eyes, follows  
her out...

HALLWAY

Bette shuts the door to the bathroom, the water in the  
bathtub is running.

Colt creeps over to the door, cracks it open to see inside.

BETTE (O.C.)  
No looking.

Colt quickly shuts the door.

COLT  
I meant what are you doing at my house?

BETTE (O.C.)  
I don't know really. I felt compelled to come here. Strange, right?

COLT  
So are you like a ghost? Are you haunting me?

BETTE (O.C.)  
Do I seem like a ghost?

Colt peeks through the crack of the door again.

#### BATHROOM

Bette is in the shower washing all the mud off of her legs. All the grass and grime rest in the drain.

COLT (O.C.)  
I'm trying to figure out how I was looking at your corpse one minute and now you're in my bathroom using my mom's expensive soap.

She looks over at him.

BETTE  
Hey, I said no peeking.

#### INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Colt sits on his bed, constantly stealing glances at Bette as she dries herself off with a pink towel.

COLT  
What's that?

She opens her towel a little, shows him the Y incision the mortician made on her chest when she was a non-walking talking corpse.

BETTE  
See? Not a ghost.

COLT  
You're so hot.

She covers back up with the towel.

BETTE  
You're kind of a pervert aren't  
you, Colt?

COLT  
No more than any other 17 year old,  
I guess.

BETTE  
Eyes.

COLT  
What?

BETTE  
Cover them.

Colt covers his eyes.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
At least you take orders really  
well. So you got that going for  
you. Got a girlfriend?

COLT  
Me? No.

Bette takes one of his metal band t-shirts off the floor and  
puts it on.

BETTE  
Why not? Are you gay?

COLT  
I'm not gay.

She goes through one of his drawers and takes out some  
boxers.

BETTE  
It's okay if you are. I think I  
have a cousin that's gay. Or  
Filipino. I forget which one.

COLT  
I'm not gay, drop it.

BETTE  
Touchy subject I see.

COLT  
So what are you?

BETTE  
Well, I'm not Filipino.

COLT  
No. I mean... what are you?

BETTE  
I'm dead but also living.

She looks over his Batman underwear.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
You seem like a fanboy of some  
kind. You tell me, what does that  
make me?

She quickly slips his boxers on.

COLT  
A zombie. That's textbook.

BETTE  
Okay. You can look now.

He uncovers his eyes.

COLT  
That's it! You're a zombie!

BETTE  
So I'm a zombie. No big deal. No  
need to freak out about it.

COLT  
No, I mean... I know what happened.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Colt has all the lights in his room turned off, some red and  
black candles burn in a circle around him.

SUBTITLE READS: Two Days Before School Prom

He pulls out a roll of duct tape from his back pocket, finishes the circle, making it into a perfectly symmetrical satanic pentagram.

A pair of scissors rest next to a cut up year book. In a glass vase, a high school class photo of Bette.

Colt takes a seat in the middle of the pentagram.

COLT

Think of me and none for thee.  
Lucumano sugamano! I am the  
princess for your beee...

(pause)

Wait... what? That can't be right.

Colt stops, turns a page in a book, uses a flashlight to look at the text better.

COLT (CONT'D)

(reading)

Bilanamano? Itchasakti? Magaar  
aaaggaar thihano? What?

He puts the book aside.

COLT (CONT'D)

Lord Satan! I ask the one I love be  
mine forever!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT(RAINING)

Bette stands there confused, looking at Colt, scratching her newly washed head.

BETTE

Seriously? You think that worked?

COLT

You were dead and now you're not,  
so... yeah, maybe.

BETTE

But you did this before I died,  
right? Before prom. Does that mean  
you killed me?

COLT

What? Fuck no.

(pause)

(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

At least I don't think so. Shit,  
I'm really sorry if I did.

BETTE

Easy, dude. No reason to cry over  
spilt... whatever this is.

She jumps onto the bed next to him, lays down.

BETTE (CONT'D)

You're not a creep are you?

COLT

A creep? No way.

BETTE

You did admit to having a satanic  
ritual to make me fall in love with  
you. That's kind of creepy in my  
book.

COLT

I'm not a creep... just... I don't  
know. Desperate.

BETTE

Desperate I can work with. Creepy I  
can't.

COLT

I really had no idea that this  
would happen. It was something dumb  
I tried. I'm sorry.

She sighs.

BETTE

It's fine.

COLT

You're surprisingly easy going  
about all this.

She stretches out on the bed like a slinky cat.

BETTE

I is what I is.

COLT

Bette, what are you going to do?

BETTE

Guess you're stuck with me. That's  
what you wanted, right?

COLT  
Not exactly what I had in mind.

BETTE  
Life is full of disappointments.

COLT  
Where am I going to sleep?

BETTE  
With me, dummy.

He perks up.

COLT  
Really?

She tosses a pillow at him.

BETTE  
Floor.

BLACK FRAME:  
TITLE CARD

5 YEARS LATER

INT. DEX'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

Sitting behind the wheel of a black rusted junk van is DEX. He's 22, has a long scar on the side of his cheek that reaches to his forehead, dresses like a punk rocker.

Sitting next to him is DITA. She's in her late 20's, beautiful, covered in tattoos, smokes a cigarette with a punk rock attitude.

They're parked outside a small suburban home. In the opened garage, rock band equipment.

DEX  
This it? This the place?

DITA  
It's the one.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Surrounded by mostly Cat Fancy magazines, Bette lies on Colt's bed, reading a gossip and fashion magazine.

She looks different, has more of a green yellowish tint to her skin, kind of like she's been decaying for the past few years.

She looks more zombie than human now, but somehow still manages to keep that cute allure she's always had.

Colt, now 22, puts on a shirt with the number 8 on the back. He's less a wimpy nerd and now a grown man.

Bette peeks up from her magazine to gawk at his bare chest and back.

BETTE

Did you know an 8 is just a 6  
trying to suck its own dick?

COLT

No more internet for you.

BETTE

C'mon, it's the only thing for me  
to do. Wikipedia is my only friend  
these days.

COLT

What about me?

BETTE

You don't count.

COLT

Mean.

He takes a seat on the edge of the bed, puts his shoes on.

BETTE

You keep getting older and sexier  
while I keep getting meltier.

COLT

Hey, I like my girls a little  
melty.

He looks back at her and smiles. She playfully kicks his back with her bare feet.

BETTE

So whadda ya got going on today?

He leans back, rests his head on her legs.

COLT

Band practice.

BETTE

So I guess I got that to look forward to hearing. Didn't you guys have band practice yesterday?

COLT

Yeah, we still suck. We need all the practice we can get. What about you? Whatcha got goin' on?

BETTE

I don't know. Might E.T. it up.

COLT

If that means raiding the fridge, don't drink any of my craft beers.

BETTE

You know what would be great?

COLT

Don't say cat brains.

BETTE

Cat brains.

COLT

You're such a zombie stereotype.

BETTE

Better than eating your brains, right?

COLT

I'm not killing anymore cats.

BETTE

Put them in my mouth.

She points to her open mouth.

BETTE (CONT'D)

As a zombie owner, you have a responsibility to feed it.

COLT

But they're so cute.

BETTE

And don't forget delicious.

COLT

I gotta go.

Colt gets up.

BETTE

Come on, you never hang out with me anymore.

COLT

We're together all the time.

BETTE

Yeah, at night. When you come home you're usually too tired to chat or when you do, it's about whatsername.

COLT

It's Dita. I think you've heard me rant about her enough times to remember that.

BETTE

You know I stop listening once her name comes up.

COLT

You're incorrigible.

BETTE

I know. Villainess even.

COLT

For some reason every time I see her, that Violent Femmes song I Held Her In My Arms plays in my head. Strange, right?

BETTE

No stranger than your creepy cheerleader porn you keep under the bed.

COLT

Stop calling it creepy. It's perfectly normal to be into cheerleaders.

BETTE

Two, four, six, eight. You can watch me masturbate.

The doorbell rings.

COLT  
Shit, that's the guys. Rain check  
on that?

He runs out of the room.

Bette looks over at a magazine, picks it up, looks at the  
cover.

BETTE  
(reading)  
Twenty ways to spice up your sex  
life...

She opens the magazine and flips to the article.

INT. DEX'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

FROM THE VAN - THREE GUYS are out in the garage, checking  
their instruments.

Dita finishes her cigarette, tosses it out the window.

DEX  
Which one?

DITA  
Guy in the shirt with the 8 on the  
back.

DEX  
Got it. How much does he owe?

DITA  
A lot, but go easy on him.

DEX  
Why?

DITA  
He's a good customer.

DEX  
Obviously not, if I'm here.

DITA  
Go easy on him.

DEX  
You like him or something?

DITA  
Don't get jealous on me, Dex. Get  
me my fuckin' money.

Dex reaches in the back of his van, pulls back a paint splattered tarp.

He has a nice collection of baseball bats, crowbars and a sledgehammer.

DITA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

DEX  
What?

DITA  
Christ.

She gets out of the van.

DEX  
What are you doing?

DITA  
Wait here, I'll do it myself.

She slams the door in anger.

DEX  
Why am I even here, if you aren't  
gonna use me?!

INT. COLT'S GARAGE - DAY

Colt straps on his red guitar. The amps come to life. Distorted guitar feedback fills the tiny garage.

The other members are KEVIN on drums and RICK on bass. They both look like indie rockers, about the same age as Colt.

They're all geared up and ready to go...

COLT  
Okay, let's get this motherfucker  
rollin'.

Kevin slams his drum sticks together.

KEVIN  
One! Two! Three!

The garage explodes with sound.

The drums bash, the guitar screams, the bass blasts, the amps wail...

They do a sloppy noise rock rendition of The Cure song "Primary".

COLT

Dude, your bass is too fuckin' loud again.

RICK

No, your shitty amp sucks and the volume keeps fucking up.

They stop playing.

KEVIN

He's right, we need new gear.

COLT

We can get new gear when we start booking better paying gigs.

KEVIN

So never?

Rick takes notice of Dita walking over to them.

RICK

Heads up. Groupie.

She lights up another cigarette.

COLT

(whispers)

She isn't a groupie, shut up.

RICK

Wait, that's her, isn't it?

COLT

(to Rick)

Shut the fuck up.

(to Dita)

Dita, hey.

DITA

Hey. Busy?

KEVIN

Dude, tell your groupie she can blow you later. We need to fuckin' practice.

COLT  
Dude.

KEVIN  
What?

COLT  
Shut the fuck up.

Colt takes his guitar off, leans it against an amp, echoing a loud distorted screech.

COLT (CONT'D)  
You're early.

DITA  
Surprise.

COLT  
Hey, meet my band. This is Rick.  
The best fuckin' bass player I  
could find in such a short notice.

RICK  
It's true, I suck.

COLT  
The bastard on drums is Kevin.

KEVIN  
Wait... I know who this is, you're  
that chick drug dealer he's  
constantly rambling on about.

COLT  
I wouldn't say... I don't ramble.

DITA  
Talking about me, Colt?

COLT  
No, of course not. Kevin is just  
being an asshole.

DITA  
Can we talk?

COLT  
Yeah, sure.

Beat.

She rolls her eyes.

DITA  
Away from Ren & Stimpy.

Colt and Dita walk out to the driveway, away from the garage.

DRIVEWAY

Colt looks nervously over at Dita, who has nothing but a cool calm composure as she sucks down another cigarette.

COLT  
So, how are you?

DITA  
Disappointed.

COLT  
Why?

DITA  
Do you have my money?

COLT  
Yeah, about that...

DITA  
And that is why I'm disappointed.

COLT  
I'm a little shy of what I owe you.

DITA  
How about a hundred? You got that at least?

COLT  
I got like thirty bucks on me. Is that good?

DITA  
What kind of drug dealer would I be if I said sure, Colt, thirty bucks would be fine?

COLT  
A really kick ass drug dealer?

DITA  
I like you, Colt.

He grins.

COLT

Really?

DITA

But do you see the guy in the rape van parked across the street?

Colt looks over, sees Dex waiting very impatiently in his beat up black van.

His smile drops.

COLT

Big creepy guy?

DITA

That's the one. He's not your biggest fan.

COLT

No?

DITA

I snap my fingers, he comes over here and shoves Kevin's drum sticks up your ass.

COLT

That wouldn't be good.

DITA

No it wouldn't. As much as I like you, I can't play favorites with clients. Understand?

COLT

Okay, listen. We got a gig coming up soon. It pays a little. I'll have at least a hundred bucks for you by then.

DITA

How soon is soon?

COLT

A couple of days. You know... if you'd like... you could come.

DITA

To your show?

COLT

Yeah. Leave the goon at home though.

DITA  
And you'll have my money?

COLT  
Promise. Even pinky swear on it.

He pulls out another killer smile. But once again she seems unaffected. The only thing he gets in return is a cold shoulder.

DITA  
Alright, text me the info.

COLT  
Yeah, sure.

She walks back to the van.

RICK (O.C.)  
Yo, Colt! We gonna do this or not?

COLT  
Yeah!

Colt runs back to the garage.

INT. DEX'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

Dita hops in the van, looks over at Dex. He glowers, refuses to even look her way.

DEX  
Well?

DITA  
On to the next house.

DEX  
Did he pay?

DITA  
Fuckin' drive, Dex.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Colt, age 17, rests on a bench, looks up at the sun. Kevin, also 17, walks over with his brown paper lunch bag in hand.

He takes a seat beside Colt, pulls out a soggy sandwich.

KEVIN  
Want some?

COLT  
What is it?

KEVIN  
Tuna I think.

COLT  
I'd rather eat AIDS.

KEVIN  
Who wouldn't? AIDS is delicious.

Colt sits up.

IN THE FOREGROUND - Bette, alive and beautiful, talking with some of her friends.

Kevin takes notice of Colt's gawking.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Bette again? Give it up, man.

COLT  
I've been in love with her since middle school. I know if she only acknowledged my existence, we'd be perfect for each other.

KEVIN  
Staring at the sun has made you insane.

COLT  
I don't know what to do.

KEVIN  
Go talk to her.

COLT  
No way. That would never work. Plus, she has some big jockey boyfriend.

KEVIN  
There's still my idea.

COLT  
Kevin, your idea is stupid.

KEVIN

You're stupid. My cousin did it and found his girlfriend the next fuckin' day.

COLT

I've seen your cousin's girlfriend. She's fat as fuck and has purple zits on her back.

KEVIN

That's still one girlfriend more than what you have. Which would be zero if you were keeping count.

COLT

More than you too.

KEVIN

This isn't about me, it's about you. And what other options have you got? No one in this school will ever fuck you.

COLT

Liar, you'd so fuck me.

KEVIN

Only because I know how awesome you are.

Beat.

COLT

Fuck it. Let's do it.

KEVIN

I was kidding, I'm not blowing you.

COLT

I mean about your idea.

KEVIN

Seriously?

COLT

Don't let me end up with your cousin's girlfriend.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Colt sits on the floor listening to heavy metal music. Kevin tosses his book bag on Colt's bed and plops down beside him.

KEVIN

You sure about this?

COLT

It's for shits and giggles, man. I don't expect anything to really happen.

KEVIN

You fuck with this dark shit, dark shit will fuck with you right back.

COLT

Okay, Anton LaVey. Tell me what to do.

Kevin gets up, reaches into his book bag, pulls out a black book with a red satanic pentagram on the cover.

He carefully hands it to Colt.

KEVIN

Here.

COLT

Cool. This is some spooky shit. Where did you get it?

KEVIN

The mall. It's Marilyn Manson's unauthorized biography.

COLT

Huh?

Colt flips through it.

COLT (CONT'D)

This is fuckin' lame. Kevin, I thought you had something real.

KEVIN

This is real. There's a section in the back. Try it out.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Colt sits in the duct tape pentagram, praying to Satan.

The candle flames around him flicker as Colt pours hot wax over the cutout year book picture of Bette.

COLT'S MOM swings open the door to his darkened room. Light from the hallway ruins the gothic atmosphere.

COLT'S MOM  
What are you doing?

COLT  
Damn it, mom!

COLT'S MOM  
What are you doing with all my  
candles?

She flips on the light to his room, comes out of the shadows. She's in her 40's, attractive, carries a laundry basket.

COLT  
Mom, turn the light out!

COLT'S MOM  
I don't want you playing with fire  
in here.

COLT  
I'm not!

COLT'S MOM  
You're going to burn the house  
down.

COLT  
Go away! What do you want?

COLT'S MOM  
Do you have any colored clothes  
that need to be washed?

COLT  
No.

COLT'S MOM  
So who are you taking to prom?

COLT  
No one, jeez.

COLT'S MOM  
Did you ask out that Bette girl you  
like?

COLT  
Seriously, mom? Can we do this some  
other time? Like never?

COLT'S MOM

Fine. Go back to your devil worship. Dinner is ready by the way. It's Hamburger Helper, your favorite.

COLT

Okay, got it!

She flips the light to his room off and shuts the door.

He leans back, rests on the floor.

COLT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

All I want is for Bette to be with me. Is it really this hard to get a fucking girlfriend?

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Ear blistering distorted guitar feedback fills the small punk nightclub.

UP ON STAGE - COLT AND HIS BAND. The name of their band reads "COLT" in big white letters on a giant flowing black banner behind them.

They play loud noise rock that explodes the stage. It's a more perfected rendition of The Cure's "Primary".

Colt yells in loud bursts as Kevin beats away at the drums.

COLT

(singing/yelling)

The further we go! And older we grow!  
The more we know! The less we show!

The crowd headbangs.

INT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Dita sits at the bar, watches Colt and his band rock the house. She sips from a beer bottle, trying to keep from seeming too interested.

COLT  
 (singing/yelling)  
 The very first time I saw your  
 face! I thought of a song and  
 quickly changed the tune!

She can't keep her eyes off of Colt who's on stage, yelling into a microphone, strumming away at his guitar.

LATER

Another band is on stage. Colt pushes through the crowd, heads for the bar.

He takes a seat next to Dita.

Colt reaches into his pocket, slides over a hundred dollar bill.

COLT  
 Here you go, as promised. A hundred  
 smackers.

She takes the money.

DITA  
 Only about sixteen more of these  
 and we're square.

COLT  
 Do you want a drink?

She points to the beer already in her hand.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Okay, how about two drinks?

She sneaks out a smile and shakes her head no.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 No? How about three?  
 (beat)  
 Four?  
 (beat)  
 Five drinks? You're killing me.

DITA  
 Do you wanna get out of here?

COLT  
 What?

DITA  
Instead of buying me another drink  
I don't want or need, how about we  
get out of here?

EXT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dita and Colt exit the club.

DITA  
That's better.

COLT  
I don't know, it's kinda cold out  
here-

She grabs him and shoves her mouth against his.

She pulls back.

COLT (CONT'D)  
--Well that was out of nowhere.

DITA  
You don't like me?

COLT  
No, I like you a lot.

DITA  
Good.

She grabs him again, shoves her tongue down his throat.

They come back up for air.

COLT  
Okay, I could get used to that.

DITA  
This doesn't mean I'm going to  
forget your debt.

COLT  
Yeah. Of course not.

DITA  
Good. Now that we have an  
understanding...

She pins him against the brick wall, molests the inside of  
his mouth with her tongue.

He breaks free to breathe.

COLT  
Okay, dumb question, but isn't that  
guy your boyfriend?

She looks around.

DITA  
What guy?

COLT  
The one who likes to shove drum  
sticks up peoples' asses.

She smirks.

DITA  
Yeah, I guess.

COLT  
So this means you're cheating on  
him?

DITA  
With you. Yes. Problem?

COLT  
Maybe. Not sure I wanna piss off  
the violent leg breaker who is also  
fucking my drug dealer.

She backs away.

DITA  
Fine.

She storms off in anger.

COLT  
Sorry!

Dita turns back, throws her beer bottle at his head. It  
SMASHES against the brick wall behind him.

COLT (CONT'D)  
What the fuck!

She runs back over, violently shoves her finger in his face.

DITA  
I like you!

COLT  
I like you too.

DITA  
I don't want you to think I do this a lot. I don't normally have things for junkies.

COLT  
Whoa, hold on, man. Who said I'm a junkie?

DITA  
Maybe the copious amounts of drugs you buy might have something to do with it.

COLT  
You mean the copious amounts of drugs you sell to me? I only buy that shit because it gives me an excuse to see you.

She seems almost touched by the sentiment.

DITA  
Wha- Really?

COLT  
Yeah.

DITA  
So you don't smoke crack?

COLT  
No. Of course not.

DITA  
Why not talk to me like a normal fucking person?

COLT  
If you haven't noticed, you're kind of intimidating, Dita.

DITA  
Fuck you, how am I intimidating?

COLT  
You threw a fucking beer bottle at my head!

DITA  
I missed.

COLT

I'm not great with this sorta thing. With my last girlfriend... I sometimes make it a habit of over complicating simple things.

DITA

Okay. Then I'll make it simple.

She grabs him and assaults his mouth with her tongue.

INT. COLT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bette looks through the refrigerator, pulls out jars of food, smells inside them.

BETTE

Ick.

MONTAGE

-Bette takes a bite of a pickle, makes a yucky face and puts it back in the jar.

-Bette smells the inside of a jug of milk.

BETTE (CONT'D)

Nasty.

-Bette eats a handful of cereal from the box.

-Bette eats a marshmallow as she tries to make an old school Speak & Spell swear.

BETTE (CONT'D)

Say cunt, damn it!

END OF MONTAGE

INT. COLT'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Colt comes home, tosses his car keys on the couch with his leather jacket.

COLT

Honey, I'm home.

BETTE (O.C.)

In here.

Colt walks over to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Bette sits up on the counter, bare feet dangling, finishing off her marshmallow.

Colt walks in, smiles when he sees her.

COLT  
Hey, beautiful.

BETTE  
How was the show?

COLT  
Pretty crazy.

BETTE  
Any groupies yet?

COLT  
Actually...

He grabs a beer from the fridge.

BETTE  
Curiouser and curiouser.

COLT  
Dita showed up.

He pops the cap and gulps it down.

BETTE  
She ask you for money again?

COLT  
She did.

BETTE  
I don't think that counts as having a groupie.

COLT  
She did kiss me afterwards.

BETTE  
Really?

COLT  
Yeah. But she also threw a beer bottle at my head.

BETTE  
That's progress, I guess.

COLT  
What about you? What did you do today?

BETTE  
Stalked the neighbor's cat. Took some pretty cool pics, too.

COLT  
Zombie girl porn keeps getting weirder and weirder.

BETTE  
Oh, your mom called.

COLT  
Yeah?

BETTE  
Italy is awesome apparently.

COLT  
That's good. At least someone is getting some enjoyment out of my unused college fund. You wanna watch some TV with me before bed?

BETTE  
Can we snuggle?

COLT  
Sure, no smelling my head.

He holds out his hand.

She smiles and takes it, helping her down off the counter.

BETTE  
But it smells so good in there.

INT. COLT'S LIVINGROOM - LATER

Colt sits on the couch with Bette snuggled up against him. She has her head on his shoulder with his arm around her.

They sit in the dark as the light from the TV flickers.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The buzzer to an old electric alarm clock goes off. Still in bed with a head stuffed between a pillow, Colt reaches around to hit the SNOOZE button.

Bette sleeps next to him, arms and legs wrapped around him like a Siamese twin. She looks up and hits the button for him.

BETTE  
Alarm clocks suck.

She goes back to sleep.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

The alarm clock goes off again.

Colt finally wakes up and turns it off.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Bette is out of bed, blasting heavy metal music as she does her early morning PUNCH OUT exercises. A routine that includes kicks and karate punches all while wearing only a t-shirt and underwear.

Colt is in the bathroom. He walks out into the hallway brushing his teeth.

COLT  
Did you use my tooth brush again?  
It tastes kinda funny.

He walks into the room.

BETTE  
Zombie attack!

She runs over, jumps on his back. They land safely on his bed.

EXT. COLT'S VAN(PARKED) - MORNING

Colt loads drum equipment into the back of his white beat up van. The word "COLT" is spray painted on the side of it in big black letters.

He slams the door shut when Dita sneaks up behind him, cornering him against the van.

DITA  
I broke up with Dex.

COLT  
Your boyfriend's name is Dex?

DITA  
Now my boyfriend's name is Colt.

COLT  
Really?

DITA  
Shut up.

COLT  
Okay.

DITA  
So now I'm down one leg breaker.

COLT  
So you come to me?

DITA  
Don't think I'm going to forget about your debt because we're an item now.

COLT  
You want me to break my own legs?

DITA  
Is this your van?

COLT  
The band's van. We all pitched in to buy it.

DITA  
This will do.

COLT  
For what?

DITA  
 You need to pay off your debt. Best  
 way I can think of for you to do  
 that is to work it off.

COLT  
 I'm not all that intimidating. I  
 don't think I'd be very good at it.

Dita pulls out a switchblade.

DITA  
 Intimidated?

COLT  
 Yes. Very much.

DITA  
 Good.

She SLAMS it into the side of the van beside his head.

COLT  
 Fuck me!

DITA  
 All you need is a weapon in your  
 hand. Let's go.

She walks around and gets into the passenger side seat.

DITA (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 You coming?!

Colt looks at the switchblade stuck on the side of the van.  
 He tugs on it, with some elbow grease he manages to get it  
 loose.

COLT  
 (to himself)  
 What are you doin', man? This is a  
 bad fuckin' idea.

He puts the blade into his pocket and gets behind the wheel.

INT. DEX'S VAN(PARKED) - MORNING

Dex sits in his creepy van, watches Dita and Colt drive off  
 together.

DEX (V.O.)  
 There are only two things you need  
 to know about me.  
 (MORE)

DEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The first thing being, after an  
accident I was left without a  
shadow.

He squeezes the steering wheel tighter in jealous anger.

DEX (V.O.)  
No one really notices it but me.

Dex looks in the back of the van, sees his row of weapons. He  
grabs the crowbar.

EXT. COLT'S BEDROOM WINDOW - MORNING

Bette hangs out the window with a slice of cheese in her  
hand, trying to persuade a fat calico cat to come closer to  
her.

BETTE  
Look what I got.

The fat cat looks up at her and trots away.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
Hey! C'mon!

The fat cat comes back over, lets out a meow.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
That's right. It's your favorite.

She tosses the cheese to him.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
You're getting nice and plump,  
fatty catty.

The fat cat eats the cheese but gets startled by footsteps  
crunching through the dry leaves.

Someone is approaching.

The fat cat takes off.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
Hey, where are you going?

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bette isn't wearing any pants, she's still in her underwear.  
She shuts the window and walks around the room, looking kind  
of bored.

She turns on the stereo, plays some music, dances around the bedroom.

EXT. COLT'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Dex slowly creeps around the house, peeks through the window to Colt's bedroom.

Bette has her back to him, dancing around in her underwear.

She turns around.

Dex's face goes white, like he's seen a ghost or a half naked dancing zombie.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bette spots Dex peeping at her through the window. She grabs a baseball bat from the closet and runs over to the window.

BETTE  
Die, you peeper!

DEX  
Fuck!

EXT. COLT'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Dex slips on the cheese left on the floor, falls back and hits his head on the ground.

DEX (V.O.)  
The other thing you need to know  
about me? I killed my high school  
girlfriend.

Bette opens the window, clutching on to her baseball bat.

She pops her head out.

BETTE  
Holy shit. Dex?

DEX (V.O.)  
Or so I thought.

Dex passes out.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Bette waves goodbye to her THREE FRIENDS as they head off to their next class.

She looks over at the outside lunch area and notices Colt gazing at her.

Dex, age 17, walks up behind her and tickles her sides.

DEX  
Got you! Left your guard completely  
down.

BETTE  
Hey!

She playfully gets free and kisses him on the lips.

He no longer has a giant scar on the side of his face and isn't dressed like a complete maniac.

DEX  
So, you ready to get your prom on?

BETTE  
God, don't say it like that.

DEX  
Why not? Let's get our prom on!

She laughs, he brings her in closer and kisses her on the lips.

BETTE  
You taste like a man that's been  
doing man things.

DEX  
I have been doing man things.

BETTE  
Coach going easy on you?

DEX  
Shit no. My shoulder hurts like  
hell.

BETTE  
Poor baby. We better get to class.

DEX

Let them wait, I got some  
girlfriend kissing I need to get  
done first.

BETTE

I like your priorities.

DEX

Thanks.

He gives her another kiss.

She breaks free.

BETTE

C'mon, off to class we go.

DEX

I give up.

BETTE

Good. We gotta get some book  
learnin' in ya, you big dumb jock.

She takes his hand and they walk off.

INT. CAR(DRIVING) - NIGHT

Dex drives, is dressed in his prom suit, looking nice and  
spiffy. Bette sits beside him in her pink prom dress.

He fidgets with the radio station.

BETTE

Leave it, I like this song.

He leaves the radio alone and cups her hand.

DEX

Did you have a good time?

She smiles and puts on her newly appointed plastic crown.

BETTE

I was made a queen, wasn't I?

He looks over at her lovingly.

DEX

You're so beautiful.

BETTE

Dex, there's something I-

Headlight beams shine in Dex's eyes, he covers them-

CRASH-

An airbag goes off on the steering wheel, but doesn't activate for the passenger side.

Bette lifts up into the air, heads right for the windshield.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. COLT'S BEDROOM WINDOW - MORNING

Dex lies unconscious on the ground. Bette tosses a glass of water on his face. He springs back to life.

DEX

Fuck!

He shakes his head in confusion, notices the fact his crotch is soaking wet.

BETTE

Sorry, I missed the first time.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dex sits on Colt's bed, drying his hair off with a pink towel.

Bette comes back into the room holding a beer bottle and finally wearing pants.

She hands the beer to him.

He hesitates to take it from her.

BETTE

If you don't want it, I'll have it.

He takes it and drinks it down.

DEX

How are you alive?

BETTE

Alive-ish.

DEX  
What's going on? Why are you here?

BETTE  
Kind of a long story.

DEX  
Last time I saw you, you were-

BETTE  
Headed face first through a  
windshield?

DEX  
--Yeah.

She sits down on the bed with him.

He jumps up.

BETTE  
Jesus, talk about being jumpy.

DEX  
Sorry, I'm trying to figure out  
what the fuck is going on. What are  
you?

She lays down on the bed.

BETTE  
I'm a teenage sex zombie from outer  
space. Duh.

DEX  
This isn't funny. I watched you  
die. I watched you bleed out on to  
the pavement. Fuck, I went to your  
damn funeral.

BETTE  
Not sure what to tell you, Dex. I  
died. I came back. The end.

DEX  
But why are you here in this house?  
Is this guy like kidnapping you?

She laughs.

BETTE  
You mean Colt? No. We live  
together.

DEX  
What? For how long?

BETTE  
I don't know. Like 5 years now, I  
guess.

DEX  
5 years? And you never once thought  
about coming to see me?

BETTE  
Of course. But it's a little hard  
to do with my condition. Also with  
being dead, not really sure how  
you'd take it. Seeing how you're  
reacting now, I'm thinking that was  
a good idea.

DEX  
What about a phone call or  
something?

She laughs.

BETTE  
Yeah, I'm sure that would go over  
well.  
(imitates using phone)  
Hey, it's your dead girlfriend,  
calling to see what's up.

DEX  
This isn't funny! None of this shit  
is fuckin' funny!

Kind of put off by his outburst, she cools it with the smiles  
and jokes.

BETTE  
You okay?

DEX  
I don't know. I think I need to get  
some fresh air.

INT. COLT'S VAN(DRIVING) - DAY

Colt drives, Dita flicks the ash from her cigarette out the  
window.

He looks over at her long sexy legs. She wears black punk  
rock fishnets, torn in some areas.

DITA  
Eyes on the road, buddy boy.

COLT  
Sorry.

DITA  
So you're a leg guy, I take it?

COLT  
Never trust a man that doesn't look  
at a woman's legs.

DITA  
Turn here.

She points out the window.

DITA (CONT'D)  
Park over there.

EXT. CECE'S HOUSE - DAY

Colt and Dita walk over to a junky looking house with a messy brown yard. She's already smoking another cigarette.

Colt takes the switchblade out of his pocket, plays with it.

COLT  
You know what happens to people  
with knives? They get shot in the  
face.

DITA  
You'll do fine. I'm starting you  
off with an easy one. Cece is a low  
risk client. The only thing you  
need to look out for is her  
affinity towards men and animals.

COLT  
Cool. What kind of animals?

DITA  
The asshole kind.

CECE (O.C.)  
That's it! If you wanna leave so  
badly, then leave, you ungrateful  
bastard!

CECE opens the front door, steps out. She's bone skinny but still kind of pretty.

A fat duck waddles out the front door.

CECE (CONT'D)  
Let's see how long you last out  
there without me!

She notices Colt and Dita standing on her front porch,  
quickly she tries to fix her unkempt hair.

CECE (CONT'D)  
Dita. Hello. Who is the new meat?  
What happened to your dark knight?

DITA  
Like the last one, he's off limits,  
Cece. Can we come in?

CECE  
Yeah. Sure.

INT. CECE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cece shows the pair in. Her house is filled to the walls with  
old junk, newspaper bundles, cans of cheap cat food... etc.

A crazy coterie of an assortment of animals, cats, dogs, pigs  
and even a tiny Shetland pony crowd the livingroom.

Every inch of the floor is covered in newspaper.

CECE  
Have a seat.

Cece leads them to a stain covered couch.

DITA  
This isn't a social visit.

CECE  
Yes. Of course.

She eyes Colt up and down.

CECE (CONT'D)  
Hi there.

COLT  
Hi.

CECE  
My friends call me Cece. And you?

COLT

Colt.

She presents a hand for him to kiss.

Dita gets between them.

DITA

You owe a lot for your little molly addiction, Cece.

CECE

I wouldn't go as far as to call it an addiction. More like... a healthy appetite.

DITA

Whatever you wanna call it, ya owe a lot for it. I'm here to collect.

CECE

Things have been slow lately. No one is buying my jewelry. I'd gladly trade-

DITA

No. I'll stop you right there. No more of your crappy hand crafted necklaces. I want money. Cash.

CECE

You don't have to be nasty. Have a seat. I'll go get you your precious money.

Colt and Dita take a seat on the nasty couch.

Cece leaves.

COLT

What is with all the different animals?

DITA

Like I said, she has a thing for collecting men and animals.

The PIG waddles over to them.

PIG

(whispers)

Hey.

COLT  
You'd think it would smell more  
than it does in here. I had a  
hamster once and-

DITA  
She's taking too long.

PIG  
(whispers)  
Pssst, down here.

Dita taps her foot nervously.

DITA  
I'm gonna go make sure she hasn't  
bailed out the bathroom window  
again.

Dita gets up, leaves the livingroom.

Colt is left alone, tapping his foot, looking around at all  
the mess.

PIG  
Hey, you fuckin' idiot. I'm trying  
to talk to you.

Colt finally takes notice of the Pig looking up at him and  
freaks.

COLT  
What the fuck?!

PIG  
Don't freak out, man. Listen. You  
gotta help me and my buddies. This  
crazy bitch has turned us all into  
animals.

COLT  
Are you... talking to me?

PIG  
You're the only fuckin' person  
here, dumbass that doesn't shit on  
the floor, so yeah. I'm talkin' to  
you. You gotta help us.

COLT  
How?

PIG  
Kill her.

The SHETLAND PONY trots over.

SHETLAND PONY

Yeah. You gotta fuckin' kill her for us, man. You don't wanna know what she does to us once we're animals. It's bad. Real bad.

COLT

I don't know about all this. Animals can't talk.

PIG

No shit. Are you listening to anything I'm saying?

Dita and Cece come back into the livingroom. Dita is counting a giant wad of cash.

DITA

I don't know why you always have to make things so difficult, Cece.

CECE

Did you at least bring me some molly? My supply ran out.

DITA

Here.

Dita reaches into her jacket pocket, pulls out a bag of pills.

Colt bolts up awkwardly.

COLT

Um...

DITA

Yeah?

The Pig tugs at Colt's pant leg with his mouth.

PIG

(whispers)

Do it. Quick. Kill her for us.

COLT

We should probably go.

PIG

(whispers)

Pussy. You fuckin' pussy.

DITA  
You're right. We have a busy  
schedule ahead of us.

CECE  
Oh. Really? You can't stay a little  
longer?

EXT. CECE'S HOUSE - DAY

Colt and Dita hustle away from the house as Cece waves  
goodbye to them.

CECE  
Bye! Come back any time. Especially  
you, Colt.

DITA  
Keep walkin'.

COLT  
Dita... those animals can-

DITA  
Yeah. I know.

COLT  
They wanted me to-

DITA  
I know the story. That's why I hate  
coming here. They never shut the  
fuck up.

IN THE BACKGROUND - THE ANIMALS yell for help.

ANIMALS (O.C.)  
Help us!

PIG (O.C.)  
You coward! You fuckin' coward!

Cece goes back inside, closes the door.

CECE (O.C.)  
Shut up, you filthy animals!

COLT  
Should we help them?

DITA  
Help them? Fuck 'um. It's their  
problem, let them deal with it.

COLT

I guess...

(beat)

Now what?

DITA

On to the next place.

EXT. COLT'S BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Dex stands at the edge of a pool, looking at his reflection in the water.

Bette walks over to him. She wears a hoodie to help hide her undead complexion from any nosy neighbors.

BETTE

Hey. You've been out here a while.

He looks over at her.

DEX

So what's the deal with you and this guy?

BETTE

Who? Colt?

DEX

Yeah, you two seeing each other?

BETTE

Kind of a long story.

DEX

Are you?

BETTE

We were. But things started falling apart when I started falling apart. It's kind of hard to be intimate with someone who's decomposing, it turns out.

DEX

So you're in love with this guy?

BETTE

Can we talk about something else?

DEX

Why?

BETTE

It's kind of uncomfortable to talk to you about this stuff, you know?

She walks over to the diving board.

DEX

Okay. I'll drop it.

BETTE

What about you? How have you been since... everything?

DEX

My face has seen better days.

BETTE

You look nice. Grown up.

He scoffs.

DEX

I'm a freak.

(beat)

Can I show you something?

She gets down off the diving board, walks over.

He points to her shadow.

BETTE

What?

DEX

Look at your shadow.

BETTE

Okay.

She playfully smiles.

BETTE (CONT'D)

Now what?

DEX

Now look at mine.

She looks over to where his shadow should be.

DEX (CONT'D)

You won't find it because I don't have one.

She laughs.

BETTE  
Sure you do.

DEX  
Not since that night.

BETTE  
I don't think you can lose your shadow.

DEX  
I did. It's my curse.

BETTE  
Curse? That's crazy.

DEX  
As crazy as this? Talking to my dead girlfriend after 5 years?

Bette takes a seat poolside, dips her bare feet in the water.

BETTE  
I think you mean ex-girlfriend.

DEX  
We never officially broke up, remember?

She smiles.

BETTE  
Me dying I think pretty much nullifies the relationship.

He sits down beside her.

DEX  
Yes, but technically, you are still alive. So really, if you think about it, you are still my girlfriend.

I/E. SLEAZY MOTEL - DAY

Dita leads the way. Behind her, her new trusty bodyguard and leg breaker Colt.

She tosses a cigarette off the railing. They're in the outside hallway to a rundown looking sleazy motel.

People can be heard partying up ahead.

DITA  
 Okay, one thing I need to warn you  
 about, this guy gets upset if you  
 look at his third eye.

COLT  
 His what?

DITA  
 Second thing-

COLT  
 There's a second thing? I'm still  
 on the first thing.

DITA  
 --Second thing you need to do is  
 look tough in front of him.

EXT. PARTY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They stop at a door where the loud music is coming from. Dita  
 knocks...

COLT  
 That shouldn't be too hard-

ARGUS opens the door. He's a giant with a body covered in one  
 hundred blinking eyes.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 --What the fuck?

ARGUS  
 Hey, babe!

He laughs big, gives Dita a giant hug.

DITA  
 Hey, seems like you're having a  
 party.

ARGUS  
 Got that right.

He looks over at Colt.

ARGUS (CONT'D)  
 Who's the new guy?

DITA  
 Argus, meet Colt. Colt, meet Argus.

Colt smiles uncomfortably.

COLT

Hey.

He can't take his eyes off of Argus. The eyes covering his body all blink at different times, some even seem to be asleep.

ARGUS

What the fuck are you looking at?

COLT

What? Nothing.

ARGUS

Better not be.

DITA

Now that everyone has been introduced... Can we do some business? Maybe not out in the open?

ARGUS

Shit, girl. Where are my manners...  
Come in.

INT. PARTY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Argus shows Dita and Colt inside.

The small motel room is packed full of twisted figures and forms.

Loud music beats at the walls, shaking off the cheap framed hotel art.

Beer kegs and red plastic cups are scattered throughout.

A SAD TEEN IN A HOODIE sits on a dresser, drinking alone. His face is obscured, slowly colorful large snake-like amoebas slip out of the hoodie, drink up the beer in his cup.

A GREEN DISGUSTING BLOB of who knows what sits in the sink, chatting it up with some normal looking girls in bikinis. It has tentacles wrapped around one girl's waist, another holding a plastic cup filled with beer.

A MIDGET SHAPED LIKE A BOX waddles over to the keg, refills his cup. He is essentially a box made of flesh with legs and arms.

A MAN WITH A HAND FOR A HEAD hits on A CUTE GIRL WITH HORNS FOR EYES.

It's a PARTY OF HORRORS.

Colt is bewildered by all of this.

COLT  
What... the... fuck...

Colt gets shoved aside and kind of lingers in the background.

ARGUS  
Dita, I wanna introduce you to my  
boy Dio. Dio!

DIO steps out of the bathroom. He's attractive, almost girl pretty, really stands out in the sea of freaks.

DIO  
Argus! You need to see this!

ARGUS  
Later, come here.

Dio walks over.

DIO  
Who's the two norms?

ARGUS  
Dio, this is that girl I've been  
talkin' to you about.

Dio looks Dita over.

DIO  
The girl with all the tasty candy?

DITA  
Candy is dandy but ecstasy is  
quicker.

Dio chuckles.

DIO  
I gotta know, who is your supplier?

DITA  
Hippie asshole named Noah.

DIO  
I like her. She seems feisty. Let  
me ask you Dita, you ever have your  
asshole licked?

DITA  
Excuse me?

DIO  
I'm taking a poll. Seeing how many  
girls like to have their assholes  
licked. You look like a girl who  
has done both.

COLT  
Hey, what the fuck!

Colt gets in Dio's face, shoves him back. Dio arrogantly  
laughs to himself, sizes Colt up.

DIO  
Who is this bug?

Colt looks from Dita to Argus. He pulls out the switchblade,  
waves it in Dio's face.

COLT  
I said, fuck off!

Dio puts his hands up.

DIO  
Easy. I was only joking.  
(to Argus)  
It isn't a party unless someone  
pulls a knife.

Dio walks away laughing.

ARGUS  
Sorry about him, Dita. He's usually  
pretty charming.

DITA  
Yeah, I bet.

Dita hands Argus a baggy of weed.

ARGUS  
You always deliver.

Argus hands her some cash. She counts it and stuffs it down  
her cleavage.

DITA

I guess that concludes our transaction.

ARGUS

No, c'mon. Stay a while. Have a drink. Don't let one asshole spoil the fun.

DITA

Sorry. This ain't really my scene, Argus. Plus, I think you might have another asshole you gotta deal with.

She motions to the Green Disgusting Blob, it keeps getting bigger, wrapping its slimy tentacles around the girls in bikinis, lifting them up, swallowing them whole.

ARGUS

Oh shit! Be cool, bro!

Argus runs over to help.

Dita grabs Colt's sleeve.

DITA

C'mon. We gotta go.

EXT. PARTY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dita and Colt walk away from the party. She stops, grabs him, kisses him on the lips.

COLT

What was that for?

DITA

That's for sticking up for me in there.

She slaps him hard across the cheek.

COLT

Ow! What the fuck! That hurt. What the hell was that for?

He holds his cheek in pain.

DITA

That was for sticking up for me in there and making me seem weak.

COLT  
You confuse me.

A GIANT GREEN TENTACLE shoots out of the motel window, violently flinging Argus out. He lands safely into the public pool below.

DITA  
On to the next one.

COLT  
Shit, is he okay?

DITA  
I'm sure he's fine.

INT. MANSION CENTRAL PASSAGE - DAY

Colt and Dita walk into a beautiful home. The walls are lined with paintings from numerous famous painters.

FELICIA shows them the way. She's tall, sexy, wears a fancy black dress, pearl necklace and high heels that click down the hallway as she walks.

Colt notices something strange moving under her dress...

SHE HAS A TAIL.

INT. MANSION CENTRAL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Felicia shows them into the giant central hall where even more freaks of nature have gathered.

MR. AMMIT, a half lion, half lizard man in a designer tux walks over to greet them.

MR. AMMIT  
They've arrived!

FELICIA  
Sir.

MR. AMMIT  
Thank you, Felicia that will be all.

As Felicia leaves, she smells Colt and growls seductively.

DITA  
How are you, Mr. Ammit?

MR. AMMIT  
Wonderful!

The rest of his guests are as freakish as him. All hybrids of other species, all crossed with very human traits. They all wear fancy attire, drinking champagne and eating horderves.

Colt stands there looking increasingly confused and irritated.

COLT  
(to himself)  
Now things are getting stupid.

He cautiously walks over to Dita.

COLT (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
What the fuck is going on?

MR. AMMIT  
Is there something wrong?

DITA  
No.

MR. AMMIT  
Good. Did you bring my special mushrooms?

She pushes Colt aside and pulls out a baggy of shrooms.

DITA  
Like you asked for.

MR. AMMIT  
They look wonderful, my dear. I planned on making a salad but I had no more of my special ingredient left. You are a lifesaver.

Colt walks over to her.

COLT  
(whispers)  
I gotta use the bathroom.

DITA  
(whispers)  
Hold it.

COLT  
I can't.  
(to Mr. Ammit)  
Can I use the bathroom?

MR. AMMIT  
Of course. It's upstairs. Felicia  
will show you the way.

INT. MANSION BATHROOM - DAY

Colt splashes his face with some water from the sink. The bathroom is opulent enough to make a Saudi prince feel at home.

The bathroom door creeps open. Felicia saunters in.

FELICIA  
Hello there.

Colt wrenches some water out of his eyes.

COLT  
Um... Hey.

FELICIA  
What's your name?

COLT  
Colt.

She reaches over and grabs his crotch.

Colt nervously backs away from her, her tail swishing back and forth under her dress.

FELICIA  
I like you.

COLT  
I can see that.

FELICIA  
I like the way you smell. Like  
death and... nachos.

She smells his neck, licks it. Her eyes look like they belong to a wild tiger.

COLT  
I'm kind of with someone.

FELICIA

You are? I only see you and me in here.

She kisses him.

He pushes her away.

COLT

I can't. Felicia was it?

FELICIA

Let me tell you how this is going to work, Colt. We're gonna fuck.

COLT

We are?

FELICIA

Yes, we are and you're going to enjoy every second of it.

She lifts up her dress. Her tail whips around.

COLT

Oh Christ.

INT. MANSION CENTRAL HALL - DAY

Colt walks back into the little gathering, fixes his clothes, zips up his fly.

Dita stands alone looking out at the party.

Colt walks up to her.

COLT

Hey.

DITA

What took you so long?

COLT

(whispers)

I believe in honesty. Especially at the beginning of any new relationship.

DITA

Spit it out, Colt.

COLT

I was almost raped by a tiger lady  
with a fuckin' tail.

DITA

What?

Mr. Ammit walks over with two glasses of champagne, hands  
Dita and Colt each a glass.

MR. AMMIT

Drink up, we are celebrating. My  
lovely husband and I are adopting a  
beautiful African child.

DITA

Congratulations!

Colt downs his glass of champagne in one gulp.

COLT

Congrats, man.

Mr. Ammit circles him.

MR. AMMIT

I do not think we have had the  
pleasure of officially meeting yet.

COLT

Name's Colt. I'm her new leg  
breaker.

MR. AMMIT

Oh my, how dangerous.

He gives Colt a sniff.

COLT

Not really.

MR. AMMIT

You smell like someone I know.

Felicia walks in, grabs herself a drink. She looks over at  
Colt and winks.

COLT

Must be my new shampoo.

MR. AMMIT

That must be it.

Dita looks over at Felicia and gives her the meanest, "FUCK YOU, BITCH" look ever.

COLT

Such a great home you have here.

MR. AMMIT

Thank you. My intent was to emphasize the unpretentious beauty of the fine craftsmanship. Though I did notice you admiring my paintings earlier on the way in.

COLT

Yeah. I actually noticed a few I've seen before. You have a Van Gogh.

MR. AMMIT

Oh my.

Mr. Ammit snickers to himself.

COLT

What? What did I say? Not a Van Gogh?

MR. AMMIT

It's nothing. It's... Americans never put accents to anything. They always pronounce the word the way they see it spelled. Go. It is not Go. And it is not how the British say it either. Goff. That is not correct either. Instead, the proper way to pronounce it is Fen Goch.

He whispers in his ear.

MR. AMMIT (CONT'D)

Like cock.

Mr. Ammit takes his baggy of shrooms from Dita.

MR. AMMIT (CONT'D)

Same price as last time, Dita?

DITA

Yeah.

MR. AMMIT

Now now, what did I say?

DITA

Yes.

MR. AMMIT

Very good. If it is not in the English language dictionary, it is not a word.

Mr. Ammit walks over to the kitchen.

COLT

I think a lot of German speaking people might think differently. Shiza, am I right?!

Colt slightly chuckles to himself. No one else even cracks a smile.

COLT (CONT'D)

Jeez, tough crowd.

Dita grabs Colt by the shirt.

DITA

(whispers)

Was it that skanky bitch that can't stop looking over at you? Is she the one you fucked?!

COLT

(whispers)

I stopped things before it got to that.

DITA

How far did it go?!

MR. AMMIT

What are you two lovebirds gossiping about over there?

Dita lets his shirt go.

DITA

Nothing.

COLT

We were talking about this crazy party you guys are having.

MR. AMMIT

How do you mean?

COLT

Furries, right? Your costumes are great.

The party goes silent. Everyone stops talking and looks over at Colt.

MR. AMMIT  
What did you say?

Mr. Ammit walks back over.

COLT  
I was saying your costumes, they look really great. Even the animatronics for the mouth movements... everything is so lifelike.

MR. AMMIT  
We are not wearing costumes, you imbecile. We are Transhumanists.

COLT  
Sorry, I don't know what that is.

MR. AMMIT  
No, you obviously do not!

He hands Dita her money for the drugs.

MR. AMMIT (CONT'D)  
I think maybe you two should leave.

DITA  
I think that's a great idea.

MR. AMMIT  
Now!

COLT  
Jeez, buddy. Calm down.

Dita grabs Colt and they head for the door.

FELICIA  
See you around, Colt.

She waves as he's dragged away.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Dita drags Colt out of the mansion like a child.

DITA  
What the fuck was that? What were you thinking?!

She lets go of him.

COLT  
What are you talking about?

DITA  
You act like you've never seen  
Transhuman Hybrids before.

COLT  
I haven't. But that was fuckin'  
awesome!

They walk back to the van.

DITA  
That wasn't awesome, they were  
about to rip your throat out.

COLT  
What, you mean the gay tiger that  
who adopted a baby?  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, real scary.

DITA  
To eat. They adopted a baby to eat.

COLT  
Shit. For real? They can do that?

DITA  
They're filthy fuckin' rich, they  
can do whatever the hell they want.

She pushes him toward the van that's parked by the curb next  
to a row of expensive sports cars.

COLT  
I don't know, I think I could have  
taken him.

DITA  
Feelin' tough are we? Alright then.  
We're done dealing, now it's time  
to start collecting.

COLT  
Cool. Let's do this! I can handle  
whatever you throw at me.

EXT. ABANDONED PLAYGROUND - DAY

Dita leads the way up a dirt road. Colt follows.

They make it to a rundown playground. TINY SPRITES play on the old rusted equipment.

They're about knee high, have large tennis ball shaped hydrocephalic heads, all wear cute masks over their faces, but you can tell they're all disgusting underneath.

COLT

So am I like the only normal client you have?

DITA

How are you normal?

COLT

What the fuck are they?

DITA

They're sprites. Evil little fuckers. Teeth like piranha.

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE walks over. She wears a slutty nurse outfit and a mask of a cute bunny. In her hand, a sharp razor.

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE

What you wants?

DITA

Here to collect, Bunny. Puppy around?

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE

Puppy busy. Puppy operatings.

Nurse Bunny Sprite turns to leave.

DITA

Get to it, Colt. Go collect.

Colt clears his throat, catches up with Nurse Bunny Sprite.

COLT

Excuse me.

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE

What you wants?

COLT  
It's important we get that money.  
I'm not leaving until we do.

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE  
You wants monies? You sees Puppy.  
You follows me.

Nurse Bunny Sprite leads him into a dark forest.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Colt heads into the woods, not looking back.

The sun through the thick trees casts a jungle of twisted shadows.

Nurse Bunny Sprite looks back at Colt, grips the blade in her hand tightly.

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE  
This ways. Monies in here.

EXT. SPRITE VILLAGE - DAY

Nurse Bunny Sprite leads Colt into a pint-sized city made of trash and rusted car parts.

The town is filled with colorful sprites, all wearing ratty clothes and paper animal masks.

NURSE BUNNY SPRITE  
You waits here. Me gets Puppy. He  
gets monies.

Colt stands there awkwardly.

The sprites walk over to him, carefully check him out.

COLT  
Hey.

They SNARL at him.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Easy, guys.

Dozens of sprites emerge from the trees, quickly surrounding him...

A sprite wearing a PUPPY MASK walks through the crowd.

PUPPY SPRITE

Who is you?

COLT

Colt. You owe money. I'm here to collect.

A sprite walks up behind Colt and pisses on his shoe. A female sprite humps furiously on his leg.

PUPPY SPRITE

We no owes monies. You brings candies?

COLT

Candy? No?

Puppy Sprite turns his back to leave.

Colt kicks the horny sprite off his leg.

COLT (CONT'D)

Hold it! I said I'm here to collect!

The sprites back away from him, all frightened by his outburst.

Puppy Sprite slowly turns around.

PUPPY SPRITE

You wants to play operations? Play for monies?

A FRIGHTENED MAN runs out of the forest, crashes through a leaning tower of old hubcaps. His belly has been sliced open, poorly stitched back together, sand leaks out in spurts.

FRIGHTENED MAN

Run! These fuckin' things will cut you open and fill you with sand!

The Frightened Man runs off through the forest.

COLT

Fuck me!

The sprites all take off their masks to reveal their disgusting faces and razor sharp teeth.

Colt turns to run, a hungry litter swarms him, clinging to him, gnawing at his arms and legs.

COLT (CONT'D)

Fuck off!

Colt pulls out the switchblade, swipes at them.

They back off.

A bag of candy flies through the air, lands on the ground.

The sprites ignore Colt and swarm the bag of candy. They bite and kick each other to get to it.

Dita calmly walks over holding a handful of lollipops.

COLT (CONT'D)

Dita! What are you doing?! Run!

DITA

Easy, Colt. I got this.

She walks over to Puppy Sprite and hands him a lollipop.

DITA (CONT'D)

Here you go.

Puppy Sprite tosses her a baggy of gold coins.

PUPPY SPRITE

You takes monies.

I/E. COLT'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

Colt rests on the floor of the van, his arms covered in tiny lacerations.

Dita leans against the van, counts her gold coins.

DITA

Maybe I forgot to mention they love candy.

COLT

This was all payback for that kitten at the party, wasn't it?

DITA

Yup.

COLT

They were going to cut me open and fill me with sand.

DITA

Yup.

COLT

Can I go home now?

DITA

Not yet. There's one more stop.

INT. COLT'S VAN(PARKED) - DAY

Dita parks the van across the street from another ritzy house.

Colt sits beside her, recovering from his run-in with the sprites.

COLT

This one isn't some kind of gay robot or something is it?

DITA

What? No. Don't be stupid.

(pause)

He's a sadomasochist.

COLT

A what?!

INT. RITZY BEDROOM - DAY

Dita goes through all the dresser drawers, pulls out dress shirts, socks...

DITA

Damn it. Nothing.

She looks over at Colt still struggling with trying to get in through the open window.

DITA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

COLT

What does it look like I'm doing?  
How did you do this so easily?

DITA

I did gymnastics when I was younger.

COLT  
Really? That's kind of hot.

Colt falls onto the floor of the bedroom.

DITA  
C'mon, stop dicking around, help me  
look for something we can pawn.

COLT  
I'm fine, thanks for asking.

He gets to his feet, looks around...

DITA  
He's got to have something around  
here.

Colt walks over to the giant walk-in closet, slides it open.

COLT  
Wow, check this shit out.

She walks over.

#### WALK-IN CLOSET

Inside the closet is a giant wall displaying a set of elegant high-priced Italian designer watches.

DITA  
Okay, let's do it.

Dita grabs Colt by the shirt and looks lustfully into his eyes.

DITA (CONT'D)  
No, I mean you and me. Let's do it.

COLT  
Really?

DITA  
On his bed.

#### INT. RITZY HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

A cherry red sports car drives into the garage. Loud techno music blasts from inside the vehicle.

The car door flies open and out steps...

INT. RITZY BEDROOM - DAY

Dita tosses Colt over onto the bed, takes her shirt off, showing him her black bra.

COLT  
You wanna have sex on this dude's  
bed?

She jumps on Colt, pinning him down.

DITA  
Don't tell me you aren't turned on.  
There's a pretty big bulge in your  
pants telling me otherwise.

COLT  
What if he comes in?

DITA  
Let him watch.

She kisses him, unzips his pants.

INT. RITZY HOUSE - DAY

Music from the car turns on in the house as A BUSINESS MAN walks in.

INT. RITZY BEDROOM - DAY

Colt stops Dita from kissing him.

COLT  
(whispers)  
Shit. What was that?

They listen, hear someone in the house.

DITA  
He's home.

They quickly get off the bed.

DITA (CONT'D)  
Get the watches.

Colt heads for the closet while Dita gets her shirt back on. He stuffs as many watches as he can into his pockets.

DITA (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

She heads for the window, waiting for Colt.

DITA (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

COLT

Hold on.

The music shuts off...

The door to the bedroom swings open. Dita crawls out the window, leaving Colt behind.

Colt quickly shuts himself in the closet.

WALK-IN CLOSET

Colt backs away from the closet door, readies the switchblade.

FOOTSTEPS enter the room-

THE LIGHT comes on, beams through the crack in the door-

A SHADOW walks by the closet, shuts some drawers-

THE OPEN WINDOW shuts-

THE FOOTSTEPS leave the room-

THE LIGHTS turn off...

Colt takes a big sigh of relief, rests his back into a shelf. The shelf slides open to reveal a secret panel displaying a leather bondage gimp suit.

BEDROOM

Colt steps out of the closet.

The bedroom door FLIES OPEN-

LEATHER DADDY stands in the doorway with a shotgun, wearing his business suit and a leather mask over his face.

LEATHER DADDY

Got you, you motherfucker!

He BLASTS a hole in the wall by Colt's head. Colt jumps through the closed window with a shotgun blast following him out.

EXT. RITZY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Colt picks himself off the ground, glass shattered all around him.

He gets up, looks through the windowsill, sees Leather Daddy racking another shell into the shotgun.

LEATHER DADDY  
Come back here, you little shit!

There's a loud HONK.

Colt looks over and sees Dita in his van, pounding the car horn.

DITA  
Let's go!

He runs for his life.

Leather Daddy runs out of the house, chases after him.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Colt runs as fast as he can to catch up with the van. Dita slows down and he quickly jumps in.

Leather Daddy takes one final shot at the van as it speeds away.

INT. COLT'S VAN(DRIVING) - DAY

Dita drives... Colt hunches over on the van floor beside her...

She looks back at him.

DITA  
That was nuts. How many did you get?

Still out of breath, he can't help but to smile.

COLT  
I hope you aren't wearing panties because they're about to drop.

He dumps out all the watches he stole.

DITA  
Fuck me, that's a lot.

She smiles.

DITA (CONT'D)  
Ya done good. Tell me, what is your  
position on blowjobs?

COLT  
They have my full support.

DITA  
Good.

She flashes her take no prisoners smile at him.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY

Bette and Dex hide in the bushes, spying on the neighbor's fat calico cat as he eats out of a can of tuna.

Bette has a pair of binoculars strapped around her neck.

BETTE  
That's right, get nice and  
delicious.

DEX  
God, I can't believe you eat cats.

BETTE  
I've always loved cats. Now I have  
an even bigger appreciation for  
them.

DEX  
Gross.

She licks her lips and takes a closer look with the binoculars.

BETTE  
This one right here I've been  
fattening up for weeks now, getting  
him nice and plumpy. Here, have a  
look.

She hands him the binoculars.

Dex takes them but they're still strapped around her neck. He has to squeeze in tighter next to her to use them.

He tries to kiss her, but she pushes him away.

DEX

I'm sorry.

She touches her lips.

BETTE

What was that?

DEX

Couldn't help myself. I saw an opening, so I took it. Can't blame me for trying.

BETTE

Why would you want to?

DEX

What do you mean?

BETTE

Look at me, I'm gross.

DEX

No you're not. You're fuckin' beautiful.

BETTE

I should go.

She gets up and walks away. Dex runs after her.

DEX

Hey. Wait up. Can I see you again?

BETTE

I don't know if that's such a great idea.

DEX

I do! Shit, I have to see you again. This can't be it.

Bette turns her back to him. As she walks back to her house, she smiles.

BETTE

Okay. Maybe.

Dex jumps for joy.

DEX

Yes!

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT(DREAM SEQUENCE)

Colt and his band play on stage. The crowd watching them turns into a giant ball of teen angst, jumping around everywhere.

Watching from a distance is Bette.

She walks through the crowd, gets on stage, kisses Colt then jumps into the mosh pit.

They lift her high into the air. She closes her eyes and loses herself.

Hands reach out and pull at her. She screams as they pull her arm off, carrying it away.

One-by-one they pull her legs and other arm off.

They reach out and yank her head from her shoulders.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette wakes up yelling. On the bed, kicking off his shoes is Colt. He looks back at her.

COLT  
Did I wake you?

BETTE  
No. I had that nightmare again.

He undoes his belt, takes his pants off.

COLT  
The one where they pull you apart?

BETTE  
That's the one.

She lays her head back down on the pillow, sighs.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's sexual frustration.  
Coming to bed?

COLT  
Yeah. I'm fuckin' wiped.

He crawls into bed with Bette, gets under the covers with her. She rests her head on his chest, tosses an arm around him.

BETTE

What did you do today?

COLT

Dita showed up.

BETTE

She want her money again?

COLT

In a way.

BETTE

I told you buying drugs off her was a terrible way to get to know her.

COLT

You're a good one to talk, it took Satan and a car crash for you to eventually talk to me.

BETTE

If you had only talked to me in high school-

COLT

We'd be married with a kid?

She smiles.

BETTE

--Something like that.

COLT

Liar, you never even acknowledged my existence.

BETTE

Sure I did.

COLT

Bullshit, you didn't even know my name.

BETTE

Names are overrated.

COLT

Anyway, she dumped her leg breaker.

BETTE  
Who?

COLT  
Dita.

BETTE  
We're still talking about her?

COLT  
You said you wanted to know what I  
did today.

BETTE  
Continue.

COLT  
So she was down one leg breaker,  
needed my help intimidating those  
who owe her money.

BETTE  
Help intimidating? You?

COLT  
I can be pretty scary when I need  
to be. I was pretty badass, you  
should have seen me.

BETTE  
God, you boys are so dumb.

He tickles her armpit. She laughs and playfully slaps him  
away.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
Dummy. You're going to make  
something chip off.

COLT  
Enough about me. What did you do  
today?

BETTE  
I actually had an interesting  
evening.

COLT  
Really?

BETTE  
I ran into an old friend.

COLT

The cat can't be your friend if you plan on eating him later.

BETTE

Not fatty catty. Though he is looking extra fatty these days. No, I ran into Dex.

COLT

Dex? Who is Dex?

BETTE

My high school boyfriend.

He shoots a puzzled look her way.

COLT

Are you serious?

BETTE

Yeah. He was snooping around the house.

COLT

Fuck. What if he tells somebody about you?

BETTE

He won't. Not like anyone would believe him.

COLT

What do you mean snooping around the house?

BETTE

I don't know, looking through the window.

COLT

Like he was planning on robbing me?

BETTE

It's a good thing I was here then.

COLT

Yes, you've been designated to guard dog.

BETTE

Big dog or little dog?

He sits up.

COLT

Dita's ex.

BETTE

What does she have to do with anything?

COLT

She told me her ex was named Dex. He must be pissed with me for stealing his girlfriend.

BETTE

You think way too highly of yourself. He'd never date someone like her.

With a defensive manner, he snaps back-

COLT

What does that mean?

BETTE

Dex isn't the kind of guy who would fall into that kind of crowd.

COLT

Is this Dex guy a big creepy dude with a giant scar running down his face?

BETTE

Maybe.

COLT

Thought so.

BETTE

Lay back down.

She lays him back down, resting his head back on his pillow. He looks over at Bette, touches her decaying face.

COLT

So what happened?

BETTE

We talked for a while.

COLT

I guess you guys had a lot to catch up on. He didn't freak out?

BETTE

Kind of. I dumped water on his crotch.

She grins.

COLT

That's my girl. You think he'll come back? Will you see him again?

BETTE

Maybe.

COLT

Well... I don't like it.

BETTE

Could you be jealous?

COLT

Maybe I am.

BETTE

Good. Now you know how I feel all the time.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PUNK BAR - NIGHT

Dex, now 19, has a green Mohawk, punches another PUNKER in the face.

DEX (V.O.)

I was only a pup when Dita found me. I was breaking everything in my line of sight.

ANOTHER PUNKER runs up to Dex, punches him in the mouth. Dex shakes it off, grabs him-

SLAMS the punk against a parked car and continues to beat his nose into his face.

Dex is feral, disconnected. Blood splashes his face.

He stops, looks around.

DEX

C'mon, you motherfuckers! Fight me!  
I fuckin' dare you!

Dita walks over clapping her hands, applauding his show of brute force. She wears a sexy red punk dress that looks like it's being held together by safety pins.

DITA  
You're a good fighter.

Dex wipes some punker blood out of his eyes.

DITA (CONT'D)  
I could use someone like you.

DEX  
Yeah? For what?

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Dex sits on a tattered leather couch. He holds a beer in his hand, looking completely loaded.

The room is cluttered, full of trash with empty beer cans and bottles scattered on the floor.

Sitting on that dirty floor is NOAH. He's in his late 40's, smokes a joint and is covered in paint.

Across from him, giant bundles of weed and other narcotics.

NOAH  
How old were you, man?

DEX  
I don't remember. Nineteen maybe. I was dealing with a lot of shit and anger back then. She kind of helped me channel it, you know?

NOAH  
I here ya, brother. So like that she dumped you? What a drag.

DEX  
Just like that. And for some weak ass lookin' scumbag.

Noah grabs a paint brush and adds some paint to a blank canvas.

NOAH  
That's a total bummer, man.

Dex fans the air, coughs.

DEX

What the fuck are you smoking? It smells like a ladyboy's asshole.

NOAH

It's my own concoction, man. It doesn't really have a name yet.

DEX

What's in it?

NOAH

Dig this, I lace the rolling papers with a few drops of acid, right. Inside though is where the real magic happens.

DEX

Christ, Noah, don't talk about a joint like it's a fuckin' soufflé.

NOAH

Don't harsh my buzz, man. You wanna hear it or not?

DEX

Go on.

NOAH

Thank you.

MONTAGE

-Noah flattens out some rolling paper on a glass table.

NOAH (V.O.)

Inside we have a perfect mixture. A dash of crack, cut with some ecstasy...

-Noah smashes some ecstasy pills to dust, cuts it with some crack cocaine. He sprinkles it onto the rolling paper.

NOAH (V.O.)

...A little coke to amp things up, and the world's finest hash to mellow things back down again.

-Noah pinches off some weed from a brick, adds it to the rolling paper.

-Noah slides the joint across his tongue, seals it.

-Noah takes a small dropper, wets the joint with a vial of hallucinogenics.

BACK TO SCENE

DEX

Isn't that called a bomb?

NOAH

No way, that's if you dip it in formaldehyde.

DEX

So the only real difference is the fact you laced it with LSD instead of formaldehyde?

NOAH

You are correct.

DEX

(sarcastic)

You're an innovator, Noah. A goddamn innovator.

NOAH

Innovation comes in many forms.

Dex takes a swig of beer, finishes it off and tosses it next to its empty comrades on the floor.

DEX

Speaking of forms, what the fuck are you painting?

NOAH

I'm not sure yet. Things are still... evolving. And speaking of evolving, I have the number of a great call girl.

DEX

I'm not paying to have sex.

NOAH

I'll pay. My treat. The least I could do since you no longer have a girl or a job.

DEX  
Thanks but no thanks. I already met  
a girl today.

NOAH  
Yeah?

DEX  
She's an old flame.

NOAH  
A lost love. How Hallmark Channel  
of you.

DEX  
She's... not really how I remember  
her being when we were together.

NOAH  
I watched this documentary a while  
back about how in the 50's the  
Soviet Union did experiments on  
wolves, trying their best to  
domesticate them.

Noah stops painting and mixes some paint to make black.

DEX  
Did it work?

NOAH  
It turned them into foxes.

Noah paints.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
This girl-

DEX  
Bette.

NOAH  
--Bette, she a wolf or a fox?

DEX  
Total fox.

NOAH  
You gonna see her again? She might  
be good for you.

DEX  
Yeah. I want to. Might have to deal  
with a little problem first though.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The buzzer to Colt's electric alarm clock goes off. He reaches around to turn it off.

Bette reaches over and tosses the alarm clock across the room.

BETTE  
Stupid alarm clock.

They go back to sleep.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Bette, wearing only a t-shirt and underwear, practices her PUNCH OUT exercises.

Colt walks in holding two shirts.

COLT  
Which one?

She walks over, looks at the choices.

BETTE  
I choose... zombie sneak attack!

She jumps on him, leading to them crashing onto the bed.

EXT. COLT'S VAN(PARKED) - MORNING

Colt looks uncomfortable as Rick inspects the giant hole the shotgun blast left on the back of the van doors.

RICK  
What the fuck is this?

COLT  
Must be rust or something.

Rick points to the hole.

RICK  
Looks like someone was taking target practice with our fuckin' van, dude.

KEVIN (O.C.)  
What the fuck?!!

RICK  
Great, what now?

Rick opens the van door. Kevin is in the back, holding up a drum symbol with bullet holes in it.

KEVIN  
What the fuck is this, Colt?

He tosses the symbol in the back and picks up a drum kit.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
God! No!

The drum kit is blasted out.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck happened, Colt?!  
Explain!

COLT  
Dita dropped by and...

RICK  
Did she do this? Did she fuck up  
our van and his drums?

COLT  
Fuck no. Some dude dressed like a  
gimp did.

RICK  
Lie all you want. You're still  
paying for all this.

COLT  
Hold on, I'm not lying, man.

KEVIN  
We are so fucked! What are we going  
to do? We have a gig tonight.

RICK  
Let me think. Kevin, you still have  
that drum machine?

KEVIN  
I'm not using a fuckin' drum  
machine, dude. We ain't fuckin'  
Depeche Mode.

Kevin tosses the drum set out of the van.

COLT  
Put some fuckin' tape on it and  
we're golden.

KEVIN  
Stop thinking duct tape is the  
solution for all our problems.

COLT  
It fixed the fucking muffler,  
didn't it?

KEVIN  
I'm going to fuckin' kill you!

Kevin runs after Colt.

Rick quickly stops him.

RICK  
You aren't helping, Kevin. What are  
we going to do?

Beat.

KEVIN  
Okay, my brother has a drum set I  
think we might be able to use.

COLT  
Perfect!  
(beat)  
Wait, isn't your brother like 10  
years old?

INT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Colt's band "COLT" rocks out on stage. Kevin sits behind a  
tiny kids' drum set.

He towers over it, beating it half to death.

Colt runs over to the mic and yells into it.

INT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dita passes through the crowd, watches Colt sing and be  
amazing up on stage.

She runs into Dex.

DITA

Dex? What are you doing here?

DEX

Checking out the guy you dumped me for.

DITA

You shouldn't be here. You need to leave.

DEX

Don't worry, I'm not gonna do anything to him.

DITA

Good.

The song comes to an end.

DEX

See ya around.

Dex walks off into the crowd, getting swallowed.

Colt jumps off stage and runs over to Dita. She greets him with a wet kiss on the mouth.

DITA

Hey.

COLT

Hey.

She hands him her beer.

DITA

Thirsty?

He takes it and gulps it down.

COLT

Let's get out of here.

EXT. ECHO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dex walks over to Leather Daddy, the guy Colt and Dita stole from. This time he's without his leather mask. He looks like a normal businessman.

He carries with him a duffel bag.

LEATHER DADDY

Well?

DEX

They're inside, like I said.

LEATHER DADDY

Good.

DEX

My money.

Leather Daddy takes a wad of rolled up hundreds from his pocket.

LEATHER DADDY

Here.

He tosses Dex the money.

Dex catches it, counts it.

DEX

What's in the duffel bag?

LEATHER DADDY

My other skin.

Dex rolls his eyes, finishes counting the money.

DEX

Yeah. Cool. The white van is his.  
You can wait for them there.

LEATHER DADDY

Why are you helping me?

DEX

Because... payback is a  
motherfucker.

Dex walks away.

EXT. COLT'S VAN(PARKED) - NIGHT

Colt and Dita walk over to the beat up white van. As they reach it, Colt grabs her and kisses her, playfully shoving her up against the sliding door.

DITA

Aggressive, I like it.

COLT  
Have you ever made out on a bundle  
of guitar cables?

DITA  
Can't say I have.

COLT  
You are in for a surprise, little  
lady.

He opens the sliding door, revealing Leather Daddy waiting  
inside for them. He's dressed in his bondage suit, mask and  
all.

He kicks Colt in the face.

Colt tumbles back in pain.

LEATHER DADDY  
Hey, guys. Remember me?

Leather Daddy grabs Dita by the neck, choking her.

LEATHER DADDY (CONT'D)  
My watches, where are they?

DITA  
Fuck you!

He SLAMS her against the van.

LEATHER DADDY  
My fuckin' watches! Now!

DITA  
I fuckin' pawned them already, you  
stupid asshole.

LEATHER DADDY  
The money you got off them. Tell me  
or I snap your fucking neck!

DITA  
My jacket pocket.

LEATHER DADDY  
Where?!

DITA  
In my pocket!

He tosses her to the ground, grabs the jacket off her and  
rummages through the many pockets.

Dita crawls over to Colt who's still holding his face in agony.

DITA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
You still got that knife?

COLT  
Yeah, in my front pocket.

She reaches into his pocket, pulls out the switchblade.

Leather Daddy finds a giant wad of cash. He smiles and tosses the jacket over his shoulder.

Slowly, he takes off the leather mask, walks over to Dita who is still lying on the ground.

LEATHER DADDY  
No one steals from me, you fucking cunt.

Dita reaches up, stabs him in the crotch.

He screams out in pain.

DITA  
You're the fuckin' cunt now, you dickless motherfucker!

LEATHER DADDY  
You fuckin' bitch!

He falls to his knees.

Dita stands up laughing maniacally. She kicks Leather Daddy over on his side, the switchblade still stuck in his crotch.

DITA  
How's that pain? You still getting off, you sado freak?!

She kicks him in the gut.

DITA (CONT'D)  
How about now, you sick fuck?!

LEATHER DADDY  
No! Please! Stop!

He tosses the wad of money to her.

LEATHER DADDY (CONT'D)  
Here! Take it! Call me a fucking  
ambulance.

DITA  
Next time pay off your fuckin'  
debts.  
(to Colt)  
babe, you okay?

Colt makes it back to his feet, holding his bleeding nose and  
lip.

COLT  
Yeah, never better.

DITA  
Let's get out of here.

COLT  
What about him?

DITA  
Who gives a fuck? Let him bleed  
out.

COLT  
I can't do that.

DITA  
Do what you want, but I'm out of  
here.

Dita runs off.

COLT  
Dita! Wait!

LEATHER DADDY  
Please... fuckin' send for help!

Colt whips out his cellphone and dials...

COLT  
Would you say it's in your balls or  
taint area?

LEATHER DADDY  
What?! I don't know!

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Noah is asleep on the couch. He's still covered from head to toe in paint.

His snoring gets louder and louder.

Then-

A BANGING at the door.

Noah jumps up, trips over some beer bottles, making some unnecessary noise.

NOAH

Shit.

The banging at the door continues.

He reaches under the couch, pulls out a sawed off shotgun.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Who's there?!

DITA (O.C.)

It's me, Noah. Open up. I got a late night order.

Noah takes a sigh of relief.

NOAH

Jesus, girl.

He tosses the shotgun on the couch, slowly unlocks the dead bolt, opens the door a crack...

NOAH (CONT'D)

You can't go banging at my door like you're the fuckin' cops, man.

Dita pushes her way in, sees the shotgun on the couch and grabs it.

DITA

Where is he?

Noah raises his hands.

NOAH

Not cool, Dita. What the fuck?!

DITA

Where is he, Noah?

NOAH  
Who, man? What the fuck are you  
talking about?

DITA  
Dex, where is he?

NOAH  
Not here!

DITA  
Dex told a very sick and pissed off  
client where to find me.

NOAH  
No way. He wouldn't do that.

DITA  
Would and did. Tell me where he is.

NOAH  
What are you going to do if you  
find him?

DITA  
I'd be more worried about what I'm  
going to do to you if you don't  
tell me.

NOAH  
Chill. You broke the guy's heart,  
Dita. So he sends a guy to break  
your nose. Can't you call it even?

DITA  
Even-steven? Sure.

Dita sees the painting Noah was working on earlier. It's a  
portrait of Dex sitting on the couch next to his shadow.

She aims the shotgun at it and BLASTS it away. The buckshot  
scatters, destroys Noah's bookshelf and TV.

NOAH  
Whoa! Not cool! You are being so  
uncool right now.

DITA  
I'm not leaving here empty handed.

She presses the shotgun against Noah's temple.

NOAH  
Okay! Take my stash.

DITA  
I don't want your drugs, Noah. Your  
money on the other hand...

NOAH  
Why are you robbing me? I didn't do  
anything to you.

DITA  
Consider this hazard pay.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette lays in bed, sleeping like a log. Dex taps on the  
windowsill. The tapping doesn't get her attention so he  
knocks.

DEX  
Hey. Wake up.

She opens her eyes, sees Dex by the window.

DEX (CONT'D)  
Hey.

She gets out of bed, runs to the window.

DEX (CONT'D)  
C'mon, open up.

BETTE  
What are you doing here?

DEX  
Let me in.

She opens the window and Dex crawls inside.

BETTE  
It's late, what do you want?

DEX  
To see you.

BETTE  
I was asleep. Can't this wait for  
in the morning?

DEX  
No way.

He grabs her and tries to kiss her. She pushes him away.

BETTE  
What are you doing?

DEX  
He may be too much of a pussy to  
want you, but I'm not.

He moves in to kiss her again.

BETTE  
Stop it!

DEX  
You think I don't remember this  
guy? He's that creepy kid in high  
school you used to laugh at behind  
his back.

BETTE  
Would you stop.

DEX  
And now you're in love with him?

BETTE  
Yes! I am! I'm in love with him.  
He's everything to me. He has been  
for 5 years. I literally live for  
him.

DEX  
What about what we had?

She turns her back to him.

BETTE  
Dex.  
(pause)  
I was going to break up with you.

DEX  
What? When?

BETTE  
That night. After the prom. I was  
going to break up with you.

DEX  
Why? We were so happy.

BETTE  
You were happy. I was... I didn't  
feel it anymore.

DEX  
Do you blame me?

She turns around to face him.

BETTE  
Blame you? For the accident? No.

DEX  
It's my fault you died. I was the  
one driving that night.

BETTE  
Dex, I don't blame you. Sometimes  
really bad shit happens. You aren't  
to blame.

DEX  
I still love you. I've always loved  
you.

He touches her shoulders.

BETTE  
Dex... Stop.

DEX  
How can you love someone who can't  
even stand to touch you?

He gets in closer.

BETTE  
I'm telling you, this won't end  
well.

He gets closer, kissing her on the lips.

The kissing gets more intense, leading her to the bed.

Dex gags.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
I told you this-

DEX  
It's nothing. Keep going.

He kisses her again, grabbing at her body.

He gags again.

BETTE  
We should stop.

DEX  
No. I can do this.

He kisses her neck, having a piece of rotting flesh fall off into his mouth.

He spits and vomits on to the carpet.

BETTE  
I think we should break up.

He wipes his mouth, a perplexed look on his face.

DEX  
What?

BETTE  
I never got to say it to you before. I'm in love with someone else.

He smirks.

DEX  
Getting dumped twice in the same week. I must be some kind of loser.

BETTE  
No, Dex, you're not. We... we weren't meant to be.

DEX  
So you and him?

BETTE  
Yeah.

COLT (O.C.)  
Honey, I'm home.

BETTE  
(whispers)  
Shit, you need to leave!

DEX  
What?

Bette forces him out the open window. He lands on the ground outside with a loud audible THUD.

DEX (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Bette closes the window as Colt stumbles into the room.

BETTE

What's up?

COLT

You don't want to know. My face is killing me.

She walks over to him.

Colt holds a bag of half melted ice to his busted and bruised face.

BETTE

What the fuck happened?

COLT

Long story which ends with some dude dressed in leather kicking me in the fuckin' face.

BETTE

Jesus, it looks like it hurts.

She takes the bag of ice.

COLT

It's mostly water now.

BETTE

I'll get you some more ice.

She runs off out of the room.

COLT

They gave me some pain killers.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a bottle of prescription pain medicine.

He shakes them around, listens to them rattle.

COLT (CONT'D)

I think I'm kind of tripping right now. I thought I was in this forest getting chased by dogs. But it turned out I was still in my van, staring at a pet shop sign.

Colt walks over to his bed, steps in Dex's vomit.

COLT (CONT'D)

Did I step in something?

Bette runs in with a new bag of ice.

Colt checks his foot.

She quickly sits him down on the bed.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Is this vomit? What happened?

BETTE  
Nothing.

COLT  
Something must have happened. I  
mean there's puke on the floor.

BETTE  
You're high.

COLT  
A little high.

She touches his black-and-blue face, holds the ice pack to  
it.

He smiles.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Cold.

She looks adoringly at him, running her fingers through his  
hair.

She kisses him on the mouth.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Ouch.

BETTE  
Sorry.

She pulls away from him.

COLT  
That's okay.

He grabs her and kisses her again. They lean back on the bed,  
kissing more intensely.

BETTE  
Are you sure?

COLT  
Are you sure? I'm the one that's  
got vomit on his foot.

She gets on top of him, takes her shirt off.

BETTE  
I really don't care.

She shoves her tongue in his mouth and his into hers.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Dex slides a giant bottle of mouthwash over on the checkout counter. He takes out a hundred dollar bill and places it down beside it.

DEX  
You got change for a hundred?

Diana, the mother from the car crash at the start of our story, accidently bumps into Dex.

An orange drops out of the basket she's carrying.

DIANA  
Jeez. I'm sorry.

Dex bends down to help her.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
That's fine, I got it.

She looks over at him, is put off by his scary complexion.

He hands her the orange she dropped.

DEX  
Here.

Diana takes it, her eyes automatically drawn to the horrible scar on his face.

DIANA  
Thank you.

She walks away.

Ogling her legs as she leaves, Dex notices she's casting two shadows.

DEX  
Hey! Wait!  
(to the cashier)  
Keep the change.

Dex grabs his mouthwash and runs out of the store after her.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Dex looks around, no Diana in sight.

DIANA (O.C.)  
Let go! Help!

Dex runs in the direction her voice echoed.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Diana struggles with a MUGGER, grabbing at her purse. Her basket lies on the ground, fruit rolling everywhere.

DIANA  
Stop it!

The Mugger SLAMS her up against a minivan.

MUGGER  
Hand it over, you fuckin' bitch.

DIANA  
Go to hell!

Dex quickly runs up to them, punches the Mugger in the face, breaking his nose with the mouthwash bottle.

The Mugger crumbles to the floor, Dex towers over him, pounds his face into a bloody pulp.

Dex gets control and looks up at a frightened Diana. He stops punching and gets off him.

The Mugger runs off bleeding.

Diana shakes in fear.

DEX  
Are you okay?

She holds on to her purse for dear life.

DEX (CONT'D)  
It's okay, he's gone.

She isn't afraid of the Mugger, but of Dex.

Dex notices her empty basket and kneels down to help.

With his bloody knuckled hand, he puts the fruit back in the basket for her.

She wipes some tears away from her face.

DIANA  
Thank you. Again.

She notices his shredded knuckle.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Let me look at that.

DEX  
What?

DIANA  
Your hand. I'm a nurse.

She takes his hand and helps wipe some blood away.

Dex looks at her intently.

She blushes.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Why do you keep looking at me like that?

DEX  
It's you.

She smiles.

DIANA  
Me?

FLASHBACK TO:

I/E. CRASHED CAR - NIGHT

Diana runs over to the other crashed car. With Dex's head in the steering wheel airbag, she opens the car door and carefully props him up.

Dex has a giant bleeding gash down the side of his face, shards of glass painfully stick out.

She grabs his hand, checks his pulse.

DIANA  
It's okay, you're going to be okay.

He looks up at her.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Hold on. I'm a nurse.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Diana touches the scar on the side of Dex's face.

DEX  
What's your name?

DIANA  
Diana.

DEX  
Nice to finally meet you, Diana.  
I'm Dex.

She blushes and smiles.

Their shadows cast on the side of the minivan.

INT. COLT'S GARAGE - DAY

Colt is in the garage setting up the band's equipment.

Dita walks over to him.

DITA  
They make you do that all by  
yourself?

COLT  
It's punishment for what happened  
to the van.

DITA  
That sucks.

She pulls out a wad of money from her leather jacket, shows  
it to him.

DITA (CONT'D)  
Will this help?

COLT  
What's this?

DITA  
I figured I could forget your debt  
maybe this once. Maybe make you the  
exception.

COLT  
Keep it.

DITA  
C'mon.

COLT  
Where did you go last night?

DITA  
I had to get out of there, man. You  
understand.

COLT  
You abandoned me.

DITA  
You didn't stab a guy in the  
fuckin' balls.

COLT  
They said he'll be fine if you were  
wondering.

DITA  
I wasn't. What about the cops?

COLT  
Asking about you.

DITA  
What did you tell them?

COLT  
Nothing. Is that why you're here?  
To see if I ratted on you?

She walks over to him, touches his messed up beaten face.

DITA  
Of course not, dummy.

She kisses him.

DITA (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

COLT  
No more jobs.

She smirks.

DITA

No. No more dealing. I'm done with that. I gotta get out of town. I thought maybe you might wanna come with me.

COLT

Dita... that's...

She wraps her arms around him.

DITA

Come on. It will be fun. Think of all the sex we can have. All the trouble we can get ourselves into.

He pushes her away.

COLT

Sorry. I can't.

DITA

Can't or won't?

COLT

I'm not gonna go on the run with you, Dita. I like you. I mean, fuck, I really like you.

DITA

I like you too.

COLT

But you're fuckin' crazy if you think I'm gonna go to jail for you.

DITA

Oh. I see. Then I'm going to need your van.

Colt laughs.

COLT

Yeah, I don't think so.

DITA

Oh, I wasn't asking.

She kicks him in the balls and punches him in the face. Colt topples back, trips over a guitar amp and falls into the taped up drum set.

She blows him a kiss goodbye.

DITA (CONT'D)  
See you around, dummy.

She tosses the wad of money on his lap and jumps into his van.

Dita takes off down the street with band equipment falling out the back.

Colt looks at the money, lies his head back and can't help but to laugh.

INT. COLT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Colt sits on the floor, resting against his bed. Bette lovingly pets his head.

COLT  
This sucks.

BETTE  
Did you want to leave with her?

COLT  
Fuck no, she was crazy.

BETTE  
I could have told you that.

She wraps her arms around him.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
At least you still got me.

He looks up at her and smiles. She kisses his cheek and smells his hair.

COLT  
You only want me for my brains.

BETTE  
It smells so good in there.

COLT  
Shut up and kiss me.

BETTE  
Gross, no way. Your face looks like a yeast infection.

He reaches up and kisses her on the mouth.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY

Bette crouches down next to a can of tuna. Playfully, she slaps her knee.

BETTE  
Here, kitty.

The obese calico cat she's been stalking waddles over to her and eats from the can.

She smiles and pets his back.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
You're a good kitty.

She picks him up, holds the cat out to get a good look at him.

He meows at her.

BETTE (CONT'D)  
Aw, so cute.

She shoves the cat's head in her mouth and bites it off.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END