DEMON'S 'N DOUBLEWIDES

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ACT ONE

EXT. PRISON - AFTERNOON

NATE (33), man always willing to break the law to get what he wants, works tirelessly in the fields outside the prison walls. Making big rocks into little ones. A GUARD (40’s), stands near him.

NATE
It’s hotter than Hell out here.

The guard spits his tobacco.

GUARD
Welcome to Oklahoma dip shit.

NATE
Disgusting habit. You know that’ll kill you one da-

GUARD
Shut your fucking hole Dr. Phil. If I wanna hear someone bitch about my habits, I’ll go home to my nagging whore of a wife.

The guard spits his tobacco.

NATE
She sounds wonderful.

Nate rolls his eyes.

NATE (CONT’D)
So how long you plannin on keeping me out here?

GUARD
As soon as you learn making potato vodka is prohibited.

NATE
Go fall in a hole.

GUARD
What was that son?

NATE
A mole. I just saw a mole.

GUARD
Bash it with that hammer, boy!
NATE
It ran off.

GUARD
I’m gonna go water my toilet. By the time I get back that boulder better be gravel.

NATE
You got it.

GUARD
Don’t try anything stupid, Duphrane. You see that tower over there?

Nate wipes the sweat off his brow and looks towards the guard tower.

GUARD (CONT’D)
My guy in there’s gonna blow you in half, if you try to run away.

NATE
What I’d give to blow you in half.

GUARD
What’s that?

NATE
The chaff. The chaff from all this wheat is giving me allergies.

GUARD
You one of them gluten-free fags?

NATE
What?

GUARD
Keep at it son. You’ve gotta long ways to go.

The guard shakes his head, turns around, and jogs towards the prison. Nate continues to hammer at the rocks.

NATE
This is bull shit.

The ground shakes violently.

NATE (CONT’D)
What the hell?
A large explosion happens beneath the ground. As Nate turns his head, the prison falls apart.

NATE (CONT’D)
Oh shit?

The entire prison falls into a giant crater leaving a large hole where the prison once stood. Next to the hole stands the guard tower. Nate drops his hammer and looks around. Unsure of what to do.

NATE (CONT’D)
Come on.

The guard tower falls into the large hole.

NATE (CONT’D)
Fuck yes!

Nate runs for the parking lot.

EXT. HAMPTON HEIGHTS TRAILER PARK - EVENING

TRAVIS (32), who believes the world revolves around him, sits in lawn a chair holding a two liter of Pepsi.

TRAVIS
So then I was like, hey fuck off dude. If I’m waiting on a ride then why the fuck can’t I just sit here and read a magazine?

BOBBY (30), wise but always outspoken and in the wrong place at the wrong time, sits in a lawn chair adjacent to Travis and cleans his glasses.

BOBBY
He prolly wanted you to buy it first.

TRAVIS
I was waiting on a ride dude! Maybe if the guy had any brains he’d put a claw machine or something in there. Or even better, slot machines! Could you imagine how much business he’d get if he invested in a gas station casino? It’d be dolla, dolla, bills y’all. All the fucking time.

BOBBY
That ain’t a bad idea.
TRAVIS
Anyway, it was a nudie mag. It wasn't like I was reading the goddamn autobiography of Will Cosby?

BOBBY
His name's Bill. Look, you cain't pick up 'n read magazines in gas stations. It's the whole point of sellin 'em. It ain't a library.

TRAVIS
Fuck that, I do it at work all the time. Now some Fuck-giraffe riding a camel says I can't read one in the gas station. This whole country's going to hell man.

BOBBY
Fuck-giraffe?

A moped speeds towards them.

TRAVIS
What the hell?

Bobby puts his glasses on.

BOBBY
Nate!

TRAVIS
I thought he wasn't getting out til next month?

Nate pulls up on a moped with all his belongings strapped to the back with bungee cords. A worried look on his face.

NATE
Have y'all watched the news?

BOBBY
The cable n' Internet shut off so we ain't really been in the loops.

NATE
I was literally working in the fields outside the prison and suddenly, it was gone!

BOBBY
Gone?
NATE
A huge crater opened up and it was fucking gone. I don’t know how else to put it!

TRAVIS
Well fuck yeah man. That’s fucking badass!

NATE
No something’s wrong, very very wrong.

The bungees SNAP. Nate’s stuff flies off the back of the moped.

NATE (CONT’D)
Fuck me sideways.

Their neighbor, MR. NUCKLES (65), a grumpy old war veteran, stick his head out the window.

MR. NUCKLES
Turn off that fucking motorcycle! It’s vibrating the fucking floors!

TRAVIS
Hey fuck off Mr. Buttholes! He just got out of jail, you fucking dickweed. Record Antiques Roadshow on your piece of shit DVR ‘n watch it later.

MR. NUCKLES
Y’all can go to hell for all I care. Fucking slackers.

BOBBY
Sorry Mr. Nuckles!

Mr. Nuckles retreats his head back inside the trailer window.

Nate turns off the moped. The vibrations can still be felt.

NATE
Oh no.

TRAVIS
Holy shit, boys. I think it’s an Earthquake?

NATE
It’s worse.
BOBBY
Oh shit! It’s a fricking Earthquake!

The intensity of the quake shakes the satellite from their trailer roof.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
There goes the satellite!

Screaming neighbors fill the streets seeking shelter.

NATE
Grab your bike Travis. Bobby get your fucking roller skates. I’m not falling in a fucking crater!

Bobby runs inside to get his skates. Travis grabs the bike hitched on the side of the trailer. The boys then pull up and fashion themselves to the bungee cords on Nate’s scooter.

BOBBY
We look like some kind of fucked up Olympic water ski team!

Nate pulls the boys behind him on the moped. Weaving past people and pets.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
That's a big fucking crack!

Bobby sees Travis pulling up his pants, covering his exposed buttcrack.

TRAVIS
Shut the fuck up Booby!

BOBBY
No look!

A large, seemingly bottomless crack opens from a large crater in the road. Swallowing everything in it’s path.

NATE
Hold on!

Nate floors the moped as the crack reaches them. Bobby and Travis split up letting the crack open between the two of them.

TRAVIS
This fucking bike needs to go faster!
Travis bunny hops his bike over to the other side joining Bobby.

NATE
We’re almost there!

Nate floors the moped towards the side of the trailer where the roof meets the road, forming a ramp.

TRAVIS
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCKKKKKKK

BOBBY
THIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIS

The boys all yell as Nate ramps up the roof of the trailer. They clear the ramp and catch sight of a trampoline. The boys all ditch their transportation in midair and aim their fall for the trampoline.

The trailer underneath them, along with the moped and bike, fall into the bottomless crack. They miss the trampoline and hit the ground hard.

TRAVIS
This was your grand fucking plan Eisenstein?

The earthquake stops. The boys get up and dust themselves off.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
What the fuck guys. Look around.

All the trailers lay toppled over, with a large crater in the middle of the park.

BOBBY
Nowhere on Earth gets quakes like this. Where’s everyone?

NATE
They fell into the crater. The same thing happened at the prison.

TRAVIS
What?

NATE
A large crater opened up just like this. Swallowed the whole prison.

BOBBY
What do we do, Nate?
NATE
We need to get back to the house and see what we can salvage.

BOBBY
Fine, Fuck!

TRAVIS
I swear to God if my new TV’s busted the police better pay for it.

They walk back to their trailer home.

BOBBY
Hey look!

TRAVIS
Damn somebody left a whole sack of tomatoes just lying in the street, damn shame.

Travis shrugs his shoulders and looks at Nate. The boys approach their house.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Hey fuck yeah! It looks the same!

NATE
We don’t know how it looks inside.

BOBBY
Can I open my eyes yet!

NATE
Go ahead ‘n open, Bobby. Dunno know why you had them closed.

Bobby uncovers his eyes and looks relieved.

BOBBY
Thank God. It looks just as shitty as before. It’s all about the little things guys, the little things.

The trio make their way up the steps to their house.

INT. TRAILER-SUNSET

The boys stand in the middle of their living room. Everything is broken.
TRAVIS
Jesus Fuck! My TV!

NATE
Well the TV’s fucked.

Travis runs back to the kitchen and raids the fridge.

TRAVIS
Oh thank God! It was destiny that the last three beers in here were for us!

BOBBY
Yeah I could use one right about now.

They stand in a circle about to open their beers.

NATE
Let’s dedicate these to anyone lost during this horrific tragedy.

All three raise their beers and dedicate them to the deceased.

TRAVIS
Bottom’s up.

Upon cracking open the cans, the beers spray them violently in the face and all over their clothes.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
 Fucking shit out my ass!

BOBBY
This day really can’t get any worse.

Each guy throws down the empty cans.

TRAVIS
How the flying fuck bird am I supposed to handle this without alcohol?

NATE
This isn’t the time to start drinking Travis. We need to be sober and wait for help or something.
TRAVIS
F*ck that man. We’re fine! We don’t need any help. The house is still intact. All we need is beer.

BOBBY
I reckon we need food too. Don’t know when helps gonna come, so we should stock up on whatever we can really.

NATE
We also need to find a working television or radio to see what’s what. We should probably see if Mr. Nuckles is alright n’ willing to let us use his TV.

TRAVIS
That old drunk bastard?

Travis gets an excited look in his eyes.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Wait a second? He’s a fucking alcoholic!

NATE
And?

BOBBY
Horrible disease alcoholism.

TRAVIS
It’s perfect! We should really see how Mr. Nuckles is holding up. I mean, he might need our help he’s an old man you know?

BOBBY
Yeah we should combine forces n’ see if he can sacrifice some food. I know he’s gotta have a ton of apple sauce in there. I love applesauce.

NATE
All right, we’ll go see if he’s okay. But we’re not taking his alcohol. And we’re sure as shit not taking his food. The main thing we need to do is watch his TV and see what’s going on.
BOBBY
Awe, aright.

TRAVIS
Yeah Nate sure you’re in charge.

Travis crosses his fingers behind his back.

A blood curdling scream comes from Mr. Nuckles house.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Where’d that come from?

BOBBY
Mr. Nuckles house.

TRAVIS
Maybe we should go “help” him and see if his TV’s working.

Nate walks toward the kitchen and pulls a .45 caliber out of the drawer.

NATE
Let’s go.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

 Zweig.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MR. NUCKLES HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate, Travis, and Bobby stand in Mr. Nuckles front yard.

BOBBY
Mr. Nuckles!

TRAVIS
Mr. Nuckles we just heard you scream dude. We know you’re in there. Quit fucking around!

BOBBY
Nate why’d you bring the gun?
NATE
It’s for protection.

TRAVIS
I bet you wish you had protection that one time you knocked up that dancer from the tit club huh?

NATE
Shut up Travis it wasn’t mine.

Something CRASHES inside Mr. Nuckles house.

TRAVIS
That’s it I’m going in.

NATE
Travis wait!

TRAVIS
Nah fuck that.

Travis walks up the steps to the door.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
I’m too thirsty to stand around here with my dick in my hand.

Nate and Bobby hurry to catch up.

BOBBY
Mr. Nuckles we’re coming in to check-

Travis opens the door.

INT. MR. KNUCKLES HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys walk into the main living room of the house. The house is in shambles. The smell of excrement is unholy.

NATE
Holy shit what’s that smell?

BOBBY
Exactly that, shit.

TRAVIS
Well looks like nobody’s home. I’m grabbing a beer.

Travis walks at a brisk pace over broken glass and furniture towards the kitchen.
NATE
Goddammit Travis. Mr. Nuckles!

BOBBY
Nate, look.

A recliner sits in front of a large flat screen television screening Antiques Road Show.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Mr. Nuckles?

Nate and Bobby creep towards the recliner.

NATE
Mr. Nuckles?

A loud, DEMONIC SHRIEK breaks the silence. Mr. Nuckles, with red eyes and torn up clothes, flips out of the recliner and throws Bobby and Nate at opposite ends of the living room.

Bobby hits an old record player on impact. Black Betty by Ram Jam begins to PLAY loud.

BOBBY
What the fuck!

NATE
Mr. Nuckles, we’re here to help you!

Mr. Nuckles crawls like a bug on the wall and ceiling. He drops in front of Nate.

DEMON MR. NUCKLES
You will all perish. The forsaken one rises tonight. Hahahahahahaha.

An ice cold beer PELTS the side of Mr. Nuckles head.

TRAVIS
Get away from him you old fuck!

Travis, holding a ton of beer, throws another at Mr. Nuckles. The beer misses and pelts Bobby in the groin.

BOBBY
What the fuck!

Mr. Nuckles jumps to the ceiling, crawls, and drops in front of Travis. He grabs Travis by the throat and bears his fangs.
NATE

Travis!

A GUNSHOT sounds. A bullet tears through Mr. Nuckles head, taking half of it with him. He drops Travis.

TRAVIS

Shoot him again!

Nate stands up and unloads his whole clip into Mr. Nuckles.

BOBBY

What the fuck!

Mr. Nuckles turns around and faces Nate. Blood pours out of him.

MR. NUCKLES

You cannot defeat me, human.

Bobby gets up and tackles Mr. Nuckles.

BOBBY

Save yourselves!

NATE

Not a chance in hell!

Nate grabs a nearby knife on the floor and stabs Mr. Nuckles repeatedly while Bobby holds him down.

MR. NUCKLES

Hahahahaha.

NATE

Why won’t you die!

Travis grabs a nearby bottle of beer, takes a drink.

TRAVIS

Have a cold one and shut the fuck up!

Travis smashes the bottle on Mr. Nuckles’s head. Beer splashes all over his head.

MR. NUCKLES

What have you done!

Mr. Nuckles convulses violently. Bobby and Nate back off.

BOBBY

What the fuck?
Mr. Nuckles SHRIEKS again and combusts into a ball of flame. He then explodes, showering the boys in blood and entrails.

NATE
What?
(inhales)
The?
(inhales)
Fuck?

BOBBY
I can’t believe we just killed Mr. Nuckles!

TRAVIS
Nobody deserved it more.

NATE
I shot him 6 times and he didn’t die?

TRAVIS
He was super strong too. My neck ain’t felt this bad since that dominatrix robbed me.

Bobby walks over to the record player and turns it off. He walks back to the group. A scared look on his face.

BOBBY
I don’t know about y’all, but I think he was a demon.

TRAVIS
You think?

Nate wipes the blood from his face and hands and changes the channel on the T.V.

NATE
Look.

The boys walk to the TV and watch the news.

An attractive ANCHORWOMAN (30’s), sits at a news desk and talks about what’s happening.

ANCHORWOMAN
The United States is in shambles tonight as a series of violent earthquakes has opened large craters all across the mainland. And- wait.
The anchor talks to someone off screen.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT’D)
Ok Brian Richardson is live on the scene in Chicago right now. Brian just what is going on down there?

BRIAN RICHARDSON (30’s) - stands with a mic in the middle of Chicago.

I’m down here live in what seems to be a battleground here in downtown Chicago. The National Guard has mobilized around the crater and we can hear a barrage of gunfire.

ANCHORWOMAN
Do you have any idea at what they’re shooting?

BRIAN RICHARDSON
Reports are scarce, but panicked citizens say it appears corpses of the recently deceased are crawling out of the crater.

ANCHORWOMAN
Are these survivors?

BRIAN RICHARDSON
I don’t believe so. The military is blocking all roads but-

An explosion happens off screen.

ANCHORWOMAN
Brian what’s happening?

The camera pans to show that a horde of people with red eyes are running towards the camera. Soldiers nearby begin opening fire on the horde.

TRAVIS
Holy shit?

BRIAN RICHARDSON
It appears now that the military is in an intense fire fight wit-

As he talks a winged creature swoops a soldier up and fly’s away.
BRIAN RICHARDSON (CONT’D)

Jesus Fuck!

A RED-EYED “ZOMBIE” walks up to Brian and tears him in half. The camera falls to the ground. A horde of flying creatures overwhelms the soldiers.

ANCHORWOMAN

It appears we’re having some technical difficulties. We’ll be right back. Cut to break Godda-

The TV cuts to a Girls Gone Wild commercial.

The trio stands around the TV amazed.

NATE

Boys, grab all the food you can. Travis, help me with the TV.

EXT. MR. NUCKLES YARD – NIGHT

Travis and Nate carry the TV. Bobby follows close behind pushing a shopping cart fool of apple sauce. He pulls behind him a red wagon full of beer and liquor.

NATE

Hurry the fuck up guys!

TRAVIS

I’m trying the best I can, Jesus.

BOBBY

We needs to get this shit inside before those red-eyed fucks show up.

Blood rains down on them.

NATE

You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me!

TRAVIS

We gotta get the TV inside before it gets HIV on it!

The boys run up the steps to their house. They hear moaning and growling nearby.

BOBBY

Oh fuck they’re coming!
A horde of demons crawls out of the crater nearby. They move slow towards the boys.

TRAVIS
Get the shit inside!

Bobby speeds past the group and spills his basket of beer. The beer sprays violently in the doorway and porch.

Travis and Nate struggle to get the TV through the doorway.

NATE
Come my way a bit!

TRAVIS
No fuck head lower your end a little bit!

The demons get closer.

NATE
Ok one, two, three, Lift!

TRAVIS
It’s not coming in here man. The door’s too narrow.

NATE
No, it’s fucking not. Tilt left.

Travis tilts the TV right.

BOBBY
Leave the fucking TV!

NATE
No idiot left!

TRAVIS
Shut the fuck up!

BOBBY
Leave it goddammit!

Travis drops the TV. It lands on Nate’s foot.

NATE
Motherfucker!

Travis and Nate run inside and lock the door.
INT. THE BOYS HOUSE - NIGHT

Travis, Nate, and Bobby stand around their living room.

BOBBY
Fuck me fuck me. They’re fucking out there man!

NATE
Simmer the fuck down bobby. Please.

BOBBY
Ok.

TRAVIS
I need a beer. Oh wait. Butt fuck Bobby left it outside.

BOBBY
I had to sacrifice the applesauce too. You think I’m not pissed about that?

TRAVIS
Fuck your applesauce! The Beer’s way more important. What’re you trying to do? Turn our house into a fucking Gerber distribution center?

NATE
Guys! Shut up! In case you haven’t forgotten, there’s a bunch of demons out there! I’m trying to not get my ass torn in half.

A lot of noise comes from the demons standing outside.

Bobby runs to the door and peeks out of the peephole.

BOBBY
Guys, check this shit out.

Nate and Travis walk to the door.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Look.

Nate peeps out of the hole.

The demons stand in the yard. They push one scared demon out of the group. The demon looks at the porch fearfully.
TRAVIS
Quit hoggin the damn hole.

Travis pushes Nate aside and peers out the hole.

The lonely demon creeps up the steps. It dips its toe onto the porch in a pool of beer.

Suddenly, the demon lights on fire and explodes.

The rest of the demons let out a sigh and disperse.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
What the fuck? That bitch just exploded.

NATE
What?

TRAVIS
I dunno what else to say? The bitch just exploded after it dipped its toe on our porch.

BOBBY
Wait! Travis, remember when you cracked that beer on Mr. Nuckles head?

TRAVIS
Yeah so?

BOBBY
Well I spilled all that beer on the porch. I don’t think they like beer.

Nate shakes his head.

NATE
I swear y’all are tards. I’ve gotta go to the bathroom.

TRAVIS
Wow! That’s fascinating. Wanna let everyone know what hair gel you used this morning too?

Nate walks angrily to the bathroom.

NATE
It was pomade actually. Dick.
INT. BATHROOM

Nate sits on the toilet. He looks to his left at the magazine rack. A Hustler magazine sits with the pages stuck together.

    NATE
    Gross.

Nate grabs the Hustler and angrily throws it in the trash bin.

Nate concentrates and looks at the magazine rack again. This time, a People magazine sits in front. The headline says Gluten, the Ugly Side of Wheat.

    NATE (CONT’D)
    What the?

Nate grabs the magazine and flips through the pages. His eye’s shoot open.

    NATE (CONT’D)
    Holy-
    (A loud fart echoes in the toilet bowl.)

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nate runs into the room with his pants undone. He holds the magazine in his right hand.

    NATE
    Guys look at this!

Travis and Bobby turn around.

    TRAVIS
    The fuck?
    (beat)
    Put your tiny cock away before you spray your after-piss all over my new rug!

A rug sits on the ground with a large marijuana leaf stitched onto it.

    BOBBY
    You at least washed your hands right?

Nate wipes his hands on his pants.
NATE
It’s gluten!

TRAVIS
What the fuck’s gluten?

BOBBY
Yeah is it radioactive?

NATE
It’s like a peanut allergy! All the celebrities do it now!

Travis smirks.

TRAVIS
The fuck do I care about the latest celebrity fads Nate? We’re trying to figure out how to beat these demons! Not bleach our assholes and wear skinny jeans n’ scarfs.

Nate rolls his eyes.

NATE
Just hear me out real quick dumbass!

TRAVIS
Oh okay! The demons r’ really gonna be scared once they realize I’m fucking Wilmer Valderrama.

Bobby takes off his glasses and cleans them.

BOBBY
That 70’s Show was a real achievement in television. If only That 80’s Show would’ve taken off as much as it’s predecessor.

Nate looks bewildered.

NATE
Goddammit, would you just shut the fuck up and listen to me real quick! Please!

TRAVIS
Yeah sure. All you had to do was say please.

Bobby puts his glasses back on
BOBBY
Good manners will open doors that
the best education cannot, Nate.

Nate shakes his head and holds up the magazine.

NATE
Everything that comes from wheat
has gluten in it! That’s one of
the main ingredients in Beer!

BOBBY
That’s like bread too?

NATE
Yeah! Bread, cookies, cake, and
pasta are all gluten.

Travis steps away from the door.

TRAVIS
Beer? Bread? Mother fucking
cookies?
(beat)
No wonder these guys are from Hell.
They don’t like anything good.
(beat)
Fucking demons.

NATE
Alright that does it. Gather up
whatever bread or anything we have
in here.

TRAVIS
You thinking what I’m thinking?

NATE
We’re gonna hit them with the power
of gluten.

TRAVIS
M’kay, well I was thinking we were
about to make garlic bread but
whatever.

NATE
We’re gonna get a car and drive to
the place I know has the most
gluten out of anywhere in town.

BOBBY
Panera Bread?
NATE
Better. But damn Bobby that’s good thinking.

Bobby pats himself on the back.

TRAVIS
Where?

Nate looks up with a smile on his face.

NATE
Wal-Mart.

TRAVIS
Okay, and just how do you plan on getting us there Eisenstien?

Bobby looks confused at Travis.

BOBBY
It’s Einstein.

Nate smiles.

NATE
Don’t worry. I’ve got us a ride.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT- DAY

A 2014 Chevy Silverado with butterfly doors, a 10 inch lift kit, and smokestacks rumbles into a parking space. A pair of chrome testicles swings back and forth from the trailer hitch. The license plate reads BRN2FK.
INT. CHEVY SILVERADO CAB- DAY

Nate sits in the drivers seat, Travis rides bitch, and Bobby sits in the middle of the backseat.

BOBBY
How’d you get this atrocious means of transportation again?

Nate puts the truck in park. He flicks a pair of bobble-boobs on the dash.

NATE
J-Dawg remember? That piece of shit always left his keys in the bed of the truck.
(beat)
God rest his soul.

Nate does the holy trinity with his hand.

TRAVIS
Whoopie fucking doo. What’re we here for again? Beer?
(beat)
I’m trying to get fucked up.

NATE
Ammo. We’re gonna get as much beer as we can. Pour’em in water guns so we can spray the demons down.
(beat)
We’re also gonna get a ton of bread so we can sprinkle that shit in our yard to keep them at bay.

BOBBY
You think we can get some clothes too?

NATE
Besides ammo, get whatever you can carry.

BOBBY
(whispers)
Applesauce.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT- DAY

The boys open the gaudy butterfly doors and hop out of the truck. Travis and Bobby walk away towards the front entrance.
TRAVIS
Nate, come the fuck on!

A frustrated Nate keeps trying to close the awkward butterfly door.

BOBBY
I really hate that fucking truck.

INT. WAL-MART -DAY

The boys walk in slow motion through the sliding doors to the music “For Those About To Rock” by AC/DC.

The dead corpse of a Wal-Mart greeter sits in a chair with a role of happy face stickers in its hand. Travis grabs a sticker and puts it on his shirt. Nate and Bobby shake their head.

CUT TO:

Bobby throws water guns in a shopping cart.

Nate hurls bread in his shopping cart as he walks through the bread aisle.

Travis rides his basket through the beer aisle. He grabs a plethora of different beers and puts them in the basket as he sips from his own cold brew.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT- DAY

Each guy pushes their overloaded baskets out of the front entrance wearing different clothes. All three wears ammo belts and holsters that contain Hawaiian Rolls. Travis walks next to Bobby wearing an I’m With Stupid shirt.

All three unload their precious cargo in the truck bed.

TRAVIS
Fuck five finger discounts. I just ten fingered that mother fucker!

NATE
Load’em up boys. We’ve got some demons to kill.

Bobby finishes loading up the water guns.

BOBBY
About that, I ain’t seen any demons today.
Travis opens a beer.

TRAVIS
Fuck me. I was hoping there’d be a mess of ‘em waitin’ out here.

Travis burps.

NATE
We need to survive Travis. The last thing we need t’do is put ourselves out there. And quit wasting our ammo.

A large shriek of a demon ROARS from inside the Wal-Mart.

BOBBY
Damn!

NATE
I didn’t see any demons in there earlier?

TRAVIS
Maybe they was in the rafters hanging around like bats or some shit like that.

BOBBY
They probably watched us the entire time!

NATE
I don’t give a shit where they were hiding. Get in the truck!

Bobby and Nate hop inside the truck. Travis stands outside with his arms crossed.

TRAVIS
Fuck that guys. Let’s get dirty!

Travis grabs a baguette and swings it around like a dick. Nate rolls down his window.

NATE
I’m not fucking around! Get in the truck!

TRAVIS
Fuck you pussies. I’m going in.

Travis grabs a water gun and fills it with beer.
BOBBY
Travis!

Travis turns and starts walking towards the entrance.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Nate what do we do?

Nate takes a long look at the bobble boobs on the dash. He looks back at Bobby.

NATE
Grab the water guns.

INT. WAL-MART – DAY

All three of the boys walks through the entrance, wielding water guns and bread strapped to their chests.

TRAVIS
Come out you red eyed pieces of shit!

Bobby cocks his water gun.

BOBBY
It sounds big.

NATE
Stay frosty.

BOBBY
Great quote!
(beat)
I love the movie Aliens. I really wish Alien 3 and Resurrection would’ve caught on–

FOOTSTEPS approach.

TRAVIS
Here we go boys.

Travis squirts some of the beer in his mouth.

NATE
Conserve your ammo.

A WOMAN (30’s), blonde, in tattered and bloody clothes, rounds the corner carrying a limited edition Sweet Potato My Little Pony. She stops in front of the boys with crazy eyes.
WOMAN
I finally found it, for my name is
Sarah, queen of all moms! My
daughter’s gonna be so prou-

A large TENTACLE DEMON jumps down behind the woman and grabs her.

NATE
Holy shit!

The Demon holds the woman up high in one of his tentacles.

TENTACLE DEMON
Prepare to be fucked! Hahahaha.

Travis cocks his water gun.

TRAVIS
Get your huge testicles off her!
(beat)
You Squidward-ass looking mother fucker!

Bobby looks towards Travis.

BOBBY
Tentacles.

The demon whips it’s tongue out and licks the side of the woman’s face.

TENTACLE DEMON
If you say so.

The demon squeezes his tentacles so hard the woman crushes into blood and guts. He slams down what’s left of her. Her blood splatters on the boys.

TRAVIS
That’s not what I meant.

Travis looks down at his newly blood soaked “I’m With Stupid” T-shirt. He grits his teeth.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Splash’em!

The boys squirt their water guns relentlessly at the demon.

DEMON
What the?

The demon convulses and lights on fire.
NATE
I love the smell of gluten in the morning! Hahahaha!

Bobby stops squirting his water gun.

BOBBY
Take cover!

The boys run for cover behind a register.

DEMON
You’re all dead!

The fire consumes the demon.

TRAVIS
Funny thing about dead! It rhymes with bread, which is what we’ve killed you with!

The demon gives a last look of confusion.

DEMON
That’s the worst joke I’ve-

The demon explodes in blood and guts.

TRAVIS
See you in hell.
(beat)
Bitch!

The boys get up from behind the register.

BOBBY
Let’s hope not.

They stand around the deceased demon.

NAT
Well are you happy now Travis? Was that the epic battle you wanted?

TRAVIS
Yup.
(beat)
Now, I’ve gotta piss.

Travis whips out his wiener and pisses on the demon’s remains.

NATE
Jesus Christ, Travis!
Travis throws up the horns sign.

TRAVIS
Piss on Satan! Piss on Satan!
Piss on Sat-

A large horde of demons runs out of an aisle down the way.

BOBBY
Where’d they come from?

Nate looks at the sign above the aisle. It reads “Gluten Free.”

NATE
The gluten free aisle.

Nate turns to Travis and Bobby.

NATE (CONT’D)
We’re low on ammo! Get to the truck!

Nate and Bobby run out the entrance while Travis pisses.

TRAVIS
I got piss on my fucking pants!
(beat)
 Fucking demons!

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT- DAY

Nate and Bobby sit in the truck waiting on Travis.

NATE
Goddammit Travis!

Bobby rolls down his window.

BOBBY
There he is!

Travis runs out of the entrance buttoning his pants.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Come on!

Travis reaches the truck and grabs the door handle.

TRAVIS
Unlock it!
NATE
Take your hand off the handle!

Nate presses the unlock button. Travis grabs the door handle.

TRAVIS
What the fuck it’s not working!

The demons get closer.

NATE
Goddamnit Travis! Wait for me to unlock it!

Nate presses the unlock button. Travis grabs the door handle again.

TRAVIS
Mother fucker!

Bobby sticks his head out of the window. The demons get closer.

BOBBY
Travis! Take your hand off the door handle so we can unlock it!

NATE
Grab the handle on three!

Travis takes his hand off the handle.

NATE (CONT’D)
One!
(beat)
Two!
(beat)
Three!

Travis pulls the handle again.

NATE (CONT’D)
Are you fucking kidding me!

The demons come within arms reach of Travis.

TRAVIS
Fuck it!

Travis grabs a nearby grocery basket and plows through the horde of demons to the tailgate of the truck.
TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Not today!

Travis grabs the chrome ballsack on the hitch and swings himself up onto the tailgate. He bangs on the window.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

Nate’s foot slams the gas to the floor and launches the truck through the horde of demons around them.

BOBBY
Yaaahoooo!

Nate looks in the rear view mirror.

NATE
Looks like we’ve got some extra cargo!

Two demons cling onto the tailgate of the truck.

TRAVIS
Fuck off!

Travis shakes two beers and sprays them on the demons. The demons let go and explode in a ball of flame and blood.

INT. CHEVY SILVERADO CAB—SUNSET

Nate and Travis sit in front. Bobby sits in the middle of the back seat.

NATE
Everybody all right?

Travis opens a beer and drinks it.

TRAVIS
(burps)
I’ve got my beer.

Nate looks in the rearview mirror at Bobby eating his applesauce.

BOBBY
(smacking)
I’m pretty all right I suppose.

Nate looks at the bobble boobs on the dash. His eyes go wide.
NATE

Dammit.

BOBBY

What’s wrong?

Nate looks disappointed.

NATE

I forgot to get a TV.

The boys all look at each other. Each laugh hysterically.

EXT. HIGHWAY- SUNSET

Over “Highway to Hell,” the truck past broken down cars and dead bodies. A city burns in the distance. A flying demon flies into frame, opens it’s mouth and shrieks.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE