

GRAVES

"PILOT"

written by
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GRAVES

"PILOT"

ACT ONE

"God put me on this earth to accomplish a certain number of things... I'm so far behind I'll never die." - Anonymous

EXT. GRAVES HOUSE - NIGHT

A Craftsman-style HOME in a tree-lined suburban neighborhood.

A black, 1940s MUSCLE CAR pulls into the driveway.

SUPER: Los Angeles 1946

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD GRAVES (mid-30s, clean cut, handsome) enters his nicely appointed home with his wife MARY KATHERINE (30s, pure and pretty) and their son SCOTTY (7, curious and sweet).

All three of them have CROSSES OF ASH on their foreheads.

Graves drops his KEYS onto the hall near a FAMILY PHOTO of himself in a POLICE UNIFORM with his WIFE and YOUNG BABY.

SCOTTY

Could God make a cake so big that even He couldn't eat it all?

GRAVES

Real question is: can your mom make one big enough for you and me?

MARY KATHERINE

We'll find out in about 10 minutes.

GRAVES

Angel food?
(off Mary's smile and nod)
You spoil me.

MARY KATHERINE

Enjoy it while you can, birthday boy. We start Lent tomorrow.

The happy couple shares a sweet kiss and Mary Katherine playfully slips into the kitchen where A MYSTERIOUS MAN with a STRANGE PURPLE RING suddenly covers her mouth.

Meanwhile, Graves, completely unaware of what's happening in the kitchen, grabs a seat next to his glum looking son.

GRAVES

You look pretty down for a kid
who's about to eat cake.

SCOTTY

If God's so powerful why doesn't He
make all the bad guys disappear?

GRAVES

'Cause then I'd be out of a job.

SCOTTY

No, I'm serious...

GRAVES

Well, truth is: I really don't
know. Guess we just got to have
faith that it's all part of God's
plan.

A woman SCREAMS WEAKLY from the kitchen.

GRAVES

Mary...!?
(to Scotty)
Stay here.

Graves rushes over to the kitchen and swings open the door.
His face goes white with horror.

There, lying on the checkered vinyl floor is the bloody
corpse of his wife, ritualistically murdered with half a
dozen knives piercing her body.

GRAVES

... Jesus Christ...

FATHER GABRIEL (O.S.)

Watch your language, detective,
there's a child present.

Graves turns around. There in the living room is FATHER
GABRIEL (a mad-eyed priest, 60s). HE HAS SCOTTY AT GUNPOINT.

SCOTTY

Daddy...?!

GRAVES

Don't you worry, Scotty-boy.
Everything's going to be okay.

Graves slowly reaches for the police revolver on his belt.

FATHER GABRIEL

That's right, Scotty-Boy, it's all
going to be over real soon.

The crazy priest rubs his gun against Scotty's cheek. A
STRANGE PURPLE STONE GLOWS FROM THE RING on Gabriel's hand.

GRAVES

Don't you hurt my son!

FATHER GABRIEL

This is all your fault, you brought
him into this world - NO GOOD EVER
COMES FROM BEING BORN!

SCOTTY

That's not true. God has a plan for
us all.

FATHER GABRIEL

Then this must be yours.

A single gun shot rings out and Gabriel's head snaps back.

The entire scene becomes dream-like, with flashes of images:

Graves holding his smoking police revolver.

Gabriel letting go of the boy and collapsing to the floor.

Graves pushing Scotty out of the way and standing over the
priest, gun at the ready.

Gabriel strewn on the floor, a bullet hole in his forehead, a
paralyzed grin on his face.

FATHER GABRIEL

... Kill me...

Graves unconsciously wiping the cross off his sweaty forehead
and tightening his finger around the trigger of his gun.

Scotty, wearing a gold cross, cowering in prayer.

Graves breaking down, throwing his gun away, sobbing.

Gabriel, hate in his eyes, and a trickle of FAINTLY-GLOWING,
GREEN FLUID leaking from the bullet hole.

FATHER GABRIEL

... KILL ME...!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. GRAVES OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE ON: Graves' eyes as they suddenly snap open.

SUPER: One Year Later

Graves sits behind his cluttered desk in a wrinkled dress shirt, his left sleeve rolled up. He looks like he hasn't shaved or changed clothes in a week.

He's framed by a large window that looks out onto downtown Los Angeles. The backward letters in the window read:

"GRAVES INVESTIGATION - *We Never Sleep*"

Graves digs through the "FINAL" EVICTION NOTICES on his desk, to find a HOSPITAL BOTTLE OF MORPHINE next to the OLD PHOTO of his WIFE and SON, now trapped behind cracked dusty glass.

WE SEE the SUICIDE SCAR that cuts across Graves' wrist as he shakes the Morphine bottle. Empty.

GRAVES

Damn.

He tosses the bottle into the garbage. There's a NOISE outside his office.

Graves rises from his chair and moves toward the door, DRAWING HIS GUN as he slowly turns the doorknob.

INT. DICK'S WAITING ROOM / SUNSHINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Graves bursts through the door, his gun at the ready. He's greeted by the beaming face of SUNSHINE MOON (early 20s, a crazy-haired gypsy with colorful Bohemian clothes).

SUNSHINE

Surprise!

She holds out a HOMEMADE CUPCAKE with a lit candle in it.

SUNSHINE

Happy Birthday, Dicky!

GRAVES

Christ, Sunshine, I could've killed you.

SUNSHINE

Nope. Today's Thursday. I'm supposed to die on a Friday. Cupcake?

He ignores the girl and puts his gun away.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Come on, I made it myself. It's
Veeeeeeegan Pumpkinnnnnnnnnn...

Graves snuffs out the candle with his fingers.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Jeez, what a grump.

Graves stalks through the room, kicking empty cardboard boxes and taking down the cheerful homemade birthday decorations.

The entire place is decorated with a mystical thrift-store vibe. A handmade sign reads: PSYCHIC READINGS BY SUNSHINE.

GRAVES
You just got here last week. How'd
you find out it was my birthday?

SUNSHINE
The Universe told me.

Sunshine points to the CRYSTAL BALL on her table.

GRAVES
What a bunch of crap.

SUNSHINE
Just because you don't believe in
something doesn't mean it isn't
real. There's more to this world
than you can even imagine.

GRAVES
I'd like to keep it that way.

Graves throws the crumpled birthday decorations in the trash.

SUNSHINE GETS A PSYCHING TWINGE AND HOLDS HER HEAD.

SUNSHINE
That's too bad, 'cause it's also
saying there's a mysterious woman
coming by to offer you a job ...
right about ... now.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! The CURVY OUTLINE OF A WOMAN FILLS THE
FROSTED GLASS OF THE FRONT DOOR. Sunshine smiles proudly.
Graves GROANS.

INT. GRAVES OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Graves pours himself a tall glass of cheap bourbon.

ANGELA BLACK (30s, sexy, a real femme fatale) sits in an arm chair and lights a cigarette.

ANGELA BLACK

I'd like to offer you a job, Mr. Graves. One night's work for one thousand dollars.

GRAVES

I don't kill people.

ANGELA BLACK

Oh, that won't be necessary. I just need a few snapshots for my divorce lawyers. My husband has quite an appetite for prostitutes.

GRAVES

There's a hundred guys in this town who'd do that job for twenty bucks. Hell, I'd do it for ten. What's the catch?

ANGELA BLACK

My husband is Robert Morretti.

GRAVES

No thanks.

ANGELA BLACK

You've handled him before.

Graves glances at the framed newspaper article that's hanging on his wall: "CRIME BOSS ARRESTED". There's a picture of him escorting a MEAN ITALIAN MAN (50s) in a SUIT AND HANDCUFFS.

GRAVES (O.S.)

That was a long time ago.

ANGELA BLACK

Please Mr. Graves, I'd do anything to get my freedom. Anything at all.

GRAVES

I'm not so sure you're worth it.

ANGELA BLACK

There's only one way to find out.

Angela seductively caresses Graves' chest. He grabs her wrist and becomes distracted by the strange BURN MARKS on it. She pulls away and moves toward her purse.

ANGELA BLACK (CONT'D)
You'll find him in the penthouse of
the Grand Hotel. The girl arrives
in an hour.

She tosses an envelope onto the desk, a few hundred dollar bills poke out of the top.

ANGELA BLACK
You'll get the other half of your
money when I'm completely
satisfied.

GRAVES
I didn't say I'd do the job.

ANGELA BLACK
You didn't have to.

Angela heads toward the door, her backside to Graves.

ANGELA BLACK (CONT'D)
I'll be back tomorrow for those
pictures. 'Til then, Mr. Graves...
see you in your dreams.

She slinks out of the room.

INT. GRAVES OFFICE - LATER

Graves takes the money out of the envelope.

THERE ARE TEN \$100 BILLS, ALL TORN DOWN THE MIDDLE, WITH ONLY
HALF OF EACH BILL IN THE ENVELOPE.

He shakes his head and looks out the window onto the street.

EXT. GRAVES OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Graves' POV - Angela waits at the curb. An impeccable BLACK
TOWN CAR arrives for her.

The mysterious beauty slyly smiles up at Graves before
disappearing into the back of the car.

SUNSHINE (O.S.)
You shouldn't take this job, Dicky.

INT. GRAVES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sunshine enters the office carrying a TEA CUP.

SUNSHINE

...my tea leaves gave you a very bad reading.

GRAVES

I stopped being superstitious when I gave up going to church.

He checks his gun to make sure it's loaded.

SUNSHINE

I'm serious. The signs are all against you. If you don't play your cards right you could end up dead.

GRAVES

My life ain't exactly worth saving.

SUNSHINE

You're wrong about that.

Graves grabs his CAMERA and exits. Sunshine follows him.

INT. GRAVES WAITING ROOM / FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Graves heads for the front door. Sunshine isn't far behind.

SUNSHINE

I've read your fortune - you were born to do great things in this world... And beyond!

GRAVES

...I should have shot you when I had the chance.

He leaves, slamming the door behind him. Sunshine sighs.

SUNSHINE

Thank the Goddess it's Thursday.

EXT. ASCENSION HILL CEMETERY - NIGHT

An old Catholic cemetery on the outskirts of the city.

Graves' 1940s MUSCLE CAR, now all dented and dusty, is parked outside the gate.

Inside, Graves walks between the tombstones. He grabs a bouquet of flowers from one of the graves.

Something stops him dead.

It's his son, Scotty (now age 9), visiting his mother's grave site with HIS GRANDMOTHER (from his Mother's side).

The boy lays FRESH FLOWERS AT THE TOMBSTONE OF HIS MOTHER, MARY KATHERINE GRAVES, just below her birth and death years.

Scotty senses something and turns to look behind him.

There's nothing there - except an old bouquet of flowers abandoned on the ground.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

An art deco hotel sinking into the shadows of downtown L.A.

INT. GRAND HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Graves sits in the lavish lobby pretending to read THE PAPER. He glances at the THUG guarding the PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR.

He's a muscular Italian cliché in his 30s, wearing a tailored suit, with an overcoat draped over his shoulders.

MARGO (O.S.)
Well, well, well... If it isn't my
favorite private dick.

Graves turns to see MARGO (30s), a sweet-faced hooker in a fancy evening dress. SHE'S THE SPITTING IMAGE OF HIS WIFE.

GRAVES
(standing to meet her)
Aw Christ, Margo. What are you
doing here?

MARGO
A girl's gotta eat.

GRAVES
When am I gonna get you off your
back?

MARGO
When am I gonna get you onto yours?

She traces a finger down his arm, to his wedding ring.

MARGO

You know you married the wrong sister, don't you? Imagine me, an honest woman. But don't you fret, I'm moving on up in the world. I've got me a date in the penthouse.

GRAVES

You can't go up there, Margo.

MARGO

Sure, I can. I've got a personal invitation.

She takes a FANCY BUSINESS CARD out of her cleavage and waves it around. Graves grabs her.

GRAVES

You don't know what's waiting up there for you.

MARGO

It's fifteen awkward minutes for fifteen hundred dollars. Cash.

THUG

Hey! Hands off the merchandise!

Graves doesn't let go. The thug heads over.

MARGO

(to Graves, desperately)
Don't ruin this for me. Please.
It's all I've got.

THUG

We got a problem here?

MARGO

No. No problem at all.

A beat. Graves lets go of Margo.

MARGO

Fellas always wanna get all handsy with me. It's an occupational hazard. My card.

She hands her BUSINESS CARD to the thug. He looks it over.

THUG

"Bone Appetite Escorts."

MARGO

That's *Bon Appétit*. It's French.

THUG

A whore's a whore. Come on.

MARGO

(to Graves)

Well, time to go to work. See you soon.

The thug ushers Margo into the private penthouse elevator. She blows Graves a kiss as the doors seal her in.

Graves groans, crosses to the elevator, and pushes "UP". He casually puts on BRASS KNUCKLES and returns to his paper.

After a beat, the elevator doors open and he enters, reading.

THUG (O.S.)

Hey! You can't come in here-

There's a BRIEF SCUFFLE and then silence as the doors close.

INT. GRAND HOTEL PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open. The bruised Thug lies unconscious at Graves' feet. Graves drags him across the threshold to keep the elevator doors open as he steps into the grand foyer.

The shadowy penthouse is a bold statement in art deco luxury. Something GLOWS in the darkness and catches Graves' eye.

It's a METAL AND GLASS SYRINGE sitting on a small side table. There's A SMALL BIT OF BIZARRE GREEN, GLOWING LIQUID inside.

Graves picks up the syringe to give it a closer look, but he's soon refocused by the sound of PLEASURE MIXED WITH PAIN.

HE UNCONSCIOUSLY PUTS THE SYRINGE IN HIS POCKET, and gets his camera ready as he moves down the hall toward the sounds.

He peeks around the corner to find Margo lying atop the dining room table with MORRETTI (60s) nibbling on her neck.

GRAVES

Morretti... heh... I guess he does have an appetite for prostitutes. Ok, pal. Smile.

The FLASH goes off. Morretti looks up with WEIRD CLOUDY EYES. HIS MOUTH AND CHIN ARE COVERED IN BLOOD FROM THE LARGE HUNK OF FLESH HE'S JUST RIPPED OUT OF MARGO'S NECK WITH HIS TEETH.

GRAVES
What the hell...?

Morretti snarls and leaps across the table. Graves drops his camera and DRAWS HIS GUN.

HE FIRES A COUPLE SHOTS INTO MORRETTI, BUT THAT DOESN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN AS HE GRABS GRAVES AND PINS HIM TO THE WALL.

MORRETTI
Richard Graves... After all these years... What a pleasant surprise.

Morretti throws Graves around the room like a rag doll, sending him CRASHING into the furniture as he monologues.

MORRETTI (CONT'D)
I've been wanting to thank you for sending me to prison, Graves. I was sick back then, did you know that? Brain cancer. The doctors said it was incurable. But I found a way to beat it... in prison of all places.

Morretti throws Graves into A LARGE WINDOW. The glass SHOWERS him as he collapses to the floor, a battered, bloody mess.

MORRETTI
You're the reason I'm still around this God-forsaken city.

GRAVES GRABS HIS GUN OFF THE FLOOR AND STRUGGLES TO AIM IT AT MORRETTI, who just smiles as he calmly walks toward him.

MORRETTI (CONT'D)
You saved my life, Graves. Now I'll never die.

GRAVES
... Or walk.

HE FIRES A ROUND INTO MORRETTI'S KNEECAP - IT SHATTERS AND MORRETTI DROPS TO THE GROUND.

With Morretti out of the way, Graves rushes to Margo. She's in shock, HER WOUND GUSHING ALL OVER THE TABLE. He presses a napkin against the bite and fights to stop the bleeding.

GRAVES
Hang in there. I've got you now. You're gonna be alright.

MARGO
... you're an angel...

She smiles faintly and then begins violently COUGHING up THICK BLACK BLOOD as HER EYES ROLL BACK INTO HER HEAD.

GRAVES

Margo...?! Don't you die on me!

But it's no use - HER BREATHING STOPS AND HER BODY GOES LIMP.

MORRETTI

Oh, I wouldn't worry about her...
She'll be up and around in no time.

Morretti gets to his feet with a DECORATIVE CANE from the room. And that's when Graves notices Morretti's wearing THE EXACT SAME RING AS THE PRIEST THAT KILLED GRAVES' WIFE!

GRAVES

That ring... where the hell did you get it!?

MORRETTI

Ha. Exactly.

GRAVES COCKS HIS GUN, PRESSING IT AGAINST MORRETTI'S TEMPLE.

GRAVES

Where'd you get that ring!?!

MORRETTI

You should really save your bullets. You're going to need them.

There's a LOW GROWL and suddenly a MONSTROUS CREATURE ATTACKS GRAVES - SINKING ITS TEETH BETWEEN HIS NECK AND SHOULDER!

He yells against the pain and starts punching the beast until it releases its bite and stumbles backwards into the shadows.

GRAVES SPINS AROUND AND AIMS HIS GUN AT THE MONSTER.

IT'S MARGO - Her skin is pale. Her eyes are clouded. Her wound is clotted with THICK, BLACK BLOOD.

GRAVES

Margo...?

For a moment, she looks at him with a flicker of recognition.

And then she ROARS with the savage hunger of the blood-thirsty creature she's become.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. GRAND HOTEL PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Graves hits the marble floor, hard, with the monster that was Margo on top of him. IT TAKES EVERYTHING HE'S GOT TO KEEP HER GNASHING TEETH AND SAVAGE RAGE FROM RIPPING OFF HIS FACE.

Morretti watches from the sidelines, enjoying the show.

MORRETTI

She's a beauty, isn't she? And she's going to look great in the papers. Speaking of which...

Morretti looks at his watch - HIS PURPLE RING GLIMMERS.

MORRETTI

It's time for me to go. You two have fun.

Morretti limps toward the open elevator as Graves wrestles the monstrous Margo. THE THUG STIRS IN THE ELEVATOR DOORWAY.

THUG

Huh...? Oh hey, boss...

Morretti grabs his goon with one arm and sends him flying out the elevator and sliding down the foyer floor with an "Oof!"

The Margo Monster stops attacking Graves and sniffs the air. She shifts her focus toward the thug with a HUNGRY GROWL.

Terrified, the thug scrambles for the elevator, beating against the doors as they close on Morretti's sinister grin.

THUG

Take me with you, boss! Don't leave me in here with that thing!!

Margo ROARS and sprints down the hallway toward the thug.

He draws his gun, but she's already upon him, RIPPING HIM TO PIECES with her snapping teeth and tearing hands. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, HIS HEAD'S BEEN GNAWED OFF HIS BODY.

GRAVES

... Jesus...

The Margo Monster turns her attention back to Graves. She's covered in blood and bits of flesh, SNARLING LIKE AN ANIMAL.

GRAVES

Remember that thing I said about
not dying...
(he cocks his gun)
I take it back.

Margo ROARS and charges toward graves. HE FIRES FOUR SHOTS
INTO HER BODY - BUT SHE DOESN'T STOP.

He aims the gun at her head. Click. It's empty.

GRAVES

Damn.

He drops the gun just as the monster leaps at him.

Graves grabs a hold of the savage beast in mid-air and SLAMS
HER DOWN ONTO THE JAGGED BROKEN WINDOW BEHIND HIM.

The glass shards pierce her body, thick black blood oozing
out, as she continues snarling and reaching hungrily for him.

Graves sighs and looks deep into Margo's cloudy eyes.

GRAVES

I'm sorry I couldn't save you.

AND THEN HE SLAMS DOWN THE SHATTERED TOP HALF OF THE WINDOW
LIKE A GUILLOTINE - CUTTING RIGHT THROUGH THE MONSTER AND
SENDING HER TORSO TUMBLING SEVEN STORIES TO THE ALLEY BELOW.

It's over. Or is it? There's a GROWLING SOUND from the foyer.

Graves heads down the hall and discovers that THE THUG'S
SEVERED HEAD HAS REANIMATED AS A BLACK-BLOODED ANKLE-BITER.

GRAVES

...This day gets better and better.

Graves spots something in the pool of black blood. It's A
CARD: "BON APPETITE ESCORTS - SATISFY YOUR APPETITES".

INT. GRAND HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

The private elevator doors open, revealing Graves, bruised
and beaten, WEARING THE THUG'S ITALIAN OVERCOAT and CARRYING
a PILLOWCASE THAT'S DRIPPING WITH BLACK GOO.

MEGAN HAYES (Female Reporter, tenacious, 20s) barges into the
elevator. She's got her notebook and pencil ready.

MEGAN HAYES

Megan Hayes, from The Times!

GRAVES
Get out of my face.

MEGAN HAYES
I got a tip that the story of the century is waiting upstairs for me in that penthouse.

GRAVES
You don't want to go up there.
There's a DEEP GROWL from the pillowcase.

MEGAN HAYES
(re: the pillowcase)
What's in *there*?

GRAVES
None of your business.

MEGAN HAYES
The news *is* my business.

Graves opens the control panel and rips out a fistful of wiring. Sparks fly everywhere. He scowls at the reporter.

GRAVES
Go home.

He pushes past Megan and heads for the exit. She follows.

MEGAN HAYES
What are you hiding upstairs?! Does it have anything to do with the disappearance of the mayor?! What's in the pillow case?!?

Graves ignores her and pushes through the hotel's revolving door with Megan following right behind in the next section.

When Graves gets outside, he jams the spinning door, trapping Megan inside her section in the middle. She pounds the glass.

MEGAN HAYES
You won't get away with this! The truth can't hide from The Times!!

Graves shakes his head and leaves, his pillowcase GROWLING.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL BACK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Graves gives a ROUGH COUGH as he pops open the trunk of his car and tosses the snarling pillowcase inside.

He looks up at the broken penthouse window and down at the
EMPTY BLACK-BLOOD STAIN ON THE ASPHALT.

GRAVES

Where the hell did she go?

He hears the SCREECH OF AN ALLEY CAT followed by some SLOPPY
WET EATING SOUNDS. He follows the noise to some garbage cans.

Behind the cans, Graves finds THE SEVERED UPPER BODY OF THE
MONSTROUS MARGO FEVERISHLY DEVOURING A CAT.

GRAVES

A girl's gotta eat.

Margo GROWLS LIKE A FERAL DOG, clutching the cat carcass.

GRAVES

Time to get you to the morgue.

GRAVES GRABS THE INTESTINES THAT ARE HANGING OUT OF MARGO'S
TORSO AND STRETCHES THEM BETWEEN HIS HANDS LIKE A ROPE.

Margo's SAVAGE ROAR echoes through the darkened alley.

INT. ST. GERTRUDE'S HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

A dingy, cluttered morgue in the basement of an old hospital.

THERE'S A WALL OF METAL BODY DRAWERS that looks like a large
filing cabinet. Graves opens one marked "OCCUPIED".

Inside the drawer is a young man, VINCENT (late 20s, geeky,
Asian), wearing a lab coat and bowtie.

He suddenly sits up, like a dead man coming to life.

VINCENT

Ahhh!

He sees Graves and takes the cotton balls out of his ears.

VINCENT

Graves?! What are you doing here?
You out of Morphine already?! I
know I shouldn't say this, 'cause
it's bad for business and all, but
I think you've got a problem.

GRAVES

I need your help.

VINCENT
(getting out of his drawer)
Yeah, and I need the fifty bucks
you owe me.
(off Graves' glare)
But we can talk about that when
you're in a better mood.
(to himself)
...like that's ever gonna happen.

EXT. ST. GERTRUDE HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

Graves leads Vincent to his car out in the hospital lot.

VINCENT
This had better be good. You woke
me up from the greatest dream ever:
I was a Royal Canadian Mountie and
I had been captured by a very
sensual female Yeti...

Graves gives a ROUGH, HACKING COUGH.

VINCENT
Speaking of monsters, you look
awful. What happened to you?

GRAVES
You tell me.

Graves pops open his trunk. Vincent's jaw drops.

VINCENT
Holy crap...

Inside the trunk is THE SNARLING TOP HALF OF THE MARGO
MONSTER, TIED-UP WITH HER OWN INTESTINES. The THUG'S HEAD
LIES SNAPPING BESIDE HER, in a pool of black blood.

VINCENT (V.O.)
You've got real live zombies in the
trunk of your car! This is so cool!
Maybe now you'll believe me about
that vampire I saw in med school!

Vincent smiles. Graves doesn't.

VINCENT
I'll get a body bag.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vincent tries to inconspicuously roll the fidgeting body bag down the hall on a GURNEY. Graves limps beside him, coughing.

VINCENT

Okay, so some people think zombies are created by voodoo magic, and some are, but there's another kind of zombie, a more dangerous one, that's caused by a virus.

GRAVES

What, like the flu?

VINCENT

Yep, except this one's a thousand times more contagious and turns you into a mindless undead cannibal.

Graves COUGHS, an uneasy look in his eye.

Suddenly the body bag moves. A JANITOR notices.

VINCENT

This one's fresh.

Vincent and Graves quickly roll on into the morgue.

INT. ST. GERTRUDE'S HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

It's clear to see that the morgue is Vincent's second home—that is, if he actually has a first one.

There's a large collection of PULP HORROR AND SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES scattered around with some ODD COLLECTIBLES.

Vincent and Graves strap what's left of Margo onto an AUTOPSY TABLE.

VINCENT

Now the cannibal part's the problem with this zombie stuff, 'cause the virus spreads through infected saliva.

GRAVES

So if one of them bites you...?

VINCENT

You're pretty much screwed. First you get sick, then you die, then you turn into one of these things.

Vincent picks up the thug's undead head - it snaps at him.

VINCENT

I guess a kiss could infect you as well as a bite, but you'd rarely find a zombie in a kissing mood.

HE SECURES THE HEAD IN A LARGE VICE on the work counter.

GRAVES

So how do you stop it?

VINCENT

A bullet to the brain works every time.

GRAVES

But is there a cure?

VINCENT

Well... there *is* supposed to be this ancient medicine that can save your brain from the virus...

Vincent digs through a stack of his pulp magazines.

VINCENT

I mean, you're still dead, and you can't sleep, and you have to eat human flesh and everything, but at least you get to stay in control and keep your personality - which might not make such a big difference for you.

Graves scowls at the joke and COUGHS.

VINCENT

Here it is! The article with the name of that medicine's in here!

Vincent pulls out one of his PULP MAGAZINE. There are NAZI ZOMBIES IN THE JUNGLE on the cover.

VINCENT

"WEIRDO TALES #73 - Zombie Nazis of the Congo!?"

GRAVES

That's a damn comic book.

VINCENT

When the New England Journal of
Medicine starts writing about
zombies, I'll use it as a source.

GRAVES

I'm wasting my time.

Graves takes off the overcoat. VINCENT SEES HIS BITE WOUND.

VINCENT

Holy crap... You've been bitten.
That's why you're so sick...

Graves ignores him and starts rolling up his shirt sleeve.

VINCENT

I-I should have asked. I was just
so excited about the zombies...

Graves opens a body drawer filled with PRESCRIPTION MEDICINE.

VINCENT

Whoa, what are you doing?!

GRAVES

I'm gonna go see my wife. I sure
as hell won't be joining her up in
Heaven.

He grabs a BOTTLE OF MORPHINE and an EMPTY SYRINGE.

VINCENT

Uh-uh, no way... there's no telling
how the virus will react to the
Morphine!

Graves ignores him and FILLS THE SYRINGE.

VINCENT

What if you die?! What if you turn
into one of these things!?

GRAVES PUTS HIS GUN ON THE COUNTER.

GRAVES

Aim for the head.

GRAVES INJECTS THE MORPHINE INTO HIS ARM AND EXHALES.

CLOSE ON: Graves eyes as the lids flutter and close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - DRUG INDUCED DREAM - NIGHT

We're in a twisted version of Graves' morphine memory from the opening. The scene has an acid flashback quality to it.

Graves enters the entry way of his old house.

GRAVES
Honey, I'm home!

MARY KATHERINE (O.S.)
I'm in the kitchen!

Graves opens the kitchen door.

MARY'S STANDING THERE, CHEERFULLY SMILING DESPITE THE HALF A DOZEN KNIVES STICKING IN HER. Graves doesn't react.

MARY KATHERINE
Happy birthday, baby!

Graves gives his wife a big romantic kiss, but when he pulls back, SHE'S TRANSFORMED INTO A RAVENOUS ZOMBIE that savagely sinks her teeth into the flesh of his neck.

GRAVES DRAWS HIS GUN AND SHOOTS HER IN THE HEAD, KILLING HER.

FATHER GABRIEL (O.S.)
This is all your fault!

Graves turns to see the mad-eyed priest holding a gun to his son's head. HE'S WEARING THE RING WITH THE PURPLE STONE.

FATHER GABRIEL
You should know better! NO GOOD
EVER COMES FROM BEING BORN!

SCOTTY
That's not true. God has a plan for
all of us... even you.

The boy looks right at Graves with SOLID WHITE EYES.

MARY KATHERINE
(whispered through dead lips)
... you're an angel...

VINCENT (O.S.)
(from far far away)
Graves! Wake up!!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. ST. GERTRUDE'S HOSPITAL MORGUE - LATER

CLOSE ON: Graves' eyes suddenly opening.

A zombie ROARS in the background.

VINCENT (O.S.)
WAKE UP!!!

Graves picks up his head and drowsily looks around.

GRAVES
Aw, Christ...

THE MARGO MONSTER HAS BROKEN FREE OF HER RESTRAINTS AND IS CRAWLING ACROSS THE EXAMINATION TABLE TOWARD VINCENT.

And Vincent can't get away because his lab coat sleeve caught in the bite of the decapitated zombie stuck in the vice.

VINCENT
Thank Cthulhu you're awake! Things
have gotten a little out of hand.

GRAVES TRIES TO GET UP, BUT HE'S STRAPPED TO HIS CHAIR WITH HIS GUN SITTING ON THE TABLE BESIDE HIM.

GRAVES
Why the hell am I strapped to this
chair!?

VINCENT
I didn't know if you were gonna
turn when I was sewing you up - I
had to take precautions.

Graves struggles against his straps as the monster closes in.

VINCENT
Just break free already! She broke
free and she's a girl... half a
girl!

One of Graves' restraints begins to rip just as the Margo Monster starts pulling herself up Vincent's lab coat.

VINCENT
This was way more fun in my dreams.

The monster climbs up Vincent until she's eye level with him. She sniffs his flesh. He closes his eyes, terrified.

The zombie ROARS and goes to bite Vincent, when -BOOM!- HER HEAD EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF BLACK GOO.

VINCENT

Holy crap! You didn't have to go that far, did ya?!?

GRAVES

You're welcome.

Graves drops his GUN and removes the rest of his restraints.

VINCENT

Sorry, it's just real live zombies are hard to come by.

GRAVES

Don't worry, if I know Morretti, there's going to be a lot more of those things before he's done.

VINCENT

Morretti? As in Robert Morretti, the crime boss?!

GRAVES

(RE: Margo)

He's the one that infected her.

VINCENT

That's uh- that's not good. If Morretti makes any more zombies, he could infect the whole city in a matter of days!

GRAVES

Then I better get after him.

Graves COUGHS as he holsters his gun and puts on his coat.

VINCENT

No no wait, you can't go out there - you're infected! You still need to get a hold of this special medicine to save your brain!

Vincent holds up his PULP HORROR MAG: There's an illustration full of ZOMBIES and VIALS OF GLOWING GREEN LIQUID and a HUGE SHADOWY DEMON with WINGS and EYES of RAGGED PURPLE FIRE.

THE DEMON'S WEARING THE SAME GOLD RING WITH THE PURPLE STONE!

Graves GROANS - this supernatural bullshit just got real.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. ST. GERTRUDE'S HOSPITAL MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Graves snatches the HORROR MAG away from Vincent.

GRAVES

What the hell's this supposed to be?

VINCENT

(geeking out hard)
That's the medicine you need to save your brain from the zombie virus - it's actually the blood of the ancient demon!!

CLOSE ON: THE SHADOWY DEMON KING. Graves COUGHS.

GRAVES

... Christ

VINCENT

And he's not just any demon... Beliar's the Angel of Hostility! According to the Dead Sea Scrolls, he's supposed to lead the Army of Darkness against the Army of Light in the coming apocalypse! He's actually pretty bad-ass... See?

Vincent flips the corners of his mag and it becomes an animation of BELIAR LEAPING OUT OF ONE BODY AND INTO ANOTHER.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Beliar takes over people's bodies and controls them. And if somebody kills the body he's in, he jumps into *their* body. How cool is that?!

GRAVES POINTS OUT THE STRANGE GOLD RING WITH THE GLOWING PURPLE STONE THAT BELIAR'S IS WEARING IN THE PICTURE.

GRAVES

What's with the ring?

VINCENT

That's the Hellstone! It collects the souls of Beliar's victims, and unleashes the power of Hell itself!

CLOSE UP ON THE PURPLE STONE. There are GHOSTLY SOULS trapped inside it. ONE OF THE WOMEN LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE GRAVES' WIFE.

GRAVES
(to himself, re: picture)
Mary?

VINCENT
Whoa, what's up, man? Looks like
you just saw a ghost.

GRAVES
Morretti was wearing this ring
today.

VINCENT
Holy crap... the Hellstone belongs
to Beliar; so if Morretti's wearing
it, then Morretti *is* Beliar!

GRAVES
And that's bad.

VINCENT
A major crime boss is possessed by
a demon of the apocalypse... so,
uh, yeah, that's bad!

GRAVES
Then we better get moving.

VINCENT
What do you mean "we"?

GRAVES
If this crap is real, and I turn
into some kind of monster out
there, you gotta put me down.

GRAVES SLIDES HIS GUN TO VINCENT.

VINCENT
Oh wow, I'd love to put a bullet in
your brain and all, but I'm kind of
stuck here.

Vincent awkwardly gestures to the decapitated zombie head
still biting savagely onto the sleeve of his coat.

GRAVES SMASHES HIS FIST DOWN ON THE ZOMBIE HEAD, BREAKING ALL
ITS TEETH, AND FREEING VINCENT.

VINCENT
... gee, thanks ...

Graves leaves and VINCENT RELUCTANTLY GRABS THE GUN and
follows after him, TAKING HIS PULP HORROR MAG WITH HIM.

INT. GRAVES OFFICE - NIGHT.

The office door is ajar. Graves enters, COUGHING, with Vincent reluctantly shadowing him, THE GUN AT HIS SIDE.

VINCENT
How uh- how you feeling?

GRAVES
Never better.

Graves grabs a REVOLVER and a BOX OF BULLETS from his filing cabinet and dumps them onto his desk, so he can load the gun-

-but a COUGHING FIT grabs hold of Graves and won't let go. A bit of THICK BLACK-PHLEGM flies out of his mouth.

VINCENT
Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap, oh crap.

Vincent, sweating and shaking, cocks the gun and aims it right at Graves' head. This could be it.

And then the coughing stops. Graves shoots a look at Vincent and shoves the barrel of the gun away from his forehead.

VINCENT
(he drops the gun, exhales)
I'm uh- I'm not sure I'm the guy for this job. But there's got to be plenty of people in this town who'd be thrilled to shoot you.

MOBSTER (O.S.)
I'll do it.

A MOBSTER (human, beefy, and be-suited) EMERGES FROM THE OFFICE BATHROOM AND WITH A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

MOBSTER
Smile.

The mobster pulls the trigger. The shotgun BLAST sends Graves crashing onto the floor in a bloody heap.

MOBSTER
Mr. Morretti sends his regards.

VINCENET
Oh crap - now he's gonna turn!

MOBSTER
Yep. And then he's gonna eat your frickin' brains. Right on schedule.

The Mobster flashes a wicked grin at Vincent. And then SUNSHINE APPEARS AND SMASHES A TEAPOT ON THE MOBSTER'S HEAD.

He drops like a ton of dizzy bricks. Vincent is stunned. Sunshine just waves and heads on over to Graves.

SUNSHINE

Hiya! Had a feeling Dicky might need some help. I'm Sunshine Moon, his psychic friend.

VINCENT

I'm uh- I'm Vincent Price. But not uh- not *that* Vincent Price.

SUNSHINE

I have no idea who you're talking about.

VINCENT

What? He's only in *the best* movies!

Vincent is dumbfounded. SUNSHINE GETS A PSYCHIC TWINGE.

SUNSHINE

Hold on... Uh huh, okay, got it.

She reaches into Graves' pocket and pulls out THE SYRINGE FROM THE HOTEL ROOM WITH THE SOFT-GLOWING GREEN MEDICINE.

VINCENT

Whoa whoa, what are you doing?!

SUNSHINE

What the Universe wants, the Universe gets.

She closes her eyes and JAMS THE SYRINGE INTO GRAVES' CHEST.

VINCENT

Holy crap!

SHE EMPTIES WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MEDICINE RIGHT INTO HIS HEART.

SUNSHINE

There. Good as new.

GRAVES SUDDENLY STARTS COUGHING AND SPITTING UP BLACK BLOOD.

SUNSHINE

Or ... maybe not.

The coughing suddenly stops. GRAVES SHOWS NO SIGNS OF LIFE. Sunshine leans in and gets nose to nose with him.

VINCENT

You probably shouldn't do that.

SUNSHINE

Dicky? Are you dead?

MOBSTER (O.S.)

You are, you stupid bitch!

MORRETTI'S HENCHMAN GRABS SUNSHINE BY THE THROAT AND LIFTS HER UP OFF THE GROUND. Vincent doesn't know what to do.

VINCENT

(trying to be tough)
Hey... put her down...!

MOBSTER

Or what?

A LOW GROWLING NOISE grabs the mobster's attention. SUDDENLY GRAVES ATTACKS HIM, BITING A HUNK OF FLESH FROM HIS NECK.

The Mobster collapses, WAILING in pain and gushing blood.

SUNSHINE

Oh my goddess! What have you done?!
And what the heck are you...?

VINCENT

He's a zombie.

Graves turns his monstrous attention to Sunshine and Vincent, staring at them with HUNGRY WHITE EYES. He ROARS.

VINCENT

A flesh eatin', brain slurpin',
dead man walkin' ZOMBIE!

Graves creeps toward his two "friends", SNARLING.

SUNSHINE

Good Dicky. Nice Dicky.

He lunges at the psychic and GROWLS right in her face.

SUNSHINE

... It's only Thursday, it's only
Thursday ...

GRAVES EYES FADE FROM SOLID WHITE TO A MORE CLOUDY LOOK.

GRAVES

What the hell'd you two do to me!?

SUNSHINE

It's grumpy old you! Hooray!

She hugs Graves and he pushes her off.

GRAVES

What was that stuff you gave me!?!

SUNSHINE

How the heck should I know? It was
in *YOUR* pocket.

VINCENT INSPECTS THE GLASS AND METAL SYRINGE Sunshine used.
There's a trace of the GREEN-GLOWING FLUID in it.

VINCENT

That was the medicine I was telling
you about - the Blood of Beliar!
But you're gonna need more of it, a
lot more of it, *real* soon. Look.

Vincent pulls the HORROR MAG out in his back pocket and opens
it to a book-marked page. WE SEE the pictures as he reads.

VINCENT (V.O.)

(the green medicine)

"... The medicine that saved the
brain from the zombie virus was a
soft-glowing green in color.

(calm zombie injecting meds)

A full dose had to be taken every
twelve hours, or the effects would
wear off...

(zombie going cannibal crazy)

And the patient would lose all
traces of humanity..."

SUNSHINE

You're not gonna eat us, are you?

GRAVES

Not if I can help it.

SUNSHINE

Good. 'Cause that would be weird.

SUDDENLY, THE MOBSTER COMES BACK TO LIFE AS A MINDLESS ZOMBIE
AND GRABS SUNSHINE'S LEG.

GRAVES SNAGS THE GUN OFF HIS DESK AND PUTS A BULLET IN THE
MOBSTER'S HEAD - it collapses, oozing black blood.

SUNSHINE

Is it dead? Like, all the way dead?

Graves and Sunshine leans in to investigate the body.

VINCENET

That's probably not a good idea.

SUDDENLY, THE MOBSTER'S GHOSTLY SPIRIT LEAPS OUT OF IT'S BODY AND LURCHES FOR GRAVES before it's dragged down through the floor by CLAW-LIKE OBSIDIAN HANDS.

SUNSHINE

The spirit - you could see it too?!
But you don't have the gift...

GRAVES

Ugh. I've had enough of this crap.

VINCENT

Wait, there was a spirit...?!

GRAVES POURS HIMSELF A DRINK from his filing cabinet bar.

SUNSHINE

It's because you're dead, isn't it?
The dead can see the dead.

VINCENT

That makes sense.

DICK

None of this stuff makes sense.
(he pounds his drink)
Now let's go find Morretti and kick
some demon ass.

SUNSHINE

(getting a psychic twinge)
Ooo! The Universe says I'm supposed
to go with you!

VINCENT

(offering his gun)
Great, now you can shoot him in the
head if he goes full zombie again.

SUNSHINE

No thanks, I don't believe in
violence.

VINCENT

How about getting your face bitten
off - you believe in that!?!

GRAVES

You either go up against *me*, or a city full of these things.

VINCENT

Good point. But if I'm coming with you, I'm riding-

SUNSHINE

Shotgun!

VINCENT

Ugh, I hate psychics.

Graves holsters his gun and heads out with the group.

EXT. GRAVES OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Graves, Sunshine, and Vincent make a bee-line for the car.

VINCENT

So The Universe just talks to you?

SUNSHINE

Yep, more and more. I think it's the spirit of my gypsy granny guiding me toward the greater good.

VINCENT

What if it's really an evil demon tricking you into ending the world?

GRAVES

Ugh, cut it out - I've had enough supernatural crap for one night!

MEGAN HAYES (O.S.)

May I quote you on that?

Megan Hayes is waiting by Graves' car with her notebook.

GRAVES

I've got nothing to say to you.

MEGAN HAYES

I doubt that.

Graves pushes by to get in the car with Sunshine and Vincent.

MEGAN HAYES

First the hotel, and now I get a tip to visit your office. I'd love to pick your brain, Mr. Graves.

GRAVES
The feeling's mutual.

Graves pulls away, leaving Ms. Hayes burning with curiosity.

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Graves' car sits outside an old brick building. Sunshine reads the words that scroll across the large front window.

SUNSHINE (O.S.)
Bacon Brothers Butchers - Always
pleased to meet you, always meat to
please you.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Ha! That's great!

INT. GRAVES CAR - CONTINUOUS

Graves and Sunshine sit in the front seat. Vincent sits in the back, looking at his pulp magazine with 3-D-ISH GLASSES.

SUNSHINE
(to: Graves)
Ewww... Haven't you eaten enough
flesh for one night?

VINCENT
Actually, zombies need to eat three
square meals a day of the ol' human
hamburger just to keep the virus
from eating their own bodies.

SUNSHINE
Double ewww!

VINCENT
What are we doing here anyway?

Graves holds up MARGO'S BLOODY BUSINESS CARD.

GRAVES
That girl Morretti infected was
sent to him by an escort service.
This address is on their card.

SUNSHINE
But *this* is a butcher shop?

VINCENT
Kinda fitting, don't cha think?

INT. BUTCHER SHOP. NIGHT.

Graves enters. The front door bell rings. A BURLY BEARDED MAN comes out from the back.

BURLY BEARDED MAN
We're closed.

GRAVES
I'm here to see your boss.

Graves tosses the escort service business card on the counter.

BURLY BEARDED MAN
Maurice is sleeping upstairs and
DON'T wanna be disturbed. Get it?

A EVEN BIGGER BEARDED MAN comes out of the freezer. He's carrying a meat cleaver and wearing a bloody apron.

Through the open freezer door Graves catches a glimpse of a bruised and battered ESCORT (early 20s). She's bound and gagged and hanging by ropes from a meat hook.

GRAVES
Yeah, I get it, pal...

Graves turns to the front door.

GRAVES
I have to go wake him up myself.

He locks the door. Click.

THE BEARDED MEN RAISE THEIR KNIVES AND ATTACK WITH A YELL.

Graves cracks his knuckles and SMILES.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. MAURICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a pair of eyes in eye-liner. They snap open.

MAURICE (30s) sits up in his queen bed. It's covered in \$100 bills. He pulls a tiny TWO SHOT GUN out of his silk pajamas.

MAURICE

Somebody there...?! I've got a gun!

Graves emerges from the shadows at the edge of the room.

GRAVES

Where's Morretti?

MAURICE

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Graves grabs some money and jams it into Maurice's mouth.

GRAVES

You got this by supplying Morretti with the girls he's been eating! Where are you sending them now!?!

Maurice gags and spits out the money.

MAURICE

I can't tell you! He'll kill me!

GRAVES

And what makes you think I won't?

MAURICE SHOOTS GRAVES IN THE STOMACH AND FLEES THE BEDROOM.

MAURICE

Griz! Blacky! There's a man in my room! And not in a good way!

GRAVES SMILES - THERE'S FRESH BLOOD AROUND HIS MOUTH.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Maurice LOCKS HIS BEDROOM DOOR with an OLD FASHIONED KEY.

MAURICE

Get your asses up here, right now!

There's a low MOANING sound coming from the stairway. Maurice looks down the stairs. His face goes white.

THE KEY FALLS FROM HIS HAND AND BOUNCES DOWN THE STAIRS, LANDING AT THE FEET OF THE TWO BURLY BUTCHERS, WHO HAVE BOTH BEEN BITTEN AND TURNED INTO ZOMBIES.

Maurice starts pounding on the locked bedroom door.

MAURICE

Let me in! Let me in!

SHOTS ALTERNATE BETWEEN THE BEDROOM AND STAIRWAY

GRAVES

Where's Morretti?!

MAURICE

Let me in and I'll tell you! Hurry up! They're getting closer!

GRAVES

Where's Morretti!?!

MAURICE

He's at the old Romero slaughter house on the edge of downtown! He's expecting a delivery in 20 minutes! I can take you right to him!

Maurice looks down in terror at the approaching zombies.

MAURICE

Open the door! They're going to tear me apart!

GRAVES

Now you know how Margo felt, you son of a bitch.

MAURICE

Oh God, oh God, noooo!!

The zombies grab Maurice. There's nothing but the sound of SCREAMS, ripping silk, and tearing flesh. Graves smiles.

INT. GRAVES CAR - NIGHT

Sunshine and Vincent have their eyes on the butcher shop.

VINCENT

So you don't go to the movies?

SUNSHINE
Dreams are like movies.

VINCENT
Sure, but popcorn doesn't taste the
same in your dreams.

THREE GUNSHOTS echo from the butcher shop.

VINCENT
What was that?

SUNSHINE
Let me see.
(she concentrates for a beat)
Nope. I've got nothing.

The shop door opens and the ESCORT runs down the street,
SCREAMING. Graves gets into his car, carrying an APRON.

SUNSHINE
So... how'd it go?

GRAVES
I know where Morretti is.

VINCENT
Good, so you can go get your
medicine after you drop me off.

GRAVES
I still need your help.

Graves tosses the bloody apron to Vincent.

VINCENT
(sarcastically)
Oh. Great.

EXT. ROMERO MEAT PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

Sunshine and Vincent stand outside the rusty metal door of a
run-down industrial building. Vincent's wearing the apron.
Sunshine has been all "dolled up" with lots of make-up.

VINCENT
They're going to kill us.

SUNSHINE
No, they're not.
(knocks on the door)
I'm supposed to die on a Friday.

VINCENT
But what about me?!?

SUNSHINE
Oh. Right. Good luck.

The door opens. A LARGE ZOMBIE THUG fills the doorway.

VINCENT
Um, hi. We're here from the escort
service.

Vincent offers the business card from "*Bon Appétit Escorts.*"

VINCENT
Your boss ordered a prostitute.

SUNSHINE
That's me!

Sunshine strikes a "sexy" pose. The Thug looks at the card.

LARGE ZOMBIE THUG
Get in.

VINCENT
You need me to sign something?

GRAVES PUTS HIS GUN TO LARGE ZOMBIE THUG'S HEAD.

GRAVES
How 'bout I sign with your brains?

ANOTHER GUN APPEARS, PRESSED AGAINST GRAVES' HEAD.

MORRETTI (O.S.)
Or we could sign with yours?

MORRETTI'S THERE with TWO ZOMBIE THUGS in ARMY HELMETS.

MORRETTI
A bullet to the brain, the zombie's
Achilles' heel... Drop the gun,
Graves, or my man drops you.

THE THUG COCKS HIS GUN. Graves SIGHS.

GRAVES
Decisions, decisions, decisions...

EXT. ROMERO MEAT PACKING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Morretti's Zombie Thug pushes his gun against Graves' head.

MORRETTI

So what's it going to be, Graves?
Life after death? Or just death?

Graves drops his gun. Morretti smiles.

MORRETTI

Good. Now let's go meet the others.

VINCENT

The others?!

Large Zombie Thug pulls Vincent and Sunshine in the door.

INT. ROMERO MEAT PACKING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

The room is a large, open, shadowy, industrial space. There are STACKS OF WOODEN CRATES GLOWING GREEN FROM THE INSIDE. Graves eyes them greedily.

Morretti limps ahead, HIS LEG IN A BRACE, as the Zombie Thugs push their three prisoners along.

They pass by a pit full of MINDLESS HUNGRY ZOMBIES, a mix of call girls and workers from the plant. They ROAR with hunger.

VINCENT

(to Graves)
You've got a plan, right?

SUNSHINE

We'll get through this with the
power of positive thinking.

VINCENT

That is *not* a plan!

They pass by A CAGE HOLDING ANGELA BLACK, THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN WHO HIRED GRAVES. THE BURNS ON HER ARMS ARE SMOKING.

Graves eyes Angela suspiciously as the BEEFY BODYGUARD (30s, human) standing beside the cage gives him the stink eye.

The tour stops at THREE MEN, gagged and tied to chairs, a medical bag of red blood attached to their arms with IVs.

MORRETTI

Let me introduce you to our
distinguished guests: You know The
Mayor and The Archbishop of Los
Angeles. And this is Dr. Frankel
from the Mount Sinai Hospital.
Politics, religion, and science.

MORRETTI DRAWS A SYRINGE OF BLACK BLOOD FROM HIS OWN ARM AND INJECTS IT INTO THE BAG OF RED BLOOD - the blood turns black.

GRAVES

Christ, you're gonna make them all sick.

MORRETTI

On the contrary, Mr. Graves, I'm going to make them all well.

He turns a knob on the bottom of the bag and BLACK BLOOD STARTS OOZING SLOWLY DOWN THE TUBES TOWARD THE THREE MEN.

MORRETTI

You see, gentlemen, the virus cures every disease known to man.

GRAVES

Too bad it turns you into an undead flesh eating monster.

MORRETTI

Small price to pay for immortality. A person infected with the virus can live forever, as long as they get enough to eat...

Morretti, salivating, strokes Sunshine's cheek.

MORRETTI

... and take their medicine.

He uncovers THREE SYRINGES FULL OF GLOWING GREEN MEDICINE.

GRAVES

Which you'll sell to them.

MORRETTI

I've built an empire peddling flesh and drugs to the masses... there's no more qualified for the job.

VINCENT

Man, this would be so cool if I wasn't going to die.

MORRETTI INJECTS THE MEN WITH HIS MEDICINE AS HE SPEAKS.

MORRETTI

Tonight, these three gentlemen will talk to the press and tell everyone about zombie virus and my cure.

GRAVES

And then you'll release your
zombies into the city and see your
drugs to the highest bidder.

MORRETTI

Bingo.

The horde of mindless zombies GROWL in the pit.

ANGELA BLACK (O.S.)

Booooring!

Angela struts out of the shadows with Beefy Bodyguard in tow.

ANGELA BLACK

I can't listen to your stupid plan
any longer.

MORRETTI

Why are you out of your cage!?

ANGELA BLACK

(re: Beefy Bodyguard)

I had Franky release me - just like
he did this afternoon when I went
to hire Graves.

MORRETTI

You sent Graves to the hotel!?!

ANGELA BLACK

A girl's gotta do what a girl's
gotta do. And now I've gotta get
rid of you. Go get him, Big Boy.

The Beefy Bodyguard attacks. Morretti grabs his throat with
his Hellstone hand. THE PURPLE STONE GLOWS BRIGHTER UNTIL
MORRETTI'S HAND IS SURROUNDED BY RAGGED PURPLE FLAMES.

VINCENT

Holy Hellfire...!

THE PURPLE FLAMES ENGULF THE BODYGUARD - IN A MATTER OF
SECONDS, HE'S BURNT TO A CRISP. Morretti's unharmed.

GRAVES

Screw this.

GRAVES GRABS THE GUN OUT OF HIS GUARD'S HAND AND BLOWS THE
THUG'S BRAINS OUT UP THROUGH HIS CHIN AND INTO HIS HELMET.
THE THUG HITS THE FLOOR, DEADER THAN DEAD.

VINCENT CURLS INTO A BALL AND SUNSHINE STANDS STILL, AS GRAVES QUICKLY TAKES OUT THE OTHER TWO THUGS WITH ARTFUL HEADSHOTS - FINALLY AIMING HIS GUN AT MORRETTI'S HEAD.

GRAVES
Show's over, Morretti.

VINCENT
No, wait! you can't kill him!

MORRETTI
He's right. I'm much too powerful.

Morretti swings furiously with his Hellfire first, but before the punch connects, Sunshine yells instructions to Graves.

SUNSHINE
(following psychic twinges)
Ooo! Dicky, go left! Right! Duck!

Graves follows her suggestions and avoids each attack.

Until she tells him the wrong way and A PUNCH CONNECTS, NEARLY KNOCKING GRAVES INTO THE ZOMBIE PIT.

SUNSHINE
Huh. It's usually right.

VINCENT
... demons ...

Graves hangs caught between Morretti and the hungry horde.

MORRETTI
You better be careful, Graves.
Those zombies will tear you apart
for your juicy brains.

GRAVES
Then I guess you have nothing to
worry about.

GRAVES GRABS MORRETTI'S FIERY HAND AND SPINS HIM OVER THE ZOMBIE PIT, THE HELLFIRE SPREADING UP HIS OWN ARM.

GRAVES
Let's see you jump into a hundred
brain-dead bodies, you god-damned
son of a bitch!

GRAVES LETS GO AND MORRETTI FALLS INTO THE PIT OF ZOMBIES.

MORRETTI (O.S.)
I don't want to die! No! No!! NO!!!

MORRETTI'S SCREAMS FILL THE AIR AS ZOMBIES TEAR HIM APART.

Soon there's nothing left but THE HELLSTONE RING and the sounds of zombies feasting.

SUNSHINE

Ewww... that was so gross.

VINCENT

If by gross you mean awesome!

ANGELA BLACK

(looking down into the pit)
I'm so glad he's gone. He was such a baby about dying.

(beat, to Graves)
Even your wife didn't cry that much when *she* died.

GRAVES

Don't you talk about my wife!

ANGELA BLACK

Why not? I'm the one that killed her after all.

GRAVES

You're a liar...

ANGELA BLACK

No, Mr. Graves... I am Beliar.

DEEP PURPLE HELLFIRE FLICKERS IN ANGELA'S EYES AS SHE GRINS.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. ROMERO MEAT PACKING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

GRAVES, SHAKING WITH ANGER, POINTS HIS GUN AT ANGELA.

GRAVES
Tell me the truth!

She walks slowly and seductively toward him.

ANGELA BLACK
One year ago, on this very day, I
broke into your house and killed
your wife.

She smiles.

ANGELA BLACK
You shot me in the head and
paralyzed me. But you didn't have
the balls to finish the job...

Graves pulls the hammer back.

ANGELA BLACK
So I sent your sister-in-law to die
in that hotel room tonight. And I
sent you to watch, knowing you
wouldn't be able to save her.

Graves grits his teeth and strains against the trigger.

SUNSHINE
No, Dicky! That's what she wants!

VINCENT
If you kill her, she'll take you
over!

Graves continues to struggle until he turns away.

ANGELA BLACK
(with a disappointed sigh)
If you want something done right,
you have to do it yourself.

She turns and casually falls backwards into the zombie pit.

Sunshine, Graves, and Vincent rush to the edge and look over.

The Mindless Zombie Horde has formed a circle around Angela,
none of them wanting to get too close to her.

GRAVES

Why aren't they eating her?!

SUNSHINE

Maybe they're full.

VINCENT

No. They know who she really is.

ANGELA PICKS UP THE HELLSTONE RING FROM MORRETTI'S REMAINS.

ANGELA BLACK

The living only see what they
believe - the dead see the truth!

SHE PUTS ON THE RING AND IT BEGINS TO GLOW A DEEP PURPLE.

ANGELA BLACK

Look beyond this costume of flesh
and see me for what I truly am!

There's an EXPLOSION OF HELLFIRE and for the first time
BELIAR, THE ANGEL OF LAWLESSNESS is seen in his true form.

He's a tragically beautiful fallen angel with wings of fire
and burning eyes. His naked legs can only be seen in shadowy
contrast to the bright purple fire of his wings.

VINCENT

(wearing his 3-D-ish glasses)
Holy crap...!!! That's so cool!!!
(to Sunshine re: his glasses)
Spectre Specs - from my magazines!

Beliar rises into the air on wings of Hellfire.

BELIAR

(in a booming voice)
BUT FOR CORRUPTION THOU HAST
MADE BELIAR, AN ANGEL OF HOSTILITY!
ALL HIS DOMINIONS ARE IN DARKNESS,
AND HIS PURPOSE IS TO BRING ABOUT
WICKEDNESS AND GUILT!

The fiery blaze grows brighter. Vincent, Sunshine and Graves
shield their eyes from the glare.

BELIAR

YOU CANNOT TURN AWAY FROM YOUR
DESTINY, RICHARD GRAVES!

BELIAR FLIES CLOSER AND THE HELLFIRE GETS BRIGHTER.

BELIAR
EVERYTHING IN YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN
LEADING YOU TO THIS MOMENT! TO ME!

The glare is unbearable until Angela walks out of it in her human form and the light dims.

ANGELA BLACK
Face it, Richard, you and I were
meant to be together.

GRAVES
Go to Hell.

ANGELA BLACK
I've been... It's overrated. I
prefer Hell on Earth. The living
have so much more to lose. Just ask
your wife.

GRAVES SLAPS ANGELA HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

She wipes THE TRICKLE OF GREEN, GLOWING BLOOD from the corner of her mouth and grins.

ANGELA BLACK
Such wasted potential. You're like
that idiot, Morretti. He had the
power of Hell in his hands! And all
he wanted to do was get rich.

She walks amongst the green-glowing crates.

ANGELA BLACK
For seven days he kept me in a cage
and bottled my blood for his stupid
plan. But still, I suppose I should
thank him for what he did for me...

FLASHBACK

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

FATHER GABRIEL lies, paralyzed, on a hospital bed. Morretti, looking deathly ill and WEARING THE HELLSTONE RING, points a gun at ANGELA, who wears a NURSE'S UNIFORM.

ANGELA BLACK (V.O.)
If it wasn't for his cancer, and
his pathetic fear of death, he
never would have sought me out...
or freed me from that prison of
paralyzed flesh.

ANGELA, FORCED AT GUNPOINT, RELUCTANTLY AND REPEATEDLY STABS GAVRIEL IN THE HEART WITH A SCALPEL.

THE MOMENT GAVRIEL DIES, THE SPIRIT DEMON OF BELIAR JUMPS FROM HIS BODY INTO ANGELA'S.

She instantly turns the scalpel on Morretti. But he's ready and uses the Hellstone to wrap her in CHAINS OF HELLFIRE.

ANGELA BLACK (V.O.)
But then that bastard used the Hellstone against me. He bound me chains of Hellfire and forced me to prolong his miserable life.

Angela/Beliar bows down to Morretti.

GRAVES (V.O.)
And that's why you hired me.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ROMERO MEAT PACKING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Graves looks down in zombie pit at Angela.

GRAVES
You needed me to take him out of the picture.

Angela takes THE OTHER HALF OF GRAVES' \$5000 from her pocket.

ANGELA BLACK
Worth every penny.

And then she burns the money up with Hellfire and laughs.

ANGELA BLACK
Ah, but all this talk is a dreadful bore, isn't it? Let's have some real fun.

ANGELA THROWS A GREAT BIG BALL OF PURPLE HELLFIRE AND INCINERATES THE WOODEN DOOR OF THE ZOMBIE PIT.

The mindless zombie horde ROARS as it spills through the door and up the ramp that leads out of the pit.

VINCENT
Holy crap! If those zombies get out, the whole city's a goner!!

GRAVES
(re: distinguished gentlemen)
Get those guys out of here!

SUNSHINE
What are you gonna do?

GRAVES
Bust some skulls.

Graves grabs TWO RUSTY MEAT HOOKS and jumps down into the ramp to face the zombie horde.

GRAVES
All right, who's first?

The mindless zombies attack Graves, but the narrow ramp keeps them contained, giving him the advantage, as he splits their heads open with the meat hooks.

Zombie bodies start piling up. It seems like he's winning.

Angela happily watches the carnage from the top of the ramp.

ANGELA BLACK
(smiling with anticipation)
Three. Two. One. Time's up.

GRAVES SUDDENLY WINCES FROM A SHARP PAIN IN HIS HEAD.

SUNSHINE
(getting a psychic twinge)
Ooo! Dicky's medicine is wearing off! We've gotta help him!

Without turning around, Angela snaps her fingers and a BLAZING RING OF HELLFIRE SURROUNDS VINCENT, SUNSHINE, AND THE THREE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN. The flames burn hot and close.

VINCENT
(terrified and annoyed)
So much for positive thinking.

Back on the ramp, Graves fights the pain in his head while fighting the zombies. It's almost too much for him to take.

The horde advances, pushing Graves up the ramp, where Angela is sitting on a crate marked "Live Animals" waiting for him.

ANGELA BLACK
You need more medicine, Richard. I can get it for you... Kill me and you'll live forever.

GRAVES

... I'd rather ... be a zombie...

Graves collapses in pain. THE ZOMBIES CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL.

ANGELA BLACK

STOP!

THE HUNGRY HORDE FREEZE IN THEIR TRACKS, INCHES AWAY FROM GRAVES. Angela grabs his hair and jerks up his aching head.

ANGELA BLACK

Look at them, Richard. Is that what you want to become?!?

Graves takes a deep look at the zombies and in that moment HE CAN SEE THEIR GHOSTLY SOULS TRAPPED IN ANGUISH WITHIN THEM.

GRAVES

They're trapped inside themselves.

ANGELA BLACK

Tortured souls in cages of flesh.
The closest thing to Hell on Earth.
Is that what you really want?
(she sets A GUN by his side)
The choice is yours.

GRAVES

(in extreme pain)
... I'd rather die than let you win...

ANGELA BLACK

Then you should probably say goodbye to your son.

Angela fires a ball of Hellfire at her wooden "Live Animals" crate. It turns to ash, revealing SCOTTY CHAINED INSIDE.

SCOTTY

Daddy...!?!

GRAVES

... don't you hurt my boy...!

ANGELA BLACK

Oh, I wouldn't dream of it. That's your job. Once your medicine wears off, and you're just another mindless monster, I'm going feed him to you.

Angela leans in close to Graves, whispering into his ear.

ANGELA BLACK

And there won't be anything you can
do to stop it.

GRAVES

... I wouldn't count on that ...

BANG!

ANGELA STUMBLES BACK, HOLDING HER GUT. GRAVES HOLDS THE GUN.

SUNSHINE

(from the Hellfire circle)
Oh my goddess... he shot her!

VINCENT

That's what we told him NOT to do!

Angela drops to the ground, GREEN BLOOD gushing from her
gunshot wound and pooling in her hand. She smiles weakly.

ANGELA BLACK

...Good boy. Your salvation awaits.

Graves takes the syringe from his pocket and draws up a full
dose of Beliar's glowing green blood.

He injects it into himself and his painful headache
disappears immediately as Angela starts COUGHING up more.

ANGELA BLACK

... You made the right choice,
Richard... Why serve in Heaven,
when you can rule in Hell...?

GRAVES TAKES THE HELLSTONE RING OFF ANGELA and puts it on.

GRAVES

I can think of two reasons...

HIS HAND IGNITES WITH A BLAZING BALL OF HELLFIRE.

GRAVES

And they're both better than you.

Graves sends a huge purple fireball down the ramp: THE ENTIRE
ZOMBIE HORDE IS ENGULFED IN THE FLAMES, THEIR BODIES BURNING
UP AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL GHOSTLY SOULS RELEASING INTO THE AIR.

Angela starts laughing: A WEAK, WHEEZING LAUGH.

ANGELA BLACK

You think you've won? Soon I'll
have your soul, and then this city,
this world, will be mine...!!

GRAVES

Shut up and kiss me.

GRAVES GRABS ANGELA AND KISSES HER. She fights against it and
breaks free, slapping him with the last of her strength.

ANGELA BLACK

You bastard...! You think you've
beaten me?!? Where are you going to
get your medicine after I'm gone?!
Only through my blood will you find
salvation...!

GRAVES

That ain't the only way,
sweetheart.

Angela's eyes roll back as her final breath escapes her body.

SUNSHINE

She's gone.

VINCENT

Not for long.

BELIAR'S DEMON SPIRIT RISES OUT OF ANGELA'S BODY AND REACHES
FOR GRAVES WITH LONG, CLAW-LIKE FINGERS.

BELIAR

YOUR SOUL IS MINE!!!

SUDDENLY, ANGELA'S EYES ROLL BACK DOWN - HEY'RE WHITE AND
DEAD AND HER GLOWING GREEN BLOOD HAS TURNED BLACK.

She ROARS with savage, zombie hunger.

VINCENT

Holy crap... He used the kiss to
infected her with the zombie virus!
That's so cool: The Kiss of Death!

Graves jams the meat hooks into Zombie Angela's shoulders and
holds her down as BELIAR'S DEMON SPIRIT IS DRAGGED BACK INTO
HER BODY BY AN IRRESISTIBLE SUPERNATURAL FORCE.

BELIAR

REVENGE SHALL BE MINE! IT SHALL BE-

And then the demon's gone - until Graves looks closer.

THE GHOST-LIKE IMAGE OF BELIAR, THE ANGEL OF LAWLESSNESS,
WRITHES WITH FURIOUS AGONY INSIDE THE BODY OF ZOMBIE ANGELA.

GRAVES

A tortured soul in a cage of flesh.
The closest thing to Hell on Earth.

INT. ROMERO MEAT PACKING PLANT - LATER

The ring of Hellfire is gone and THE THREE DISTINGUISHED
GENTLEMEN STAND AROUND THE CAGE THAT HOLDS ZOMBIE ANGELA.

Vincent sews up Graves while Sunshine acts as his nurse.
Scotty's standing nearby, fascinated.

VINCENT

I can't believe Beliar's a brain-
dead zombie. The virus must have
corrupted her blood so much that it
couldn't even save her own brain. I
wonder why my magazines never
mentioned *that*?

GRAVES

'Cause nobody gives a crap.

SCOTTY

(looking up at his dad)
So... you're dead now?

GRAVES

Yep.

VINCENT

Technically, he's undead.

SUNSHINE

It's really just a point of view.

SCOTTY

Jesus had to die before *he* was born
again. You're in good company.

GRAVES

(with a grin to Scotty)
It's about time.

MAYOR DIGGS approaches and gestures to Zombie Angela.

MAYOR DIGGS

So uh... what the hell are we
supposed to do with that thing?

GRAVES

You put her in the deepest, darkest corner of this city, and make sure she doesn't bite anyone. And you keep her alive. She's a hell of a lot more dangerous dead.

Vincent finishes and Graves buttons up his shirt.

GRAVES

(to Distinguished Gentlemen)
Oh, by the way, there's no cure for that stuff in your blood... so you all better stay alive, and take your medicine... 'Cause if any of you start any trouble, I'm gonna finish it.

MAYOR DIGGS

Is that a threat, Graves?!

GRAVES

No, Mr. Mayor, that's a promise.
(to his crew)
Let's go.

Graves grabs TWO BIG CRATES OF MEDICINE and leaves with Scotty, Vincent, and Sunshine walking beside him.

SUNSHINE

Hey, I just realized that your birthday's also your death day.
Happy Death Day, Dicky!

Graves groans and heads out the door as Mayor Diggs, the Archbishop, and Dr. Frankle glare at him.

And nearby, hidden in the shadows of the surrounding warehouses, Megan Hayes takes a picture for The Times.

EXT. ASCENSION HILL CEMETERY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Graves' old muscle car is parked just outside the gate.

INT. ASCENSION HILL CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Graves, Scotty, Vincent, and Sunshine stand before the GRAVES FAMILY GRAVESTONES.

GRAVES TOSSES THE STRANGE GOLD RING ONTO THE GROUND, GRABS A BROKEN CROSS THAT SITS BESIDE HIS TOMBSTONE, AND USES IT LIKE A HAMMER TO SMASH THE PURPLE HELLSTONE.

Suddenly, there's A BRILLIANT SHOW OF LIGHTS AS A THOUSAND FIREFLY LIKE SOULS ESCAPE FROM THE SHATTERED HELLSTONE and float up into the sky to mingle with the stars.

VINCENT

(wearing his 3-D glasses)
Holy crap! This is amazing! I can't believe these things actually work!

SCOTTY

(watching the souls)
You're right, they're so beautiful!

VINCENT

(re: his Spectre Specs)
Wait, you can see those things without these?! No fair!

SUNSHINE

(Re: Scotty)
Hmmm... I had a feeling about him.

Graves watches the souls disappear - several of them coming to a rest on their grave sites - HIS WIFE'S GRAVE IS EMPTY.

Mary Katherine's sweet soul is nowhere to be seen.

SCOTTY

Where's mom? Why wasn't she in the ring?

GRAVES

I don't know, kiddo... but wherever she is, I'm gonna find her. I promise.

Graves wraps his arm around his son, and they share a sweet, silent moment before a GHOST so rudely interrupts.

GHOST (O.S.)

Excuse me... Mister Graves?

GRAVES

What do you want?!

CLOSE ON: The concerned face of A MIDDLE-AGED GHOST MAN.

GHOST

I want you to find the guy that did this to me.

CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing that THE GHOST IS HOLDING HIS OWN DECAPITATED HEAD. Graves GROANS and puts his BUSINESS CARD on his tombstone.

GRAVES

Come by the office. I'll see what I can do.

GHOST

Thank you, Mr. Graves.

GRAVES

I haven't done anything yet.

GHOST

You looked me in the eye - that's more than anyone's done in a long, long time... I'm going to recommend you to all my friends.

The Ghost motions to A GRAVEYARD FULL OF DISEMBODIED SPIRITS in various conditions of angst and mutilation.

GRAVES

Aw, Christ...

SUNSHINE

Body or no body, everybody wants justice.

GRAVES

They're still gonna have to pay me.

SCOTTY

You serious?

GRAVES

They can't take it with them, and I've got to pay the rent... These days, even the dead need to make a living.

VINCENT

Great. So maybe I can get that fifty bucks you owe me.

(Off Graves's glare)

Maybe later.

Off in the shadows to the side, FATHER GABRIEL PEERS OUT FROM BEHIND AN ANGEL STATUE.

FATHER GABRIEL

"And mankind's only hope for survival was a man who was already dead."

SCOTTY GETS A PSYCHIC TWINGE and turns, but Gabriel is gone.

SUNSHINE
(getting a psychic twinge)
Ooo! Oh... the boy? Really?

GRAVES
What is it this time?

Sunshine looks at Scotty and gets uncomfortable.

SUNSHINE
It's uh- It's nothing.

GRAVES
Let's keep it that way.
(beat)
It's time to go to work.

Graves leaves and the camera lingers on his tombstone:
"Richard 'Dick' Graves - Soldier of God" with his birth year
and a blank space where his death year would be.

SLAM TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: GRAVES

END OF PILOT