

THE LONERS

Written by

David Spurlock

1877 Triplett's Farm Rd. Newton, NC 28658  
828-851-1685

"WE ARE NOT THE CHOSEN FEW, WE ARE THE LEFT-BEHIND.  
WE ARE NOT HERE TO FIGHT, WE ARE HERE TO SURVIVE.  
WHILE THE REST OF THE' WORLD SLEEPS, WE SAVE THEM FROM THEIR  
OWN FEARS. WE... ARE THE LONERS'."

INT. BUSY RESTAURANT, NIGHT-

A group of nervous teenagers are seated around a small round table, they whisper in a fervor. JIMMY, the leader of the group, is a scrawny bespectacled little guy.

JIMMY

Listen to me! Keep it down. They  
can hear us. We have to get home.

TATE, a perky blonde dressed in an 80s-inspired Madonna wedding dress, puts her finger to Jimmy's lips.

TATE

You're paranoid, Jim. We need a  
plan, there is no home for us  
anymore.

BANG is a brawler, like Johnny Depp in 21 Jump Street.

BANG

(rolls his eyes) Yeah, make a plan--  
that's what they do in the movies,  
and it always backfires.

JIMMY

Keep it down, Bang. Your dad's the  
sheriff. We have to get him to help  
us.

BANG

Are you crazy? Look at what's  
happened to us. He's not gonna help  
us.

There's a loud SLAM, and all the patrons turn toward the front door where a LARGE MAN, dressed in a RIPPED UP POLICE OFFICER'S UNIFORM fills the doorway. The TEENAGERS don't turn. They're failing miserably at being inconspicuous.

LARGE MAN

Yooohooo-- Chiiiildren, its time to  
come home...

The patrons stare awkwardly.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)  
 (glancing around) What're ya  
 staring at?

He steps toward the teenagers table.

JIMMY  
 Uh-oh.

They JUMP UP and scramble for the back exit, toward the  
 kitchen.

BANG  
 RUN!!!

TATE  
 No duh.

Then, she runs.

The scary monster of a man chases them, knocking people from  
 their seats and food off of tables as he charges.

The teens deftly dart through the kitchen, closer to the  
 door. A greasy COOK stands in the way, smoking a cigarette.

COOK  
 Gotta go out the front way.

Jimmy barrels past him, jarring the cigarette from the guy's  
 hand, and it flies into the pan of another COOK'S order. He  
 glares at the greasy guy.

INT. NIGHT, ALLEYWAY

They finally stop running. It's dark. Way TOO dark, and way  
 too quiet. We can see silhouettes, the teenagers stand  
 huddled, breathing heavily.

LARGE MAN (O.S.)  
 Miss me, Children?

A streetlight FLARES on, illuminating the scene with a  
 sickening pale yellow light.

The large man grins at them.

BANG  
 What gave it away?

JIMMY  
 Bang. Not now.

BANG  
Then when, Jimmy?

JIMMY  
Not... *now*.

The over-grown man GRABS Tate by her shoulders, and lifts her up to his face.

TATE  
Whoa there, cowboy.

LARGE MAN  
This is gonna be fun.

Bang stomps the big man's foot, waits. Nothing. He stomps the other foot this time, harder. The big man just laughs.

BANG  
(to Jim)  
Is it time *now*?

Jimmy doesn't take his eyes off Tate. There's something going on there...

JIMMY  
Yep. It's time.

And with that utterance, Jim TRANSFORMS into a WEREWOLF.

He drops to all fours and... howls at the moon.

TATE  
(to the large man)

Whoops, he's howling. Better run.

The Man-Monster looks quizzically at the three teens, and while he is distracted Bang kicks him in the kneecap.

The Man-Monster drops Tate, and as she lands, she cracks her neck, and large FANGS shoot from her lips. She's a vampire.

TATE (CONT'D)  
You're not running, Man-Monster.

BANG  
That's the best you could come up with? Man-Monster?

The monster is confused by this argument--they've almost forgotten he's there?

TATE

Can it, Bang. We've got work to do.

Jimmy comes at the Man-Monster, and with full momentum blasts him to the ground.

The monster, dazed, shakes his head and begins to get up.

BANG

(to Jim) Wasn't enough, Jim.

JIMMY

Can it, Bang. Your turn.

Bang makes a run for the light post, gathering speed, grabs it and spins around, kicking the monster square in the chest.

He bellows in pain.

BANG

(to Jim) Satisfied?

JIMMY

No.

BANG

Oh, ok. How's this?

Bang closes his eyes, breathes deeply. He's meditating.

TIME SLOWS DOWN. He on takes the CRANE STANCE ala Daniel LaRusso.

The Man-Monster is gaining speed...

We hear their breathing, the monster is gulping air. Bang is serene-- One breath.

Two breaths.

Time is beginning to speed up again!

Bang opens his eyes as he kicks the monster SQUARE IN THE FACE.

The Man-Monster is dazed, but still fighting.

TATE

Jeez. Give up already.

She rushes him.

MAN-MONSTER

AAAARRRRGGG!!!!

Tate sinks her deadly fangs deep into his muscled neck.

The others look on in disgust.

BANG

So gross.

The monster finally goes down, a THUD, and the screen goes BLACK.

INT. RESTAURANT--NIGHT

The group is finishing their coffee and toast, Tate's face is covered in blood.

JIMMY

Sorry about your dad, Bang.

TATE

Yeah.

FADE OUT.