

THE MONSTER SQUAD

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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FADE IN...

1 EXT. EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

1

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

WE PAN the crumbling tombstones of an ancient, dilapi dated GRAVEYARD... passing gnarled trees that look like claws; claws reaching reaching for a huge full moon...

THUNDER rumbles. Lightning CRACKS. Somewhere on the moors, a wolf HOWLS... and just in case the three tons of fog haven't sufficiently clued you, we:

SUPER THE LEGEND: THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

TRANSYLVANIA, 1887

Mist-shrouded mountains loom down on us... until soon,

WE DISCERN a shape through the mist... because atop one of those mountains... is an ancient, crumbling BATTLEMENT with turret-openings looking down on us like empty, gaping eye sockets.

Boys and girls? Welcome to CASTLE DRACULA...

DISSOLVE:

2 INT. BOWELS OF CASTLE DRACULA - DEAD OF NIGHT

2

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

That's right, coffins. Three of them.

AS THE CAMERA GLIDES ACROSS the stone floor... one of the coffins BEGINS TO OPEN... and we catch a glimpse of a chalk-white hand at its edge, as...

One of the OTHER coffins begins openings... CREEEEAAAK... 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 million glit tering lights, like diamonds, except what they actu ally are is a million 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 us, rodent fans will be camping out next to the theater, but now SOMETHING ELSE is happening...

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

A PARTICULAR BAT

In the center. A real beauty, 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 bigger, and yes, undeniably more HUMAN, as the OTHER BATS REALLY go nuts now, AND —

ON CELLAR FLOOR A PAIR OF FEET.

Naked, HUMAN feet, HIT THE FLOOR with a SLAP, and a naked human MAN rises slowly. Tall, lean, seemingly unaffected by the STORM of bats screeching and flapping all around him...

For the record: VLAD THE IMPALER was a Romanian prince whose hobby was violent murder... but that was hundreds of years ago. NOW he's your basic, run-of-the-mill, undead personification of evil. No blood in his face.

Plenty in his eyes.

They are eyes you NEVER want to look directly into.

He moves across the cellar... past the other two coffins which are OPEN and EMPTY... to an iron torch-holder with a pressed tuxedo on a hanger. He reaches for a long black cape...

Now fully dressed, the Dark Prince strolls the moors, basking in the death and decay around him. He STOPS suddenly — senses pricked — fixated on TWO RED EYES glowing in the darkness, accompanied by a low, guttural GROWLING...

And THAT'S WHEN a huge WOLF LEAPS SNARLING from the bushes — and proceeds to lick the man's face. He scratches behind the wolf's ears, and they go off side by side toward the swamps...

FURTHER ON

The Dark Prince stops. Cocks his head to one side.

Listening. Cautious. Beside him, the wolf GROWLS. A pause.

Then 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.

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 man/bat who proceeds to HURL THEM AWAY with incredible power as fast as they come.

The men hold him down as Van Helsing steps forward with a stake and mallet. He puts the stake to the Dark Prince's heart — RAISES the mallet —

VAN HELSING

Auf Wiedersehen, Count Dracula.

And POUNDS THAT SUCKER home so hard YOU feel it.

The VAMPIRE SCREAMS. Blood bubbles from his mouth.

Van Helsing turns to KARL, a short, muscular man with a dazed expression. He wipes the sweat and blood from his face.

VAN HELSING

Krueger. The wagon. There's not much time...

A CARRIAGE led by four horses RUMBLES PAST CAMERA... and toward the castle... which looms in the distance.

5 EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE

5

TWO of Van Helsing's HENCHMEN light a bundle of dynamite, toss it at the front gate of the castle, and promptly run for all their worth, AS -

KA - BOOM! The ancient gating BLASTS into a million shards, showering debris AT CAMERA -

The HORSEMAN CRACKS HIS WHIP! And VAN HELSING AND HIS MEN charge across the bridge with hunting dogs on reins.

Torches lit, guns drawn, running full out because there is NO TIME TO LOSE...

6 INT. CASTLE GRAND HALL - NIGHT

6

Stone arches a mile in the air. Carved gargoyles.

Ancient debris littering the stone floor.

A FEMALE VAMPIRE feasts on a dead possum. She hears HOOF BEATS, looks UP, as -

The huge entrance doors EXPLODE, SPLINTERS FLYING, remains KICKED OFF THEIR HINGES as men rush in BLASTING AWAY with shotguns. VAN HELSING BARRELS INTO VIEW with a sleek crossbow.

THE VAMPIRE BRIDE drops her dinner, and goes for Van Helsing's throat, hissing and spitting, and someone better remind him he's supposed to be scared, 'cause he doesn't even blink, he simply loads a wooden stake into the crossbow and fires, BAM - !

He steps over the corpse, runs a nervous hand through his hair. Grim. Determined. TWO of his MEN cross the chamber to a huge, tattered tapestry hanging between staircases. Van Helsing nods to the men... who tug it loose. It falls to the floor -

REVEALING a creepy STONE ALTAR guarded by a GRINNING SKELETON... Van Helsing sucks in his breath because there, atop the altar -

- is... The AMULET.

Which amulet, you ask? Why, the ancient, intricately carved metal amulet which even now seems to PULSE with a life of its own..- Yeah, THAT amulet.

Van Helsing looks at his pocket-watch. Almost mid night.

VAN HELSING
Three minutes. The girl. Now.

The amulet flickers...throbs with COLOR... as Van Helsing unrolls a piece of ancient, YELLOW PARCHMENT covered with Gothic German lettering. He turns -

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 GLOWS...

7 **EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN COUNTRYSIDE - SAME**

7

KARL is still outside in the WOODS surrounding the castle, left to guard the wagons... grumbling, tossing gear into a carriage.

Around him the wind picks up, 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. He grabs a crossbow, loads a wood stake and FIRES - ! GLITCH.

One dead vampire... which would be swell... IF she'd been alone.

She wasn't.

ANOTHER VAMPIRE grabs Karl from behind. He SCREAMS, 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 darn 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.

Karl is slightly upset. He starts ripping open bags, plowing through supplies, and the last vampire bride is practically on top of him, and where the heck did he leave those stakes, for Chrissakes? — and she's getting CLOSER — so what does he do?

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. Ooops.

BAM— ! The last female vampire hits the dirt... and Karl heaves a sigh of relief, and leans back against the carriage, and that's when Dracula SITS UP RIGHT BEHIND HIM and we

SLAM-CUT TO:

8 INT. CASTLE GRAND HALL - AS BEFORE

8

Now things are REALLY moving. The wind is blowing some thing FIERCE, while at the altar the PEASANT GIRL stands wearing a ceremonial ROBE, reciting ALOUD from the parch ment scroll.

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, cause NOW he's afraid, you don't need to remind him, and suddenly someone YELLS:

HENCHMAN
Dr. Van Helsing!

AS A ROTTING HAND BLASTS up through the floor — and ANOTHER —

And yet ANOTHER — as the room begins to swarm with living CORPSES, 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.

Corpses crawl up through the floor. Thunder. Lightning.

Wind. A HURRICANE of sound, a deafening crescendo, and the peasant girl takes a deep breath, and reads the scroll's FINAL LINE:

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 corpses.

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 creature... being sucked head over heels toward the energy field, toward his doom, and 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.

A single TITLE CARD APPEARS: "THE MONSTER SQUAD"

FADE IN:

9 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

9

Hooray, SCHOOL'S OUT! The sun shines, birds sing, and KIDS GALORE EXODUS out of Curt Siodmak Elementary School.

We're talking bikes, basketballs, PeeChee folders, skate boards, laughing, yelling, and NOTHING remotely SCARY in the least.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN through the trees, past pig-tailed beauties and booger-eating geeks... all the way to a WINDOW with open Venetian blinds. We suddenly become DEPRESSED. Why? Because:

10 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

10

MR. METZGER, a stern, silly-looking man, sits at his desk across from one PATRICK RHODES: sincere, impetuous, soon to be a hero, only right now he's in TROUBLE...

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 a heavy object like -

MR. METZGER
Patrick.

PATRICK
Dog-eared. Right. Gotcha.

MR. METZGER
And for something to BECOME dog eared., it has to be handled. Am I right?

PATRICK
I guess. 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 YOUNG VOICE ANSWERS from offscreen —

VOICE
Wolfman... That's the Wolfman.

-- as SEAN CRENSHAW is ushered into the office. Spill of dark hair, a T-shirt which says STEPHEN KING RULES.

Sean is a born leader. Too bad he looks like a nerd.

MR. METZGER
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. Sean sits beside Patrick.

PATRICK
Your file has dog ears.

MR. METZGER
Patrick and I were just this... preoccupation you boys seem to have during Mrs. Carlsen's science class. A preoccupation with... monsters? Any thoughts?

Sean shifts nervously. Shrugs.

SEAN
I dunno. I just think they're cool, I mean, me and Patrick even started a monster club.

MR. METZGER
A monster club.

PATRICK
Can I just say something here? I mean, Mrs. Carlsen is fine and all, and the other kids kinda laugh at that moustache she has but I NEVER do, even when it's really hard '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, I swear to God, cause I like her, I mean —

MR. METZGER
Mr. Rhodes, what are you trying to say?

SEAN

Um, I think he means, sir, that we both LIKE Mrs. Carlsen's science class, but... sometimes it gets... kinda... you know...
(Patrick nods)
... boring. So he draws, I write stories.

MR. METZGER
Yes, I believe this is one of yours...
(reads)
"Beast With No Head Meets Sand Monster..." I assume Sand Monster wins?

SEAN
Uh, 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 exchange glances, swallow hard: okay, the guy's flipping out, let's stay calm.

MR. METZGER
Now I'm sure that both of you know a great deal about monsters. That's not the issue here. The issue is...
(beat)
Science is real. Monsters are not.

Sean clears his throat.

SEAN
We don't know that.

SLAM CUT TO:

A HIDEOUS APPARITION RISES INTO FRAME - UGLY, DISGUSTING, a nightmare Of living horror! It is, of course:

SEAN AND PATRICK
- Mrs. Carlsen.

They weren't lying. Her head is undeniably cat-like.

She looks daggers at them as they come out of the principal's office:

11 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR

11

A locker SLAMS. Sean makes soft MEWING noises.

PATRICK
She's married, Sean. Some guy
KISSES her.
(Sean shakes his head)
I mean, a priest said, "I pro-
nounce you man and wife" and it was
OKAY with him??

SEAN
Maybe he works for the SPCA.
(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 mo-ing out.
(sniffs his shirt)
I smell like the 1940's.

SEAN
How come when they send you to
school, they don't tell you about
homos and people with cat heads?

PATRICK
We should write the School
District.

SEAN
Dear School District: Mrs. Carl sen
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
but with Mr. Metzger.
(they laugh)
God, I wish it was Friday.

SEAN
It is Friday.

PATRICK
Only FAIRIES grant wishes.

SEAN
(looking around)
Hey, where's the Fat Kid?

12 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

12

Enter FAT KID. We love him instantly: you have to love someone who tries so hard to be liked and fails so spectacularly.

He looks up from a) reading a comic book, b) chewing an Almond Joy bar, and c) pulling his underwear out of his butt, to SEE:

That his path is now blocked by two MEAN KIDS, E.J. and DEREK. Not that you won't notice, but they are sadistic little turds. They will grow up, get bald, and sell you a used car.

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

FAT KID
Get outa here, E.J.

E. J.
"Get outa here, E.J." Hmm. 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 ate 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 —

FAT KID

Look, just — BUG OFF!

|E.J.

Ooooh, I'm so scared, I wet my
pants.

FAT KID

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

Everything STOPS. A pause.

E.J.

What'ja say? Huh?
(shoves Fat Kid lamely)
What'ja say, Fat Kid?

FAT KID

(quietly)

My name's Horace.

E.J. and Derek are amused by this. E.J. takes the comic book
from Fat Kid, who stands there sweating, 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 stupid ity
problem.

Struggling against tears, Fat Kid mumbles something.

E.J.

What d'you say? Huh? Faggot?

FAT KID

(gulp)

... I said you're an asshole.

Ever wish you hadn't said something?

E.J. SHOVES Fat Kid. .Hard. In the gut. Fat Kid doubles over like a deflated balloon, but E.J. isn't finished; he POUNCES on him, laying punches into him, except right then, without warning —

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

Because RUDY HALLORAN has just arrived.

Everyone freezes... RUDY strikes a match off his sneaker, slowly raises it — WE PAN up with his hand... past pegged jeans... sleeveless T-shirt... to a 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, 13 years old. That's Rudy.

Derek boogies. Fast. E.J. releases Fat Kid, rises.

E.J.
Hey, Rudy.

RUDY
(nods)
E.J.
(drags on the smoke)
See you know my friend Horace.
(to Fat Kid)
You okay?

Fat Kid nods weakly, still lying doubled over.

E.J.
Listen, Rudy —

RUDY
(points)
Ssshh. Dropped your candy bar.

E.J.
Uh uh, it's his.

RUDY
Yours now.

E.J.
I won't pick on him Rudy, I
promise... But —

RUDY
Eat up... we'll call it a day.

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

On E.J.'s big, nauseating bite, we discretely

CUT TO:

13 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BATON ROUGE - LATER

13

SUBURBIA hasn't set in here yet. Shady oak trees, houses built in the 20's and 30's, nice lawns, and mild-mannered Dads hopelessly mangling K-Mart garage door openers.

SEAN

Wolfman can NOT drive a car!

SEAN AND PATRICK head home from school/ backpacks across their shoulders, Patrick on his skateboard. Dogging their steps is an eight year-old dazzler named PHOEBE... Sean's little sister.

PATRICK

All's I'm saying is, he could if he had to.

SEAN

Could not.

PATRICK

Could so.

SEAN

Could not, DORK.

PATRICK

I know you are, but what am I?

SEAN

Dork.

PATRICK

I know you are, but what am I?

As Phoebe walks, she strips a daisy of its petals one by one, chanting the age-old litany:

PHOEBE

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

SEAN

(exasperated)

Phoebe, would you cut it out?
That's incredibly immature.

- Being a little sister, she naturally continues.

SEAN

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

PATRICK

What d'you mean? He walks around,
he wears pants -

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

THAT'S because those movies were
made in the 140s and he HAD to wear
pants so you wouldn't see his...
his wolf-dork.

PATRICK

Wolf-dork?

Phoebe YELPS, clutches Sean's arm.

PHOEBE

YOU GUYS!

(points)

I saw him! He was watching us.

SEAN

Who?

PHOEBE

(scared whisper)

Scary German Guy...

Sean and Patrick follow her gaze. They SEE:

A HOUSE, not unlike all the others, except less well-kept.

Peeling paint. Brownish curtains. Weeds. You just KNOW it
smells inside. The kids MOVE CAUTIOUSLY past the house.

PATRICK

That guy gives me the creeps.

SEAN

Lighten up. It's just some old guy
on welfare.

PATRICK

Maybe he's a German spy.

SEAN

Good one. We're not even at war
with Germany, we're at war with
Vietnam.

PATRICK

Nuh uh.

SEAN

Uh huh. It's in RAMBO.
(CONTINUED)

The three of them look back at the house as they continue walking forward... not looking where they're going. They walk smack-dab into -

FAT KID

You guys missed it!

WE SEE Rudy on his bike, several paces behind Fat Kid.

He takes off a pair of Ray-bans.

FAT KID

Rudy saved my life, so I said he
could be in the monster club, can
he?

Sean and Patrick eye Rudy. Rudy eyes them back. The monster club huddles.

PATRICK

Sean, he's in Junior High.

PHOEBE

I heard he killed his dad.

FAT KID

Butt out, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Make me, Fat Kid.

FAT KID

My name's Horace.

PHOEBE

Your parents are so mean,
(goes back to)
Loves me, loves me not...

Fat Kid grabs her flower.

FAT KID

He thinks you're a fart, he thinks
you're a turd. THERE! He thinks
you're a turd.

Phoebe backs off, pouting sadly. It is so adorable, you want to fall down and die.

SEAN
Okay. We should let him in... On
ONE condition.

They all exchange looks. A beat.

SEAN/PATRICK/FAT KID
Monster test.

They MOVE OFF down the sidewalk, leaving Phoebe behind, staring mesmerized at the house of the legendary Scary German Guy. Her eyes suddenly WIDEN WITH HORROR, because:

Staring from a window, is the weathered old face of SCARY GERMAN GUY himself, peering through the curtains, grinning with cracked, yellow teeth... Heh heh, kiddies...

Phoebe manages to uproot her frozen feet and dash off down the street -

SCARY GERMAN GUY stares after her, shakes his head, draws the curtains and as he does, WE do a George Lucas style

WIPE TO:

14 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DUSK

14

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

15 INT COCKPIT - SAME

15

Two seedy-looking pilots, MIKE and DENNIS. They are the airborne equivalent of the truckers you see along Inter state 5.

Dennis looks out at an endless landscape of swampland.

Mike reads a comic book. A transistor radio plays "Monster Mash".

DENNIS
(pulls out a stick of
gum)

I'm depressed.

MIKE
What are you depressed about?

DENNIS
Our passengers are all dead.

MIKE
So?
(CONTINUED)

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

MIKE
It's not your fault. Besides, do
they complain? Do they get airsick?
Do they ask for more of the little
almond things?

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

MIKE
That's the spirit.

DENNIS
I'm gonna buy a puppy.

MIKE
(calls over his shoulder)
You hear that, guys? My pal's
buying a PUPPY!
(nothing but silence)
No, but seriously, I just flew in
from New York, CRAZY town, CRAZY
town.
(beat)
No sense of humor.

DENNIS
Dead crowd.

MIKE
Ouch.

He unwraps another stick of gum, 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.

MIKE

I'll stay here and make spooky sounds.

16 INT. CARGO HOLD - SAME

16

Here we go, boys and girls: 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".

One PARTICULAR CRATE seems larger and older than the rest. On its side, the stenciled word "BAVARIA", and another word, this one harder to read, but as Dennis approaches, we make out the letters: F-R-A-N-K-E... Gulp.

Dennis 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 turns to the cargo door, shines his flashlight on it, and...

IT FLINGS 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 his face.

Okay. Pry yourself off the ceiling, it was a cheap scare.

THE BAT flutters 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 with out warning, A HAND SLAPS 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.

He crosses to the big crate, bends over it, 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 – and the CRATE plummets headlong into open space.

Second: Dracula doesn't.

Instead he hovers in mid-air over where the floor USED to be. Holy shit... He SNARLS at Dennis, eyes blood red – and HIDEOUS WINGS sprout through his clothing.

Dennis chokes in fear.

And Dracula drops like a stone. Out of the plane, plunging into airspace. DENNIS lunges forward, peers over the edge... The wind whips his hair, and his eyes widen with SHOCK –

DENNIS' POV (MATTE SHOT)

Below us is an endless stretch of twilight swamp. THE CRATE is still falling, end over end... And DRACULA, too, plummets 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....

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

WE MOVE TO... a mossy cypress tree. A BAT hangs from a branch upside down. Its eyes GLOW blood red...

18 EXT. NIGHTTIME SKY - SAME

18

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

FAT KID'S VOICE (O.S.)
Two ways to kill a vampire.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN through the branches, until WE SEE:

RUDY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Uh... stake through the heart?

FAT KID'S VOICE (O.S.)
Right. What else...?

19 EXT. CRENSHAW BACK YARD - DUSK

19

A TREE hangs over a babbling creek, and IN the tree is...

THE MONSTER 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.

WE CLOSE ON RUDY, looking out an opening with a pair of binoculars.

RUDY
You've gotta be kidding me...

A RUDY'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL 16 YEAR-OLD BLONDE YOU EVER SAW

IN YOUR LIFE rises from a swimming pool next door.

She is back-lit by the setting sun; tan, gorgeous legs, spill of lustrous blonde hair, pert young,

- or excuse me a minute...

SEAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
RUDY!?

20 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE - DUSK

20

Rudy snaps out of it. WE WIDEN TO REVEAL...

SEAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
This is a monster test, come on,
it's important! Second way to kill
a vampire.

Male adolescent paradise. Comic books, toys, magazines, posters, movie stills... All the Aurora monster models, including Forgotten Prisoner of Castle Mare (who isn't really a monster, but hell with it).

RUDY
I give up. Daylight?

And meet two more members of our club: EUGENE, 5, doesn't say much, is adorable. And then there's PETE THE DOG. Pete is Eugene's constant companion, and to say he's cute is to say Lake Michigan is a trifle damp.

FAT KID
SUN light.

PATRICK
Fat Kid? What OTHER kind of light
is there during the day?!

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.

WE FINALLY REST ON the panel of questioners: Sean, Patrick and fat Kid. A candle is lit, the lighting dim, like a seance. We're talking real ritual stuff here.

PATRICK
Okay. Question Two. Is Frankenstein the name of the monster, or the guy who made him?

RUDY
The guy.

SEAN
Right.

There is a KNOCK On the trap door. Sean opens it to REVEAL PHOEBE, hanging on the rope swing outside. There is a stencilled sign on the door: "NO GIRLS ALLOWED".

SEAN
Can't you read?

PHOEBE
Mom says you have to let me in the club or else it's prescription.

SEAN
Discrimination, jerkoid! Prescription's drugs, which you're ON if you think you're getting in the club!

(drops the door, looks up)
Two ways to kill a werewolf.

RUDY
(a beat)
Silver bullet?

FAT KID
And...?

RUDY
That's it. Shoot him with a silver bullet.

PATRICK
Nuh-uh. Sorry, Rudy.

RUDY
(shrugs, lights a cigarette)
No sweat. What's the other way?
(CONTINUED)

Patrick and Fat Kid look at each other.

SEAN
What?

RUDY
Second way to kill a werewolf.

PATRICK

{HE'S TRAPPED)
Uh...

SEAN
Car crash?

Rudy just looks at them. The "experts" shift uncomfortably.

PATRICK
Accident with power tools.

FAT KID
Old age?

SEAN
Falling out a window — onto a bomb?

Rudy shakes his head.

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

SEAN
Whoops. Gotta go.

RUDY
Wait. Am I in or what?

SEAN
Tell you later.

21 EXT. TREEHOUSE - SAME

21

Phoebe sits at the base of the tree, as Sean appears, climbs down the wooden ladder.

22 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE

22

The remaining kids look at each other. A beat. They pull PLAYBOY magazines from every possible place of concealment.

23 INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN - SAME

23

A television BLATHERS as EMILY CRENSHAW sweats over a box of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's finest. 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
What's this, Mom?

EMILY

Huh? Oh. I found that for you at
Jane Birge's garage sale today.
Says it came from that old house
out on Shadowbrook Road...

Phoebe crowds next to Sean as he takes the book and examines it. The cover is ancient, with faded gold letters: ABRAHAM VAN HELSING. Sean's eyes go wide.

SEAN

Holy sit- urn, 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, Mom, this is great.
This is...

(stops)

This is German.

EMILY

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

SEAN

Cute, Mom.

He exits, as Phoebe begins to dance around her mother.

PHOEBE

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

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 Pharaoh Kantanka-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 moving back ease. 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... and her eyes stray to a PHOTOGRAPH on the wall: the two children. Herself. Her husband DEL, in a spanking new POLICE Uniform. Shiny badge.

Something happens in Emily's eyes; a surrender to despair. The kitchen is a mess. she picks up the flower stem which Phoebe left on the counter...

24 EXT. A BLUFF - NIGHT

24

The town is spread out before us like a blanket of gems, as - a HEARSE pulls to a stop. Jet black. A SILVER SKULL hood ornament...

The engine shuts off, and WE MOVE TO THE DOOR... IT OPENS... and two feet step out... WE FOLLOW THEM to the edge of the bluff.

COUNT DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS

stands, surveying the town below, the wind ruffling his hair. Dark clouds gather overhead as he CHUCKLES, soft and low.

DRACULA

Let it begin....

25 INT. HALLWAY - CRENSHAW HOME - NIGHT

25

SEAN moves down the upstairs hallway, passes the bathroom door. Catches sight of his FATHER, shaving.

26 INT. CRENSHAW BEDROOM

26

In the f.g. we see a GUN and BADGE hanging from a bed post. Sean passes the gun on his way into the -

27 INT. BATHROOM

27

DEL CRENSHAW is closing in on 40, with a face a little too bland to be called handsome.

He cuts himself shaving, flinches. Spots SEAN.

DEL

Hey, slick. Busy day?

SEAN

Not really. Shoot anybody today?

DEL

'Fraid not. Still may if you don't wash up for 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 seven year-old sister who needs babysitting. Sorry 'bout that.

SEAN

Dad, I've been waiting all year to see this movie!

DEL

Easy, pal. It's only a movie. Look, 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! Son. Trust me. There ain't —

SEAN

Isn't.

DEL

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

SEAN

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

DELL

Well 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

Dad, all I want to do is see a stupid movie.

DEL

Well, you can't. You're babysitting.

SEAN

Fine. Can I have five bucks anyway?

DEL

Sure.

SEAN

So where are you and Mom going
tonight?

DEL

(beat)

Marriage counselor.

SEAN

(beat)

Again?

Del lights 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.

(telephone RINGS)

Saved by the bell.

Del grabs the receiver.

DEL

Hello, yeah.

28 INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

28

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

Hey, Del. Bad news.

DEL listens. Closes his eyes, counts to three. Sighs.

DEL

City Museum, right.

29 INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN - SAME

29

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

DEL

Can you reschedule that appointment? I gotta go downtown.

EMILY

You're going. Just like that.

DEL

Honey, I'm a cop, okay? 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

(pause)

See you in a few hours.

He is gone. Emily Crenshaw picks up his dinner plate, clears his setting... HEAVES them into the sink with a CRASH!

30 INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - SAME

30

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've GOTTA HURRY, I can't resist for long...

BEEFY COP

Yeah, well try real hard, okay?

DESPERATE MAN

Oh, God, IT HURTS!

COP #1

PCP.

DESPERATE MAN

You people are not listening to me!

COP #2

Back off, Mike. He's on dust.

DESPERATE MAN

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

COP #1

A werewolf?! Why didn't you say so?

BEEFY COP

Hey, ladies, how about helping me book this bozo —

DESPERATE MAN

Yes, BOOK ME! You gotta put me away NOW —

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

BEEFY COP

Gimmee 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
NOOO!!!

But it's too late, the ROOKIE opens fire, BLAM! BLAM!

BLAM! and on the deafening shots we

SLAM-CUT TO:

31 INT. CITY MUSEUM - NIGHT

31

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.

SAPIR
Listen. I'm a very good police man,
do you believe that?

WATCHMAN
Yes, sir.

SAPIR
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.

DEL

I'm glad you're getting major
laughs out of this, Rich, the
problem is 2000 year-old dead guys
don't get up and walk away by
themselves!

32 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

32

SLIMY, 2000 YEAR-OLD FEET trudge slowly along the pavement,
step after torturous step, trailing a length of rotting
bandage...

AN AMBULANCE goes screaming by, and the CAMERA PANS WITH IT -

33 INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

33

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 -

34 EXT. NIGHTTIME SKY

34

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

BACK IN THE AMBULANCE

Something funny starts happening. HAIR IS GROWING on the otherwise dead hand, that's number one. Second, the SKIN.

Starting to ripple, and stretch...

Without warning a single, flattened BULLET is pushed upward through the skin, and EJECTED like an unwanted virus. Then the other bullets. P-toink! P-toink! ALL ejected. And more hair, growing faster... THE FINGERS CLENCHING INTO A TALONED FIST.

The oblivious AMBULANCE DRIVER is switching the radio dial, as - THE WOLFMAN JUMPS HIM from behind!

35 EXT. HILLTOP DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

35

Stars twinkle, crickets chirp... a positively magical spring evening... Especially at the MOTOR MOVIE 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 outside a deserted house...

SORORITY GIRL WITH IMMENSE, ODDLY-SHAPED BREASTS

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, AND -

A BIG CAT flies through the air screeching, because in these films cats never just come out quietly purring, oh, no, they have to be fucking rockets 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 she spins around, SCREAMING -

But 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.

36 INT. STATION WAGON - THE DRIVE-IN

36

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 the back, while in front is EUGENE, wearing an adorable pair of Pooh Bear pajamas.

The kind with the feet. In his lap sits PETE THE DOG.

We'll never know why Eugene joined a monster club; hd'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 on your buttocks.

FAT KID
Eugene!

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 --

37 EXT. CRENSHAW ROOFTOP - SAME

37

An identical walkie-talkie is broadcasting the film to young SEAN CRENSHAW, who is perched on the roof of his house, and from here he can see the drive-in screen.

Pretty neat, huh?

Sean takes a sip of Coke and looks away from the movie for a moment... THE TOWN spreads out below him, a blanket of light. The distant BARK of a dog. The wind picks up, ruffles his hair.

ON THE HORIZON, dark, looming clouds roll in.

Lightning flickers inside them.

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. He 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.

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...

38 EXT. NIGHT SKY

38

as LIGHTNING strikes -

SOME HIGH-TENSION POWER LINES

Shattering the transformers —

39 EXT. BATON ROUGE - LONG SHOT

39

A section of town is plunged into blackness.

40 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

40

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

In the foreground SAPIR is at a patrol car, talking into a radio mic. Nearby lights WINK OUT.

SAPIR

Wonderful. What? I can't hea — no,
no, MISSING. The body is MISSING...
Yeah, second one tonight, HA HA,
you wanna shut up about it?

41 EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

41

THUNDER. Wind. A LANTERN glows on the porch of a weather-beaten shack... An old, weather-faced BLACK MAN sits, listening to the blues on an old phonograph. He looks out across the vast swamp...

42 EXT. THE SWAMP

42

THE WOLFMAN prowls through the dank wilderness.

SNAKES coil around tree trunks. Creepers. Spanish moss.

BUZZ of insects. We're talking MAJOR atmosphere.

The werewolf STOPS and sniffs. Apprehension. He GROWLS low and threatening, then WHIRLS TO SEE —

COUNT DRACULA standing before him, eyes glowing, one hand pointing to hold the beast in obeyance. In his other hand, he wields a cane with a gold wolf's head at its tip.

The count cocks his head, moves on... and the wolfman obediently falls into step behind him... moving toward the swamp...

Finally, the count kneels at the lagoon's edge. And guess what? Something's DOWN THERE. First, we see dead fish float to the surface, and then... as Dracula watches, eyes ablaze...

A GREEN TALONED HAND BREAKS THE SURFACE. Scares us silly, while on the soundtrack we HEAR a familiar rift 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, hoisting something — DROPS IT at the count's feet... It is a crate. THE Crate.

This time we have no trouble reading the work: FRANKENSTEIN.

The creature's gills vibrate in and out, as Dracula bends low over the crate, begins to STROKE it, as you would a favorite pet.

DRACULA

It's been so long... So very
long...

THE GILL-MAN watches. As an insect goes by, his TONGUE leaps out a good two feet to snag it, while: Dracula takes his cane, holding it over the crate, pushes a button, and — KA-SPAK! —

The cane SHOOTS OPEN to a length of four feet. See, it's no longer a cane at all, what it is, IS — it's a LIGHTNING ROD. He holds the rod high in the air, looks to the sky.

DRACULA

Wake up, old friend...

And JAMS THE ROD THROUGH the top of the crate. He steps back
--

DRACULA

It is... our time.

And sure enough — a CRACK OF LIGHTNING flashes down to strike the lightning rod, and BZZZTTTT!! A spider-web of VOLTAGE dances in sparkling networks around the crate, until — POW!!

A shattering EXPLOSION as the crate's wooden sides fall away, charred and smoking. The gill-man BACKS OFF with fear, fish-eyes dilating. The wolfman GROWLS...

And then, as the ECHO OF THUNDER dies slowly away... the electricity dies, the wind dies down, and all becomes still...

A HAND THRUSTS UPWARD — 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 Prince of Darkness GRINS with sadistic glee. The Creature applauds. The Wolfman HOWLS... The moon rides high.

The Frankenstein Monster has awakened.

43 INT. PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

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.

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.
(kisses Phoebe)

PHOEBE

Say goodnight to Mr. Scrap.

EMILY
Goodnight, Mr. Scrap. Goodnight,
sweetheart.

She starts to leave.

PHOEBE
Are you gonna yell at him?

Emily stops. Frowns.

EMILY
Honey, I love your father —

PHOEBE
What?
(a pause)
I meant Sean. For scaring me.

EMILY
(recovering)
Oh. Of course you did. I'll talk to
him.

44 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

44

Sean sits at the kitchen table, leafing through the Van Helsing diary. We hear ANGRY VOICES from off-screen.

DEL (O.S.)
Fine. I'm a lousy father.

EMILY (O.S.)
I didn't say that.

DEL (O.S.)
Forgive me. The counselor said it.
You listened.

Sean rises to see what's going on. He peers through the shutters on the kitchen-door, SEES his parents arguing in the living room. Candle-flame flickers across their faces.

EMILY
Why don't you be there next time.

DEL
Sure, hey, I'll quit my job. We can
spend more time together mortgaging
the house, waiting in bread
lines...

(he trails off)

Sean closes the shutters, depressed... Then he notices the family phone-message board, where he SEES:

FOR: Sean CALLER: Mr. Alucard (school) ?

MESSAGE: Interested in Van Halen diary. Possible \$\$\$

Sean looks at the message curiously. He returns to the table, absentely takes a pencil and paper, begins scribbling...

EMILY (O.S.)

You don't even care. You're thinking about your job, aren't you? I can see it in your eyes -

DEL (O.S.)

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

EMILY (O.S.)

Please don't...

Sean continues scribbling, trying to ignore his parents, absentely putting the letters ALUCARD in reverse order: DR...

DEL (O.S.)

-No, really, come look in my eyes, I'll think about stuff and you can tell me when I'm thinking correctly. Well, I had a lousy night, all right?

EMILY (O.S.)

Please...

...A C...

DEL (O.S.)

Do you care? Some guy steals a priceless Egyptian mummy - ? Well, that happens every day, skip that - and I get a call, some guy's shouting he's a werewolf! Huh? You like that? So they blow him away, and next thing the body's gone and an ambulance driver is found torn to shreds. Nice night, huh? Not as important as your marriage counselor, maybe -

...U L A. D-R-A-C-U-L-A... Holy shit. Sean stares at the word he's written, then up, hearing his father's words, hearing his parents' marriage crumble...

EMILY (O.S.)
I — really don't care to listen
anymore.

But as horrible as that is... there are things more horrible.

DEL (O.S.)
Fine. I knew that. Saw it in your eyes... Tell you what, next time we argue let's get some dark glasses, what do you say?

Because Del Crenshaw is a cop; he's been trained not to believe in monsters —but Sean, he's ten, and right about now, his eyes are as wide as saucers... A CRACK of THUNDER!

45 INT. EUGENE'S BEDROOM - SAME

45

Everything silent, serene, as our pal EUGENE (in adorable P.J.s) tries to sleep, but lest we forget, he has recently seen the bone-chilling GROUNDHOG DAY, PART 12, so sleep? Forget about it.

Presently, from across the room, we become aware of SOUNDS: Shuffle. Shuffle... THUMP. Eugene's eyes pop wide open.

46 INT. A BEDROOM DOOR

46

as Eugene's tiny hand reaches into frame and knocks. The door OPENS... and there's Eugene's recently-asleep Dad. I think we can safely say he's not pleased.

EUGENE
There's a monster in my closet.

47 INT. HALLWAY - EUGENE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

47

EUGENE, DAD, and PETE THE DOG trudge down the hallway.

Dad is annoyed, the others terrified beyond words.

EUGENE'S DAD
I told the boy not to read the damn monster books. Didn't I tell you? Like to throw them books out, that's what I'd like to do...

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

Silent. Empty. No monsters here.

EUGENE'S DAD

Damn, son, look at all those
monsters.

(speaks to air)

Hey, you, get off the bed.

(beat)

You see any monsters?

Eugene points at the closet.

EUGENE'S DAD

The closet, huh?

(sighs)

Fine, we'll 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, is merely annoyed.

EUGENE'S DAD

Come on, monsters.

He flings open the door, and 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 ALSO isn't looking, his eyes shut tight.

EUGENE'S DAD

Ooooh, Look at that big, scary
monster.

And meanwhile the Mummy's dried-up lips curl over skeleton teeth in a horrifying LEER —and Eugene's Dad slams the door in his 2000 year-old face.

EUGENE'S DAD

You're NOT sleeping 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 cowers in the hallway. Eugene starts to follow his Dad... but he can't resist: he HAS to take one last look, and so, fearfully, he turns —

And sees an ancient gauze bandage trail out the window.

Eugene's eyes are bigger than his entire head.

48 EXT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - ON A TRASH CAN

48

And in go the monster books. SLAM!

BACK INSIDE - CLOSE ON EUGENE

His eyes squeezed shut. WE HEAR soft TAPPING sounds from offscreen... THE WINDOW.

Obviously, the last thing in the history of earth Eugene wants to do is look. So naturally, slowly, with terrified apprehension, he OPENS HIS EYES... and SEES: AT THE WINDOW - SEAN

gesturing wildly. Then PATRICK pops into view! Then FAT KID!

49 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

49

The words "MONSTER SQUAD" are written on a blackboard.

WE PULL OUT to reveal the entire Monster Club ASSEMBLED, lit by a single overhead bulb. Rudy swigs a beer, smokes a cigarette.

RUDY

Okay, we're all here, what's the deal?

FAT KID

Yeah, what's Monster Squad, anyway?

SEAN

It's us.

(beat)

WE're the Monster Squad.

PATRICK

Since when?

SEAN

Since now.

FAT KID

What's a squad?

PATRICK

It's like Miami Vice, I think.

Sean takes a deep breath.

SEAN

Look. I think there's monsters, you guys... Like real ones.

EUGENE

(pathetically)

Mummy came in my house.

This is universally ignored.

SEAN

Tonight I heard my Dad talking and there was a guy at the police station who said he was a werewolf and they shot him.

PATRICK

Whoa...

|' SEAN

The body disappeared from the ambulance... and the ambulance guy was dead.

FAT KID

So he got shot and a werewolf took his body?

SEAN

No, peenhead, he WAS a were wolf !
Maybe.

PATRICK

But if they shot him...

SEAN

It must have been regular bullets.
Not silver ones.

RUDY

Does that mean I'm in the club, or what?

SEAN

Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're in...

(beat)

Look, Guys. Dracula might be here, too...

EUGENE

(pathetically)

Mummy came in my house.

Pause.

PATRICK
EEeeeewi Man! Fat Kid farted!

FAT KID
Did not, it was Pete!

Rudy is extremely amused by every aspect of this meeting.

SEAN
(exploding)
Goddammit, SHUT UP!!

Everything stops. They all look at him.

SEAN
Didn't you guys hear what I said?
The guys were dead! Get a clue,
don't you understand? Something's
out there, and it's killing people,
and if it's monsters...nobody but
us is gonna do anything about it!

Pause. Everyone averts their eyes.

PATRICK
(clears his throat)
So... What do we do?

Sean holds up Van Helsing's crumbling diary.

SEAN
I think this book is important. My
mom says they found it in some old
house on Shadowbrook Road, but I
don't know what it says. It's all
in German.

PATRICK
My big 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 hogans.

RUDY
(lighting a cigarette)
Your sister doesn't live next door,
does she?

PATRICK
(absently)
Yeah, so...?

SEAN

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

EUGENE

(pathetically)
Mummy came in my house.

The others all stare at him.

SEAN

So what do you say?
(sticks his hand out in
front of him)
Are we Monster Squad, or what...?

CLOSE ON SEAN'S HAND

as PATRICK puts his hand on top, followed by FAT KID'S,
RUDY'S, and EUGENE'S. After a beat, PETE THE DOG'S PAW JOINS
them.

RUDY

How does that dog GET up here,
anyway?...

50 EXT. SCARY MANSION - EDGE OF THE SWAMP - DEAD OF NIGHT

50

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

SWAMP INSECTS BUZZ. Leaves blow and scatter. A sign swings loudly: 666 SHADOBROOK ROAD.

51 INT. HALLWAY (SCARY HOUSE) - NIGHT

51

COUNT DRACULA glides down a creepy hallway, carrying a lantern. The light flickers on his evel features.

At the end of the corridor is a mannequin wearing a Confederate Civil War uniform, and wielding a rifle with bayonet. Dracula PUSHES the rifle barrel UPWARD, and -

THE WALL PROMPTLY OPENS - A secret panel. He enters.

52 INT. DUNGEON STAIRWELL

52

Under the house. A subterranean stone stairwell. Dust.

Cobwebs. Rats. Glowing lantern light creates dancing shadows against the rock walls...as Dracula descends the stairs....

He appears at the bottom, moves to a small, dark stone cell.

DRACULA
Old friend. I hope you like your new home....

In the shadows of the cell sits THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, chained to a wall...rocking back and forth...looking lost and pitiful.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Home....

DRACULA
I must sleep soon, so I listen carefully. Van Helsing's diary is missing.
(beat)
I wish you to retrieve it for me.
Do you understand?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Yes, Master....

DRACULA
Children possess it. I want you to find them, and take the diary. If they do not co-operate. ..you will kill them. Do you understand?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Yes, Master....

DISSOLVE:

53 EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE - DAY

53

Sean, Patrick and Fat Kid do not look thrilled to be here.

FAT KID
Gentlemen. I'd just like to say three words, okay? Scary. German. Guy.

Sean holds up the diary.

SEAN

Yeah, well, who ELSE are we gonna get to translate this thing? Now come on! Some body go up there and knock.

PATRICK
YOU knock, you're our leader.

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, right? Even if the guy's a total froot loop, what's he gonna do?

FAT KID
Sean. Firstly, he's scary, okay?
And B – he's German. Maybe he doesn't even know English.

PATRICK
Okay, so 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, holding a bag of groceries, and smiling with crooked yellow TEETH.

54 EXT. CRENSHAW BACK YARD - DAY

54

PHOEBE sits on the grass in the shade of the tree house.
She plucks a daisy, and tosses it into the creek.

PHOEBE
Target: fifty degrees, Mr. Scrap.

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

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.

55 INT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE - DAY

55

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 a couch, and not only do they NOT look scared, buy they're actually SMILING. Before them are pie, Cokes, napkins, and, of course:

SCARY GERMAN GUY, ,who isn't threatening in the least.

He is bent over the crumbling Van Helsing diary, 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 bitchin'.

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 smiles)

- Good and evil are in constant... flux. Back and forth. Only once, every hundred years are the forces balanced.

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 do you say - indestructible?

FAT KID

That means it can't be destroyed.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(smiles)

Or in any case, NORMALLY destroyed. However - and this part is underlined - "Once, every hundred years,

SCARY GERMAN GUY

at the stroke of midnight, the amulet becomes vulnerable. In THAT moment... it can be shattered..."

Silence. The boys are on pins and needles.

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

There is a German expression for such a cataclysm. Gotterdamarung.

• 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... 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 could gain possession of the
amulet BEFORE the forces of
darkness ...then every hundred
years, at mid night, there is
another option...
(squinting at book)

...A ceremony, which, when followed to the letter... will 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. A moment of humility.

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
...Interesting. It is TOMORROW'S date. A hundred years ago...

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

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

The Monster Squad look at each other.

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

56

The boys come out. Scary German Guy stands in the open doorway.

THE SQUAD
God, thanks. Thanks a lot. Etc.

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 vam pire -
(points to a mirror mounted on the door)

— then I wouldn't have a reflection, now would I?

FAT KID
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 closes the door, WE SEE a faint blue NUMBER tattooed into the skin of his wrist...

57 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

57

Sean, Patrick and Fat Kid walk along the railroad tracks.
Fat Kid has found a big ol' walking stick.

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

SEAN
Limbo, stupid.

PATRICK
Well, how do we know the amulet's here, anyway?

SEAN
Because, dweeb, Dracula's obviously here looking for it, and if WE don't find it before him, we're beast-bait.

PATRICK
(pause)
Okay, so say we get the amulet.
Then what? Wait 'til midnight, and —

SEAN
We get — a virgin.

PATRICK
A virgin. Right. Okay. Then what?

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

PATRICK
(shrugs)
No biggie.

SEAN
Cinch.

FAT KID
Piece of cake.

They nod confidently, walks on.

SEAN
'Course, you KNOW what a virgin is.

Pause. Nobody meets anyone else's gaze.

PATRICK
Huh? 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. Who doesn't?

Pause. Still, no eyes meet. They stop. Look at each other.

58 EXT. 50'S BURGER DRIVE-IN - DAY

58

The guys approach RUDY, who is munching a burger, swigging a container of milk. They sit across from him, determined.

SEAN
Rudy? Question.

RUDY
Shoot.
(he 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. Milk sprays out his nose.

59 EXT. CRENSHAW BACK YARD - DAY

59

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

PHOEBE

Sean. Hurry. Omigod. Gotta see.
Come on.

SEAN

(distracted)

Phoebe, you're being a spaz — okay
— Rudy, we're gonna need silver
bullets --

PHOEBE

Sean, puleeezze. Come on. LOOK.

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

SEAN

Phoebe, handle life, okay?... Fat
Kid, get a map and find Shadowbrook
Road. If the diary was there, maybe
the amulet is too.

Phoebe bites his hand.

SEAN

Owl! You BRAT — ! I'm telling Mom--

PHOEBE

Would you look??

Everyone looks --

As the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER steps out from behind the tree.
For a moment, time seems to stand still.

Okay. Here's the effect we're going for: the kids do not RUN away. We do not SEE them move. Rather, they simply APPEAR on the other side of the lawn. As far away as possible and still have the same zip code.

PHOEBE takes the monster by one huge, crudely attached hand.

PHOEBE

It's okay, you guys, he's friends
with us 1

The kids, all huddled in their hiding places, shake their heads. They won't budge. Would you?

PHOEBE
Come on, don't be chicken!

A pause... then... SEAN detaches from the group.

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, in his own back yard, on a magical spring twilight... Sean Crenshaw comes face to face with a monster...a real one. He reaches out his hand. The Monster does likewise.

And their hands MEET. Sean just STARES into the monster's eyes.

SEAN
Are you... are you dead...?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
...DEAD ...

And suddenly, Sean gasps, because, see, the monster is squeezing much too hard, he's going to CRUSH Sean's hand so Sean, not yet panicking, says -

SEAN
Too hard!

And guess what. The monster lets go. Just like that.

On his face is a look of indescribable SORROW. Sean turns to Phoebe.

SEAN
Does Mom know about him?

PHOEBE
Uh-uh. Just us.

She grins. Sean grins. Then WHOOPS WITH JOY -

SEAN
GET OVER HERE, YOU GUYS!

Claps the monster on the back. The monster grins and claps Sean on the back...which knocks him flying out of frame.

PHOEBE
NOW can I be in the monster club?

60 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE - DAY

60

Everyone is here, including the monster himself. The kids are gathered around, staring. Sean runs a hand through his hair.

SEAN
I don't believe this...
Frankenstein's monster is in our clubhouse!

PATRICK
(nervous)
Let's ask him to leave, okay?

SEAN
You aren't still scared, are you?

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 a little bit gross, Sean.

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
(beaming)
I taught him to talk.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
BOGUS... GIMMEE A BREAK...

SEAN
Terrific.

PATRICK
Huddle.

The kids gather and converse in hushed tones. In the b.g., 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

Sean, we gotta tell somebody. Your Dad's a cop, maybe -

SEAN

No way. No grownups. They'll kill him or lock him up or...dissect him or something. He's not hurting any one.

Rudy grins and holds up a box.

RUDY

Dudes! 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 RECOILS 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.

61 INT. A GIRL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

61

Remember the girl we saw earlier? The teen angel coming out of the swimming pool? 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:

62 EXT. PATRICK'S BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

62

As the window shuts, WE REVEAL: the monster clubbers, crouched, hidden in the bushes. The Frankenstein monster is with them.

SEAN

This is a bad idea.

PATRICK

Rudy, 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

That's it? That's what you had to say?

SEAN

Yeah.

RUDY

Fine. We'll save the world later.

(beat)

Trust me. I'm in Junior High.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Six figures detach themselves from the bushes...the kids and the monster creeping across the backyard... carefully skirting the edge of the 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.

63 EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

63

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

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, has a cow. She runs —

(he points)

— into the hall, passing window
B...

FAT KID

And I take her picture.

SEAN

This is a bad idea.

PATRICK

Sshhh! Water stopped.

RUDY

This is it.

FAT KID

Oh boy!...

And suddenly, from offscreen, comes a VOICE:

VOICE (O.S.)

Patrick...?

PATRICK

Cheese it! My Dad!

RUDY

Move.

He grabs the monster's arm, 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 practically flies in the air at the end of Frank's arm, and mean while —

The monster stares through the window at Patrick's naked sister... 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.

64 EXT. ROAD - TWILIGHT

64

The Monster Squad and the Monster head off, silhouetted against the setting sun... Six friends, and one of them is REALLY tall.

PATRICK

I got it. Here's how we stop
Wolfman: have Frankenstein fight
him!

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

GIMMEE A BREAK...

DISSOLVE:

65 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - DUSK

65

The house on Shadowbrook Road broods beneath a full moon, which defies the lunar calendar specifically so it can be full throughout our movie. Thanks, moon.

66 INT. HALLWAY - THE HOUSE - NIGHT

66

CAMERA GLIDING down the corridor. WE BOOM DOWN — THROUGH the floorboards, where rats skitter and squeak, DOWN THROUGH STONE, EMERGING —

67 INT. CREEPY DUNGEON CORRIDOR

67

Shadows dance and flicker, as DRACULA prowls along the eerie stone corridor, a bobbing lantern in one hand, a steel SLEDGEHAMMER in the other...

The WOLFMAN creeps at his side, watching, while Dracula TAPS the walls with the hammer... probing... looking for something...

DRACULA
The amulet is here. I feel it.

Tap tap tap.

DRACULA
Where, Van Helsing? Where have you hidden it...?

Tap tap tap. Pause. Dracula notices something in the corner of the dungeon. Moves the lantern to SEE:

A SATCHEL lies on the ground, loaded with STICKS OF DYNAMITE... A skeleton-hand grips the satchel.

Dracula holds the lantern up REVEALING:

The SKELETON of a long dead explorer. Its other hand is outstretched, pointing at the wall behind Dracula.

The vampire turns. Taps the wall.

A different sound. More hollow. Tap tap tap.

Dracula smiles, hands the lantern to Wolfman, steps back, grips the sledge -

And proceeds to HAMMER the shit out of the stone wall.

CRACK-! Stone flies - CRACK-! Erupting in bursts -- CRACK-! As he SMASHES the sledge into solid rock, FRENZIED, possessed, the CUTS quicker and quicker, Crack-SLAM-! Crack-SLAM-! UNTIL -

A BLINDING LIGHT BLASTS OUT of a tiny hole in the wall.

All that pounding, by an inhuman monster with the strength of ten, and THIS is all the headway he could make... But it's enough.

Enough for him to put his eye up to, and LOOK IN...

68 INT. SECRET VAULT - START ON DRACULA'S EYE

68

looking in, an unearthly GLOW illuminating the stone wall... then PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

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...

An then of course, there is the MAIN ATTRACTION, because, boys and girls, the count has struck pay-dirt. Because, you guessed it...

100 years later, thousands of miles farther away... but every bit as powerful - the AMULET dances with magical SPARKS of color...

BACK OUTSIDE THE VAULT - DRACULA

as he smiles, looks at the Wolfman. Takes a step back.

Grips the steel SLEDGE. Pause. And then - just as he is about to SWING for all he's worth - he cocks his head, looks eastward, and -

69 EXT. BAYOU - DAWN

69

Over the swamps, a deep purple sky beckons the rising sun.

BACK TO DRACULA

Sudden sweat.

DRACULA

Damn!

But triumph returns to his expression, as he drops the sledge,, and touches the stone wall...

DRACULA

Tomorrow night... Our reunion must wait until then, my prize...

Wolfman looks on, uncomprehendingly.

DRACULA

Soon, Van Helsing... Soon, the creatures of the night shall rule the world...

(pause)

And there's NO ONE TO STOP US...

And from nowhere, a fiendish LAUGH; a laugh so evil, so demonic, it gives you chills, and as his eyes GLOW RED HOT -

THE TOP 40 HIT "MONSTER SQUAD THEME" KICKS IN, and we begin the following MUSICAL MONTAGE:

70 INT. SEAN'S ROOM

70

A MORNING ALARM CLOCK RINGS and SEAN CRENSHAW sits bolt upright in bed.

AS (97) FAT KID, (98) PATRICK, (99) RUDY come BURSTING THRU OUT OF THEIR HOUSES, ON THE MOVE, AND 99

71 EXT. INTERSECTION

71

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

72 INT. TREEHOUSE

72

PHOEBE and the monster. Phoebe hangs seashell EARRINGS on his ears. Frank makes A HORRIFIED face, while Phoebe giggles and kicks.

73 INT. CLASSROOM

73

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

74 INT. JUNIOR HIGH SHOP

74

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

75 INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN

75

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

76 INT. SHOP

76

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

106 OMIT

77 INT. EUGENE'S ROOM

77

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

78 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

78

The three Squadsters are in the lead as the doors BURST OPEN and kids come swarming out.

79 EXT. JUNIOR HIGH FIELD

79

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.

80 INT. EUGENE'S ROOM

80

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's tongue peeks through his teeth as he Colors.

81 EXT. ANOTHER STREET

81

RUDY hands a box to SEAN, carefully shielding it from any bystanders. Real cloak-and-dagger spy-stuff.

82 INT. PATRICK'S ROOM

82

Patrick at his Apple Macintosh (TM) computer, creating a "MacArt" BUSINESS CARD design, and -

83 INT. MALL PRINT SHOP

83

He pulls a sheet from a Xerox machine, holds it up for a closer look: THE MONSTER SQUAD. Now it's official.

84 INT. GARAGE

84

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

85 EXT. CITY STREET

85

EUGENE stuffs his completed letter — addressed: UNITED STATES ARMY — HURRY! — into the corner mailbox.

86 INT. CRENSHAW BEDROOM

86

SEAN enters his father's bedroom, crosses to the gunbelt which hangs from the bedpost. He removes the gun from its holster, empties the bullets onto the bed.

Takes the BOX which Rudy gave him earlier — and with a pair of pliers, pulls the shells loose, inserts them into freshly forged silver bullet-casings.

On his face, a look of grim determination. He reloads the new silver bullets... silently replaces the gun in its holster.

87 INT. CLUBHOUSE

87

Squad assembled. SEAN runs his finger along a map, pauses next to SHADOBROOK ROAD. Patrick, Rudy and Fat Kid LOOK ON.

PHOEBE and EUGENE watch, delighted, as Frankenstein's monster (wearing Rudy's Ray-bans) feeds Pete the Dog.

The expression on their faces is RADIANT, as our MONTAGE ENDS...

88 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - DUSK

88

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

89 INT. PARLOR - SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

89

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

DRACULA

(entering)

I do regret the dosage, my friend.
Most lethal by human standards,
but... human standards don't
apply... Do they?

He moves to the window, opens the curtains.

DRACULA

Frankenstein's creation has failed me... But soon, the moon will be full, my friend... and tonight is too important for our plans to be jeopardized...

He returns to desperate man's chair.

DRACULA

I require sustenance... I trust you stocked the pantry as I requested...?

(the desperate man nods)

Good.

He SHOVES the chair forward - with desperate man IN IT - so it is facing the open window.

DRACULA

Then I'll go have a bite, while... you change into something more comfortable...

He exits, closing the parlor doors. We HEAR them LOCK... then the sound of receding footsteps. A pause, then...

The desperate man sits bolt upright in his chair. Alert.

Sweating. He SPITS OUT three tiny capsules, enough Demerol to stop an elephant, except, see, he didn't swallow them.

90 INT. HALLWAY (SCARY HOUSE) - NIGHT

90

Dracula moves to a pantry door... OPENS IT, AND -

IN THE PANTRY

are several YOUNG GIRLS huddled together, STARING with huge eyes. Pasty-white faces. Lips blue with terror... unable to utter a single sound. One is reminded of Nazi war camp footage.

91 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

91

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

DEL

— no, honey, I'm NOT being condescending, you'll know when I'm being condescending,—like NOW, for instance...

SAPIR passes the desk, dumps a report on it.

DEL
What the hell's this? Honey...?
Hello?

He hangs up.. Curses.

SAPIR
Last night, near the ambulance crash? Eyewitness report. Get this... along black hearse. No plates. You wanna ask about the hood ornament?

DEL
What about the hood ornament?

SAPIR
Thought you'd never ask.
(dramatic)
A silver... skull. I consider this an exciting lead. I'm excited. Are you excited?

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

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

DEL
And everyone who believes in fairies clap their hands.

In the holding tank, the TRANSVESTITE grins, and THE ENTIRE SQUADROOM bursts into applause, as — Del's phone RINGS again.

DEL
(scooping it up)
Honey, I'm sorry, I —

PHONE VOICE
Crenshaw?!

DEL
Uh — yeah, this is Crenshaw —

92 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

92

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
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
666 Shadowbrook Road, it's an old
mansion. He's found the amulet!
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, PLEASE, just gather your
men, and —

DEL
Have a nice night.

DESPERATE MAN
DON'T HANG UP!

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

DESPERATE MAN (O.S.)
He's gonna kill your SON — !

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

93 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME

93

The desperate man stumbles from the phone booth, SCREAMING, clutching his face. His shirt BURSTS OPEN, and his face completes its lycanthropic transformation, AND —

94 INI. THE CRENSHAW HOME - NIGHT

94

The moon filters through the open window. In the dark, EMILY CRENSHAW sits curled up in bed, looking at a television set... She looks incredibly forlorn.

TV NEWSCASTER

A school spokesman said the girls disappeared while on a wildlife field trip in the bayous...

We hear a distant wolf HOWL... Emily rises, shuts the window. A SHIVER runs through her. She returns to the bed... and, almost as an afterthought, takes the candle she gave Phoebe.

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

95 INT. DUNGEON CELLAR - ON SKELETON EXPLORER

95

We PAN DOWN TO his satchel, full of dynamite. A white, ringed hand reaches into frame, TAKES A stick of dynamite.

It is, of course, DRACULA... He grins.

96 EXT. A ROAD - THE BOONIES - NIGHT

96

BUZZ of insects. Fireflies in the air. WE CRANE DOWN TO REVEAL: FAT KID on a bike, munching a slice of pizza; EUGENE riding on the handlebars. SEAN rides a second bike.

They stop, turn around, and SEE the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER lumbering along behind them, with PETE padding at his feet. Fat Kid gives Eugene a Twinkle. Sean speaks into a walkie-talkie:

SEAN

Come in, Patrick.

97 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE (INTERCUT)

97

PATRICK

I'm here. Where are you?

SEAN

Almost there. Everything set with you?

PATRICK

Know in a minute. How we doing,
Rudy?

In the alcove, Rudy sits by the window next to Phoebe.
He looks through his binoculars, gives Patrick a thumbs up.
POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Patrick's SISTER is in the driveway of her house, saying goodbye to a cheesy High School PREPPY in a white Trans Am. Backlit by moonlight, she is even more beautiful than the last time. Wait. Not possible.

Call it a draw.

RUDY
What hogans. A cheesy High School guy does not deserve those hogans.

PATRICK
Rudy's in love.

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

PATRICK
Huh?

SEAN
Ten o'clock, dufus.

MEANWHILE, EUGENE HAS WANDERED AWAY FROM THE ROAD, kneels by the swamp, eating his Twinkie. Pete paws at him to get some. Pete knocks it out of Eugene's hands... and it lands in the water.

EUGENE
Thanks, Pete.

He reaches for it...

AND THE CREATURE from the Black Lagoon RISES FROM THE WATER not two feet from his face. Pete does not run; he DISAPPEARS. You expect to see a cloud of dust in his shape left behind.

Eugene BOLTS UP. Backs away. The Creature submerges again.

PATRICK'S VOICE
(from the walkie-talkie)
How do we know the amulet's there?

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

Eugene walks up from the swamp, arms dangling at his sides.
Pete cowers at Frankenstein's feet.

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

SEAN
You think grown-ups would believe
this? Get real, dude. It's us or
nothing.

Eugene tugs on Sean's pants.

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

Eugene tugs on Sean's pants.

SEAN
I know you are, but what am I? Over
and out.

He lowers the walkie-talkie antennae. Eugene tugs on Sean's pants.

SEAN
WHAT, EUGENE?!?!

EUGENE
(pitifully)
Creature stole my Twinkle.

Sean and Fat Kid roll their eyes. They saddle up. As they ride off into the gloom, WE MOVE TO a sign: "SHADOW BROOK ROAD - 1/2 MILE"

98 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

98

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 did you wanna ask me?

PATRICK sits before her, as nervous as we've yet seen him.
RUDY leans casually against the wall, drinking a 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)
I have to go home and take a
shower.
(-and does the second
most hilarious spit take
in motion picture
history)

PATRICK'S SISTER
WELL???

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

RUDY
Your show, ace.

PATRICK
Right.
(grins cheesily)
Well, sis, me and Rudy, we were
kinda, urn, wondering... Are
you...?
(coughs violently,
blurts)
AREYOUAVIRGIN?

PATRICK'S SISTER
What? Stop coughing.

PATRICK
We just wanted to know...
IFYOURAVIRGAN.

PATRICK'S SISTER
That's it. Goodbye.

RUDY
(clears his throat)

Look, urn — what your brother is so delicately attempting to inquire, and, allow me to add my own personal curiosity... is, the degree to which you may have, or have not, at some point in time...
 (beat)
 ...been dorked.

Patrick SLAPS his hand over his face.

99 EXT. CRENSHAW BACKYARD - NIGHT

99

PATRICK'S SISTER slings her purse over one shoulder and storms across the yard. Patrick trails behind her, desperate.

PATRICK'S SISTER
 You guys are sick.

She runs smack into RUDY, who grins lecherously, a cigarette in place.

PATRICK'S SISTER
 Out of my way, douchebag.

Rudy doesn't miss a beat. He calmly holds up a snapshot.

Patrick's sister looks at the photo... and her face turns twenty shades. She GRABS the picture and tears it 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. Through her tears:

PATRICK'S SISTER
 That's really shitty...

RUDY
 Whoa, hey, chill out.

PATRICK

We need your help! Okay? It's important! I woulda asked, but you'd say no -

PATRICK'S SISTER

How do YOU know?!... What about the 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 took advantage of me... you didn't ask me to help... You didn't even TRY...

She walks away. Rudy and Patrick look at one another guiltily.

RUDY

Hey -

Patrick's sister turns around... Rudy takes out his cigarette lighter, holds up the envelope, and LIGHTS IT.

He drops the burning negative to the ground.

LONG pause.

PATRICK'S SISTER

I suppose you think NOW I'll help you.

Rudy makes a face so endearingly helpless and sensitive, even WE don't know if he's bullshitting.

100 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

100

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

SEAN

Man...

The HOUSE. The ominous black Hearse is parked in front.

Aside from the BUZZ of mosquitoes, and the CALLS of swamp birds, everything is very quiet. Not to mention scary as hell.

FAT KID

Sean, urn, about this Monster Squad thing. Maybe we could, like, re think it, you know what I mean?...

SEAN

Fat Kid, you're being a wuss.
 (lowers the binocs,
 starts to move in)
 Now come on, time's running out.

FAT KID

Sean. Ho.
 (points)
 Scary House. Real Monsters. 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. They exchange glances.

Sean moves forward...

FAT KID

Couldn't we be, like, Math Squad, instead? You know, do math problems, stay HOME...
 (he follows unhappily)
 Or NATURE Squad! We would look at rocks, collect birds... Not be dead. See, it's this whole death thing I'm not crazy about...

He passes a sign: "POSTED - STAY OUT - KEEP OUT". Next to the words is a small skull-and-crossbones...

101 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

101

The group gathers at the bottom of the steps.

SEAN

I'll go first.

FAT KID

I'm gonna pee.

SEAN
You go first.

102 INT. CREEPY DUNGEON

102

Enough dynamite to sink the Bismarck. WE MOVE ALONG a steel wire from the line of dynamite placed against the wall, TO...

DRACULA, who is hooking the line to an INDUSTRIAL DETONATOR...

103 INT. SCARY HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

103

The huge front doors SLOWLY OPEN with an echo-y CREEAAKKK.

Fat Kid slowly ENTERS, followed by Sean, who shines a flashlight in front of them. Eugene, Pete and Frankenstein take up the rear.

FAT KID
Welp, no amulet. Let's go.

He turns to leave. Sean glares at him.

FAT KID
(pause)
The Brady Kids never did this shit.

FRANKENSTEIN
BRADY KIDS... MARSHA...

Sean glares at him. All around them are the peeling, ornate trappings of the by-gone Ante Bellum era. They move forward.

SEAN
Look. We got two consolations. One:
Frankenstein's Monster's on our side. Second, my Dad's a cop, and if anyone messes with us, he'll kick their ass.

Sean turns, SEES the Monster still standing in the door way. He gestures and the Monster steps forward. The floorboards CREAK under his massive, heavy boots.

104 INT. DUNGEON CELLAR - ON DRACULA

104

as he HEARS the CREAK. He rises, tense, and we MOVE IN ON THE DETONATOR. The handle is loose. It slides... slowly... down...

Click.

KA-BOOM!! 1

105 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - BACK UPSTAIRS

105

The doorframe COLLAPSES onto the Frankenstein monster as the EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOUSE! The kids HIT THE DIRT. Sean looks up as the dust settles.

SEAN
FRANK!!

The kids DASH to the monster... who is BURIED under the debris.

Eugene grabs the huge hand, and pulls. Pete does the same with a piece of jacket in his teeth.

FAT KID
(helplessly; "What WAS
that??")
Sean...?

SEAN
(looking around, scared)
I don't know...

EUGENE
(still pulling)
Wake up, wake up...

Sean sadly SEES it is useless.

SEAN
Eugene -

EUGENE
He won't wakeup.

FAT KID
(emotional)
What do we do, Sean? The monster!

Sean rises angrily, equally emotional.

SEAN
Don't call him a monster!

Fat Kid looks to the floor. Eugene and Pete stop pulling. They look at Sean with huge, sad eyes.

SEAN

Use your eyes, Fat Kid! Does he look like we can help him?

FAT KID

But... what if he's dead...?

SEAN

Then He died to help US.

(a beat, taking control)

Now I'm the head of this squad, so listen up. He said Dracula knows we're here, so let's just find the amulet...

(beat)

...and get the hell out of here.

Sean turns... and tentatively moves down the shadowy hallway. He looks back to the others, and —

That's when a HAND SHOOTS OUT of nowhere and CLAMPS over Sean's mouth. Eugene and Fat Kid SCREAM, as they SEE —

An elderly, BEARDED MAN in a cloak which totally surrounds his six-foot plus frame. He puts a finger to his lips.

STRANGER

Ssshh. It's all right. We're on the same side.

He releases Sean... who swallows hard.

SEAN

... Who are you?

STRANGER

My name is Van Helsing. Kenneth Van Helsing.

FAT KID

Van Helsing? Like the guy who fought Dracula?

STRANGER

Abraham, yes. He was my grandfather.

(gestures)

Come. There's not much time...

RUDY sits at his favorite table 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)
Maybe the monsters got them.

Rudy gives her a Jackie Gleason look.

106 INT. PARLOR - SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

106

The mysterious stranger lights a lantern, motions for the boys to follow him into the creepy PARLOR...

STRANGER
Go ahead, ask me questions.

SEAN
What happened to your grand father?

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 somewhere in this house. The amulet is somewhere in this house. The amulet is 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. YOU MUST HELP ME GET THE
AMULET OUT OF THAT CHAMBER. But
first, I have to know – are you
alone? Have you told any grown-ups
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

Wait a minute. What chamber?

All of a sudden he sounds SUSPICIOUS. Something's screwy
here. Across the room, FAT KID has discovered the remains of
a broken mirror over the mantle. He looks into it.

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 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! Don't look at him!

Too late.

DRACULA
DO, Sean! DO look at me! Tell me
what you see...

SEAN
(fighting it)
Evil... I see evil...

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

Sean's eyes are wide and lifeless, trapped in the vampire's spell.

FAT KID
(pointing)
Uh oh! Sun's coming up!

Dracula LOOKS.

FAT KID
You looked.

The trance broken, Sean RUNS — and the other BOOGIE RIGHT BEHIND HIM. Dracula watches them go, makes no move to stop them. WE PUSH IN TO CLOSE-UP...

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.

107 INT. HALLWAY - SCARY HOUSE (STEADICAM)

107

THE KIDS go screaming out into the hallway at 100 miles an hour, arms pumping furiously.

FAT KID
So he's not Van Helsing, right?

They ROUND a bend AND —

WOLFMAN JUMPS into view, blocking their way. They promptly do a 180, and RUN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

Wolfman takes off in hot pursuit.

THE KIDS run down the hall, up some stairs, where PATRICK does a quick "eeny-meeny-miny-moe" between three doors,

YANKS one open —

PATRICK
IN HERE — !

And in they rush, SLAMMING THE DOOR behind them, just as Wolfman SWIPES AT IT, LEAVING CLAW MARKS DEEP IN THE WOOD.

108 INT. DEAD END ROOM

108

And we're calling it that because, guess what? There's NO WAY OUT. We hear Wolfman CLAWING and POUNDING from outside.

SEAN
Good one, Patrick! No doors, no windows —

PATRICK
Do something!

SEAN
No convenient portals to other dimensions!

Pete BARKS his lungs out. Wolfman SHREDS the door in a frenzy. The sound is DEAFENING. Eugene is moderately upset.

PATRICK
Do something!!

SEAN
Shut up, just shut up!

FAT KID
Your dad's a cop, you get straight A's, THINK OF SOMETHING!!

The Wolfman IMPACTS THE DOOR again and again! 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...

FAT KID
Come on, COME ON...
(CONTINUED)

And Sean looks up. Cold determination.

SEAN
Kick him in the nards.

FAT KID
What???

SEAN
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 a werewolf, he
doesn't have nards!

SEAN
How do you know?! He never takes
his pants off!!

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

THE DOOR EXPLODES off its hinges, and in comes Wolfman,
visibly upset, GROWLING, out for blood, and he raises his
arms 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. You know the sound the dog
makes?

Wolfman makes that very same sound. Then CRUMBLES.

FAT KID
Werewolf's got nards...

SEAN
GO!!

109 INT. HALLWAY - SCARY HOUSE

109

The kids come skidding out into the hall, RUN LIKE THE WIND past the Civil war mannequin, toward a DOOR at the very end. An exit?

Sean GRABS the knob, WHIPS OPEN THE DOOR, AND —

Remember the lost girls in Dracula's pantry? Well, last time we saw them, he hadn't gotten to them yet... By now, he has.

Which means they're dead. Which, in vampire terms, means they REACH OUT AT US SCREAMING with ugly, horrible vampire faces, so the kids WHIRL and RUN BACK the way they came, ROUND A BEND, and the kids WHIRL and RUN BACK the way they came, ROUND A BEND, and

There's Dracula, COMING THIS WAY.

The kids STOP next to the Civil War soldier. Ahead of them: DRACULA. To their right: VAMPIRE GIRLS. To their left: WOLFMAN, stumbling down stairs, EXTREMELY pissed. This we call a dilemma.

Patrick instinctively GRABS for the soldier's musket.

SEAN
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

PATRICK
Haven't you ever read the Hardy Boys? You pull this down, and a secret door opens!

SEAN
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!!!

PATRICK
YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA?!

He pulls it DOWN... And a secret TRAP door OPENS underneath our heroes. They all FALL THROUGH. The door springs shut.

110 INT. CREEPY DUNGEON

110

Dust and debris. Three kids and one dizzy dog, covered with dirt head to foot. They groan, brush themselves off. Sean shines his flashlight around the torch-lit?

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.

Eugene is bawling his eyes out.

FAT KID
Great. Frankenstein's dead,
Eugene's crying, and there are goat heads.

Sean shines his light on SKELETON EXPLORER... then looks in the direction he's pointing. He rises, mesmerized, face lit by an ethereal light. As he moves forward, it intensifies.

SEAN
Bingo...

He is looking directly into the NOW-OPEN AMULET CHAMBER.

He approaches it... tentatively ENTERS the vault.

111 INT. SECRET VAULT

111

Sean approaches the alter... surrounded by crosses and garlic. He reaches out... TAKES the amulet, eyes filled with wonder face bathed in the amulet's glow

INT DUNGEON CHAMBER

Sean emerges from the vault, cradling the prize

SEAN
Got it!

And a HAND GRABS HIS WRIST DRACULA BARES HIS FANGS and goes for the throat.

FAT KID
SEAN!!

Pete BARKS! EUGENE leaps forward, but Dracula savagely SLAPS him away... Fangs bared, he turns, and CLOSES IN ON SEAN...

Now the idea that Fat Kid has is not brilliant. Under the circumstances, however, it's pretty sharp. He fumbles in his pocket, AS DRACULA'S FANGS get closer to Sean's neck... and he pulls out the remains of his PIECE OF PIZZA --

—Then he leaps, and MUSHES IT IN DRACULA'S FACE. As the pizza touches, the skin actually SIZZLES, and Dracula RECOILS, screeching like a woman, clutching his face in AGONY.

SEAN
 (staring)
 Garlic...

And that's when Fat Kid grabs him, and they pick up Eugene and TAKE OFF the hell out of there, as -

DRACULA staggers in a blind RAGE. As he turns to CAMERA, we see that his face is covered with HIDEOUS FIRST DEGREE BURNS...

112 EXT. SHADOBROOK ROAD - NIGHT

112

Sean, Fat Kid and Eugene stumble to 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. PHOEBE SITS BESIDE HIM.

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 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.

113 EXT. 50'S BURGER DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

113

The others, 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.

RUDY
Just a second.

Rudy runs over to a pay phone, drops in a quarter.

114 INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

114

The ROOKIE COP, the one who was trigger-happy earlier, sits flipping through reports. The telephone RINGS. He scoops it up.

ROOKIE COP
Police.

RUDY
Hello, I have information about a crime. There's been a major cocaine war, and, urn, six people are dead. Yeah. Did I say size? TEN. Shadowbrook Road, send as many men as you've got.

ROOKIE
Uh huh. And your name?

RUDY
Send 'em NOW!

He hangs up, runs for his bike.

The cop frowns, hangs up, looks up from his desk. And there's DEL CRENSHAW, looking worse than ever. Cigarette dangling

DEL
What was that?

ROOKIE
Ahhh, cocaine war. Six murders. The usual.

DEL STOPS. TURNS.

DEL
They give a location?

ROOKIE
Lieutenant, it was a prank. Okay?
It was a kid's voice —

DEL
DID THEY GIVE A LOCATION?

ROOKIE

(shrugs, looks at his
pad)
Shadowbrook Road...

A LIGHT COMES ON BEHIND DEL'S EYES.

DEL
How old did the kid sound -?

ROOKIE
I dunno. Ten? Twelve? I'm telling
ya, it was a prank -

DEL
Come on.

HE GRABS THE OTHER COP, FLINGS ON A JACKET, HEADING FOR THE DOOR.

ROOKIE
What's going on?

115 EXT. ROADWAY - SAME

115

TWO BIKES go streaking along the pavement: PATRICK, RUDY and, on the back of Rudy's bike, PATRICK'S SISTER. All looking 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. The entire Monster Squad is together at last, reunited.

PATRICK
GUYS! Oh, man, am I ever glad to see you. We thought -

SEAN
Ssshh. There's not time.
(points)
She a virgin?

PATRICK'S SISTER
Guy - !

PATRICK
Yeah. She is.

SEAN
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.

116 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD - NIGHT

116

A POLICE CAR blows by the camera, going hard and fast.

Del Crenshaw drives like a man possessed. Beside him, the
rookie is slightly confused by it all.

117 INT. SQUAD CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

117

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.

118 EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S LAND ROVER - NIGHT

118

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. 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! FAT KID SCREAMS.

RUDY

SWERVE!

Scary German Guy twists the wheel madly, 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.

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 ANOTHER CAR 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 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 disintegrates, bones CLATTERING 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.

119 INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

119

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.

120 EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

120

HIGHWAY PATROLMEN stand beside their cars, which are parked
squarely in the middle of the highway. The driver speaks into
the mike:

ROADBLOCK COP
Corner of Church and Fisk, request
backup, over.

The HEARSE is BARRELLING closer and closer. It shows no sign
of stopping.

The highway cops dive for cover as the hearse REACHES THE
ROADBLOCK, and by all rights, it SHOULD obey physics, SHRED
METAL, shatter glass, SCRAPE screaming, sparking death off
the patrol cars as it SLAMS INTO THEM - But it doesn't.

Instead, like a gust of wind, it simply PASSES THROUGH THEM
with a soft WHSSHHHH.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMEN watch, slack-jawed, as the ghost car
disappears into the night. The cop grabs the mike and yells:

ROADBLOCK COP
Suspect heading east on Church,
repeat, east on Church.

121 INT. PATROL CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

121

ROOKIE

Hey, Lieutenant, isn't that near
your .house?

Del stares straight ahead, punches the gas. The car tears up the road.

122 INT. CRENSHAW BEDROOM - NIGHT

122

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.

Across the room sits the tiny red candle we saw earlier, the one which means someone loves you and nothing bad can happen... Suddenly, A GUST OF WIND blows through the window - and snuffs out the flame.

123 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME

123

THE BLACK HEARSE rounds the corner, hops the curb --and 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.

Removes to the back of the car, and just so we'll know, he is INSANE with rage. Not pissed, or peeved, or slightly IRKED, mind you. No, this guy is out for blood. So to speak.

He doesn't even bother with a key, he RIPS OPEN the trunk with his bare hands. Reaches inside - and pulls out two STICKS OF DYNAMITE from the aged satchel.

124 EXT. CRENSHAW BACKYARD - NIGHT

124

Dracula strides into the backyard, 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 MUSHROOM BALL OF FLAME. The sound is deafening. Wood splinters rain down.

125 INT. CRENSHAW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

125

Emily looks up in sudden terror.

126 EXT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - DRACULA

126

APPEARS in the front yard, lights the second stick of dynamite, about to toss it into the house, WHEN —

THERE IS A SCREECH OF TIRES. Dracula whirls AS HEADLIGHTS blaze out of the dark, and a Police car plows into the back of his hearse. DEL EMERGES. Behind him the rookie fumbles for his .38.

Del draws down on the Dark Prince.

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! 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 front door bursts open, and OUT COMES:

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 —

127 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**127**

Del enters, reaches amongst his children's TOYS on the floor, and GRABS — a WALKIE-TALKIE. He presses the 'TALK' button.

DEL

Sean, where are you? CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

SEAN'S VOICE

Dad, we're at the town plaza, come
quick—!

In Del's eyes we see exactly how much he really loves his son...

128 EXT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - NIGHT**128**

Del emerges from the house, moves to the station wagon.

He passes Dracula's hearse, snatches something out of the trunk:

Dynamite.

He passes the ROOKIE COP, standing there like a statue, making small gibbering noises.

129 INT. KITCHEN - ANGLE ON PHOTOGRAPH**129**

The photograph of the family. Del, Emily, the two kids.

Through the window behind the photo, WE SEE the treehouse going up in flames...

130 EXT. TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT**130**

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. 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 betrays a fear deeper than any he has ever felt. He looks up toward a huge clock face on the municipal building: THREE MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT.

SEAN
Patrick!
(Patrick looks up)
All set?

PATRICK
All set.
(CONTINUED)

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...

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.
(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
("They're HEEERE")
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...

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.

DOWN THE STREET A POLICE CAR PULLS INTO THE INTERSECTION.

SAPIR looks out the window, frowns.

SAPIR
What the hell...?

A VAMPIRE BAT

Comes streaking past us; its eyes HUMAN AND) BLOOD RED.

131 EXT. TOWN PLAZA

131

Back with the kids. The clock reads one minute to mid night.

SEAN
Come on, come on!

PATRICK'S SISTER
Gerkin, munchin, warehouse.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
(patiently)
Kirchen muenchen nicht wehr hause.

PATRICK' 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.

SEAN
Rudy, wood! Wooden stakes!

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.

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 her eyes, takes a deep breath. The wind blows.

Lightning flashes. And 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. Eyes ablaze.

A STATION WAGON CATAPULTS into the intersection, swerves — and DEL CRENSHAW fires out the window. Sean dives for cover.

The bat TAKES A BULLET, spins and tumbles out of control.

The dim interior of a second-story sporting goods ware house as the window SHATTERS, a rain of glass, and a FORM SAILS through - LANDS in a heap in a corner of the room...

133 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

133

Del lurches out of the car, sprints across the street, KICKS IN the door of the building -

134 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

134

POUNDS up the stairs, gun drawn - STOPS in the doorway of the second-story warehouse, staring in at a form in the shadows, in a corner of the room, criss-crossed by moonlight:

A wing. A hand. A claw. The figure begins to stir...

It is a figure HALF-MAN, HALF-BAT... It is DRACULA - CAUGHT IN MID-TRANSFORMATION.

Del sucks in a sharp breath, reaches into his jacket- and pulls out a stick of dynamite. He LIGHTS IT off his cigarette lighter.

DEL

Try this, you son of a bitch.

He raises his arm - HEARS a GRRRR - WHIRLS -

And THE WOLFMAN stands silhouetted in the doorway, fangs bared. He JUMPS! KNOCKS Del down - The dynamite flies out of his hand, lands on the ground, hissing.

Del gasps for breath, draws his gun - But the Wolfman slaps it out of his hand. Picks Del up OVER HIS HEAD, and FLINGS him across the room like a rag doll. Del LANDS with a splintering CRASH. Tries to roll away.

No dice, Wolfman is right on top of him, grabs him and hurls him again. 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. Wolfman stands over him, moving in for the kill. Del tries to move. Can't. It's all over, he's given everything he has and there's nothing left. At which point —

A VOICE (O.S.)
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 Wolfman's trousers, and pushes hard.

Wolfman pinwheels backward out the broken window.

135 EXT. WINDOW OF SPORTING GOOD'S STORE

135

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 returns the hug, looks in the corner — But Dracula is nowhere to be seen.

136 EXT. STREET - SERIES OF SHOTS

136

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 —

137 EXT. IN AN ALLEY - NIGHT

137

OTHER 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...

138 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

138

Rudy stakes the last of the female vampires. Behind him WOLFMAN emerges from the alley, starts loping toward him, hard and fast.

And though Rudy doesn't know it, he is about to die.

Until out of nowhere comes SAPIR --

SAPIR
Kid, watch it!

Rudy hits the dirt, as Sapir FIRES — BAM BAM BAM! But Wolfman doesn't stop. Doesn't even slow, GRABS SAPIR, starts to tear him to shreds.

TWO MORE COPS APPEAR. Wolfman WHIRLS on them, JUMPS!

A spastic eruption of ACTION — GUNFIRE. SCREAMING.

Shredded flesh. Blood. But this is mostly off-screen, since WE ARE ON:

Rudy, kneeling over the dying Sapir.

SAPIR
Tell you a secret, kid... I'm a
lousy policeman.

He dies. Rudy looks up. The Wolfman has KILLED the other two cops, and starts toward him. Rudy takes Sapir's gun, reaches into the pocket of his jacket, takes out a single, gleaming SILVER BULLET... Deadly calm, he loads the shell.

Wolfman approaches, growling. He has tasted blood... and wants more... Without a trace of fear, Rudy raises the gun, levels off at the Wolfman's heart. His aim is rock steady.

RUDY
Bang.

The gun roars. Wolfman's chest explodes with crimson.

He flies backward, and --

Rolls over, no longer a wolf. Human as the rest of us, and dying.

DESPARATE MAN
God, thank you...

He dies.

Rudy stands up, as Sean and Del limp up to him.

We see now that Rudy is slightly shaking.

RUDY
Told you. Only one way to kill a werewolf.

139 EXT. TOWN PLAZA - AS BEFORE

139

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.

POLICE CARS PULL UP, SHRIEK to stops - and COPS swarm out, but as they try to enter the plaza LIGHTNING FLASHES DOWN, and a fissure SPLITS in the asphalt directly in front of them.

PATRICK
DO IT! COME ON!

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 RISES from the sewer behind Fat Kid.

PATRICK
Where's limbo? We just went through MAJOR SHIT, whereis 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?

His sister shrugs apologetically.

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 throws aside stray policemen. His tongue slithers in and out. Fat Kid stands by helplessly.

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.

FAT KID RUNS from around a corner, GASPS. THE CREATURE turns, MOVES TOWARD HIM, arms outstretched. Fat Kid backs off, trapped, trips over a DEAD RIOT SQUAD cop.

Thinking fast, Fat Kid GRABS the pump shotgun from the dead man's hands. Rigor mortis makes the grip hard to break. Fat Kid CURSES and sweats. The Creature SHRIEKS ...closing in...

Fat Kid backs to A NEWSTAND with the riot gun. He tries the glass door. Locked. He looks in.

140 INT. NEWSTAND (INTERCUT)

140

E.J. and DEREK, cower by the counter inside. Fat Kid YELLS:

FAT KID
 E.J., THE DOOR! LEMME IN! OPEN THE
 DOOR!!

E.J. and DEREK do not budge. Chickenshit. Fat Kid BASHES the lock with the shotgun butt. It doesn't budge.

Fat Kid turns. The CREATURE is almost upon him.

Finally, he COCKS the shotgun, pivots, and BLOWS the door into a CONCUSSIVE SHOWER OF GLASS! He runs in.

E.J.
 (lamely apologetic)
 I--

Fat Kid AIMS the gun at him. Pure Eastwood. He PUMPS the shotgun. Derek SCREAMS. THE CREATURE CRASHES THROUGH THE REMAINS OF THE DOOR.; Fat Kid WHIRLS, and FIRES. BOOM! The Creature's shoulder is blown off.

This slows him down. Doesn't stop him. Fat Kid COCKS the gun again. The Creature is almost on him. E.J.

wets his pants. Fat Kid aims. The shotgun ROARS!

The Creature's chest EXPLODES and he FLIES BACKWARD, hitting the ground with finality. A puddle forms around him. Glass settles.

Fat Kid approaches the amphibious thing... A fish slips out of its mouth, flops about gasping for water.

E.J. sheepishly glances at the stain in his pants. Fat Kid turns, shotgun in hand. He notices, says nothing.

Scratch one Creature from the Black Lagoon.

E.J.
...Good job, Fat Kid...

A beat.

FAT KID
My name's Horace.

He PUMPS the shotgun like a pro.

141 EXT. TOWN PLAZA - BACK TO SCENE

141

Scary German Guy has the diary, is coaching Phoebe through the ritual. He looks up — 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, a Century 21 signposts slewing across the road --

PHOEBE stutters and stumbles over Old German — DRACULA is moving faster. Expression 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 the frame.

TWO MORE COPS, trying to get between him and the kids.

The dark prince unleashes a hand — snaps a neck like old wood. He PICKS UP the other cop, FLINGS HIM IN THE AIR.

Keeps walking.

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. He smiles down at Scary German Guy, who points with trembling finger --

SCARY GERMAN BOY
Nie weider, Nosferatu.

DRACULA
Shut up, old man.

He raises his own hand, and — A BOLT OF ENERGY crackles from his fingertip, blowing Scary German Guy backward --

ANOTHER ANGLE — DEL, SEAN, RUDY

running forward, terrified, battling to keep their feet.

Wind lashes 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.

Then his eyes GLOW hypnotically, mesmerizing Little Phoebe... Then he opens his jaws, revealing razor-sharp FANGS... and he moves closer, hissing, demon canines dripping saliva, inches from Phoebe's innocent white flesh, and just as he is about to bite, and your blood freezes, just THEN --

A HUGE HAND grabs his throat, stops him cold. He tries to wrench free. CAN'T. Turns, incredulously --

And there 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, goes head over heels through the air at the church --

And lands impaled atop a huge CRUCIFIX, thrashing and screaming and SIZZLING like an overcooked steak.

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 --

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. 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 WHIRL POOL in the nighttime air - and guess what? It gets BIGGER...

PEOPLE ARE HANGING ON, clutching at anything stationary, because now the VORTEX IS SPINNING, and SUCKING IN anything and everything:

Vampire corpses, Bob's Big Boy, glass, benches, CARS, garbage cans, the suction is absolutely INTENSE, everyone is holding on for dear life --

EMILY is slammed against the fender of a car, semi conscious

—

Sean and Del are wrapped around a lamppost, and THAT'S WHEN — DRACULA APPEARS BEHIND THEM, a SMOKING GASH where he was impaled by the crucifix, and — he GRABS SEAN, pulls him from Del's grasp, and AWAY AS --

They both HIT the ground, rolling and tumbling, being sucked toward the intense, 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 — 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, meanwhile LAUGHING, high and insane, as Sean POUNDS at him with his little fists --

Heaving, thrashing, as Dracula STRANGLES him, and mean while 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.

And 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 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.

Its LIGHTNING ROD snaps open like a switchblade — Goes through Dracula's throat with a sickening GLITCH — !

And the Prince of Darkness stops laughing.

He looks down, incredulous. Releases Sean — and an ARM SHOOTS AROUND THE VAMPIRE'S NECK, and YANKS HIM AWAY! —

SEAN ROLLS AWAY, looks up, SEES ---

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, as he LEANS 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 backwards —

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 --

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!

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 is PULLED 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.

THE STREET is 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... Silence reigns. Debris sifts down on the wind.

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 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 jacket.

AMBULANCES come screeching into the plaza. Fire trucks.

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?

FAT KID

is surrounded by townspeople, patting him on the back, congratulating him, including E.J. and DEREK... This is more attention than he's had since before he was fat....

And he's a fucking hero, he deserves every bit of it.

Nearby:

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.

RUDY
That was very scary, but excellent.

PATRICK
Definitely.

THE GENERAL

Meanwhile, is damn near apoplectic.

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, 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 military CHOPPERS, and as the frame is absolutely FILLED WITH STUFF, WE --

CUT TO BLACK

And a wolf HOWLS on the soundtrack.

ROLL END CREDITS.