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Dir:

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THE MONSTER SQUAD

screenplay

by

Shane Black

story by

Fred Dekker

PETER HYAMS PRODUCTIONS, INC.

FIRST DRAFT
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FADE IN:

EXT. EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE — NIGHT

And don't panic, but we start in BLACK-AND-WHITE.
Small, square screen. Scratchy soundtrack. This film is OLD.

Then the screen ratio EXPANDS before our eyes, going from ...
desaturation to full, vibrant COLOR. Lightning CRACKS. THUNDER
RUMBLES in Dolby stereo. A full moon peeks through the fog.

And somewhere on the moors, a wolf HOWLS.

Ever been to Transylvania? Well, even if you haven't, it looks
nothing like the creepy, rotting landscape pictured here. That's
because this is Transylvania circa Universal Pictures, 1931.

The trees look like skeletons. Or claws, maybe; reaching for the
night sky, which is grey and heavy and ominous, and just in case
the three tons of fog haven't sufficiently clued you, we

SUPER THE LEGEND:

THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS
TRANSYLVANIA, 1886

CAMERA PROWLs the dead landscape....the rolling hills, dead weeds,
crubling tombstones...until...at last...

Atop a hill...an ancient, crubling battlement; its turret-openings
look down on us like empty, gaping eye sockets...

Boys and girls? Welcome to CASTLE DRACULA....

DISSOLVE:

INT. BOWELS OF CASTLE DRACULA — DEAD OF NIGHT

12th century stone arches. Mist. Rats SQUEAKING and scampering
across the floor. Armadillos in the shadow of COFFINS....

That's right, coffins. Three of them.

AS THE CAMERA GLIDES ACROSS the stone floor... one of the coffins
BEGINS TO OPEN... a glimpse of a HAND at its edge, as....

One of the OTHER coffins begins opening... CREEEEEEAAAK... and
another hand, female, from inside, AS WE MOVE TO the third
coffin, on which is emblazoned a finely-wrought gold crest....

And right when we think THAT coffin is going to open, WE —

CRANE UP TO THE CEILING of this dank chamber and there, in the
cobwebbed shadows, are a billion glittering lights, like diamonds,
except what they actually are is a billion EYES, because the
ceiling is covered with disgusting BATS, all suspended upside down,
and don't ask WHAT KIND of bats, because you know better than that,
now don't you?

SERIES OF SHOTS

Exploring the full range of bat slumber, AS THEY twitch, and gibber, and do bat things, and trust me, rodent fans will be camping out next to the theater, but now SOMETHING ELSE is happening....

Because WE SEE that slowly, but with increasing FERVOR, the bats are becoming AGITATED, reacting, chittering and screeching, then flapping their wings in a growing frenzy, UNTIL many TAKE FLIGHT, suddenly shrieking and flapping AWAY FROM

A PARTICULAR BAT

In the center. A real beaut, too, with eyes brilliant pinpoints of red, and then we notice, amidst the thunder and keening of terrified bats, that this one specific bat....is GROWING.

He vibrates and twitches, stretches and distends, and you better close your eyes here because, get this, he starts to SPLIT OPEN, becoming longer, and, yes, we can say it, undeniably MORE HUMAN, and the OTHER BATS are REALLY going nuts now, as ---

CELLAR FLOOR --- ANGLE ON FEET

Naked, HUMAN feet, they hit the floor with a slap, and a naked human MAN rises slowly. We cannot see his face. He is tall, lean, seemingly unaffected by the STORM of bats screeching and flapping all around him, and that's when ---

He RAISES ONE HAND, a cock of the wrist, and --- the most amazing thing happens: because, with that one simple gesture... EVERY BAT IN THE PLACE RETURNS to its place, and is quiet again.

The figure moves across the cellar.
The two coffins are open and empty. \

There is a coat rack, with a carefully pressed tuxedo on a hanger. Vest. Trousers. Shoes. A long black cape.

The figure reaches for the clothes.

EXT. CAVE --- NIGHT

COUNT DRACULA emerges from the cave, and moves off into the night.

EXT. SWAMP --- NIGHT

The count continues his stroll, oblivious to the death and decay all around him. He stops. LOOKS AT ---

TWO RED EYES

Glimmering in the darkness, accompanied by a low, guttural GROWLING.

Then --- a huge WOLF LEAPS SNARLING from the bushes, and takes a FLYING LEAP, AND ---

— proceeds to lick the count's face.

The count scratches behind the wolf's ears, and they go off side by side into the swamp.

FURTHER ON

The count pauses. Cocks his head to one side. Listening.
Beside him, the wolf GROWLS.

Suddenly — a shotgun ROARS in the night and the wolf twists and lands on the ground in a heap as

AN AGED, HAUNTED-LOOKING MAN

steps forward. He looks suspiciously like actor Peter Cushing, but is, in fact, ABRAHAM VAN HELSING. Arch-foe of Count Dracula.

VAN HELSING

Now!

The bushes behind him explode — sudden activity all around him — MEN shouting, brandishing knives and guns. They swarm around the struggling, SCREAMING vampire, who proceeds to HURL THEM AWAY with incredible power as fast as they come.

The men hold Dracula down as Van Helsing steps forward with a stake and mallet. He puts the stake to the vampire's heart —
Raises the mallet, and —

VAN HELSING

Auf Wiedersehen, Count Dracula.

And POUNDS THAT SUCKER home.

The vampire SCREAMS. Blood bubbles from his mouth.

Van Helsing turns away, wiping the sweat and blood from his face. He gestures to KARL, a muscular man with a dazed expression on his face.

VAN HELSING

Karl. Load the wagon. We've a lot to do and not much time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE DRACULA — NIGHT

The wooden drawbridge BLOWS INTO A MILLION SPLINTERS.
A deafening blast, as what's left of the drawbridge comes down with a flat BAM—!

And VAN HELSING AND HIS MEN charge across the bridge. Torches lit, guns drawn, running full out because there is NO TIME TO LOSE..... and VAN HELSING barrels into the castle, spins against the wall —

AS A PISSED-OFF FEMALE VAMPIRE comes for his throat, hissing and spitting....
And someone better remind Van Helsing he's supposed to be scared, 'cause he doesn't even blink, he simply loads a wooden stake into a metal CROSSBOW and fires, BAM--!
The vampire takes it in the chest. Yecccchh.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA

Moving even faster now, faster than before:
A door is KICKED OFF ITS HINGES as men rush in, BLASTING AWAY with shotguns. Stone pops and splinters.

And then in comes Van Helsing... Runs a nervous hand through his hair. Grim. Determined.
Crosses the stone chamber to a creepy-looking STONE ALTAR... brushes aside a GRINNING SKELETON, which clatters to the floor... sucks in his breath because there, atop the altar ---

THE AMULET lies revealed.

Which amulet, you ask..?

Why, the ancient, intricately carved metal amulet which even now seems to PULSE with a life of its own.... That amulet.

VAN HELSING

There it is, lads.

He looks at his watch. Almost midnight.

VAN HELSING

Three minutes. (beat) The girl. Now.

The amulet flickers... Throbs with COLOR... as he turns and unrolls a piece of ancient, YELLOW PARCHMENT covered with Gothic German lettering. Looks up ---

AS A BEAUTIFUL PEASANT GIRL is ushered into the room. Did I say ushered? I meant shoved....

VAN HELSING

Let's hurry a bit, shall we?

The amulet starts spitting, and hissing, throwing off RAINBOW SPARKS.

AND MEANWHILE ---

EXT. THE CASTLE --- SAME

KARL is still outside in the WOODS surrounding the castle. He's been left behind to guard the wagons.... grumbling, tossing gear into a carriage, as

Around him the wind picks up, and CLOUDS roll in... Dark, ominous.

Lightning flickers... causing Karl to SHIVER, and as he turns...

A FEMALE VAMPIRE strides calmly out of the woods... white, blood-spattered gown... fish-white skin and dripping fangs.
Karl gasps in shock ---
and wastes no time.

Grabs a crossbow, loads a wood stake and FIRES---!
GLITCH. One dead vampire... which would be swell, just swell....
If she'd been alone. But she wasn't.

ANOTHER VAMPIRE grabs Karl from behind.
He SCREAMS, boy does he ever... loads another stake and BAM --!
Another one bites the dust... Except, just then, LIGHTNING flashes yet again...

And we see that he is SURROUNDED by three more female vampires...
Moving in.
Circling.
Ever have one of those days when there's just too damn many female vampires..?

He fires a stake, BAM---! A vampire pitches over dead... Fires another, BAM--! This is getting gross...
Reaches for another stake... and guess what?
There aren't any. Damn.

Karl is slightly upset... He starts ripping open BOXES, and BAGS...
And where the heck did he leave those stakes, for Chrissakes..?
And meanwhile the last vampire is RIGHT BEHIND HIM...

So he does what you or I would do... the only thing he can do...

He reaches into the carriage and pulls the stake out of Dracula's corpse. Oops....

BAM--! The last female vampire hits the dirt...an Karl heaves a sigh of relief, and leans back against the carriage, and sucks air into his lungs, and that's when Dracula SITS UP RIGHT BEHIND HIM and we SLAM-CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA

Now things are really moving. The wind is blowing something FIERCE, the shutters on the turrets are BANGING like mad... And RATTLING BONES are swept across the floor by the gale...

While at the altar the PEASANT GIRL stands wearing a ceremonial ROBE, reciting ALOUD from the parchment scroll. And as she does ---

THE AMULET starts glowing even brighter... and now the wind is shrieking, and stone starts to CLATTER down from above...
And the floor BUCKLES, and Van Helsing sweats, now he's afraid, you don't need to remind him...

And someone yells:

HENCHMAN
Dr. Van Helsing! Look!

AS A ROTTING HAND BLASTS up through the floor, and ANOTHER...

And yet another... as the room is beginning to swarm with disgusting VAMPIRES, while the wind is positively SCREAMING in the turrets....

And so it's a pretty lousy time for the peasant girl to get cold feet, and yet: SHE STOPS READING. Too afraid to go on...
Van Helsing GRABS her roughly and says:

VAN HELSING
READ, OR WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

Vampires crawl up through the floor.
Thunder. Lightning. Wind.
A HURRICANE of sound, a deafening crescendo, and the peasant girl takes a deep breath, then, and reads the FINAL LINE from the scroll:

PEASANT GIRL
"Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh."

At which point, my friends, all Hell breaks loose.

THE AMULET explodes with color and light ---

And suddenly A CRACK appears in mid-air... a blinding flash of ENERGY which spirals faster...and faster...faster still, like an ENERGY WHIRLPOOL....

Sucking everything in the room toward it.
Van Helsing. His men. The vampires.

ONE OF THE DEAD clutches at Van Helsing and drags him to the floor...
Now they are both sucked toward the whirlpool, kicking and screaming...

One of Van Helsing's henchmen literally FLIES THROUGH THE AIR and disappears into the vortex ---

And Van Helsing is still locked in a death-struggle with the howling VAMPIRE....
Being sucked head over heels toward the energy field, toward his doom, and as the good doctor CRIES OUT in anguish....

As the sound reaches a DEAFENING CRESCENDO...

As we have absolutely no fucking idea what is going on except it's very LOUD and very BRIGHT ---

We suddenly cut to black.

Silence. Stillness.

MAIN TITLES APPEAR.

MAIN TITLES END.

FADE IN:

EXT. [REDACTED] DAY

SCHOOL'S OUT: The sun is shining. Birds sing. **KIDS GALORE** are buying ice cream, riding bikes, laughing singing, entering puberty, etc...

...and nothing scary is happening. SUMMER IS ALMOST HERE.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN through trees, recording it all, moving past pig-tailed beauties and booger-eating geeks, the whole nine yards that is ELEMENTARY SCHOOL....

And the camera prowls all the way up to a WINDOW and peeks inside....
We suddenly become DEPRESSED. Why?

Because we're in the principal's office.....MR. METZGER, a stern, silly-looking man, is talking to young PATRICK RHODES. Ten years old....sincere, impetuous....soon to be a hero, only now he's in TROUBLE....Mr. Metzger claps him on the shoulder, says:

MR. METZGER

Mr. Rhodes.

PATRICK

Patrick.

MR. METZGER

Patrick. Do you....see this file folder?

PATRICK

Yes, sir.

MR. METZGER

Do you see how the edges are folded back?
There's a term for that. It's called dog-eared.

PATRICK

Yeah, my comics get that way sometimes. Maybe if you put it under, like, a heavy coffee table, or ---

MR. METZGER

Patrick.

PATRICK

Sorry. Um, dog-eared, did you say...?

MR. METZGER

There's a point here, Patrick. The point is, for something to get dog-eared, it has to be handled. Am I right?

PATRICK

Sure. I mean...unless you dropped it and it ...bent. I guess you didn't drop it.

MR. METZGER

No, Patrick. If I dropped it, it might spill, and the floor would be covered with discipline reports. Lots of them. And some wonderful artwork as well. (Removes a page:) I'm sorry, this is.....?

A pause, and then A YOUNG VOICE ANSWERS from offscreen ---

VOICE

Wolfman. That's Wolfman.

--- As ten year-old SEAN CRENSHAW is ushered into the office. Glasses. Spill of dark hair. A T-shirt which says STEPHEN KING RULES. Sean, incidentally, is a boy genius. Too bad he looks like a nerd.

MR. METZGER

Ah, Mr. Crenshaw. Delighted you could join us.

He pulls out another FOLDER and drops it on his desk. It is even thicker than Patrick's. Ouch.

PATRICK

Your file has dog ears.

Sean looks at him. Blinks. Mr. Metzger clears his throat:

MR. METZGER

Patrick and I were just discussing the... preoccupation you boys have with...monsters. Any thoughts, son?

Sean sits beside Patrick. Shifts nervously, says:

SEAN

I don't know. I just...think they're cool. Me and Patrick even started a monster club.

MR. METZGER

A monster club.

PATRICK

(Chiming in:) Yeah. See, that's what the drawing is for, it goes on the wall of our clubhouse, and ---

MR. METZGER

This drawing? You mean this drawing which you drew during Mrs. Carson's science lecture, when you should have been ---

PATRICK

--- Paying attention to Mrs. Carson, yes, sir, I know. Can I just say something here? I mean, Mrs. Carson is fine and all, and the other kids, they laugh at this moustache she has but I never do, even when it's really hard

PATRICK

'cause when she turns sideways the hair sticks out and she looks like a cat, but I never call her Meow Mix like the other guys, 'cause I like her, and ---

MR. METZGER

What are you trying to say, son?

SEAN

Um, I think he means, sir, that we both like Mrs. Carson's science class, but we sometimes get....bored. He draws.... I write stories.

MR. METZGER

Yes. I believe this is one of yours...
(Reads:) "Beast With No Head Meets
Sand Monster..." Does Sand Monster win?

SEAN

No, sir. Beast With No Head. Shoots him with a flamethrower and turns him into glass.

Mr. Metzger nods. Sighs. And then, he abruptly STANDS...walks around the desk....and launches into the following CONDESCENDING speech:

MR. METZGER

Boys, I hear you. I was a kid once. I thought monsters were cool....And maybe....gosh, maybe I'm just a big kid, because Sean, Patrick: I think science is "cool." I DIG it, man.

The boys swallow hard: Okay, the guy's flipping out, let's stay calm.

MR. METZGER

I'm sure that you both know a great deal about monsters. Now there's only one problem. (beat) Science is real. Monsters are not.

Sean clears his throat, says:

SEAN

We don't know that.

Mr. Metzger just looks at him.

INT. HALLWAY --- A LITTLE LATER

Sean and Patrick shuffle along, depressed. A locker slams. The P.A. system squawks. And then, without warning ---

A HIDEOUS APPARITION APPEARS. Disgusting, awful, a nightmare of living terror....

It, is of course, Mrs. Carson.

The boys were not lying. Her head looks like a cat's. She nods to the boys and walks past. Sean make soft MEOWING noises.

PATRICK

She's married, Sean. Some guy kisses her.

SEAN

Yecchh. (Shakes his head:) Some guy stood there and the priest said, "I pronounce you man and wife," and it was OKAY with him. Too weird.

PATRICK

Maybe she married a blind guy.

SEAN

Or a veterinarian. (beat) Man, can you believe Mr. Metzger?

PATRICK

Tell me about it, before you came in he was putting his hands on me and patting my shoulder and stuff, the guy was fully homo-ing out. (Sniffs his shirt:) I smell like the 1940's.

SEAN

(Sighs:) When they send you to school, they don't tell you about homos and people with cat heads, you know?

PATRICK

We should write the School District.

SEAN

(Laughs:) Dear School District: Mrs. Carson says monsters are stupid and besides she has a cat head. What should I do. Signed, student.

PATRICK

Dear Student: Become a homo and go out with Mr. Metzger. (They laugh:) God, I wish it was Friday.

SEAN

It is Friday.

PATRICK

Only FAIRIES grant wishes. (Laughs, looks around:) Hey, where's Fat Kid?

EXT. PLAYGROUND --- DAY

Enter Fat Kid. We love him instantly: You have to love someone who

Needless to say, he eats a lot of food and is therefore fat. He is currently reading a comic book and chewing on an ~~Almond Joy Bar~~.

Three girls walk by and giggle at him. Three little pig-tailed cuties, they consider his glandular pridacament a major hoot. They laugh at blind people too. They will grow up, join a sorority, and refuse to have sex with you.

Fat Kid mutters:

FAT KID

God, girls suck....

But the worst is yet to come, for just then two MEAN KIDS converge on him from either side. E.J. and DEREK. They are sadistic little turds. The torment begins with E.J.:

E.J.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to our show. Tonight's question: What makes Fat Kid Fat? Fat Kid?

FAT KID

Leave me alone, E.J.

E.J.

"Leave me alone, E.J." Hmmm. Not a good answer.

DEREK

Nope. Doesn't make any sense.

E.J.

Let's go to our man in the street, Derek.

DEREK

Hi, I'm Derek, and I'm in the street, where Fat Kid is blocking traffic. Fat Kid: Can't you stop eating?

E.J.

Is it true you want to look like a retard?

DEREK

You had beans for lunch. Is it true the army plans to use you in fart warfare, or is it just a rumor?

Finally Fat Kid can take no more. He says:

FAT KID

Look, just...bug off.

E.J.

(Whistles:) Oooh. I'm scared.

FAT KID

Look, I have a glandular problem, okay? At least I don't have a STUPIDITY problem.

Everything stops. A pause, then:

E.J.
Those are fighting words, Fat Kid.

FAT KID
(Quietly:) My name is Horace.

E.J. and Derek are amused at this.
E.J. slowly takes the comic book from Fat Kid's hands. Fat Kid
sweats....afraid....as E.J. slowly TEARS THE COMIC down the middle.

E.J.
Ooops. Sorry, Fat Kid, I tore it. Guess
I must have a stupidity problem.

FAT KID
(Struggling against tears:)
You're.....you're.....

E.J.
Yes, Horace?

FAT KID
You're an asshole.

Ever wish you hadn't said something...?
E.J. hits Fat Kid. Hard, right in the gut, doubles the poor guy over
like a deflated balloon.....
And he's by no means finished. POUNCES on Fat Kid....ready to thrash
him, see, E.J. really IS an asshole, except then —
Without warning —

THERE IS A SCREECH OF RUBBER.....And a bike tire skids to a halt.
E.J. Spins around, annoyed.....and then, by God, E.J. stops dead.
The blood drains from his face....Why?

Because RUDY HALLORAN has just arrived.
A significant hush. Everyone freezes.....Then RUDY strikes a match
off his sneaker, slowly raises it: CAMERA PANS up with his hand....
past pegged jeans...cutoff T-shirt....Dangling cigarette, which
the match promptly lights....

And through a cloud of smoke we get our first good look at just
what COOL is all about: Picture Actor Mickey Rourke....now make
him a junior high shop major...thirteen years old. That's got it.

Derek leaves. Fast. E.J. slowly releases Fat Kid.

E.J.
Hey, Rudy.

RUDY
(Nods:) E.J. (Drags on the smoke:)
See you know my friend Horace.

He walks up to Fat Kid.

RUDY

You okay?

Fat Kid nods weakly, still lying doubled over.

E.J.

Listen, Rudy —

RUDY

Sssshhh. (Points:) You dropped your candy bar.

E.J.

It's...it's his.

RUDY

Yours now.

E.J.

I won't pick on him Rudy, I promise...

RUDY

Eat your candy.

E.J.

But —

RUDY

Eat up, we'll call it a day.

Rudy is deadly calm. E.J. reaches down.... ~~He picks up the candy bar.~~
IT IS COVERED with dirt and fuzz and maybe even (choke) dogshit.
Rudy puffs on his smoke.
E.J. takes a big, nauseating bite.....

EXT. STREET — SAME

There should be a blinking neon sign which reads SUBURBIA:
Green lawns, shady oak trees, mild-mannered Dads hopelessly
mangling K-Mart garage door openers.

SEAN AND PATRICK are heading home from school, backpacks across
their shoulders. Behind them, dogging them step for step, is a
six year-old dazzler named PHOEBE; Sean's little sister, no less.

She is doing something cute (of course), she's stripping a flower
of its petals one by one, chanting an age-old litany:

PHOEBE

He loves me, he loves me not...

He loves me, he loves me not...

Meanwhile, Patrick is saying to Sean:

PATRICK

You think you're pretty smart.

SEAN

So what if I do? (beat) Phoebe, would you cut it out? That's incredibly gay.

PHOEBE

Loves me, loves me not...

PATRICK

(Exasperated:) Sean, Wolfman does not drive a car.

SEAN

Didn't say that. Only said he could, if he had to.

PATRICK

Could not, dork.

SEAN

I know you are, but what am I?

PATRICK

Dork.

SEAN

I know you are, but what am I?

PATRICK

Look, Wolfman is the same as a wolf. He doesn't...go to work, he's not like a guy.

SEAN

Oh, right, Patrick. He stands up. He walks around, and wears pants.

PATRICK

That's because those movies were made in the forties and he had to wear pants so you couldn't see his...his wolf-dork.

SEAN

Gimme a break.

At that moment, PHOEBE suddenly YELPS and grabs Sean's arm:

SEAN

(Annoyed:) What's with you?

PHOEBE

(Points:) I saw him watching us.

SEAN

Saw who?

PHOEBE

Scary German Guy.

He turns, following her gaze, and he sees --
 A HOUSE, just like a hundred others in town. Manicured lawn,
 flowered curtains.
 Why is it, then, that he and Patrick both exchange NERVOUS GLANCES...?

PATRICK

He gives me the creeps.

SEAN

I'm sure, it's just some old guy
 on welfare.

PHOEBE

(Chimes in:) Maybe he's a German spy.

PATRICK

Oh, good one. "German spy." We're
 not even at war with Germany. We're
 at war with Vietnam.

SEAN

Are not.

PATRICK

Are too, it's in Rambo.

Suddenly, Phoebe YELPS again, and CLUTCHES at Sean's arm.

PHOEBE

See, I told you... Look.

The boys turn toward the house... And there, staring out at them --
 Is the old, weathered face of Scary German Guy himself, peering
 through the curtains and GRINNING with cracked, yellow teeth... heh, heh...

The kids dash off down the street.
 If this were a comedy, we'd see them PASSING MOTORISTS on the freeway....

SCARY GERMAN GUY stares after them, a puzzled expression on his face.
 Shakes his head, draws the curtain, and as he does:
 We do a George Lucas style WIPE TO:

EXT --- CARGO PLANE --- DUSK

A battered old twin-prop plane chugs along through the twilight
 sky. Time to SWITCH GEARS, 'cause the scary part is next....

INT. COCKPIT --- SAME

Two seedy-looking pilots, MIKE and DENNIS. They are the airborne
 equivalent of the truckers you see along Interstate 5.
 Mike nods out the window of the cockpit:

MIKE

Look out there and tell me
 we're in America.

Dennis looks. His POV reveals an endless landscape of rotting swampland. It looks like the Sargasso Sea.

DENNIS

Bayou country. Lose a plane in there, I'll bet.

MIKE

Let's not find out. (Lights a cigarette, sighs:) I'm depressed.

DENNIS

Why are you depressed?

MIKE

Our passengers are all dead.

DENNIS

So?

MIKE

Whaddaya mean, "So?" They're dead, I should have a party?

DENNIS

Wasn't your fault. Besides, do they complain? Do they get airsick? Do they ask for more of the little almond things? No way.

MIKE

(Thinks it over:) You're right. This job is great. I'm very happy.

DENNIS

That's the spirit.

MIKE

I'm gonna buy a puppy.

DENNIS

(Calls over his shoulder:)
You hear that, guys? My pal's buying a PUPPY!
(Nothing but silence.)
How rude. Seriously, I just flew in from New York, CRAZY town, CRAZY town....(beat)
Huh. No sensayuma.

MIKE

Dead crowd.

DENNIS

Ouch.

~~Mike lights a cigarette, just~~ as, from the rear compartment --- there is a very distinct THUMP.
Mike and Dennis exchange looks:

DENNIS

I thought they were dead.

MIKE

They are. You must be really funny.

DENNIS

I'm gonna check it out.

INT. CARGO HOLD --- SAME

Okay, boys and girls, here we go: DENNIS opens the hatchway and steps into the rear compartment.....shuts the hatch, CLANG.

Looks around: The cargo hold is filled with WOODEN CRATES....about six feet long by three feet wide, some of them bearing the legend CADAVERS --- STORE AT REDUCED TEMPERATURE.

Dennis approaches the center of the compartment, where ONE PARTICULAR CRATE seems larger than all the rest.....On its side, the stenciled word BAVARIA, and another word, this one is harder to read, but as Dennis leans over we make out the letters F-R-A-N-K-E.....gulp.

He leans over the crate, brushes away the dust, and the suspense mounts until, just as he straightens up --- WE HEAR ANOTHER THUMP.

Dennis jumps a foot. Then frowns, puzzled.....because, get this, the THUMP is coming from OUTSIDE THE PLANE.

Like any good B-movie 'extra, Dennis crosses to the cargo door, grips the handle....and flings it OPEN.....A SCREAM OF WIND....roaring turbines.....and Dennis leans forward to have a look ---

And that's when A BIG OLD BAT comes shrieking into the plane.

Okay. Pry yourself off the ceiling, it was a cheap scare. THE BAT flutters all over, finally vanishes behind a stack of crates.... Dennis mutters, pissed off, rummages around and finally comes up with a wicked-looking ALLEN WRENCH.

He grins, ready to kick ass, turns around --- And without warning A HAND SLAMS HIM BACKWARD against the bulkhead. He collapses in a heap. Yep, you guessed it ---

COUNT DRACULA stands over his unconscious form. Tuxedo. Cape. A cane with a GOLDEN WOLF'S HEAD at its tip.....

Crosses to the big crate.....bends over, face in shadow...grips the edge and begins, with SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, to pry open the lid. His eyes glow BLOOD RED with determination.....

There is a SCRAPING NOISE behind Dracula. He stops. Turns. DENNIS is sitting up. Ragged cut across his forehead, but he's still conscious....and he's got hold of a steel LEVER. He throws it down.

Stuff happens: First, the plane's BOMB BAY doors fall open with a CRASH OF GEARS.....the CRATE plummets headlong into open

Second, Dracula doesn't. Instead, he hovers in mid-air over where the floor USED to be. Holy shit....

He SNARLS at Dennis, his eyes flash blood red ---
AND HIDEOUS WINGS sprout through his clothing. Dennis chokes in fear.

Dracula drops like a stone. Out of the plane, plunging into airspace. DENNIS lunges forward, peers over the edge.....the wind whips his hair.....his eyes widen with SHOCK as he sees:

POV DENNIS

Our Spielberg shot. Below us is an endless stretch of twilight swamp. THE CRATE is still falling, end over end.....And DRACULA, too, plummeting headfirst, changing before our eyes into a disgusting VAMPIRE BAT. Transformation in free-fall, we're talking awesome.....

DRACULA'S CAPE is torn free by the wind. It flutters off toward the horizon, where the FULL MOON is just now ascending....

EXT. SWAMP --- SAME

The huge crate PLUNGES through the trees and lands with a mighty KER-SPLASH in the middle of the swamp. Rodents squeal and scatter. It sinks below the surface without a trace.

A lone bat flutters down from above, hovers near the landing site. Its eyes glow bright red.....

EXT. NIGHTTIME SKY --- SAME

DRACULA'S CAPE is still fluttering on the breeze. It descends through the twilight sky...slowly COMES TO REST in the upper branches of a big oak tree.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN, down through the branches, until finally it too comes to rest and we are looking squarely at ---
Yep. You guessed it again.

THE CLUBHOUSE. A masterpiece of the tree builder's art. Everything a ten-year old could want in a treehouse and more. Kids, try this at home. The lights of town begin blinking on as we CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE --- SAME

Ten year-old paradise. Comic books, posters, movie stills abound. All the Aurora monster models, including Forgotten Prisoner of Castle Mare (who's not really a monster, but hell with it.) Toys, books, posters of Heather Thomas, because they are, after all, boys.

FAT KID is there, painting a plastic DRACULA MODEL with all the care and skill of a Swiss craftsman.
Beside him sits PHOEBE, and she's STILL DOING the dumb flower bit:

PHOEBE

He loves me, he loves me not....

He loves me, he loves me not

FAT KID
Phoebe, you're pissing off everyone
in a ten-mile radius.

PHOEBE
Be quiet, Fat Kid.

FAT KID
My name's Horace.

PHOEBE
God, your parents are mean. (beat)
Loves me, loves me not....

FAT KID
WOULD YOU CUT IT OUT? (Grabs the flower:)
He thinks you're a fart, he thinks you're
a turd. THERE, he thinks you're a turd.

Phoebe's face crumples.

ACROSS THE ROOM --- Are two more members of our club: EUGENE
is a five year-old black kid; he doesn't say much, but he's adorable.
And then there's PETE THE DOG.
Pete is Eugene's constant companion, and totally cool. To say he's
cute is to say Lake Michigan is a trifle damp.

Eugene tries to eat a candy bar....Pete paws at his arm. Eugene ignores
him, Pete moves in with his NOSE.....Eugene holds the candy over his head.

EUGENE
Go 'way, Pete.

Pete is a dog: this advice makes no sense. He barrels in and
gobbles the candy, drenches Eugene with his tongue.
It's incredibly cute stuff.

And meanwhile, RUDY is here too, kicking back with a cigarette.
He gazes out the clubhouse window and whistles:
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL in tennis whites is out walking her German Shepherd.
Tan, gorgeous legs. Spill of blonde hair.

RUDY
Whoa.

Eugene crowds up to the window.

RUDY
Check it out, Eugene.

Eugene looks, nods.

EUGENE
German Shepherd.

Rudy just looks at him.

THE TRAPDOOR TO THE CLUBHOUSE pops open and Sean scrambles through.

He stares at Phoebe.

SEAN
Allright, what's SHE doing here?

PHOEBE
(Very smug:) Mom said.

SEAN
Mom said what?

PHOEBE
You guys have to let me in the club,
or else it's description.

SEAN
Discrimination, stupid.

PATRICK comes through the trapdoor, spots Phoebe:

PATRICK
Uh-uh. No way.

FAT KID
(Geasturing:) You guys, look who's here.

They all turn and see RUDY. He nods, half-waves. Very cool.
Behind him, Eugene is eating another candy bar and threatening
Pete with a rolled-up comic book.

SEAN
RUDY! What are you doing here?

FAT KID
(Bubbling:) He saved my life, so I
told him he could join the monster
club.

RUDY
Sounds like a kick. What do I gotta do?

Patrick and Sean look at each other, nod:

SEAN
Monster test.

INT. CLUBHOUSE --- LATER

FAT KID STRIKES A MATCH and lights a candle. The lighting is dim,
like a seance; real ritual stuff here.

RUDY is seated in a lawn chair, looking cool. In front of him
SEAN AND PATRICK form a panel of questioners. The monster test
is in progress:

SEAN
Two ways to kill a werewolf.

RUDY
(Shakes his head:) Only one way.

PATRICK
Nuh-UH.

RUDY
Shoot him with a silver bullet.

SEAN
(Clears his throat:) That's one.

RUDY
There is no other way.

Patrick and Sean look at each other, roll their eyes:

SEAN
Five seconds. Three...two...one.
(beat) Sorry, Rudy.

PATRICK
Tough luck.

RUDY
No sweat. What is it?

PATRICK
What?

RUDY
Second way to kill a werewolf.

PATRICK
(He's trapped:) Uh...Ahem....
well....

SEAN
Um, car crash?

Rudy just looks at them. They shift uncomfortably.

PATRICK
Bomb. Stick of dynamite.

SEAN
Pour acid on him.

PATRICK
Freeze him --- OOOOF.

SEAN
Kill, stupid ---

PATRICK
Well, you didn't have to hit me...

Rudy shakes his head.

RUDY
Silver bullet. So. Am I in or what?

Sean and Patrick hem and haw, until they are saved by the bell:

MRS. CRENSHAW
(O.S.)
SEAN! PHOEBE! DINNER!

SEAN
Whoops. Gotta go.

RUDY
Wait a minute. Am I in?

SEAN
Tell you tomorrow. Come on, Phoebe.

EXT. TREEHOUSE — SAME

Phoebe and Sean climb down the wooden ladder. Around them is a grassy knoll and a trickling STREAM which runs behind the Crenshaw home.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

The remaining kids look at each other. Fat kid and Patrick heave a sigh of relief.
They pull PLAYBOY magazines from every possible place of concealment.

~~INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME — SAME~~

~~PHONOGRAPH blares. A RADIO blares. A TELEVISION blatters.
We're drowning in pop culture: MTV, DYNASTY, WHEEL OF FORTUNE....
It's enough to make your brains flow out your ears.~~

~~INT. KITCHEN~~

~~EMILY CRENSHAW sweats over a box of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's finest. Dumps a packet of evil-looking powder into a saucepan and scowls.~~

SEAN AND PHOEBE enter through the screen door.

EMILY
Wash up for dinner, guys.

They head for the door. Sean sees something on the kitchen table and stops: An old, crumbling BOOK....

SEAN
Mom, what's this?

EMILY
Huh...? Oh. I was at Jane Birge's garage sale and I got that for you.

Phoebe crowds next to Sean as he takes the book and examines it....
The cover is ancient, with faded gold letters:
ABRAHAM VAN HEISTING.

Sean's eyes go wide.

SEAN

Holy shi-- um, cow. Mom, do you know who wrote this?

EMILY

Van Helsing something. He's the one who fights Godzilla, right?

SEAN

Dracula, Mom.

EMILY

Oh. Which is the really tall one?

SEAN

Godzilla. (beat) God, thanks.....This is great. This is.....(Stops:) This is German.

EMILY

Well, take classes and you'll be able to read it.

SEAN

Always a catch.

Mrs. Crenshaw ruffles his hair. He exits, as Phoebe begins to dance around her mother.

(PHOEBE

Look, Mommy, I'm dancing to the news.

EMILY

Good for you, honey.

Unfortunately, she also tries to sing to the news, and whereas ~~the T.V. ANNOUNCER says something like:~~

ANNOUNCER

(V.O.)

~~...The mummy of Egyptian Pharoah Katanka-Ra, featured in the City Museum for a two week exhibition, beginning tomorrow...~~

--- Phoebe sings something like:

PHOEBE

The MUM. MUMMY-MUMMY-MUM.
Katanka. TANKA-TANKA-TANK!

Outside the window we see the neighbors ~~back~~ back east. Not really, but it's that annoying.

EMILY

Phoebe, I'm listening to that. Go wash up. Isn't your show on?

PHOEBE

PTA says I can't watch that show.

EMILY

They do, huh?

PHOEBE

Too much sex.

EMILY

Watch the show. (Under her breath:)
We could use a little sex in this house.

Phoebe goes into the living room. Emily sighs. Puts down the spatula.

EMILY

Right. Sure. This isn't even food.

She heaves it in the sink and pulls open a cabinet: taped to the inside is a list of every possible fast food take-out. It's seen a lot of use.....Her eye strays to the wall, and she catches a glimpse of a PHOTOGRAPH: The two children. Herself. Her husband DEL, in spanking new POLICE uniform. Shiny badge.

Something happens in Emily's eyes; a surrender to despair. The kitchen is a mess. The sauce sits in the sink like a lump of nothing. She picks up the flower stem which Phoebe left on the counter, and we promptly CUT TO:

EXT. A HILL OVERLOOKING THE TOWN — NIGHTTIME

The town is spread out before us like a blanket of gems, as —
A HEARSE pulls to a stop. The engine shuts off. The door opens....
And out steps the Prince of Darkness himself. Count Dracula.

The hearse glimmers. Jet black. A SILVER SKULL for a hood ornament.

Dracula stands, surveying the town below, the wind ruffling his hair.....Clouds are gathering as he CHUCKLES, soft and low, says:

DRACULA

Let it begin....

INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME — NIGHT

SEAN is moving down the upstairs hallway. Passes a door, catches sight of his FATHER, shaving.....enters the bedroom....passes by his dad's GUN AND BADGE, draped over the bedpost.

DEL is thirty-seven or eight, face a little too bland to be called handsome. He cuts himself shaving, flinches. Sees SEAN standing there.

DEL

Hey, slick. Busy day?

SEAN

Not really. Shoot anybody today?

DEL

'Fraid not. Still may if you don't wash up before dinner.

SEAN

Okay.

He stands there.

DEL

What's on your mind?

SEAN

Well, some of the guys and me, we were maybe gonna go see Groundhog Day Part 12 tonight....if it's okay with you. Is it okay please say yes?

DEL

Ouch. We got a problem.

SEAN

No way.

DEL

Yes way. I have to go out with your mother tonight, and you got a certain five year-old sister who needs babysat. Sorry about that.

SEAN

Phoebe?? Dad, that's not fair! I've been waiting all year to see this movie!

DEL

Easy, pal. It's only a movie. Tomorrow night I'll get home early and you and I will go see Groundhog Day. Fair?

SEAN

Tomorrow? Dad, tomorrow I'll know everything, the guys'll blab the entire plot!

DEL

Oh, no, not the entire PLOT. Son, trust me, there ain't ---

SEAN

Isn't.

DEL

--- Isn't any plot, there's a bozo with an axe and I thought they killed him in the last one.

SEAN

Dad, you can't kill him, he keeps coming BACK.

DEL

Fine. So maybe, just maybe, someone should get a clue, and freeze him or make friends with him or something, 'cause when they kill him all he does is keep showing up and you say Dad, give me five bucks and no, I can't babysit my only sister because this time they cut off his head and send it to Norway, and isn't that a great plot. See what I'm saying?

SEAN

No, and Dad, stop trying to be funny, okay? God, you're so hard to talk to... All I want to do is see a stupid movie.

DEL

You can't. You're babysitting.

SEAN

Fine. Thanks for the entertainment.
(beat) Can I have five bucks anyway?

DEL

Sure.

SEAN

So where are you and Mom going tonight?

DEL

(After a beat:) Marriage counselor.

SEAN

Oh. (beat) Again?

DEL

Uh-huh.

~~Light a cigarette, inhales.~~

SEAN

I thought you quit smoking.

DEL

I did.

SEAN

That's really bad for your lungs.

DEL

Son, I love you dearly. Now put your basic lid on it.

The telephone rings.

DEL

Saved by the bell. Hello..?

INTERCUT POLICE SQUADROOM --- SAME TIME

On the other end is SAPIR, a burned out cop whose tie is always crooked. Behind him, some sort of COMMOTION is in progress.

SAPIR

Hi, Del. Bad news.

DEL listens. Closes his eyes, counts to three. Finally sighs and says:

DEL

City Museum....How bad?...Jesus.
On my way.

~~INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN ---~~ SAME

Emily Crenshaw is setting the table as DEL comes through in a hurry, putting on his coat.

DEL

Can you reschedule that appointment?

EMILY

Del?

DEL

I gotta go downtown.

EMILY

(Unbelieving:) You're going. Just like that.

DEL

I'm a detective, honey. You knew that when you bought the package. (Sighs:) Look, it's important.

EMILY

I'm important.

DEL

Yes, and you'll still be here when I get back. (beat) Will you?

EMILY

Leave now.

DEL

I love you.

EMILY

Prove it.

DEL

See you in a few hours.

He is gone. Emily Crenshaw picks up his dinner plate, clears it. Heaves it into the sink where it SHATTERS.

SEAN is sitting on the stairs in the living room. He hears the crash and stares straight ahead at nothing in particular.....

INT. POLICE SQUADROOM --- SAME

Back at the police station, SAPIR throws on a coat and exits.....as TWO COPS rush past him toward the COMMOTION we saw earlier: A BEEFY COP is trying to restrain a DESPERATE-LOOKING MAN with a five-day beard and big hollows under his eyes. The man is becoming increasingly PANICKED:

DESPERATE MAN

I'm tellin ya, you gotta lock me up.
Put me in a cage.

BEEFY COP

Buddy, I'd like nothing better, just hold your pants on....

The OTHER COPS arrive, flanking the struggling man.

DESPERATE MAN

You don't understand, you MUST HURRY,
I can't resist for long....

BEEFY COP

Yeah, try real hard....

DESPERATE MAN

Oh, God, IT HURTS...!

COP #1

Bad shape.

COP #2

PCP.

DESPERATE MAN

You people are not listening!

COP #2

Back off, Mike. He's on dust.

DESPERATE MAN

I'm not dusted, you moron, I was BITTEN
BY A WOLF!

COP #1

Sure you were.

BEEFY COP

Ladies, how about helping me book

DESPERATE MAN

Yes. BOOK ME. How long will it take? ANSWER ME.

COP #1

What's your hurry?

DESPERATE MAN

You gotta put me away RIGHT NOW ---!

And suddenly, he FLINCHES, and a small sound of pain escapes his throat. HIS HEAD WHIPS AROUND, staring out the window.....And there, wouldn't you know it, is the FULL MOON, peeking from behind a cloud bank....

BEEFY COP

Gimme a nightstick, I can't....JESUS---!

The desperate man wrenches free. SUPERHUMAN strength. In the blink of an eye he grabs a GUN from the cop's holster. Screams:

DESPERATE MAN

LOCK ME UP!!

Triggers TWO SHOTS, blowing out GLASS over their heads, the cops dive for cover....As a ROOKIE, scared shitless, comes charging around the corner....gun drawn....and the desperate man SPINS TOWARD HIM, armed ---

COP #2

Wait a minute ---!

But it's too late, the ROOKIE opens fire, BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! and on the deafening shots we SLAM-CUT TO:

INT. CITY MUSEUM --- NIGHT

Hushed, cavernous. One is tempted to drop a pin.
A sign reads: EGYPTIAN KINGS, LIMITED TIME EXHIBITION

DEL CRENSHAW AND SAPIR are currently questioning the world's oldest living night watchman. He looks like Larry "Bud" Melman and speaks in clipped "Yessirs" and "Nossirs."
Behind them is an EMPTY SARCOPHAGUS....

Sapir rubs his eyes, says to the night watchman:

SAPIR

Listen. I'm a very good policeman, do you believe that?

WATCHMAN

Yes, sir.

SAPIR

Right. (Pauses, considers:) Now you're saying there was...a 2000 year-old dead guy here.

WATCHMAN

Yes, sir.

SAPIR

And now he's not here. Gone. History.

WATCHMAN

Yes, sir.

SAPIR

But you didn't hear anyone come in.
Or leave. Can you hear me now? HELLO.

WATCHMAN

I can hear you fine, sir.

SAPIR

Right. So nobody took the mummy.

WATCHMAN

I would have heard them.

SAPIR

Did you take it?

WATCHMAN

No, sir.

SAPIR

Just a shot. (beat) That's it, this
case is too hard. Let's be firemen instead.

Del cuffs him, moves in to the watchman:

DEL

(Clears his throat:) Um, did you...
misplace it? Did you...look around?

SAPIR

GOOD question.

Del cuffs him again.

DEL

I'm glad you're getting major laughs
out of this, Rich, but where I come
from slimy, 2000 year-old dead guys
don't get up and walk away by themselves!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET --- NIGHT

SLIMY, 2000 YEAR-OLD FEET trudge slowly along the pavement, step
after torturous step....The figure is stooped, covered in rotting
bandages, but before we can get a good look ---

AN AMBULANCE goes screaming by, and the CAMERA PANS WITH IT
as it roars off down the street.....CUT TO:

INT. THE AMBULANCE --- SAME

In the back lies the body of the DESPERATE MAN. Riddled with five bullets. Chest a mass of blood.
His arm hangs off the stretcher... dead and limp. That is, until ---

EXT. NIGHTTIME SKY

The FULL MOON emerges blood-red from behind the clouds.

AND BACK IN THE AMBULANCE --- something funny starts happening.
HAIR IS GROWING on the otherwise dead hand, that's number one....
And the SKIN is starting to ripple, and stretch... as without warning a single, flattened BULLET is pushed upward through the skin....
And EJECTED like an unwanted virus.

More hair. Growing faster... THE FINGERS CLENCH INTO A FIST. CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP DRIVE-IN THEATER --- NIGHT

Stars twinkle, crickets chirp, and it's a positively magical summer evening....
Especially at the HILLTOP TWIN DRIVE-IN THEATER, where the feature attraction is, of course, Groundhog Day Part 12. And if you thought the first eleven were bad....

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN --- a sorority girl with immense, oddly-shaped breasts is alone in the deserted house....

SORORITY GIRL

Rick..? Kevin..? Come on, you guys,
this isn't funny anymore....

She grabs the door to the basement, takes a deep breath....
and flings it open, as ---

A BIG CAT comes barreling out, screeching, because in these films cats never just come out quietly, oh, no, they have to fucking fly through the air, and make elephant sounds, and yes, dammit, it does piss me off because it is cheap, my friends.

The girl picks up the cat, breathing a big SIGH OF RELIEF....

Until A HAND GRABS HER and spins her around... screaming, except ---

It's only the janitor, who nods apologetically, nothing to worry about, except then there is ANOTHER blast of SOUND, and she spins around and this time it's only TIM, the harmless shepherd, milking a goat and smiling like a buffoon and the point is, the killer NEVER SHOWS UP... Anyway, wake me if he does....

INT. CAR --- SAME PLACE

PATRICK'S FATHER is behind the wheel, reading a book. He is either extremely bored or in a coma.

THE KIDS, needless to say, are not bored at all, they're eating this stuff up with a spoon.

FAT KID
This is the best one.

PATRICK
Definitely.

They're both sitting in back, while in front is EUGENE, wearing an adorable pair of ~~black Bear pajamas~~ next to him sits PETE THE DOG.

We'll never know why Eugene joined a monster club: he's damn near crapping himself at this movie... He tries to hide behind Pete, who shoves his butt squarely in Eugene's face.

FAT KID
I can't see!

PATRICK
Eugene, make him sit down.

Eugene pushes on Pete's buttocks. Pete looks around lamely, much as you would if a little kid were pushing you in the butt.

FAT KID
Eugene, mellow out.

PATRICK
I can't see! Sit down, Pete!

FAT KID
Let's put him in the trunk.

PATRICK
Dad, can we put him in the trunk?

Patrick's Dad speaks without looking up:

MR. RHODES
If you put him in the trunk
he'll suffocate.

EUGENE
He's got poo on his butt.

MR. RHODES
Put him in the trunk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On the drive-in speaker outside the car: a big rubber band has been used to bind a WALKIE-TALKIE to the speaker post... the transmit button held in the ON position, and meanwhile ---

EXT. ROOFTOP --- SAME

An identical walkie-talkie is broadcasting the film to young SEAN CRENSHAW... He is perched on the roof of his house, and from here he can see the drive-in screen: pretty smart trick, the next best thing to being there.

~~Sean looks at the movie and looks away from the movie for a moment...~~ THE TOWN spreads out below him, a blanket of light.... A dog barks in the yard below...

And the wind picks up, ruffling his hair, as ON THE HORIZON --- Dark, looming clouds roll in... Lightning flickers inside them...

And there is definitely, as they say, something in the air....

BEHIND SEAN the window to the house creaks open... and he SPINS around, startled ---

But it's only his father. He looks tired, haggard.... Climbs out onto the roof holding a paper bag... Sits down next to Sean, takes burgers and fries from the bag.

DEL
What'd I miss?

Sean looks at his father, who lights a cigarette and looks, for one moment, incredibly old...

And then Del smiles, and everything's fine.
Sean smiles back.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND AWAY.... as they perch together on the roof, father and son... watching the movie... side by side and it's moments like this that make all the hard parts worth it.

But on the horizon, those CLOUDS keep getting closer....

EXT. THE FOREST --- NIGHT

LIGHTNING flashes down and blows a tree to SMITHEREENS... as wind roars in the trees.... rain lashes the ground...

And something is wrong, weather-wise, because nature is simply going nuts, while we watch:
Lightning blows apart the trees.
Gale force winds send leaves WHIPPING through the air.
St. Elmo's fire dances and crackles... ball lightning floats across the ground, blows out the side of a barn... a horse goes galloping off into the night...

And lightning strikes some high-tension power lines, shattering the transformers, as ---

EXT. THE TOWN --- LONG SHOT

A section of town is plunged into blackness. CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET --- NIGHT

POLICE LIGHTS. Cops in rain slickers.
The AMBULANCE we saw earlier is smashed into the side of a building, half in and half out of a shattered display window.

In the foreground SAPIR is standing at a lighted TELEPHONE kiosk. The light blinks out. He frowns, talking on the phone:

SAPIR

... What? ...I can't hear you....
... No, MISSING. The body is missing...
Yes, second one tonight, ha ha, that's
very funny, you wanna shut up about it?

EXT. THE SWAMP --- NIGHT

Rain. Wind. A LANTERN glows on the porch of a weather-beaten shack... An old, weather-faced BLACK MAN sits, strumming a banjo and singing the blues.

Looks out across the vast swamp; a night not fit for man or beast, but nevertheless ---

INT. THE HEART OF THE SWAMP

--- BOOTED FEET trudge slowly through the muck... we glimpse a sleek cane with a gold wolf's head at its tip, AS ---

COUNT DRACULA HIMSELF prowls through the dank wilderness.
Huge spiders all around him... Slithering snakes...
The count stops, pulls aside a wall of rotting VINES ---

And there, revealed, is a festering POND. Vile, disgusting....
it might have been water a long time ago, now it's anybody's
guess....

And you know what? Something's DOWN THERE.

First, we see dead fish float to the surface, and then...
as Dracula watches, eyes ablaze...

A HAND BREAKS THE SURFACE.

Scares us silly, while on the soundtrack we HEAR a familiar
riff of horns:

the theme for THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON.

The creature submerges once again. A pause, then:
It RISES LIKE A KRAKEN out of the pond... stands before the Prince
of Darkness in the rain-lashed swamp ---

And drops something at the count's feet:

A crate. THE Crate.

This time we have no trouble reading the word FRANKENSTEIN.

The creature's gills vibrate in and out, as Dracula examines the
crate. Satisfied, he STANDS, reaches into his cloak...
And removes, of all things ---

a string of FISH. They are still alive and squirming.

DRACULA

You have done well, my friend.

He tosses the fish to the Gill-man, who instantly devours them with hideous smacking noises... Swallows wetly.

DRACULA bends low over the crate --- and begins to STROKE it, like you would a favorite pet.

DRACULA

It has been so long. Such a very long time... Old friend.

THE GILL-MAN watches. As an insect goes by, his TONGUE leaps out a good two feet to snag it, and meanwhile...

Dracula takes his CANE, holding it over the crate... Pushes a button, as ---

KA-SNAP--!

The cane shoots open to a length of four feet. See, it's no longer a cane at all, what it is --- It's a LIGHTNING ROD.

DRACULA

Wake up....

He JAMS THE ROD THROUGH the top of the crate. Takes a step back....

(DRACULA

It is our time.

...and looks to the sky.

Sure enough... A CRACK OF LIGHTNING --- flashing down to strike the lightning rod, right at the wolf's head TIP...

POW--!

A shattering explosion. The crate is BLASTED TO BITS...

The gill-man is blown backward with a fishy SQUEAL...

Bits of the crate IMBED themselves in trees, the impact is awesome.

And then, as the ECHO dies slowly away... as debris sifts down through the rain... as the Gill-man surfaces in the pond with an angry CROAK...

From out of the smoke, out of the rubble, and charred debris --- COMES A HAND.... stitches where it's been SEWN onto the dead wrist... Reaching out at long last, and then a voice from the grave chokes out the words:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Long time... Master....

The Frankenstein Monster has awakened.

A WOLF HOWLS.

The moon rides high. CUT TO:

INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME --- NIGHT

A MATCH flares in the darkness... EMILY CRENSHAW uses it to light a candle, then crosses to the bed where PHOEBE is tucked beneath the covers with her teddy bear.

EMILY

... And you put the candle next to your bed, like this.

PHOEBE

Your mom did this when you were a little girl?

EMILY

Uh-huh. And it means that I love you, and as long as it's here nothing bad can happen.

PHOEBE

Sean says when it lightnings, monsters come. And they look in your window at you.

EMILY

He was just trying to scare you, honey.

PHOEBE

Will lightning hit the house?

EMILY

No. <

PHOEBE

The candle keeps it away?

EMILY

That's right.
(She kisses Phoebe.)

PHOEBE

Say goodnight to Mr. Scrap.

EMILY

Goodnight, Mr. Scrap. Goodnight, honey.

She starts to leave.

PHOEBE

Are you gonna go yell at him?

Emily stops. Frowns and says:

EMILY

Honey, I love your father, and ---

PHOEBE

What? (A pause:) I meant Sean.
For scaring me.

EMILY

(Recovering)

Oh. Yes. Yes, of course
you did. I'll talk to him.

She leaves the room.

INT. THE KITCHEN --- NIGHT

SEAN CRENSHAW sits, thumbing through the Van Helsing book
by candlelight. He pauses, hearing voices; angry voices...
creeps through the dark, peeks around the corner into
the living room and sees ---

POV SEAN

His parents are arguing. A candle throws dancing shadows
across their faces.

DEL

Fine. I'm a lousy father.

EMILY

I didn't say that.

DEL

Forgive me. The counselor said
it. You listened.

EMILY

Why don't you be there next time.

DEL

Sure, I'll quit my job, we can
spend more time together, mortgaging
the house, waiting in breadlines...
(he trails off.)

EMILY

My God. You don't care. Look at
you. You're thinking about your
job, aren't you?

DEL

-- How can I think, you're ---

EMILY

I can see it in your eyes, I'm
talking to you and you're still
thinking about your job.

DEL

I'm glad you can see it in my eyes,
for a minute I thought I had you
fooled ---

EMILY

... Just shut up ...

DEL

... No, really, come look in my eyes, I'll think about stuff and you can tell me when I'm thinking correctly. Jesus, I don't need this, I had a lousy night.

EMILY

I'm so sad.

DEL

Do you care? Of course not. Some guy stole a priceless Egyptian mummy — well, that happens every day, skip that — and I get a call how some guy's shouting he's a werewolf —

EMILY

-- Shut up --

DEL

And they shot the guy, they blew him away but me, I just kept driving, because I was on my way home to my loving wife....

EMILY

I really...don't care to listen anymore.

DEL

Fine. I knew that. Saw it in your eyes, honey, damn, next time we argue let's get some dark glasses, what do you say?

SEAN hears all of this. Stands dumbstruck, watching his parents breaking apart, and as his father mentions the mummy, and the werewolf, something ELSE happens behind his eyes.... See, Del Crenshaw is a cop, and doesn't believe in monsters — But Sean, he's just a kid. And his eyes are wide as saucers. CUT TO:

EXT. A DARK, GRIMY ALLEY — NIGHT

ALLEY CATS are prowling through the garbage cans, meowing and screeching, as an OLD MAN leans out of an upstairs window:

MAN

Hey, shut up down there! Scram, Goddammit!

He heaves a SHOE and it strikes the trash cans, WHAM--! scattering the cats, and as they flee... CAMERA PANS along the ground, past midnight rubbish... finally pauses, looking AT ---

A set of furry legs.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL:

The Wolfman, none other. Very scary.

Blunt, animal features... baleful yellow eyes... fangs wet with spit... Not to be messed with, boys and girls.

He, too, is prowling through trash cans... finally holds up a dead RAT by its tail and GROWLS with satisfaction, as:

MAN

Dammit, shut up!!

The old man leans out and throws another shoe, which promptly SMACKS the Wolfman in the head. Knocks him out of frame, CRASH--! while

IN THE UPSTAIRS APARTMENT

The old man chuckles and turns away from the window. Rubs his hands together gleefully. Pause. Pause.

AND A TRASHCAN flies through his window, taking out glass, and plaster, and half the damn wall, Jesus....

And the trashcan KEEPS GOING, sails through the bedroom... BLASTS through into the kitchen...

And rolls to a stop as the lid falls off and a very confused cat pokes his head out.

CAT

Meow..?

MAN

(Deadpan:)

I've got fish. You like fish?

EXT. CITY MUSEUM --- NIGHT

We know it's the City Museum because a sign tells us so.

The huge brick building sits silent beneath the moon... as the CAMERA PANS across the street...

Revealing a neat little bungalow with a swing set in the front yard... toys scattered to and fro... and as we ZOOM IN toward a particular window, we slowly DISSOLVE TO:

IN ~~EUGENE'S BEDROOM~~ SAME

Everything silent, serene, as our pal EUGENE slumbers peacefully beneath a ~~MICKY MOUSE NIGHTLIGHT~~.

Sleeping soundly... adorable in his P.J.'s... but gradually, from across the room, we become aware of SOUNDS: Shuffling, thumping noises.

Shuffle, shuffle....

THUMP.

Eugene's eyes pop wide open. CUT TO:

A BEDROOM DOOR, as Eugene's tiny hand reaches into frame and knocks. The door opens: there's Eugene's recently-asleep Dad, and I think it's safe to say he's not pleased.

EUGENE

There's a monster in my closet.

INT. DAD'S ROOM --- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Eugene's Dad switches on a lamp and finds his glasses. Mom speaks sleepily from the bed:

MOM

... Honey..?

DAD

I told the boy not to read the damn monster books. Did I tell him..?

MOM

... You want me to go?

DAD

I'll do it.

MOMENTS LATER

EUGENE, DAD, and PETE THE DOG trudge down the hallway. Dad is annoyed, everyone else is terrified beyond words.

DAD

Like to throw them books out, that's what I'd like to do...

He opens the door to Eugene's room. Flicks on the light.

Silent. Empty. No monsters here.

DAD

Damn, son, look at all those monsters. (Speaks to air:) Hey, you, get off the bed! (beat) You see any monsters?

EUGENE

... Closet ...

DAD

Which closet. This one? (Sighs:) Fine, take a look in the closet, we'll do that.

He crosses to the closet door. Eugene squeezes his eyes shut. Pete the Dog boogies, leaves the room entirely. Dad, of course,

DAD

Come on, monsters.

He flings open the door, and guess what...?
There's the MUMMY, and Jesus, he's the scariest thing we could
ever possibly imagine finding in a closet, except, see ---
Eugene's Dad isn't even looking.
He's busy talking to Eugene, who isn't looking either, his eyes
are shut.

DAD

Oooo. Look at that big, scary
monster.

And meanwhile the Mummy opens BLOODY EYES.... his lips curl in
a deadly LEER --- and Eugene's Dad slams the door in his 2000 year-old
face.

DAD

You sleep with your mother and
me, and this keeps up you're not
gonna SEE those monster books,
understand?

He exits, followed by Eugene. Pete the Dog appears, licking
Eugene's face... and Eugene, he starts to follow his Dad down
the hall, starts to leave, except, see ---
He just can't resist: He has to take one last look, and so,
fearfully, he turns ---
And sees the Mummy climbing out the window of his room.

Eugene damn near faints. His eyes are bigger than his entire head.
CUT TO:

A TRASH CAN OUTSIDE --- And in go the comic books.
Eugene's father slams the lid and walks back toward the nighttime
house, muttering... While above him, LIGHTNING continues to
flicker in the dark clouds...
And as the wind blows a gust of leaves, we CUT TO:

EXT. A HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP --- DEAD OF NIGHT

A house on the edge of reality: it was once a Colonial-style MANSION,
but now it's a big, rotting hulk... windows like gaping eyes...
no coincidence that it reminds us of CASTLE DRACULA....

Leaves blow and scatter. Rain falls. A street sign reads
SHADOWBROOK ROAD. (Make note of this, it'll be important later...)

INT --- DEAD, CREEPY, DISGUSTING HOUSE

Inside the house. Rotting floors. Dust. Cobwebs. Rats.

COUNT DRACULA climbs a set of rickety stairs and opens the
door into a crumbling ATTIC.
Steps inside. A lantern throws shadows on his evil features.

The attic used to be a child's room

A long time ago.

It is filled with toys, but they are all chipped, broken.... dead.

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER is here, and indeed --- there is something child-like about the way he sits atop a tiny bed... clutching an armless teddy bear... rocking back and forth... He looks lost and deathly sad. We almost pity him.

DRACULA

Old friend. I must sleep soon.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Sleep....

DRACULA

Van Helsing's diary is missing.
(beat) I wish you to retrieve
it for me. Understand..?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Yes, Master...

DRACULA

Children possess it. I want you
to find them and take the diary.
If they try to stop you, kill
them. Understand..?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Yes, Master....

EXT. THE TOWN AT DAWN --- LONG SHOT

The sun rises over the town, casting a warm summer glow.
Flowers bloom, birds sing, and there's no such thing as
monsters, not this morning....

INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME --- MORNING

SEAN CRENSHAW enters the kitchen engrossed in a big textbook:
LYCANTHROPY IN OUR TIME, reads the cover.
He bumps into Emily, who musses his hair.

EMILY

Hey, buddy.

SEAN

Hey, Mom.

Emily points to the kitchen table, where a BIG FAT UGLY LADY
is sipping coffee. Her dentures are on the table next to her,
it's the grossest thing you've ever seen.

EMILY

You know my friend Mrs. Birge,
right, honey?

SEAN

(Nods.) Hi

EMILY

Mrs. Birge tells me we got quite a bargain, kiddo.

SEAN

What do you mean?

MRS. BIRGE

(Muttering:) That damn German book...

EMILY

(Nods:) You know that book by Helsing...?

SEAN

Van Helsing.

EMILY

Mrs. Birge says a man came by last night and offered her two hundred dollars for it.

MRS. BIRGE

Some French guy.

SEAN

Two hundred dollars..?

MRS. BIRGE

Damn if he didn't. Hell, I didn't even know what I had. Got it at a fire sale, that old house on Shadowbrook Road.

EMILY

(Jumping in:) And Sean, don't you and your friends go trooping out there. The floors are all rotten, you'd break your legs.

SEAN

(Staring:) Mrs. Birge. This guy... Did he have a name?

Mrs. Birge stops, puzzled.

MRS. BIRGE

Yeah. Some French name, what the hell was it..? (Beat) Alucard. That was it, Mr. Alucard. Why?

EMILY

Yeah, kiddo, why?

Sean does not say a word. Instead, he grabs a pencil and paper. Sits down next to PHOEBE and starts scribbling. Emily and Mrs. Birge exchange looks: Kids, who can tell..?

And meanwhile, Phoebe is saying:

PHOEBE

Look, Mommy, I'm drawing.

EMILY

That's nice, honey. Is that a picture of Daddy?

PHOEBE

No, it's Rubber Guy.

EMILY

Oh. Of course. Rubber Guy.

— But Sean isn't even paying attention, what he's doing, he's taking the letters which spell

A L U C A R D

And reversing them, writing them backwards to spell

D R A C U L A

He stops. Stares at the paper. Blinks.

Without warning —

The television BLARES as the POWER comes back on, scaring the shit out of him, and US —

But Sean just can't quit staring at the infinitely more frightening NAME....

EMILY

Electricity's back on.

SEAN

(Staring:) Oh... my... God...

EMILY

(Frowns:) It's only electricity.

INT. TREEHOUSE --- DAY

The monster club is assembled here, everyone except Rudy.

SEAN steps forward and writes two words on the blackboard:

MONSTER SQUAD. Turns to the rest of the group.

Everyone just stares. Then:

PATRICK

What's Monster Squad?

SEAN

It's us. We're the Monster Squad.

PATRICK

Since when?

SEAN

Since today.

FAT KID
What's a squad?

PATRICK
It's like Miami Vice, I think.

Sean takes a deep breath:

SEAN
There's monsters, you guys. (beat)
I heard my Dad talking and there was
a guy at the police station who said
he was a werewolf.

FAT KID
What's a werewolf?

PATRICK
Wolfman, you retard.

SEAN
Look, shut up! Will you guys listen
to me!? He said he was a werewolf
and they shot him, and then today
I eavesdropped on my Dad on the
phone —

PHOEBE
I'm tellin' —

SEAN
— shut up, Phoebe, and the guy's
body was gone. From the ambulance
it was gone, and the hospital guys
were dead.

FAT KID
So he got shot...and a werewolf
took his body..?

SEAN
No, peenhead, he was a werewolf.
Maybe.

PATRICK
But if they shot him...

SEAN
Lead. Lead bullets. (Pause, then:)
I think there's maybe a werewolf in
the city. And maybe...(beat)..There's
maybe even Dracula.

A long pause. Someone clears their throat. A clock ticks.
Phoebe finally pipes up:

PHOEBE
Eeeew, Fat Kid farted.

FAT KID
Did not, it was Pete!

SEAN
(Exploding:) Hey, shut up,
Goddammit!!

Everything stops. They all look at him.

SEAN
Did you hear what I said? The
ambulance guys were dead! Something
is out there and it's killing
people, and if we don't believe in
it it's gonna keep on killing!

He stops, winding down, while the others look at him.
Just then the TRAPDOOR pops open and RUDY pops through.

RUDY
So. (beat) Am I in or what?

SEAN
Come on in, Rudy. (beat) You're in.

PATRICK
(Clears his throat:) So Sean... What
can we do?

Sean holds up Van Helsing's crumbling diary.

SEAN
I think this book is important,
but I don't know what it says.
Anybody here speak German?

PATRICK
My older sister takes German in
high school.

FAT KID
Your sister doesn't speak German.
All she does is hang around and
let guys touch her boobs.

PATRICK
Yeah. You're right.

SEAN
Oh, and I almost forgot. There
might be a mummy.

EUGENE speaks for the first time:

EUGENE

Mummy came in my house.

The others all stare at him. No one, of course, believes him.

FAT KID

Hey, Sean, I know who speaks German.

They look at each other, and say simultaneously:

SEAN AND FAT KID

SCARY GERMAN GUY!!

EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE --- DAY

SEAN, PATRICK and FAT KID are gathered outside Scary German Guy's bungalow, shuffling back and forth. No one wants to go first... Finally Sean breaks the silence:

SEAN

You guys, it's like Day 4 here,
is someone gonna knock or what?

FAT KID

Why don't you?

SEAN

'Cause it's Scary German Guy, butthead.

FAT KID

Yeah, but you're our leader.

They do not move. A MAILMAN walks past and they make an elaborate show of doing other things: Reading, looking at watches, whistling. It looks like a circus act. The mailman stares and shakes his head.

SEAN

Look, my Dad's a cop. Even if the
guy's banana-land, he wouldn't...
hurt us, right..?

FAT KID

He's scary and he's German. Maybe he
doesn't even know English.

PATRICK

What's German for, "Please don't
murder us?"

A voice directly behind them says:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Bitte, morden sie uns nicht.

They spin around, staring up in horror ---
at SCARY GERMAN GUY himself, who smiles with crooked yellow TEETH.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
How may I help you boys?

EXT. EDGE OF THE BAYOU -- GRASSY KNOLL -- DAY

PHOEBE sits on the grass in the shade of a huge, ancient willow.
She plucks a daisy, and tosses it into the water.

PHOEBE
Target: fifty degrees, Mr. Scrap.

Mr. Scrap looks on, as Phoebe grabs a handful of pebbles and starts chucking them at the flower, trying to sink it.

PHOEBE
Aim to port side!
(splash)
Aim to surfboard side!
(splash)

As the daisy floats downstream, Phoebe picks up Mr. Scrap and adjusts him like it's a military inspection.

PHOEBE
Excellent mission, Mr. Scrap.

Then... a SHADOW falls over Phoebe and Mr. Scrap.
Giant, mud-caked boots. Rectangular.
Phoebe turns to see —

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Towering over her.

Admit it. When you were a kid, you had this nightmare.

INT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE -- DAY

The parlor is a cozy, carpeted affair.
Not creepy or scary in any way, much to the relief of:

Sean, Patrick, and Fat Kid, who sit side-by-side on the couch, eating cherry pie, and not only NOT looking scared, but actually SMILING. ~~There are cans of Coke, napkins, and, of course:~~

Scary German Guy, who ALSO isn't threatening in the least, and ALSO smiling, and ALSO bent over the crumbling Van Helsing diary. He squints through bifocals.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
"The amulet itself is fairly small,
and carved with intricate symbols..."

He holds up the book to reveal a crude ink sketch of the AMULET we saw at the beginning of the movie.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
Rather an odd-looking thing, don't
you think?

FAT KID nods and downs the last of his cherry pie.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

More pie?

Fat Kid obviously wants more, but his friends are looking at him. He shakes his head.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Well, I can't finish mine. Perhaps you could help me?

Fat Kid grins, takes the pie. He nudges Patrick beside him:

FAT KID

(sotto)

Scary German Guy's bitchen'.

While Sean questions Scary German Guy, Patrick admires a model airplane mounted on the table beside him.

SEAN

Sir, I don't quite understand the part about equil -- equilibrium?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Well, according to this rather curious book you've brought me, the forces of good and evil -- that's a B-17, in case you're wondering --

PATRICK

Cool.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

-- Good and evil are in constant... flux. Back and forth. Only once, every hundred years -- at midnight no less -- are the forces balanced. Neither stronger than the other.

SEAN

So what about the amulet?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

The amulet, as nearly as I can translate, is concentrated... good. It is a talisman which wards off evil, and is -- how you say -- indestructible?

FAT KID

That means it can't be destroyed.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(Smiles:) Or, in any case, can't be NORMALLY destroyed. However -- and this part is underlined -- "Once, every hundred years, at the stroke of midnight, the

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(cont'd)

amulet becomes vulnerable. In THAT moment... it can be shattered..."

Silence. The boys are on pins and needles, one of which you could hear drop.

SEAN

And if it is??

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Then the balance... between good and evil will shift... and EVIL will rule...

The Squad exchange "Holy Shit" glances.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Sounds a bit, how you say, 'hokey' to me. But there IS a German expression for such a cataclysm... 'Gotterdamurung.'

FAT KID

If I said that, my mom would wash my mouth out with soap.

PATRICK

(To Sean:) What's this got to do with werewolves?

SEAN

(Ignoring him:) Sir if... if something evil, like... well, like monsters, could get ahold of the amulet, and destroy it, then... they could rule the world, right?

Scary German Guy looks at him with confusion. Or is it concern?

FAT KID

Sounds like a knock-knock joke.

Everyone looks at Fat Kid.

FAT KID

You know, like: Knock-Knock. Who's there? Gotterdamurung. Gotterdamurung who?

Everyone CONTINUES to look at him, awaiting the answer.

FAT KID

(Clears his throat:) Then there'd be... some... play on words, or something...

Scary German Guy saves the day by chiming in with:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Uh, the book continues. Our friend Mr. Van Helsing claims there IS a way to stop the forces of darkness.

SEAN

How?!

SCARY GERMAN GUY

If one can gain possession of the amulet BEFORE the forces of darkness... then, every hundred years at midnight, there exists ANOTHER option...

(squinting at book)

... A ceremony, which, when followed to the letter... may open a hole into limbo itself, where dwell the damned. A vortex, which like a great whirlpool... can swallow the forces of evil... forever...

PAUSE...

SEAN

Does it, um, describe the procedure at all?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

In detail. This is the last entry. On this date, he was to battle those forces himself.

He frowns with interest, points to the top of the page.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Hmm.... Interesting. It is TOMORROW's date. A hundred years ago...

Sean GRABS the diary. Looks at the date-entry himself.

SEAN

A hundred years ago... TOMORROW night...

The Monster Squad, minus three, look at each other.

EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

The boys emerge onto the porch, Scary German Guy in the open doorway.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

You will stop by and visit me again soon, I hope?

SEAN

Absolutely.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

I expect you boys thought I was some kind of monster myself, hmmm?
A vampire, perhaps?

The boys look at each other guiltily.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(grinning)

It's quite all right, but -- I'm
NOT, you know. If I were a vampire --
(points to the mirror
mounted on the front door)
-- then I wouldn't have a reflection,
now would I?

FAT KID

(kind of in awe)

Man, you sure know a lot about monsters.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(a beat)

Now you mention it, I suppose I do...

CLOSE ANGLE --- SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HAND

As he waves goodbye, and closes the door, WE SEE a faint blue
NUMBER tattooed into the skin of his wrist....

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Del Crenshaw looks like shit. He is smoking and talking on the
phone, while behind him a TRANSVESTITE lounges in the holding tank.

He is talking to his wife, and they're at it again:

DEL

-- no, honey, I'm NOT being condescending,
you'll know when I'm being condescending,
like NOW, now I am... no, look -- honey,
I can't talk right now. Goodbye.

He hangs up, angry, and turns as SAPIR dumps a piece of paper on
his desk.

DEL

What the hell's this?

SAPIR

A lead, maybe. Last night, near the
ambulance crash, an eyewitness reports
seeing --- get this --- "a long black
hearse with a silver skull hood ornament."

DEL

(Shakes his head:) Wonderful. Does this
suck weenie or what?

SAPIR

Weenie is indeed being sucked. However,
I consider this an exciting lead. I'm
excited. Are you excited?

DEL
Thrilled. Put out an A.P.B.

SAPIR
I already did. I'm a very good
policeman, you know.

DEL
Keep saying that.

SAPIR
Right, and everyone who believes
in fairies clap their hands.

In the holding tank, the TRANSVESTITE grins --
and THE ENTIRE SQUADROOM bursts into applause. CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBIA, A TREE-LINED STREET - TWILIGHT

Sean, Patrick and Fat Kid shamble down the sidewalk.
Fat Kid taps passing fences with a large stick he has found.

PATRICK
Tomorrow night?! Gimme a major
break, what do we have to do again?
Blow a hole in Dumbo?

SEAN
Limbo, stupid. We've gotta find
that amulet before tomorrow night, or
all hell's gonna break loose.

FAT KID
So to speak.

The others glare at him. He takes a sudden interest in the scenery.

SEAN
Okay, so we get the amulet. Then
at midnight --

PATRICK
-- We get a virgin.

SEAN
Virgin. Right.

PATRICK
Then what?

SEAN
Then -- the virgin takes the amulet...
reads the ancient spell or whatever,
and BAM! We blow a hole in limbo.

PATRICK
No sweat.

SEAN

Cinch.

FAT KID

Piece of cake.

They nod confidently, walk on.

SEAN

Of course you KNOW what a virgin is.

Pause. Nobody meets anyone else's gaze.

PATRICK

Yeah, I know. Of course. Don't you?

SEAN

Of course I know. YOU know, don't you, Fat Kid?

FAT KID

Me? Sure, I know. Of course. Who doesn't?

Pause. Still, no eyes meet. They stop.

PATRICK

Virgin.

SEAN

Right.

FAT KID

Like the Virgin Mary, or...?

PATRICK

Oh, right. Like, we're gonna get the Virgin Mary. Good one.

SEAN

Well...

(pause)

Virgin Mary wears blue, right?

PATRICK

So a virgin's someone who wears blue?

SEAN

Or just someone who's really religious.

FAT KID

Wait. Virgin Mary's the Madonna. So all's we gotta do is get someone who looks like Madonna. Your sister does, kind of.

PATRICK

Oh, make me laugh.

Sean sits on the curb, depressed.

SEAN

We are the most pathetic monster
fighters in the history of the planet.

The other two join him, resting their chins on their fists. The three of them sitting there on the curb look like a Norman Rockwell painting.

SEAN

We don't even know what a virgin is.

A lightbulb. The guys look at each other slowly, and smile.

INT. BURGER PLACE -- THE MALL

The guys approach RUDY, who is munching a hamburger and swigging a container of milk. How they found him is anyone's guess. They sit down across from him, three determined faces.

SEAN

Rudy? Question.

RUDY

Shoot.

Rudy takes a swig of milk ---

SEAN

What's a virgin.

--- and proceeds to do one of the most hilarious spit-takes in the history of motion pictures, as milk actually sprays out of his nose. CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- TWILIGHT

The monster gang crosses the field toward the clubhouse, as PHOEBE comes running up and grabs Sean's arm, gibbering like a pig-tailed lunatic:

PHOEBE

Sean. Omigod. Gotta see. Hurry.

SEAN

(Distracted:) Phoebe, cut it out,
you're on drugs -- Rudy, we're gonna
need the silver bullets first.

PHOEBE

Sean, look. Puleeezze.

Sean puts a hand over her mouth. She makes grunting noises.

SEAN

Fat Kid, get a map and find Shadowbrook
Road. If the diary was there, maybe the

Phoebe bites his hand.

SEAN

Ow!! Knock it off, I'm gonna slap you--!

PHOEBE

Would you look??

Everyone looks ---

at THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER.

He is standing under the clubhouse.

And for a moment, time seems to stand still, until --

RUDY

Excuse me.

Rudy boogies.

SEAN

DITCH!!

Sean bolts. Fat Kid bolts. Patrick turns around and slams face-first into a tree, falls backward.

INT. THE CRENSHAW KITCHEN

~~Phoebe~~ CRENSHAW is doing dishes at the sink. She looks up -- as five human BLURS go zipping past the window... followed by one animal BLUR... screaming like banshees.

She shakes her head, continues doing dishes.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- NIGHT

PHOEBE comes into frame, leading the monster out into the field. She clutches one huge, crudely attached hand.

PHOEBE

It's okay, you guys, he's friends with us!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Across the field -- Way across the field --

The rest of the kids. Huddled together. As far away as you can get and share the same zip code.
They all shake their heads.
They won't budge.

PHOEBE

Come on, don't be chicken!

A pause, and then -- SEAN detaches from the group, moves out into the field.

RUDY

Whoa. Go for it.

PATRICK

Sean, are you CRAZY?? That's a walking dead guy!

FAT KID

Sean, please don't die!

Sean continues across the grass... as PHOEBE leads the monster slowly toward him...

The others cower in AWE, watching...

And there, under the twinkling stars... in the middle of a grassy field in the middle of a magical summer night...

Sean comes face to face with a monster... a real one.

And isn't it great..?

Sean reaches out his hand... The monster reaches out his...

And their hands MEET. And Sean just STARES, and meanwhile so does the monster... because as scared as Sean is, as excited and awe-struck, the monster is all that and more. Sean looks into the monster's eyes.

SEAN

Are you... are you dead..?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

(a beat)

Don't....don't want to be....

He CLASPS Sean's hand, and suddenly, Sean gasps, because, see, we got a problem: the monster is squeezing much too hard, he's going to CRUSH Sean's hand --
And Sean, panicking, says --

SEAN

Too hard!!

And you know what? The monster lets go. Just like that. On his face is a look of indescribable SORROW, and his voice is a teary CROAK:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Sorry...

Sean turns to Phoebe.

SEAN

Does Mom know about him?

PHOEBE

Uh-uh. Just us.

She grins, and Sean grins, and ruffles her hair, and WHOOPS WITH JOY, straight to high heaven:

SEAN

GET OVER HERE, YOU GUYS!

Claps the monster on the back:

SEAN

He's friends with us!

The monster grins and claps Sean on the back: Knocks him flying out of frame. CUT TO:

INT --- CLUBHOUSE --- NIGHT

Everyone is here, including the monster himself. The kids are gathered around, staring... and meanwhile, Patrick is checking Sean's shoulder for damage.

PATRICK

I don't think anything's broken.

SEAN

Great.

(Runs a hand through
(his hair)

Look at me, I'm shaking. You guys,
do you understand what's happening here?
Frankenstein's monster is in our clubhouse.
He's really here.

FAT KID

(Nervous:)

Let's ask him to leave, okay?

SEAN

You ask him, my shoulder's still
healing. Besides, he's thoroughly great.

PATRICK

Yeah, he's great, and he's here, now
what are we going to do with him?

SEAN

You scared?

PATRICK

I'm peeing my pants, Sean, look at him.

ACROSS THE ROOM --- The monster plays with Mr. Scrap, oblivious. He looks up, bobbing his head and grinning like an idiot. Goes back to playing.

FAT KID

He is very gross.

Frankenstein SPEAKS then: His voice is hesitant and awful-sounding, but once he gets started he's like one of those parrots that won't shut up.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Mister... Scrap...

Phoebe is positively beaming:

PHOEBE

I taught him to talk.

SEAN

Good for you.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

BOGUS... GIMMEE A BREAK... WHAM UK...

PATRICK

Huddle.

The kids gather and converse in hushed tones.

In the background, the monster marches Mr. Scrap across the floor: we're not exactly sure where the fun is in this, but he seems happy and he's not breaking anything.

PATRICK

He can't stay here, man.

FAT KID

We gotta tell somebody. Your Dad's a policeman, maybe --

SEAN

No. No grownups. They'll... kill him or something, or lock him up. He's not hurting anyone.

Across the room, Rudy grins and holds up a box.

RUDY

You guys, check it out.

What it is, it's the COLLEGEVILLE HALLOWEEN COSTUME: cheap plastic mask, flimsy costume clothing. The only people frightened by this costume are the marketing people, trying to foist it past the Better Business Bureau. NEVERTHELESS --

As Rudy shows the Frankenstein mask to the monster... even though it's just cheap plastic --

The monster SCREAMS IN FEAR... cowers, clutching Mr. Scrap, as a tear slides down his cheek -- and he utters a single word which speaks volumes:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

... scary ...

The kids look at each other. CUT TO:

INT. A GIRL'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Remember the girl we saw earlier, walking the German Shepherd? You don't?.... well, trust me, she's gorgeous. Pink robe. Soft slippers. As we watch... she stands, pinning back her hair, crosses to the open window and SHUTS IT:

EXT. HOUSE

As the window shuts, CAMERA PANS across the backyard... to the bushes... where the monster clubbers are crouched, hidden. The Frankenstein monster is with them. Let's listen in, shall we?

SEAN

This is a bad idea.

RUDY

Trust me.

PATRICK

Rudy, man, she's my sister....

RUDY

She's also a major babe, so lighten up. (To Fat Kid:) You got the camera?

SEAN

Rudy. Listen to me. I'm gonna say this once.

(Everyone stops, listens:)

Tomorrow at midnight, evil may rule the world.

RUDY

(Nods:) That's it? That's what you had to say?

SEAN

Yeah.

RUDY

(Nods again:) Fine. We'll save the world later. (beat) Trust me, I'm in junior high.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Six silhouettes detach themselves from the shadows... the kids and the monster creeping across the backyard... carefully skirting the edge of the backyard swimming pool...

Except, truth be known, the monster simply isn't that swift. He plunges out of sight -- a loud SPLASH, followed by thrashing sounds and cries of:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
BOGUS. BOGUS.

BACK IN THE BUSHES -- MOMENTS LATER

The kids are gathered around the monster with disgusted looks on their faces. He is DRENCHED to the bone. Sits like a kicked puppy.

RUDY
(Annoyed:) Okay, we're gonna try it again, and this time we do it right.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Bogus...

RUDY
Shut up, Frank.

EXT. HOUSE

The kids crouch beneath a lighted window; about six feet off the ground, a bathroom window....
Frankenstein monster stands against the wall, as the kids whisper:

(PATRICK
Nine o'clock. She'll be out any minute now.

RUDY
Good. Okay. So Frank stands here at the window. She gets out of the shower, sees him, and has a cow. She runs --
(He points)
-- this way, into the hall, passing window B...

FAT KID
And I take her picture.

RUDY
And pin it on the board up at the high school. We're set.

SEAN
This is a bad idea.

PATRICK
Sshhh! Water's stopped.

RUDY
Here we go.

FAT KID
Man this is great.....

And suddenly, from offscreen, comes a VOICE:

VOICE
(o.s.)
Hello...? Patrick...?

PATRICK
Cheese it, it's my Dad!

FAT KID
But... but... she's --

RUDY
Move.

He grabs the monster's arm, says:

RUDY
Come on, you.

Starts to run, comes to the end of Frank's arm, and have you ever tried pulling a telephone pole out of the sidewalk...?
The monster won't budge.

VOICE
(o.s.)
Hello...?

Rudy takes a running start, tries again, and it is simply fucking hilarious watching him fly up in the air at the end of Frank's arm, and meanwhile --

The monster is having a blast... staring through the window at Patrick's sister, who is naked as a jaybird, and many times more desirable... his face twists into a lecherous GRIN, as...

The combined might of five kids drags him away from the window, kicking... As an afterthought, a desperate FAT KID leaps into the air holding the camera over his head... snaps the FLASH at window level. Runs away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

PATRICK'S DAD shakes his head and goes back inside. CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- NIGHT

The Monster Squad and the Monster, off they go, together into the night: six friends, and one of them is really tall.
As their silhouettes wander off, we hear:

SEAN
I got it. I know how we can stop
Wolfman. We'll have Frankenstein fight him.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
GIMMEE A BREAK...

EXT. HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF SWAMP -- DEAD OF NIGHT

It's really late now. The old crumbling house on Shadowbrook Road broods beneath a full moon, as... inside, WE SEE a lantern bobbing in a basement window.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Shadows dance and flicker, as --
DRACULA, THE DARK PRINCE prowls along an eerie stone corridor...
Lantern in one hand, a steel SLEDGEHAMMER in the other...
At his side, WOLFMAN creeps... watching, while

Dracula TAPS with the hammer... taps the walls... probing...
Looking for something...

DRACULA

The amulet is here. I feel it.

Tap tap tap.

DRACULA

Where, Van Helsing? Where have
you got it..?

Tap tap tap.

Pause.

Tap.

DRACULA

Here.

And with that, he takes a step back, suddenly possessed...
Sets down the lantern... picks up the steel SLEDGE -- pause, then:

He proceeds to HAMMER the shit out of the stone wall.
Swings, CRACK--! Splinters fly... again, CRACK--! eyes blazing
red, muscles bulging through his coat...
CRACK--! CRACK--! Attacking the wall...

Stone flying, erupting in bursts... Dracula hammers, pounds...
THUNDERS the sledge into solid rock, ever more FRENZIED, the
edits quicker and quicker, crack-SLAM--! crack-SLAM--! ...driving,
smashing, never stopping, reaching a crescendo, growling
with rage, and triumph, and finally as the sledge SHATTERS, that's
how hard this guy is swinging....
As the handle clatters to the ground...

Dracula STOPS... staring at the shattered wall... Jesus, he's not
even breathing hard... and there, revealed behind the wall --
is a hidden DOOR. A solid steel VAULT door.

DRACULA

Nice try, Van Helsing... but I'm

He laughs, high and triumphant, as we CUT TO:

MORNING.

A rift of jazzy, upbeat MUSIC signals the beginning of the following montage:

AN ALARM CLOCK rings -- as SEAN CRENSHAW sits bolt upright in bed.

FAT KID, PATRICK, RUDY -- they come BURSTING out of their houses, on the move, and

EXT. INTERSECTION

Four speeding BICYCLES come hurtling toward the camera:
SEAN; PATRICK; FAT KID; RUDY.

INT. TREEHOUSE

PHOEBE and the monster. Phoebe hangs seashell EARRINGS from the bolts in Frank's neck... Frank makes A HORRIFIED face, while Phoebe giggles and kicks.

INT. CLASSROOM

The three elementary schoolers fidget, watching the clock, while Meow mix drones on, and on...

INT WOOD SHOP

Rudy works on a lathe, carving lengths of wood into razor-keen STAKES. The shop teacher grins at him, nods like a buffoon.

INT. THE CRENSHAW KITCHEN

EMILY CRENSHAW slides open a drawer, only to discover that her silverware is strangely missing --

INT. SHOP

-- as RUDY looks both ways, whistles, drops Emily's entire collection into the SMELTER.
The shop teacher grins at him, nods like a buffoon.

INT. GYM CLASS

Fat Kid tries to climb ropes, while a sadistic gym teacher berates him. SEAN and PATRICK desperately watch the clock.

INT. BEDROOM

EUGENE is seated at a tiny desk in his bedroom. He's got a pencil and paper, writing a LETTER... hilarious, five year-old scrawl:

DEAR ARMY GUYS:
COME QUIK THERE ARE MONSTERS

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

The three Squad members are in the lead as the doors burst open and kids come swarming out.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH

Junior high kids in hilarious gym shorts practice archery, managing to pierce every available target except the painted one, as —
RUDY strolls by, casually swipes a bow and arrows.

INT. BEDROOM

Eugene's letter is taking on epic proportions:
In addition to the text, he's done CRAYON SKETCHES of the monsters.
(Next to Frankenstein's head is the word 'NICE.')
Eugene colors them in, his tongue peeking out between his teeth.

INT. THE MALL

Patrick works on a Xerox machine, printing up a sheet of BUSINESS CARDS.... holds it up for a closer look:
T H E M O N S T E R S Q U A D.
So now it's official.

INT. GARAGE

RUDY slings the bow and arrows across his shoulder... grabs the vicious wood-stakes... lights a cigarette. Move over, Stallone.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

FAT KID runs his finger along a map, pauses next to SHADOWBROOK ROAD.

EXT. CITY STREET

EUGENE stuffs his completed letter into an envelope which is addressed:
UNITED STATES ARMY HURRY!
Drops it in the corner mailbox.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

RUDY hands a box to SEAN, carefully shielding it from any bystanders.

INT. TREEHOUSE

PHOEBE and EUGENE watch, delighted, as Frankenstein's monster feeds Pete the Dog... the expression on thir faces is RADIANT...
END MUSICAL MONTAGE. CUT TO:

INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME -- AFTERNOON

SEAN enters his father's bedroom, crosses to the gun and badge which hang from the bedpost... Removes the gun from its holster. Empties the bullets onto the bed.

Takes the BOX which Rudy gave him earlier -- reloads Del's gun with freshly forged silver bullets.

Not a sound, save the click of bullets rattling together... the hiss of Sean's breath.
On his face, a look of grim determination.

He silently replaces the gun in its holster. CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF SWAMP — TWILIGHT

The sun is a ghost in the west... the house sits silent at the edge of the rotting wilderness.

INT. THE HOUSE

THE DESPERATE MAN (a.k.a. Wolfman) sits heavily sedated in a broken armchair. Glassy-eyed. Expressionless. And no wonder, there's an open bottle of DEMEROL on the table beside him.

COUNT DRACULA stands over him... Smiles, says:

DRACULA

I regret the dosage, my friend. Most lethal by human standards, but it won't kill you, we know that, don't we..? And it will serve to sedate you... until nature runs its course.

He flings aside a curtain, revealing the twilight horizon: The FULL MOON is just beginning to rise. Dracula turns the armchair so it faces the window.

DRACULA

There you are. I'll leave, while you change into something more comfortable.

He exits.

Goes out the front door, locks it... the sound of receding footsteps.
A pause, then --

The desperate man sits bolt upright in his chair. Alert. Eyes clear and focused... SPITS OUT three tiny capsules; enough Demerol to stop an elephant, except, see, he didn't swallow them.

INT. POLICE STATION — NIGHT

DEL CRENSHAW is at his desk, looking for a cigarette, when a voice says:

VOICE

(o.s.)

Crenshaw, line two.

Del finds a cigarette. Lights it, scoops up the phone:

DEL

Yeah.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

The DESPERATE MAN is huddled inside a telephone booth next to a deserted highway. Out of breath... frantic, because ---

The FULL MOON is peeking through the clouds... and he's starting to turn into a werewolf.

DESPERATE MAN

Officer Crenshaw, you've got to help me, the others wouldn't listen..!

Hair, beginning to grow --

DESPERATE MAN

Get... all of your men... Send them to 217 Shadowbrook Road, it's an old mansion, he... he knows where the amulet is, there's no time--!

Skin, stretching... hair, growing faster --

DEL

Who the hell is this?

DESPERATE MAN

I'm the one they shot last night, I'm a werewolf, but that's not important now, PLEASE, just gather your men, and --

DEL

Have a nice night.

DESPERATE MAN

No, wait--! DON'T HANG UP.

Del sighs, disgusted, and does just that. But as he does -- He hears an animal CROAK on the other end, saying:

DESPERATE MAN

(o.s.)

He's gonna kill your SON--!

And CLICK--! The connection is broken: But not before the words have registered, and a chill runs all the way up Del's spine...

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- SAME

The desperate man stumbles from the phone booth... screaming, clutching his face... and his shirt bursts open... a gold CRUCIFIX around his neck bobs wildly, HISSING and SEARING each time it touches his suddenly corrupted flesh. CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Fireflies fill the air. A sign reads SHADOWBROOK ROAD $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE, as -- Camera CRANES DOWN, revealing two BICYCLES... riding through the gloom.

FAT KID is pedalling one bike, munching on a slice of pizza... EUGENE rides in the handlebar basket. SEAN rides the other bike... in the handlebar basket a POLICE RADIO emits a stream of static.

Beside them walks the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER.
Sean speaks into a walkie-talkie:

SEAN
Come in, Patrick.

INTERCUT -- PATRICK IN THE CLUBHOUSE

PATRICK
I'm here. Where are you?

SEAN
Almost there. Everything set with you?

PATRICK
Know in a minute. (beat) Rudy, how
we doing?

ACROSS THE ROOM -- Rudy stands at the window next to Phoebe and
Pete the Dog. Stares out through a pair of binoculars -- suddenly
grins and gives Patrick a thumb's up:

RUDY
Bingo. She's right on time.

POV -- THROUGH THE BINOCULARS
Patrick's SISTER is out walking the German Shepherd, looking even more
beautiful than the last time. Wait, I'm sorry, that's just not
possible. Call it a draw.

RUDY
Whoa. Major hogans.

PATRICK
(Shakes his head:) Rudy's in love.

SEAN
Good for Rudy. Okay, remember:
Rendezvous at position A, 2200 hours.

PATRICK
Huh?

SEAN
Ten o'clock, stupid. (beat) We're
gonna scout around, see if it looks
safe to go in.

PATRICK
How do we know the amulet's there?

SEAN
We don't, but it's all we've got.

PATRICK
(Pause, then:) Sean... maybe... maybe we
should call the cops...

SEAN

First, there's no time. Second, they wouldn't do anything. (beat) It's us or nothing, dude.

PATRICK

Yeah, yeah. Well... good luck, butthead.

SEAN

I know you are, but what am I? (beat)
Over and out.

He replaces the walkie-talkie, sighs, and says:

SEAN

Well, Fat Kid, we got two consolations.

FAT KID

What?

SEAN

First, Frankenstein Monster's our friend.
And second, my Dad's a cop, and if anyone messes with me, my Dad'll kick his ass...

INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME — NIGHT

EMILY CRENSHAW is curled up in bed, staring straight ahead in the dark at a television set... she looks incredibly forlorn.

The moon filters through the open window. A gust of WIND suddenly puffs out the curtains — and Emily gets up, shuts the window. Starts back toward the bed —
And for no reason a SHIVER runs through her, causing her to clutch an afghan around her shoulders and then, as an afterthought —

She takes the candle she gave to Phoebe the night before. Lights it.

Sets it gently beside her on the nightstand, curls up under the covers, and looks for all the world like a little lost girl afraid of the storm...

EXT. HIGHWAY — NIGHT

The kids continue on their journey. Frankenstein munches on some pizza and grins happily.

FAT KID

Exit's up ahead.

SEAN

Sssh. I'm getting something.

He fiddles with the dial on the police radio. It suddenly SQUAWKS:

VOICE #1

(o.s.)

Car forty-two, over.

VOICE #2

(o.s.)

Go ahead, forty-two.

VOICE #1

All units proceed Code Red, 211 NOW.
In pursuit of suspect in stolen vehicle,
extreme caution, truck is loaded with
dynamite, repeat, dynamite...

VOICE #2

Location, forty-two.

VOICE #1

Southbound on I-5 near the Gateview
exit, over. We're losing him, over.

The boys are impressed: a real-life police chase.

FAT KID

Wow.

SEAN

Gateview exit... Didn't we just pass that?

They look at at each other. Pause.

AND A TRUCK EXPLODES over the crest of the hill, BLASTS by them
at a HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR... running them off the road, sending
them headfirst into a ditch, Wham--!

Screams off into the night, but not before we catch a glimpse
of COUNT DRACULA himself at the wheel.

A moment passes... the roar of the truck fades, as the boys
and the monster climb slowly to their feet... dazed.

SEAN

Man.

He takes a step toward the road --

AND A POLICE CAR FLIES into frame, over the top of the hill with
its tires A FOOT OFF THE GROUND --

Touches down doing a hundred plus, HOWLS past them in a cloud
of dust, and it's not alone, 'cause here come TWO MORE cars,
screaming past in a blur of SOUND AND NOISE.

The boys stare in shock as the cars go roaring off down the road...
around a bend... out of sight. The noise fades.

And that's when without warning --

THE TRUCK they were pursuing pulls out of the bushes about 200
yards away... turns its headlights back on... swerves onto
SHADOWBROOK ROAD and drives away. Three cop cars, all going
the wrong way...

Three kids, a monster, and what are they gonna do now..?

SEAN

Come on. We're following that truck.

FAT KID

Sean. Ho. Four cop cars. Chasing it.
Going fast. Us. Ten years old. Remember?

SEAN

Midnight. End of world. Remember?

The MONSTER abruptly cocks his head... as if scenting something on the wind. He speaks:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Master is near...

(Looks straight at them)

Master wants you dead...

The boys didn't need to hear this.

INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

PATRICK'S SISTER sits awkwardly in a lawn chair, gazing with obvious distaste at the decor: too many monsters, and no balloon-o-grams or leg warmers.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(Annoyed)

So. What'd you wanna ask me?

PATRICK sits before her, as nervous as we've yet seen him. RUDY leans casually against the wall, smoking and looking cool... He is wearing wrap-around sunglasses and drinking beer.

PATRICK

(Clears his throat)

Ask. Yes. Well.

(Coughs)

That chair comfortable..?

PATRICK'S SISTER

You've got one minute.

Rudy takes a swig of beer --

PATRICK'S SISTER

I have to go home and take a shower.

-- and does the second most hilarious spit-take in motion picture history.

PATRICK'S SISTER

What's with him?

(To Patrick:)

WELL?

PATRICK

Um, what it is... I was just wondering
if... um... Rudy?

RUDY

Your show, ace.

PATRICK

Right.

(Grins cheesily)

Well, sis, me and Rudy, we were kinda,
um, wondering... Are you...?

(Coughs violently, blurts:)

AREYOUAVIRGIN?

PATRICK'S SISTER

What? Stop coughing.

PATRICK

Just wanted to know... IFYOUAVIRGIN.

PATRICK'S SISTER

That's it. Goodbye.

RUDY

(Clears his throat)

What Patrick wants to know, and I'm
kinda curious myself, is whether or
not you ever... bumped pelvises with
anybody.

Patrick groans and covers his eyes.

EXT. HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF SWAMP — NIGHT

The boys crouch next to the Frankenstein monster in the bushes.
Sean looks through a pair of binoculars.

POV — THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

The house. In the driveway the stolen truck sits silent and
abandoned. Crickets chirp, everything is very quiet.
Fat Kid munches savagely on a candy bar.

FAT KID

The Brady Kids never did this shit.

FRANKENSTEIN

BRADY KIDS... MAR-SHA...

SEAN

Ssshh. Eugene, give him something
to play with.

Eugene hands a paddle ball to the monster. Sean and Fat Kid converse
while Frankenstein bats lamely at the ball.

SEAN

Seems quiet. I'm going in for a closer look.

FAT KID

(Blinks:) Sure. Good idea.
(To Eugene:) He's, heh, heh, going in for a closer look, heh, heh. (Grabs Sean, shakes him violently:) ARE YOU CRAZY??!!

SEAN

Fat Kid. You're being a wuss.

FAT KID

Sure, that's because you're being an insane Rambo guy, cut it out!

SEAN

We gotta do it.

FAT KID

Boy, are you WRONG. (beat)
Okay, okay... I think I'm gonna pee.

SEAN

Walk in front of me.

INT. CREEPY BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- SAME

The steel VAULT DOOR we saw earlier has been wired with enough dynamite to sink the Bismarck. A thin steel WIRE leads from the explosives... across the floor to an INDUSTRIAL DETONATOR. As we watch, COUNT DRACULA bends over the detonator... Grips the lever ---

And blows the vault.

The explosion is simply SHATTERING. Shrapnel flies.

EXT. THE HOUSE -- SAME

Earthquake time. The ground rumbles and heaves... trees topple over... and THE BOYS struggle to keep their footing. The FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER reaches out his hand, too late -- Because the ground opens up and swallows all three boys.

And that's when A SHADOW falls across the monster... and he turns, just in time to be SLAMMED beneath a falling tree. The impact is sickening.

INT. CREEPY BASEMENT CORRIDOR --- SAME

Back inside, the VAULT is thoroughly open. Any more open and we could look down and see China. Dust rolls. Rock clatters down.

And in the dim interior of the vault, through the smoke, we get our first glimpse of:

CRUCIFIXES, A SEA OF THEM: plastered over every inch of wallspace... and GARLIC, too, clove after rotting clove, enough to feed a small and not very discriminating nation... And then, of course, we have the main attraction. Boys and girls?

THE AMULET is here.

100 years later, thousands of miles farther away... every bit as powerful. It dances with magical SPARKS of color...

And COUNT DRACULA stares, fascinated and delighted and most of all TRIUMPHANT... throws back his head and ROARS to high heaven, as

EXT. HOUSE

His cry of triumph ECHOES on the night air. CUT TO:

EXT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

PATRICK'S SISTER is leaving in a huff. She slings a purse over one shoulder and storms across the yard. Patrick trails behind her, desperate.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Sick. You guys are sick.

PATRICK

Sis, please, you gotta help us--!

PATRICK'S SISTER

I don't gotta do anything, now leggo my arm, you little turd.

She breaks free, turns angrily -- and runs smack into RUDY. He takes a swig of beer and grins lecherously.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Out of my way, douchebag.

Rudy doesn't miss a beat. He calmly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a snapshot. Holds it up with one hand. Calmly pops a cigarette in his mouth. Patrick's sister looks at the photo --

PATRICK'S SISTER

Mmmph. Arrgh. Gaaaaa.

-- and her face turns twenty shades. She promptly tears the picture to shreds. Rudy just grins, holds up an envelope.

RUDY

The negative. Fotomat's got a two-for-one deal this week, and wouldn't you know it -- there's a spot on the bulletin board right between the prom committee notes and the football roster...

She swipes for the envelope, but Rudy holds it away.

Then the strangest thing happens. Not strange if you think about it, but strange to Rudy and Patrick. Patrick's sister turns away and starts to CRY. Confused, Rudy approaches her.

RUDY

Whoa, hey, chill out.

PATRICK'S SISTER

You didn't have to do that...

(she turns to Patrick)

If you wanted me to help you with your stupid prank, you could have --

PATRICK

It's not a prank, it's important!

PATRICK'S SISTER

The least you could do is ASK me before you took advantage --

PATRICK

You would have said no. Since when do you do stuff for me --

PATRICK'S SISTER

-- what about that night I was babysitting and Mom and Dad said you couldn't stay up for Creature Features, but I let you, anyway?!

Pause. Patrick looks at the ground.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(through tears)

You didn't even ask... you didn't even TRY...

She turns and walks away.

Rudy and Patrick look at one another guiltily. Then --

RUDY

Hey --

Patrick's sister turns... Rudy takes out his cigarette lighter, holds up the envelope, and LIGHTS IT. He drops the burning negative to the ground. Patrick goes to his sister.

PATRICK

... sorry.

PATRICK'S SISTER

I suppose you think I'll help you now.

PATRICK

(pause)

Please...?

She looks at him, speechless. Then looks at Rudy.

Rudy winks. CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER -- NIGHT

SEAN, EUGENE AND FAT KID are covered with dirt head to foot. Around them -- an UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, or should I say torture chamber: manacles, cages, an iron maiden... stuffed goat heads on the walls, this is not a place to take the kids on vacation. Above them, a gaping hole in the roof marks the ground where they stood previously. Fat Kid groans.

FAT KID

Closer look, huh, Sean?

SEAN

Shut up. Just shut up.
(he looks around)
Oh, terrific.

FAT KID

What?

SEAN

We've lost the Frankenstein monster.

Eugene starts to cry. He turns, walks right into a stuffed goat's head, and really starts to cry.

FAT KID

Great. Eugene's crying, the monster's gone, and there are goat heads.

SEAN

Things can't get worse, right?

And that's when TWO HANDS shoot out of nowhere and CLAMP across their mouths.

They struggle and kick, finally manage to get a look at their captor -- and stop struggling:

He is an elderly, BEARED MAN in a cloak which totally surrounds his six-foot plus frame.

He SMILES, reassuringly -- and puts a finger to his lips.

STRANGER

Ssshh. You mustn't make any noise.
(releases them)

It's alright. We're on the same side.

SEAN

(Swallows hard:) Who... who are you?

STRANGER

My name is Van Helsing. Kenneth Van Helsing. Please, I need your help.

FAT KID

Van Helsing...? Like the guy who fought Dracula?

STRANGER

Abraham, yes. He was my grandfather. Now come quickly, I've a lot to tell you and not much time...

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER — NIGHT

The other half of the Monster Squad is assembled in the parking lot, except for Phoebe and Pete, who are back at the clubhouse.

RUDY is sitting on a brick wall next to PATRICK'S SISTER, while Patrick himself paces back and forth with a walkie-talkie.

PATRICK

Come in, Sean... Sean, please respond, over.

He looks at Rudy, frightened. Rudy consults his watch.

RUDY

Ten o'clock. They're late.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(Sarcastic:)

Guess the monsters got them.

RUDY

Shut up.

He means business. If this was ever a game, now it's deadly serious.
CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF SWAMP — NIGHT

The mysterious stranger lights a lantern, motions for the boys to follow him into the creepy PARLOR... he sets down the lantern and starts poking around, looking for something. He talks without looking at them:

STRANGER

Go ahead, ask me questions.

SEAN

What happened to your grandfather?

STRANGER

No one knows. He disappeared in Europe a century ago. Now listen carefully: After World War I, his son, my father, came to America. He brought with him the diary and the amulet, hid them in this house. The amulet he placed in a vault, surrounded by crucifixes and garlic, to ward off vampires. Are you getting this?

SEAN

Yeah.

STRANGER

Now, years later, the Prince of Darkness has come to America. He's located the amulet, and plans to destroy it at midnight. I trust you know what happens then.

FAT KID

Yeah, evil rules the world, we heard that part.

STRANGER

(nods coldly)
Global armageddon. The Time of the Beast. WE MUST FIND THE AMULET.
(beat) But first, I have to know: Are you alone? Have you told any grownups about this place?

FAT KID

Scary German Guy read the diary...

STRANGER

Fine, fine, but is anyone coming to the house? Are you children the only ones, or is help coming?

SEAN

No help. Just us. And you.

STRANGER

(Smiles:) Good.

SEAN

Good..? Excuse me, how is it "good..?"
And who's the Prince of Darkness?

All of a sudden he sounds SUSPICIOUS. Something's screwy here. Across the room, FAT KID has discovered a wooden bureau, with a swing-out shaving mirror, which he PULLS OUT curiously.

FAT KID

(voice trembling)

Sean... ?

Sean LOOKS, and SEES that

IN THE MIRROR is his reflection, and Fat Kid's, and of course Eugene's, but not, repeat NOT, Van Helsing's --

All we see of Van Helsing is -- get this -- his face floating in mid-air, and in case you haven't guessed -- he's not really Van Helsing, this guy. In fact, as the kids turn, terrified --

-- he peels gooey LATEX from his face... strips off a fake BEARD... throws away the cloak and oh, sure, NOW we know who it is -- you can tell by the fangs, ripe with saliva...

SEAN

Oh, Christ.

DRACULA

Wrong...

His hypnotic eyes glow red and lock onto Sean's.

FAT KID

Sean, it's Dracula! Don't look at him!

But it's too late. Sean is spellbound.

DRACULA

Listen to your friend, Sean! Look away! Look in the mirror! Tell me what you see...

Sean looks back in the mirror.

And NOW, Dracula's image appears in it, superimposed. Sean's voice is strange; fighting the vampire's power.

SEAN

I see... EVIL...

Dracula's image DISAPPEARS, leaving only Sean's reflection.

DRACULA

You see a reflection... of yourself...

Sean's eyes are wide and lifeless, trapped in the vampire's spell. And that's when --

FAT KID

(pointing)

Uh oh! Sun's coming up!

Dracula LOOKS, breaking his gaze with Sean.

FAT KID

You looked.

The trance broken, Sean RUNS, and the others boogie right behind him. Dracula watches them go, makes no move to stop them.

Then -- fangs dripping... eyes a bloody red... a walking NIGHTMARE, the dark prince throws back his head and howls with LAUGHTER... ECHOING through the old house. WE PUSH INTO CLOSE-UP AS --

The laugh ends as abruptly as it began -- and we see a thousand years of death in the vampire's eyes.

DRACULA

You have made the wrong enemy, Sean Crenshaw... Now neither of us will see the sun rise.

INT. OLD HOUSE -- SAME

THE KIDS go screaming out into the hallway at 100 miles an hour -- Arms pumping furiously, as Fat Kid says:

FAT KID

So he's not Van Helsing, right?

Sean just looks at him, as -- without warning -- A WEREWOLF CLAW BLASTS through the wall inches from camera... Blocking the kids... Who promptly boogie in the other direction at two hundred miles an hour. Wolfman BURSTS through the wall and takes off in hot pursuit.

THE KIDS, on the run. Around a corner. Hauling butt. Faster, faster still, until, at the worst possible moment the FLOOR GIVES WAY, Crack--! An explosion of dust as the boards collapse and our heroes plunge DOWN, down...

-- into the BASEMENT... ...landing, CRASH--! along with two tons of wood and plaster and assorted other shit, and Sean struggles to his feet, and suddenly GASPS, and then they ALL look...

SEAN

The amulet...

And sure enough, they are not ten yards from the blown-open VAULT. Inside, the amulet PULSES WITH COLOR.

FAT KID

Come on, come on!!

SEAN

Just a second.

He dashes into the vault.

Stumbles, falls, gets up -- and SEIZES THE AMULET.
 It throws off sparks, casting his face in shades of rainbow color...
 And suddenly WOLMAN'S BOWL splits the stillness.
 Sean books, clutching the amulet.

EXT. CORRIDOR

The three boys go jamming down the hall -- LEAPING over a gaping CHASM in the floor, beneath which HUNGRY ALLIGATORS snap...
 Skidding to a halt next to a wooden door.

SEAN

Try this room.

He flings open the door and looks inside:
 FEMALE VAMPIRES, gathered around a cauldron full of mice and lizard tails. They turn toward him with dead, FISH-WHITE faces.

Sean slams the door.

SEAN

Wrong.

FAT KID

Sean!

Sean whirls around -- as WOLFMAN drops through into the basement corridor and comes bounding up the hall toward them.

SEAN

Shit!

They bolt down the corridor, arms scissoring, Wolfman right behind them as Sean FLINGS OPEN another door, shoves the others inside, and turns --

POV SEAN:

Wolfman is ten feet away. He ducks inside and slams the door.

And WOLFMAN PLOWS INTO IT from outside with a terrible impact, nearly blowing it off its hinges.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

The room was once a cell. Chains and manacles on the floor.
 Stone walls. One door. NO WINDOWS.

FAT KID

Sean, there's no windows.
 We can't get out!!

SEAN

Ssshh. Quiet...

FAT KID

Sean, do something --

SEAN

Shut up, just shut up --

FAT KID

Sean, your Dad's a cop, you get straight A's, THINK OF SOMETHING!!

Sean closes his eyes, presses his hands to his temples:

SEAN

Okay. Okay. Officer in danger, Section 22.4...

The door POPS A HINGE, leans dangerously inward... and Fat Kid is having a fit, saying --

FAT KID

Come on, COME ON...

And Sean looks up. With cold determination he says:

SEAN

Kick him in the nards.

FAT KID

What???

SEAN

Fat Kid, when he comes through that door, we're gonna kick him in the nards AS HARD AS WE CAN.

FAT KID

Are you crazy?? He's Wolfman, he doesn't have nards!

SEAN

How do you know, he never takes off his pants, dufus!

FAT KID

We're gonna die, we're gonna die --

SEAN

Shut up!

THE DOOR EXPLODES off its hinges, flies against the far wall -- and in comes Wolfman, visibly upset. He LOOMS OVER Fat Kid and raises his arm for the kill -- And Fat Kid is paralyzed, until Sean yells:

SEAN

DO IT.

And with that, Fat Kid hauls off -- And slams his foot into Wolfman's nards.

Picture this: You tie a rope around a dog's neck, and you tie the other end to a huge boulder; you push the boulder off a cliff. The rope snaps tight, and you know the sound the dog makes?

Wolfman makes that very same sound.

He doubles over and hits the floor, and for a second Fat Kid is too stunned to move, he can't believe something so stupid actually WORKED.

FAT KID

Wolfman's got nards...

Sean springs into action. He scoops up a rusty steel manacle -- and snaps it around Wolfman's leg.

SEAN

GO.

EXT. CORRIDOR

The kids come skidding out into the hall, look both ways:

FAT KID

I think that leads outside.

AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR -- a pair of double wooden doors, set into the wall at an angle: a cellar access.

The kids make a break for it, and for a minute, just a minute, mind you, it actually looks as though they're going to make it... until Sean DROPS the amulet. Goes back for it. Fat Kid looks back over his shoulder --

AND OUT OF NOWHERE SPRINGS DRACULA -- and grabs Fat Kid, Jesus..!

SEAN

FAT KID!

Dracula BARES HIS FANGS and goes for the throat, while Fat Kid fights to save his life. EUGENE leaps forward, but Dracula savagely SLAPS him away... Here comes Sean, but he's gonna be too late...

And the idea that Fat Kid has is not brilliant. Under the circumstances, however, it's pretty sharp.

He fumbles in his pocket, fighting and twisting... the FANGS coming closer... and slides a PIECE OF PIZZA from its cellophane wrapper -- MUSHES IT IN DRACULA'S FACE.

And the unbelievable part is, as the pizza touches Dracula, his skin actually SIZZLES, and STEAM comes hissing up from his face, ick--!

And he BACKS OFF, Dracula does, screeching like a woman, clutching his face... in absolute AGONY.

Sean stares, whispers:

SEAN

Garlic...

And that's when Fat Kid grabs him, and they pick up Eugene and take off.

EXT. HOUSE -- THE CELLAR ACCESS

The wooden doors BURST OPEN, and the three boys haul themselves through. Dash off down the road.

INT. STONE CORRIDOR -- SAME

DRACULA staggers down the corridor in a blind RAGE. As he turns toward the camera, we see that his face is covered with HIDEOUS FIRST DEGREE BURNS...

Which does not exactly do wonders for his temperament.

EXT. ROAD -- SAME

Sean, Fat Kid and Eugene stumble down the road, huffing and puffing with exertion... suddenly HEADLIGHTS STAB out of the dark -- and a big LAND ROVER lurches to a stop beside them.

At the wheel is SCARY GERMAN GUY, and beside him are PHOEBE and PETE THE DOG.

Phoebe says proudly:(

PHOEBE

You guys, I got Scary German Guy to help!

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Listen, boys, that old house is hardly safe. Why don't we all go back to my house for a piece of pie, and --

Sean staggers up and shoves the AMULET under Scary German Guy's nose:

SEAN

You gotta help us. The book was right, look --!

There's no denying it, the AMULET is throbbing, and HISSING, and shooting off sparks of SUPERNATURAL POWER.

Scary German Guy stares, absolutely thunderstruck. Eyes like saucers. CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER -- SAME

The others are still waiting. PATRICK fiddles with the walkie-talkie.

PATRICK

Dammit, Sean, where are you?

No answer. He pounds his fist in frustration.

PATRICK

That's it. They're in trouble.
Let's go.

RUDY

Just a second.

Rudy runs over to a pay phone, drops in a quarter. CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- SAME

The ROOKIE COP, the one who was trigger-happy earlier, sits flipping through reports. The telephone rings and he scoops it up.

ROOKIE

Hello..?

INTERCUT -- RUDY AT THE PAY PHONE

RUDY

Hello. I have information about a crime. There's been a major cocaine war, and, um, six people are dead. Did I say six? TEN. Shadowbrook Road, send as many men as you've got.

ROOKIE

And your name?

RUDY

Send them NOW.

He hangs up, runs for his bike.

INT -- POLICE STATION

The rookie cop hangs up, frowning: the voice was that of a thirteen year-old. He looks up from his desk -- And there's DEL CRENSHAW, looking worse than ever, a cigarette dangling from his lips.

DEL

What was that?

ROOKIE

Prank, I figure. Six murders, I'll just bet. Send a car?

Del nods, starts to walk away, and then stops.

DEL

They give a location?

ROOKIE

Yeah.

(looks at his pad)
Shadowbrook Road.

The light comes on behind Del's eyes.

DEL

Oh, my God... (beat) The caller.
What'd he sound like?

ROOKIE

Like a ten year-old kid, that's why
I'm thinking prank --

DEL

Come on.

He grabs the other cop, flings on a jacket, heading for the door.

ROOKIE

What's going on?

EXT. ROADWAY — SAME

THREE BIKES go streaking along the pavement:
RUDY, PATRICK and PATRICK'S SISTER. Their faces are gaunt, worried.
As they approach a seemingly deserted intersection --

SCARY GERMAN GUY'S land rover comes flying around the corner,
screeches to a halt beside them.

And finally -- the entire Monster Squad is together, reunited.

PATRICK

GUYS! Oh, man, am I ever glad to see
you. We thought --

SEAN

Ssshh. There's no time. (Points:)
She a virgin?

PATRICK'S SISTER

Guy--!

PATRICK

Yeah. She is.

SEAN

(Nods:) Okay.

He takes the talisman out of his pocket, and everyone gasps at
its glowing rainbow BRILLIANCE.

SEAN

We got the amulet, but there are monsters
after us. We gotta make it to the center
of town, where there are people around.

Everyone scrambles into the land rover. Sean looks at his watch:

SEAN

Forty minutes til midnight. God, if we pull this off, I'm gonna shit.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Church.

SEAN

What?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

There's an old church in the town plaza.

SEAN

Perfect. Monsters hate religious stuff.

Scary German guy peels out, laying rubber. CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD -- SAME

A POLICE CAR blows by the camera, going hard and fast.

INSIDE THE CAR -- Del Crenshaw is intense, driving like a man possessed. Beside him the rookie is slightly confused by it all.

ROOKIE

100 miles an hour. We're going 100 miles an hour.

(no response)

I wish someone would tell me what's going on...

And that's when, out of nowhere, DRACULA'S HEARSE BLASTS by them, ALSO going 100 miles an hour, heading the other direction.

ROOKIE

Black hearse, isn't that... Jesus--!

His head bounces off the dashboard as Del stands on the brakes, throws the car into a 180 degree skid, leaving most of his tires on the road behind him. Heads back the way he came.

INT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S LAND ROVER -- SAME

Driving fast. Trees whipping by.

In back, Sean grips the amulet, which throbs even BRIGHTER. Looks at his watch: twenty minutes to midnight.

In front, Rudy puts an arm around Patrick's sister. She elbows him in the stomach, as the car barrels around a corner --

AND THE MUMMY STEPS OUT into the road, right smack-dab in front of the speeding vehicle.

PATRICK

Shit!

RUDY
Go around him!

Scary German Guy spins the wheel, sending the car into a high-speed FISH-TAIL. Rubber burns. Tires screech. The car stands on two wheels, comes back down, BAM--!

And roars away, but not before the mummy lunges forward -- and catches onto the fender.

He is dragged behind the car, and what does he do..?
He starts to CLIMB UP THE BACK OF THE ROVER.

Meanwhile, Scary German Guy wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
That takes care of that.

Except then he looks in the rearview mirror, and sees the mummy's BANDAGE, fluttering behind the car.

And at that very moment the mummy REARS UP in back, snarling, and puts a FIST through the upholstery where Fat Kid's head was moments ago.

FAT KID
Hey! Help!!

RUDY
SWERVE!

Scary German Guy twists the wheel madly, tires screeching, as the mummy grabs PHOEBE by the back of the neck and DRAGS her backward ---
He's going to throw her out of the car.

THE OTHER KIDS try desperately to help without getting creamed, as the mummy's other arm SLAMS down, crumpling metal. This is serious.

SEAN leaps forward, grabs Phoebe's leg -- and the mummy simply BACKHANDS him.
Sean flies out of the car, catches the roll-bar, hangs on by the skin of his teeth, and meanwhile A CROSSTOWN BUS comes blaring out of nowhere and narrowly misses them, SPARKS flying...

And PETE THE DOG has ahold of the mummy's bandage, growling and YANKING for all he's worth...

And that's when Rudy has his brainstorm. Shouts over the wind.

RUDY
DRIVE NEAR THE TREE.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
What?

RUDY
THE TREE.

Rudy grabs the LOOSE, FLUTTERING BANDAGE from Pete the Dog's mouth, hauling in the slack... quickly ties the end to one of his stolen ARROWS, remember them? And Scary German Guy swerves across the centerline, heading right for a big, solid-looking OAK --
And Rudy lets fly the arrow.

It imbeds itself in the tree, THWACK ---!

RUDY

Punch it.

Scary German Guy floors the gas, as Rudy turns to the mummy, who is still yanking Phoebe, and he looks the mummy right in the eye and says:

RUDY

See you later, band-aid breath.

The ARROW pulls tight, and holds --

And as the car leaps forward the mummy starts to UNRAVEL. Fast. His bandages go whipping off onto the night breeze, until all that's left is a 2000 year-old skeleton with bright red eyes, held together by a few strings of flesh: he promptly disintegrates.

His bones clatter behind them in the road.
The car drives on.

(

SCARY GERMAN GUY

I'm... too old for this sort of thing.

PATRICK

That's cool. We're too young.

INT. POLICE CAR -- SAME

DEL is driving like a lunatic. The rookie cowers beside him.
The police radio SQUAWKS:

ROOKIE

Twenty-two, go ahead.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Requesting backup, we got a black hearse here doing ninety miles an hour...

INTERCUT -- HIGHWAY PATROL COPS

They stand next to their car, which is parked squarely in the middle of the highway. The driver speaks into a mike:

COP

Corner of Church and Fisk, request backup, over.

The HEARSE is moving closer and closer. It shows no sign of stopping.

COP

We're blocking the road, can we
please get some backup...? Jesus,
he's really moving, and... and...
and I don't think he's gonna STOP --

ANOTHER ANGLE

The highway cops dive for cover as the hearse blasts RIGHT THROUGH
the highway patrol car. Glass shatters. Metal flies.
The cop grabs the mike and yells:

COP

Suspect heading east on Church,
repeat, east on Church.

INT. DEL'S POLICE CAR -- SAME

ROOKIE

Hey, Lieutenant, isn't that near
your house?

Del stares straight ahead, punches the gas. The car tears up the road.

INT. THE CRENSHAW LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Emily Crenshaw has been crying.

On the table before her are two suitcases, into which she is
tossing articles of clothing. Packing.
She slams shut the lid and wipes her eyes with a Kleenex.

She is preparing to leave her husband.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- sits the tiny red candle we saw earlier, the one
which means someone loves you and nothing bad can happen;
A GUST OF WIND blows through the window --
And snuffs out the flame.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- SAME

THE BLACK HEARSE rounds the corner, tires smoking, plunges down
the dark street. Hops the curb --
Lurches to a halt in the Crenshaw yard.

This is where it gets scary: the car door flies open, and out comes
DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

He moves to the back of the car.

He is, just so we'll know, INSANE with rage -- not pissed, or peeved,
or slightly IRKED, this guy is out for blood, so to speak.

Doesn't even bother with a key, he RIPS OPEN the trunk with his
bare hands. Reaches inside --

And pulls out sticks of dynamite.

ANGLE ON DRACULA

He is on a fucking rampage.

He takes a stick of high explosive --

Strides into the back yard, past the family station wagon, and
Phoebe's toys, and Emily's garden --

Lights the dynamite.
Heaves it up into the treehouse.

ANGLE ON TREEHOUSE

As it is BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY, disintegrating in a cloud of fire.
The sound is deafening.
Wood splinters rain down.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Emily looks up in sudden terror.

EXT. YARD

Dracula calmly lights another stick of dynamite.
Strides to the open downstairs window --

Tosses it inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The dynamite hits --
And Emily dives for cover in the kitchen, while behind her the plush
living room is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

DRACULA doesn't miss a beat, he lights ANOTHER one. Suddenly --

THERE IS A SCREECH OF TIRES. Dracula whirls around --

As HEADLIGHTS blaze out of the dark --

And a POLICE CAR plows into the back of his hearse.

Out comes Del, moving low and hard. Behind him the rookie fumbles
for his .38.

Del draws down on the Dark Prince, says:

DEL
Move and I'll kill you.

Dracula smiles calmly --

And tosses the dynamite at Del.

Oops.

Del takes a running leap, hurtles into the bushes --

As the police cruiser blows SKY-HIGH, flying into the air and slamming back down in two pieces. Flame. Broken glass.

Del rolls into a combat crouch, his face INSANE in the flickering firelight --

and puts three shots into Dracula's chest, BAM BAM BAM--!

And the rookie unloads with three more --

And Dracula smiles coldly and looks into Del's eyes.

DRACULA

I will have your son.

And with that, he transforms INTO A BAT and flies away.

WARP ZOOM ON DEL

As he totters on the brink of insanity. Behind him, the rookie cop is, well... possibly over the brink.

Flame. Loud noise. (THE HOUSE IS BURNING DOWN.

The front door bursts open, and OUT COMES EMILY, covered with soot and grime.

EMILY

WHAT'S HAPPENING??!!

Del grabs her, rudely shoves her toward the family station wagon.

DEL

Get in the car.

He turns and makes a bee-line for the front door, and what the hell is he doing, can't he see the house is going up in flame?

He kicks open the door, plunges into the living room, surrounded by sheeting flame. And smoke is everywhere but is he gonna stop, no way, he fights through the blaze, stumbles, finally reaches -- A COFFEE TABLE, a copy of Time Magazine blazing away on top -- Flings open the drawer --

Grabs a WALKIE-TALKIE from inside.

He runs for the door, shouting into the mike:

DEL

Sean, where are you? CAN YOU HEAR ME??

SEAN'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Dad, we're at the town plaza, come quick--!

In Del's eyes we see exactly how much he really loves his son...

EXT. HOUSE

Del lunges through the front door, hits the ground and rolls, snuffing out the FIRE on his back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He passes Dracula's hearse, snatches something out of the trunk:

Dynamite.

Gets in the station wagon, slams the door, and screeches out of the yard. Divots fly.

THE ROOKIE COP is left behind in a cloud of dust, standing like a statue.

He makes small, gibbering noises. CUT TO:

INT. THE CRENSHAW KITCHEN -- SAME

THE PHOTOGRAPH of the family. Del and Emily, the two kids:

It goes up in flame.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA -- SAME

Welcome to the end of the film. If you need to get popcorn, or use the bathroom, better do it now. 'Cause all hell's about to break loose. First, a bit about the town plaza:

On one side of the plaza is an OLD GOTHIC CHURCH. Steeples and stained glass windows. It is surrounded by shops and stores, a CENTURY 21 office, a BOB'S BIG BOY restaurant, complete with loveable Bob statue: overalls, hair you could surf on.

Storm clouds are rolling and boiling in the almost midnight sky. A few dim flickers of lightning. Below, in the street:

The land rover is parked, surrounded by the entire Monster Squad, attending to their gruesome midnight business...

SEAN lowers his walkie-talkie, his face betraying a fear deeper than any he has ever felt. He looks up toward a huge clock face on the municipal building: THREE MINUTES TIL MIDNIGHT.

SEAN

Patrick!

(Patrick looks up:)

All set?

PATRICK

All set.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SCARY GERMAN GUY is standing next to Patrick's sister, thumbing through the infamous DIARY. She listens and nods, looking pretty much like a cheerleader and not at ALL like a monster fighter...

ANOTHER ANGLE

RUDY tugs on the door of the church, finally kicks it in frustration.

SEAN

Don't kick the church!

RUDY

It's locked.

SEAN

Fine, we'll do it right here.

FAT KID

Oh, right. We're outside of Bob's Big Boy.

SEAN

Tough.

FAT KID

(Points to Big Boy)

Can't we at least give him a cross or something?

Meanwhile, PHOEBE and EUGENE are off to one side, spotting with binoculars.

POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

Shops... stores... parked cars... female vampires... restaurants...

Excuse me. FEMALE VAMPIRES????

PHOEBE

You guys!

Sean spins around, looks.

SEAN

Shit. PATRICK. GO.

Patrick nods and turns to his sister. Scary German guy coaches her as she begins to read.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Um... okay. Start here?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Actually, I believe this is correct.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Right, right... okay. Here I go.

Wait. Um... okay, yeah. Okay. No.

Wait.

PATRICK

Come on, come on!

The VAMPIRES draw closer.

LIGHTNING cracks down, thunder echoes through the chasm of Main Street.

The wind begins to howl.

PATRICK

Read.

PATRICK'S SISTER

I'm... I'm flunking German...

Scary German Guy grabs the book and points:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Ich bitten goert schine.

PATRICK'S SISTER

ICK BITTEN GERT-SHINE.

(sticks a finger down her throat:)

Gag me, really, you should read it.

PATRICK

He's not a virgin, stupid!

PATRICK'S SISTER

Did you ask him?

The wind is really HOWLING now, as debris starts to fly...

A CAR is actually starting to ROLL AWAY under the sheer onslaught of this sudden hurricane.

Paper flies. A phone booth tips over and shatters.

The FEMALE VAMPIRES, meanwhile, are advancing down the street. Around them leaves blow and scatter, trash cans offer up their contents, and people poke their heads out windows. Lights come on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Down the street A POLICE CAR pulls into the intersection.

SAPIR looks out the window, frowns.

SAPIR

What the hell..?

WITH THE KIDS

They cover their eyes as LIGHTNING FLASHES, bright as day.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN

The city lights sparkle below us, as suddenly --

A VAMPIRE BAT

Comes streaking past us toward town.

Its eyes are HUMAN AND BLOOD RED. Dracula, on his way...

EXT. TOWN PLAZA

Back with the kids. The clock reads one minute to midnight.

SEAN

Come on, come on!

PATRICK'S SISTER

Gerkin, munchkin, warehouse.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(Patiently:) Kirchen muenchen
nicht wehr hause.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Yeah, yeah, what he said.

Patrick covers his eyes.

LIGHTNING cracks down, blows the roof off a nearby car. Phoebe screams. Eugene hides behind Pete the Dog.

A TELEPHONE POLE collapses into the street and impacts with a shower of sparks.

RUDY

Whoa. Are we doing this?

THE FEMALE VAMPIRES

are closing in on him, while he backs away and tries to keep an eye on both of them at once. He holds up the bow and arrows threateningly.

RUDY

These chicks are major skags.

One vampire moves in toward him.

He unleashes an arrow and it thwacks right on through and emerges from her back.

She keeps coming.

ANGLE ON RUDY

Sean grabs his shoulder, says:

SEAN
Wood. Wooden stake.

RUDY
Oh. Yeah. Sorry.

He takes out one of his carved wood-stakes.

And the vampire GRABS HIS ARM.

RUDY
Mellow out, wench.

He plunges the stake into her heart.

RUDY
Goddamn. Gross. Aw, man.
Don't let me puke. No puking.

WITH PATRICK'S SISTER

Hopping up and down in frustration, stuttering wildly as she tries to apply her non-existent grasp of the German language.

PATRICK'S SISTER
BITTER, TUNE UNDERWEAR.

Scary German Guy grits his teeth.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
'Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh.'

She closes here eyes, takes a deep breath.

The wind blows.

Lightning flashes.

THE DRACULA BAT comes flying toward them, backlit by the blood-red MOON...

PATRICK'S SISTER
Bitter tunny — aw, shit.

THE BAT COMES PLUMMETING OUT OF THE SKY.

FAT KID
Sean, LOOK OUT!

Sean turns —

It's headed right for him. Saliva drips. Eyes blaze.

A STATION WAGON CATAPULTS into the intersection, swerves --

DEL CRENSHAW fires out the window.

Sean dives for cover.

the bat TAKES A BULLET, spins and tumbles out of control. CUT TO:

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE

The dim interior of a second-story sporting goods warehouse.
Pause, then:

The window SHATTERS, and what comes sailing through is a sight
to see —

HALF-MAN, HALF-BAT:

Dracula, caught in mid-transformation.

He flies into the corner with a crash. Glass rains down. If
there's any glass in this film that I haven't yet broken, please
tell me. Meanwhile —

EXT. STREET — SAME

Del lurches out of the car, sprints across the street.

Kicks in the door of a building —

Pounds up the stairs, gun drawn.

Stops in the doorway of the second-story warehouse, staring in at —

POV DEL:

The moon shines on Dracula's dim form:
An arm. A wing.
A hand. A claw.
He begins to stir...

Del sucks in a sharp breath, reaches into the pocket of his jacket —

And pulls out a stick of dynamite.

Lights it and says:

DEL

Try this, you son of a bitch.

Raises his arm —

AND SOMETHING HITS HIM FROM BEHIND, hard.

He goes flying —

And the dynamite lands in the corner, hissing. Meanwhile —

THE WOLFMAN

Stands silhouetted in the doorway, his fangs bared.

Del, meanwhile, is gasping for breath. He draws his gun --

But the Wolfman slaps it out of his hand. Picks Del up OVER HIS HEAD, and FLINGS him across the room.

Del sails through the air --

Lands with a splintering CRASH.

Tries to roll away. No dice, Wolfman is right on top of him, grabs him and hurls him again, like a RAG DOLL --

Impact. Pain.

Del is barely conscious. A torrent of blood gushes from his nose.

The DYNAMITE is still hissing furiously.

Wolfman moves in, picks Del up, way, WAY over his head --
And the audience is saying NO, please, he's had enough --

Slams Del into the floor. Ribs are breaking here.

Del rolls over, spits blood.

DEL

You're... starting to piss me off...

Wolfman stands over him, raises his arm for the kill.

Del tries to move and can't. It's all over, he's given everything he has and there's nothing left. At which point --

SEAN CRENSHAW speaks from the darkness:

SEAN

Hey, asshole.

Wolfman spins --

SEAN

You looked.

-- and Sean slams a BASEBALL BAT into his head.
The beast SCREAMS, stumbles backward, and as he does --

DEL rolls over --
Grabs the stick of DYNAMITE --

Shoves it into Wolman's trousers, and pushes hard.

Wolfman pinwheels backward out the broken window.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- OVERHEAD SHOT

As he plunges toward the street --

He BLOWS UP in mid-air, bloody pieces flying every which way.
Applause here, maybe..?

BACK INSIDE

Sean grabs his father, hugs him. Del grimaces:

DEL
I love you. Watch the ribs.

Looks in the corner —
But Dracula is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. STREET — SAME

WOLFMAN'S HAND lands with a thump in the gutter, and then,
without missing a beat —

It starts to TRAVEL, skidding across the pavement, as —

ANOTHER ANGLE

Pieces of Wolfman go WHISKING around a corner into an alley,
and now, now we get it, see, only a SILVER BULLET can kill Wolfman:

And so, before our wondering eyes —
He RE-INTEGRATES, coming together with a WHOOSH of sound.

Good as new. And meaner, definitely a lot meaner...

He comes out of the alley —
and there's RUDY. He's got his back turned.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rudy stakes the last of the female vampires, and meanwhile, behind
him — WOLFMAN starts loping toward him, hard and fast.

And Rudy is going to die.

Until out of nowhere comes SAPIR, and he knocks Rudy out of
the way screaming:

SAPIR
Kid WATCH OUT—!

Rudy hits the dirt, safe.

Sapir is not so lucky. Wolfman barrels into him with a bone-crunching
impact. Sapir's gun goes off, BAM-BAM-BAM—!

And he hits the wall with a deadly crunch.
Slides to the ground.

ANGLE ON WOLFMAN

He is hit, staggered, but the bullets are only made of lead, and so:

His skin EJECTS the flattened shells.

RUDY leans over the fallen cop, as Sapir groans:

SAPIR
Tell you... a secret... I'm a lousy
policeman...

He dies.

Rudy does not blink. He reaches into the pocket of his jacket.

Takes out a single, gleaming SILVER BULLET...

Slides Sapir's gun out of his holster. Deadly calm.

Loads the shell, turns without a trace of fear.

Wolfman approaches, snarling, and he's a piece of cake...

RUDY
Bang.

The gun roars.

Wolfman's chest explodes with crimson. He pitches over backward, as —

ANOTHER ANGLE

We rolls over, no longer a wolf. Human as the rest of us, and dying.

DESPERATE MAN
God, thank you...

He dies.

Rudy stands up, as SEAN and DEL come limping around the corner.

RUDY
Told you. Only one way to kill
a werewolf.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA — SAME

Meanwhile, the other kids are having a time of it. As you've
probably guessed —

Patrick's sister is not real popular.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
(Through clenched teeth:)
Let's... try it again, shall we?

PATRICK'S SISTER
Look, you've got me upset —

They shake their heads.

OTHER POLICE CARS ARE STARTING TO PULL UP —

And cops are swarming out, but as they try to enter the plaza
LIGHTNING FLASHES DOWN, decimating their cars, blowing out big
chunks of asphalt —

They dive for cover, firing wildly at nothing.

PATRICK ducks a stray bullet.

PATRICK

These cops are lame.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(Eyes closed:)

Bitte... Bitte... Bitte, tuen sie uns
nicht weh. Oh, my God, I SAID IT.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Good Lord. You did. I have absolutely
no idea how.

He hugs her. She leaps in the air and does a cheerleader yell.

PATRICK heaves a sigh of relief.

And nothing happens.

Except a MAN-HOLE COVER blows sky-high, and the CREATURE FROM THE
BLACK LAGOON crawls out of the sewer.

PATRICK

Where's limbo? We just went through
MAJOR SHIT, where's the big limbo thing?

Scary German Guy frowns, points to Patrick's sister.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Are you... sure she's a... um...

Patrick turns to his sister.

PATRICK

Ahem. (Quietly:) You're not a virgin,
are you?

PATRICK'S SISTER

... NO ...

PATRICK

No...? NO? (Shakes her:) What do you
mean NO!!

PATRICK'S SISTER

Well, Steve, but he doesn't count —

The logic escapes Patrick.

PATRICK
Doesn't COUNT??

PATRICK'S SISTER
.. Sorry

PATRICK
I'm gonna murder you.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
I'm afraid you'll have to stand in line.
(He points)

THE CREATURE is striding ever closer, batting aside stray policemen.
His tongue slithers in and out.

PATRICK
Oh. Oh, wow. I... I'm not talking to
you. I can't believe this. I'm upset here.

EUGENE tugs on Scary German Guy's leg. He looks down, and Eugene
points to PHOEBE: she stands, horrified, clutching Mr. Scrap.

EUGENE
Is she a version?

SCARY GERMAN GUY
(Distracted:) What..? I — virgin.
Yes, VIRGIN. (He grabs Patrick:)
Use the girl.

PATRICK
She can't read!

SCARY GERMAN GUY
I'll help her. QUICKLY.

The CREATURE is still moving, as four cops suddenly open up
with RIOT GUNS —
And he turns, squealing fishily —
Flings a trash can which takes out the cops.

THREE MORE jump from cover and BLOW THE LIVING SHIT out of him.
He flies backward —
Lands next to EUGENE, coughs up a dead mackeral —

And dies.
Eugene wrinkles his nose:

EUGENE
Creature smells like poo.

And meanwhile Scary German Guy's got Phoebe and the DIARY, and
he's coaching her through it, word by word, as the other kids
gather around —
And scary German Guy looks up —

And gasps.

DRACULA is standing in the middle of the street. Tall. Proud. Deadly.

Around him, nature is going absolutely BANANAS, the air is dancing with CRACKLES of electricity, and even the cops are forced to COWER beneath this awesome might.

Dracula doesn't cower.

He starts walking.

DEBRIS is flying, cars are rolling and smashing like crazed pinballs, benches and Century 21 signposts are slewing across the road --

PHOEBE is stuttering and stumbling --

DRACULA is moving faster.

His expression is crazed. Utterly WICKED.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(To Phoebe:) "Ich bitten goert schine -- "
Don't look up, DON'T LOOK UP.

DRACULA, moving faster still. Coming toward them. Thunder rolls. Lightning flashes.

Behind him the uprooted BIG BOY statue goes sailing past, grinning like a buffoon.

A COP runs up to Dracula, tries to stop him. Big mistake.

Dracula grabs an arm and TWISTS. We hear it break. The cop flies out of frame.

TWO MORE COPS, trying to get between him and the kids.
The dark prince unleashes a hand --
Snaps a neck like old wood.

Picks up the other cop, FLINGS HIM IN THE AIR. Keeps walking.
Behind him the other cop comes down, smack--!

Wind, and now some RAIN as well. Lightning flickers on Dracula's INSANITY....

And he's right on top of PHOEBE now. Patrick and Fat Kid charge forward with wooden stakes.
Dracula slams them away with his CANE.

Smiles down at Scary German Guy, who raises a trembling finger:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Nie weider, Nosferatu.

DRACULA

Shut up.

Raises his own hand, as --

A BOLT OF ENERGY crackles from his fingertip, blowing Scary German Guy backward —

He hits hard, groans. Too old to withstand this...

ANOTHER ANGLE

DEL, SEAN RUDY:

Horrified. Running forward through the rain, battling to keep their feet. Wind lashing at them.

DEL

PHOEBE, GET OUT OF THERE!

ANOTHER ANGLE

EMILY CRENSHAW, running forward until she SLIPS and hits the pavement.

EMILY

PHOEBE—!

Dracula grabs the little girl and LIFTS her in a crushing grip. She clutches the AMULET, which is pulsing, and HISSING, SPARKING —

DRACULA

The amulet, bitch.

PHOEBE

(Desperately:) Look out behind you!

DRACULA

Oh, come now —

And that's when BIG BOY sails into frame and CLOUTS Dracula in the head, knocks him ass backwards.

The statue sails away, trailing broken concrete.

And meanwhile Dracula is snapping like a MAD DOG now —

Phoebe trying to get away —

And he GRABS HER LEG, hauls her in —

RAISES HIS CANE, shrieking out a cry of eternal rage which actually ECHOES down the rain-swept street...

SWINGS HIS ARM DOWN. Phoebe and the amulet, he'll destroy them both with one mighty BLOW —

Except A HAND grips his wrist, stops him cold.

He tries to wrench free.

HE CAN'T.

Turns, incredulously —

And there, in the rain, stands the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER.

Dracula's messing with his best friend.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

BOGUS.

He BACKHANDS the Dark Prince.

Impact.

And the audience goes nuts, as Dracula LEAVES HIS FEET, flies out of his shoes —

Goes head over heels through the air —

CRASHES through the stained glass window of the CHURCH —

And lands atop a huge CRUCIFIX, thrashing and screaming and SIZZLING like an overcooked steak.

BACK OUTSIDE

Frankenstein looks down at Phoebe. He is covered with dirt and muck, and his face is caved in. It is quite pitiful.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Face hurts...

He grips Phoebe's hand. She clenches his fingers tightly.

Then... SCARY GERMAN GUY is at Phoebe's shoulder, clutching the DIARY, saying:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Phoebe: Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh.

PHOEBE

(Her eyes never leave the monster's)
Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh.

Scary German Guy heaves a sigh of relief.

Pause. Pause.

The following special effects stuff happens:

First, there's a spot of intense, dazzling LIGHT which appears like a RIP in the middle of the air.

And then it begins to SPIRAL, throwing off awesome FLASHES of optically printed GLARE —

And it gets bigger, and BIGGER, while all around we see the effect it's having, which is like a giant VORTEX, a WHIRLPOOL in the nighttime air—

And still it gets BIGGER...

PEOPLE ARE HANGING ON, clutching at anything stationary, because now the VORTEX IS SPINNING, and SUCKING IN anything and everything --

The corpses of the female vampires --
 Creature from the Black Lagoon --
 Bob's Big Boy --

Rocks, stone, paper, glass, garbage cans, a dumpster, the suction is absolutely INTENSE --

And everyone is holding on for dear life --

EMILY is slammed against the fender of a car, semi-conscious --

And Sean and Del are wrapped around a lamppost...

AND THAT'S WHEN --

DRACULA HIMSELF comes flying out the window of the church, sucked by the intense VORTEX toward his waiting DOOM --

Hits the ground, rolling and tumbling, SMOKE pouring off his charred body --

Goes sailing past Sean and Del --

AND GRABS SEAN AWAY.

Rips him out of Del's arms, and off they BOTH go, toward the twisting vortex, about to spend ETERNITY together...

And Del lets go.

He is caught like a feather in the wind, tumbling over and over, shouting his son's name as he slams down onto the pavement, right on the broken RIBS --

Screams in pain --

AND RUDY grabs his arm, stopping him, looking off toward --

THE VORTEX

It is like a gaping MOUTH, sucking in anything stupid enough to come close;

like Dracula's doing.

And meanwhile he's LAUGHING, high and insane --

ANOTHER ANGLE

SEAN AND DRACULA, locked together in mortal combat.

Heaving, thrashing, Dracula is STRANGLING him, and meanwhile Sean is digging his thumbs into Dracula's EYES and PRESSING for all he's worth, it's a move his father taught him --

And we're talking INTENSE. A fight to the death between a ten year-old boy and a thousand year-old DEMON.

Sean is losing.

His eyes start to cloud over, he starts to turn blue, and Dracula is LAUGHING LIKE A MANIAC...

While Sean is dying. Choking to death.

Until he reaches deep down inside, and remembers that he is, after all, the son of a policeman --

And a cop's kid does not give up.

Ever.

He thrusts out his arm, and grabs Dracula's CANE, yanking feebly --

Accidentally pushes the BUTTON set into the tip.

The button that makes the cane into a LIGHTNING ROD.

It snaps open like a switchblade --

Goes right through Dracula with a sickening GLITCH--!

And the Prince of Darkness is no longer laughing.

He looks down, incredulous...

Releases Sean --

And an ARM SHOOTS AROUND THE VAMPIRE'S NECK --

Yanks him away..!

Sean rolls free, looks up in time to see

ABRAHAM VAN HELSING

Yes, dammit, the same one we saw at the very beginning of this film, and he's got a NIMBUS of dazzling LIGHT around his head, his hair standing on end and CRACKLING with energy --

And he is LEANING OUT OF THE VORTEX.

He gives Sean a thumbs up, and for a brief moment their eyes meet. Something passes. Then --

Van Helsing vanishes back into the vortex, dragging DRACULA kicking and screaming, still impaled like a butterfly on the steel rod.

At which point Sean witnesses something mortal eyes will never again see:

DRACULA AND VAN HELSING

Plunging away into the vortex, end over end, FOREVER LOCKED TOGETHER in a death struggle. The champion of Light, the champion of Darkness.

Sean tries to crawl away, as the vortex hauls him backward —

And PATRICK grabs his hand, hangs on.

FAT KID has ahold of Patrick and also a sturdy lamppost.

The weather is reaching a frightening CRESCENDO, as —

ANOTHER ANGLE

FRANKENSTEIN starts to slide away, toward the vortex, while PHOEBE desperately hangs on, anchoring them both to a STORM DRAIN.

She screams and cries. EMILY, no longer dazed, shouts:

EMILY
Phoebe, let GO—!

SEAN
Let GO, Phoebe!!

She shakes her head no, crying, looks into the long-dead eyes of her newest and best friend:

The monster waves good-bye, slowly.

A tear runs down his battered face... .

And Phoebe lets go.

But as the monster PULLS AWAY —

Phoebe unhooks Mr. Scrap from his velcro grip around her neck, takes aim —

And tosses him to the monster.

And the monster SMILES.

FLIES away into the vortex, end over end, spinning off into eternity armed with a stuffed bear and the knowledge that someone, at long last, loves him...

AND LIGHTNING FLASHES, as storm clouds roll and boil —

Only, now, all of a sudden, they are reversing themselves... heading back the other direction —

And the vortex is getting smaller, smaller still —

Until, without warning —

In the midst of a HURRICANE of sound —

The vortex winks out of existence.

Just like that. The clouds all recede toward the horizon.

The noise stops. Silence.

ON THE STREET

A war zone. Everyone who is still alive starts to get up slowly, one by one... dazed, unconscious, all of them just plain out of it....

And silence reigns.

Debris sifts down on the wind.

Crickets.

SEAN CRENSHAW slowly raises his hand, shakily returns Van Helsing's parting thumbs up —

As gradually, the sound of ROTOR BLADES fills the air, breaking the stillness.

People are starting to help each other to their feet.

EMILY bends over her fallen husband.

SCARY GERMAN GUY picks himself up with obvious distaste, brushing the grime from his tweed jacket.

AMBULANCES come screeching into the plaza.
Fire trucks. Cop cars.

THE ROTOR NOISE fills the screen as, from out of the sky —

NATIONAL GUARD HELICOPTERS touch down in the center of the plaza, and a compliment of SOLDIERS bursts out, armed to the teeth —

Followed by a cigar-chomping GENERAL, who dashes forward, crouched beneath the rotor wash. Lights FLASH, SOLDIERS take up positions, it's a shame that everything dangerous has already been taken care of..

GENERAL

Who's Eugene?

EUGENE steps forward, wearing his Ghostbusters T-shirt, staring up with saucer-like eyes. Pete barks happily.

THE ARMED SOLDIERS crowd around Eugene, brandishing automatic weapons.

The General pulls out a piece of paper:

EUGENE'S LETTER.

GENERAL

Allright, son, where are they?

EUGENE

Mummy came in my house...

GENERAL

(points)

Which one's mummy? This one?

ANOTHER ANGLE

FAT KID is surrounded by townspeople, patting him on the back, congratulating him, it's more attention than he's had in YEARS...

And he's a fucking hero, he deserves every bit of it.

RUDY

snakes his arm around Patrick's sister, and this time she does not resist. She smiles knowingly.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Where's the other copy of that picture?

RUDY

(caught)

Um. Home. Under my mattress.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Don't show it to anybody, okay?

Rudy breaks into a wide grin. She matches it.
This is majorly hot stuff, folks.

THE CRENSHAW FAMILY

is finally together, Del is sitting up now and Emily grabs him in a bear hug, crying her eyes out.

DEL

Honey, honey, watch the ribs —

And then he hugs her anyway.

Phoebe and Sean are both near tears, crying with joy or wonder or some damn thing but whatever it is, it isn't bad. The bad part is over, at least for another 100 years.

RUDY AND PATRICK

Walk side by side, looking thoroughly worn-out.

PATRICK

Congratulations, Rudy.

RUDY

(Nods:) That was very scary,
but excellent.

PATRICK

Definitely.

THE GENERAL

Meanwhile, is damn near apoplectic as he says:

GENERAL

Can someone tell me what the
Sam Hill is going on??

Sean steps forward.

SEAN

We can, sir.
(indicates the other kids)

GENERAL

And who are you?

Sean removes a business card from his pocket, holds it up:

SEAN

We're the Monster Squad.

He grins, as we BEGIN ON THE CARD --

And CRANE UP, up and away... up into the SKY overlooking the plaza...
as BELOW the kids are surrounded by jeeps, and tanks, and now here
comes the SWAT team, and as the frame is absolutely FILLED WITH STUFF,
we CUT TO:

EXT. BAYOU -- DEAD OF NIGHT

A WOLF howls in the distance.

ROLL END CREDITS.

THE MONSTER SQUAD

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Shane Black and Fred Dekker