

THE DENVER ZOMBIE MASSACRE

"PILOT"

An animated series

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - DAY**

Gray house in a colorful suburban neighborhood, a tricked-out, armored hearse with biohazard stickers parked in front, just beyond the unkempt grass. An extremely close figure lurches past our view in silhouette.

**INT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - KITCHEN - DAY**

Clean-ish bachelor pad kitchen. Goth/Horror decorations.

FREDRICK SCHUMACHER (23) sits at the kitchen table with a party hat on each side of his black and neon green mohawk (like horns). He wears black clothes with holes in them, a spiked collar and jacket, and a childlike smile. He holds a knife and fork at the ready.

On the table: a skull-shaped cake that reads "HAPPY BIRTHDAY FREDRICK!" with an unlit candle in the shape of a "23."

FREDRICK

Jason! Is it five o'clock yet?

JASON WILDE (24) pops into the room. Black clothes with a blue screen-printed skull, baseball cap, and piercings.

JASON

Almost. Are you ready to party?

FREDRICK

Obviously. Is Chucky coming?

JASON

Had to work.

FREDRICK

Hippie Dave?

JASON

Jail.

FREDRICK

Elliot?

JASON

Dead.

FREDRICK

That hot chick next door?

JASON

Uh...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**EXT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - YESTERDAY - DAY**

Jason cuts across the lawn to --

**THE AVERAGE WHITE HOUSE ON THE RIGHT**

Jason drops an envelope in front of the door, rings the doorbell and scurries away.

WYNTER STARR (21) opens the door, glances around, and spots the envelope. The "bad girl next door" with fire engine red hair snatches the envelope and tears it open.

a note with letters cut out of various magazines spells out:  
"NEXT DOOR! TOMORROW! 5PM!"

**INT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jason sits on the toilet reading an adult magazine. A rock, with a note attached, shatters the bathroom window and rolls to a stop. Jason picks it up and unwraps the note.

The note reads "NO!" in big red letters.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

**BACK TO SCENE**

Jason smirks.

JASON

Mmmmaybe.

FREDRICK

As long as you didn't invite that douchy neighbor from the house on the corner.

JASON

Fuller? Hell no. That guy sucks. Thinks he's such a bad ass just because he can afford tickets to Comic-Con and left that dent in your hearse with my skateboard somehow...

FREDRICK  
Okay, so then who's coming?

JASON  
Uh... Me? Oh, and Mikey Bee, But I guarantee you my present is way cooler than whatever he got you.

FREDRICK  
Really? What did he get me?

JASON  
Hell if I know. You ready for mine?

Fredrick rolls his eyes. Hand gestures like "give it here."

JASON  
You know how you always wanted to kill zombies?

FREDRICK  
Yeah?

JASON  
Well I genetically engineered a bio-toxin and released it into the atmosphere to reanimate the dead!

Jason grins, proudly.

FREDRICK  
Dude. You can't make a Pop Tart by yourself. How the fuck can you mastermind a zombie apocalypse?

JASON  
I found the instructions online.

A THUMPING SOUND COMES FROM THE FRONT DOOR.

JASON  
That's probably Mikey.

#### **AT THE FRONT DOOR**

Fredrick, with Jason behind him, opens the door. A body slumps in and blocks the doorway. A host of blood-splattered zombies with graying flesh, red eyes, and torn clothes move in from the porch. Two others devour a screaming victim on the lawn and slowly turn their attention to the open door.

JASON  
You're welcome.

SUPER: THE DENVER ZOMBIE MASSACRE, CHAPTER 1: BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!

**INT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - MOMENTS LATER**

Fredrick and Jason fearfully back themselves into a wall as eight zombies slowly advance.

Fredrick throws his birthday hats at them -- no effect.

JASON

This isn't going how I pictured it.

FREDRICK

Didn't those instructions say anything about adult supervision?

JASON

Do I know any responsible adults?

Zombies close in. Fredrick and Jason slide down the wall.

FREDRICK

Jason, before we die, there's something I need to confess. I used to fantasize about having sex with your ex-girlfriend.

JASON

Destiny?

FREDRICK

Yeah.

JASON

I have a confession, too. I used to fantasize about you having sex with my ex-girlfriend.

FREDRICK

What?!

A glint of steel slashes through the horde. Zombies groan and shriek. The crowd turns toward the commotion and one-by-one fall to a Katana blade. Fredrick and Jason, who cover each other's eyes, take a peek.

Wynter stands before them with the bloody sword.

FREDRICK

The hot neighbor chick! She came!

JASON  
Hey! You got that from our display  
case! That's a limited edition  
collectible!

Jason jumps to his feet, Wynter shoves him back down.

JASON  
(meekly)  
But, I guess you can use it.

WYNTER  
Shut up. Give me your keys.

FREDRICK  
My keys?

Wynter kicks Fredrick.

WYNTER  
The keys to the hearse! Now!

A creak comes from the door. A dozen zombies in the yard head  
for the entrance.

WYNTER  
Shit!

Jason jumps to his feet.

JASON  
Quick! Follow me!

Fredrick and Wynter follow Jason upstairs.

**INT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - JASON'S ROOM - DAY**

Superhero posters. Horror movie memorabilia. Pin-up girls.  
Jason locks the door behind them.

WYNTER  
Why the hell did you lead us  
upstairs?

JASON  
They always run upstairs in the  
movies!

WYNTER  
Yes, and then they die!

JASON  
Not in the pornos.

Wynter partially unsheathes the Katana, threateningly.

FREDRICK

Okay, everybody calm down. We have to figure this out.

WYNTER

Figure what out? What the hell just happened?

FREDRICK

Long story short, Jason decided to raise the dead for my birthday.

WYNTER

(pointing at Jason)

This one? He gets drunk and pees in my yard at night. How the hell did he raise the dead?

JASON

First of all, I'm not always drunk. Second of all, it's not always pee. And third -- you're both missing the point!

FREDRICK

What? That there's a city full of zombies out there? That we could very well be the world's last line of defense against an army of the undead?

Fredrick puffs up his chest.

FREDRICK

That I've been training for this day since I was eleven years old?

JASON

That I give epic birthday presents.

Fredrick looks out the window. ALARMS, HONKING, and SCREAMING echo through the neighborhood. Fires burn, people run for their lives, and a car crashes into a power line. The electricity goes out.

FREDRICK

Yeah. This is pretty fucking cool.

WYNTER

Hey! D&D bags! Focus! What are we going to do?

FREDRICK

Maybe the website you used has some sort of antidote.

WYNTER

Great. Use the internet on your cell phones!

JASON

We can't. No data plans. We've been using your unsecured WiFi since you moved in. But the website mentioned something about a book of the dead.

FREDRICK

The Book of the Dead! Of course! It has spells to invoke spirits, command demons and, uh,  
(pointing outside)  
That.

WYNTER

Assuming either one of you can read, where do we get one?

JASON

Amazon? I can probably get it here in six to eight business weeks.

Wynter slaps the back of Jason's head.

JASON

Oww! Hmmm. Maybe there's a copy at the library?

FREDRICK

If not, we can use their computer to access the website.

GLASS CAN BE HEARD BREAKING DOWNSTAIRS.

FREDRICK

In the meantime, let's break out the secret stash we've been keeping for emergencies just like this.

JASON

Now we're talking.

Jason slides a trunk labeled "OPEN IN CASE OF POWER OUTAGE" across the floor. He opens it to reveal dozens of pornographic magazines and a bag of weed.



FREDRICK  
Other stash, dude.

**EXT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - HALLWAY - DAY**

The trio sneak down the hallway. Wynter hacks a zombie out of their way as Jason carries the weed and a porn mag. They enter Fredrick's room.

**INT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - FREDRICK'S ROOM - DAY**

Creepy room -- "Goth" decorations and Industrial band posters. He opens a coffin-shaped wardrobe.

FREDRICK  
Behold.

The arsenal contains various guns, explosives, blunt objects, tactical gear, and religious artifacts.

WYNTER  
They always say it's the quiet neighbors...

JASON  
They're right.

Wynter picks up a crucifix.

WYNTER  
You plan on killing some pagans, too?

FREDRICK  
Vampires. We try to be prepared for anything.

JASON  
Impressed? Wait 'till you see the car.

WYNTER  
I plan to, as soon as you give me the keys!

FREDRICK  
Can't do it. We have to get to the library.

WYNTER  
Whoa, slow down, Frankenberry.  
There is no we.

(MORE)

WYNTER (CONT'D)

Someone needs my help, and since my ex stole my car, that hearse is my best shot of helping her.

Wynter snatches a crossbow.

FREDRICK

He stole it?

WYNTER

I tried to stop him but...

**INT. WYNTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TWO HOURS AGO - DAY**

STONE (23), chiseled body, high-and-tight haircut, and dog tags over his tank top, runs around frantically.

STONE

We have to go. We have to get to the base, now!

Stone heads toward an end table with a keyring on them. Wynter jumps in his way.

WYNTER

Okay. But not without Peaches. She needs me, Stone!

Stone wipes sweat from his brow, catches his breath.

STONE

Of course, pumpkin. I could never abandon your mother figure who doesn't approve of me in a time of global crisis. Now, why don't you go pack a few essentials for the trip? Some snacks, a first aid kit, and -- oh! The good toilet paper.

Wynter smiles.

WYNTER

Sure.

She hugs Stone and gives him a peck on the cheek.

**INT. WYNTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Wynter makes peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

CAR TIRES SQUEAL IN THE DISTANCE.

Wynter furrows her eyes.

**INT. WYNTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Wynter emerges from the kitchen, butter knife in one hand, a slice of jelly-drenched bread in the other.

A few rolls of toilet paper lead a trail to the open front door. Some drawers are ajar, and Wynter's keys are missing. In their place: a note that reads "Sorry. Love you! - S."

Wynter scowls, shakes, and squeezes her half-sandwich until jelly squirts out.

**INT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - FREDRICK'S ROOM - PRESENT - DAY**

Wynter sighs.

WYNTER

He's ex-military. He overpowered me. Regardless, I have to save her!

JASON

Who?

WYNTER

My mom... Sort of.

Wynter softens.

FREDRICK

Where is she?

WYNTER

Diamond Cutter's.

JASON

Diamond Cutter's? The titty bar? Wait... Are you blond sometimes? Oh shit! You're Wynter Starr! You're that really mean stripper!

Wynter aims the crossbow at Jason's crotch.

WYNTER

Exotic. Dancer.

JASON

(meekly)

I'm sure you're very graceful.

FREDRICK

Diamond Cutters is only a few blocks from the library.

JASON

That's disturbing.

FREDRICK

Let's go! And make sure nobody bites you. If I've learned anything from fifty years of zombie stories, it's that, if they break the skin, you become one of them!

JASON

So, hypothetically speaking, if I bite one of them, will they turn into someone like me?

WYNTER

Don't try. We don't need anymore of you.

JASON

Mean.

FREDRICK

Come on!

The trio heads for the door.

**EXT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - DAY**

Glints of steel and gunfire flash through the windows. The trio emerges in tactical gear, duffel bags in tow.

Fredrick fires a machine gun, Jason slashes at a zombie with an electric chainsaw, and Wynter hacks through another with the katana.

They head for the hearse when it starts on it's own -- through a broken window they see FULLER (29), a tabletop gamer with Coke-bottle glasses, twisting wires together.

FREDRICK

It's Fuller! He's stealing Lilith!

FULLER

Good luck, nerds!

Fuller flips them off and chortles. He peels out, dodging zombies on his way.

FREDRICK  
Cock waffle!

JASON  
Hey, wait a second!

WYNTER  
What?

JASON  
So... your mom's a stripper, too?

Wynter glares.

FREDRICK  
Uh, guys? Is it too late to make my  
birthday wish?

Jason and Wynter look back to see that they are surrounded by zombies on all sides. They raise their weapons, back-to-back.

BOOM! A METAL TRASHCAN EXPLODES ALL OVER THE STREET IN THE DISTANCE.

A late-90s station wagon speeds toward our heroes and slams onto the curb. A hubcap pops loose and flies wildly into the crowd; it decapitates a zombie.

Sick. FREDRICK Sick. JASON

The station mows down a line of zombies, clearing a path. The driver's side window rolls down, and out pops a pale emo kid with stringy auburn hair. This is MIKEY BEE (23).

MIKEY  
Hey, guys. Sorry I'm late. Hella traffic.

FREDRICK  
Mikey Bee!

JASON  
The invitation said five o'clock,  
but I guess it's whatever.

Fredrick covers his friends with gunfire while Jason and Wynter load the duffle bags into the trunk.

Fredrick points at a dent and a busted headlight.

FREDRICK  
Bro, your mom's gonna kill you.

MIKEY

She's been saying that for years.

Fredrick hops into the front passenger seat. Jason and Wynter hop in the back, one on each side.

**INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS**

Jason sits on the left, Wynter on the right. MRS. BEE (46) sits centered in the backseat, safely belted, and drunkenly pointing a bottle of vodka at her son.

MRS. BEE

You're damn right! Should've just let me drive.

JASON

Oh, hey Mrs. Bee! This is Wynter, our new stripper friend.

Wynter growls.

MIKEY

Have we met? You look kind of familiar --

Zombies swarm the station wagon, flailing their dead arms against it, groaning and chomping at the windows.

MIKEY

Oops. Hold on.

Mikey flicks on his turn signal.

**EXT. CASA DE LOS MUERTOS - DUSK**

The station wagon squeals back onto the street, changes course, and accelerates forward. The wagon dodges random street zombies who wander about.

**INT. STATION WAGON - DUSK**

Mikey sighs.

MIKEY

What the hell is all this?

WYNTER

(thumb at Jason)

Your idiot friend here raised the dead with an evil spell.

MIKEY

Jason? He once got high and ate two packages of Oreos in one sitting --

JASON

Three packages.

MIKEY

How the hell did he raise the dead?

FREDRICK

It's along story. But if we can get to the library, we might be able to find a way to reverse it.

WYNTER

Right after we make a stop somewhere.

MIKEY

Where? Like, where can we even go that's safe? The police station?

MRS. BEE

(hiccup)

No! I got warrants.

WYNTER

We have to go to Diamond Cutter's!

MIKEY

The titty bar?

WYNTER

Why does everyone keep...

(sigh)

Yes, the titty bar!

MRS. BEE

Okay, but we should stop by an ATM.

MIKEY

No, Ma. You got eighty-sixed for fighting, remember?

FREDRICK

(to Bee)

You broke a beer bottle off in the bouncer's eye socket.

WYNTER

That was you?

MRS. BEE  
 (shrug)  
 Still got his teeth, too.

JASON  
 Best twenty-first birthday ever.

Fredrick and Jason fist-bump.

WYNTER  
 You know what? Just drop me off  
 here, I'll walk the rest of the  
 way. You don't even have to stop.  
 I'll just tuck and roll.

MIKEY  
 You want to go to the strip club  
 that bad?

WYNTER  
 It's more to get away from you  
 fuckers, but sure, go with that.

FREDRICK  
 Whoah -- look out.

MIKEY  
 I see 'em.

Mikey speeds up and mows through a couple of lanky, filthy  
 looking figures in the street. Blood splatters on the  
 windshield, but the station wagon presses on.

Fredrick, Jason, and Wynter gasp.

MIKEY  
 What?

FREDRICK  
 I think those were just hipsters...

Mikey keeps driving, eyes fixed on the road. He turns on the  
 windshield wiper to clear a blood splatter.

FREDRICK  
 I think those were just hipsters --

MIKEY  
 -- I heard you.

Mikey, unaffected, turns on the radio to some METAL MUSIC.  
 The others stare ahead in a stunned silence.



**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

The station wagon weaves around obstacles as building fires burn and people run from zombies all throughout town.

The station wagon slows as it nears a dumpster, a motorcycle, and a three-car pile-up in the middle of the street.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Ah, crumbles.

**INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT**

Mikey tenses his grip on the wheel with a grimace.

WYNTER  
So take the sidewalk.

MIKEY  
Too much debris.

Mikey points -- there's broken glass, twisted metal, and bodies all over their only path.

MIKEY  
I guess we'll double back...

A bus bolts out of nowhere and crashes behind the station wagon. The bus door opens, and a hoard of zombies pile out as if this was their stop. All entrances are blocked.

FREDRICK  
Jason, you still got that weed?

Jason nods and frisks his cargo pockets.

WYNTER  
We're only a couple of blocks from Diamond Cutter's. If we take the alleys, we'll make it.

JASON  
By the end of happy hour.

FREDRICK  
Sweet.

MIKEY  
Okay, it's settled then.

Mikey pulls a crowbar out from under his seat.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Fredrick, Jason, Wynter, and Mikey pop out of the car, weapons drawn. Mrs. Bee slowly drags herself out of the backseat with her bottle of Tito's.

MIKEY

Ma, you need a weapon?

Mrs. Bee chugs the remains of the bottle, smashes it on the car, and retains the neck and sharp edges attached to it.

MIKEY

Good enough.

WYNTER

Let's go!

Only a few zombies stumble around along the way.

Fredrick leads the charge, picking off zombies with head strikes from the butt of his gun.

Wynter and Jason hack the zombies closing in. Mikey trails behind, but the group gets separated as zombies move in from all directions.

**EXT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - NIGHT**

Wynter turns the corner and sprints to the backdoor. Jason and Fredrick follow behind a moment later.

Wynter pounds on the door.

WYNTER

Hello! Miguel? It's me! Wynter!

No answer.

WYNTER

Shit.

FREDRICK

Maybe they closed early?

JASON

Maybe they're dead?

WYNTER

They're not dead!

Wynter hurries to a lockbox on the wall. She punches in a numeric code; it pops open to reveal a keyring with ten keys.

She takes the ring and begins trying each key in the lock. The first three don't work...

Mikey jogs through the alley to his friends.

MIKEY

Oh no. Where's Ma?

FREDRICK

I thought she was with you.

MIKEY

I thought she was with you.

The men turn back toward the alley.

Mrs. Bee stumbles and limps toward them, still wielding her broken bottle. Multiple zombies follow her.

MIKEY

Shit! They're going to get her!

JASON

Hold up...

Jason stops Mikey from running to the rescue and points.

The zombies stumble past Mrs. Bee -- she fits in. A curious one stops and slowly examines her.

MIKEY

They don't think...

Mrs. Bee vomits. The curious zombie backs off in horror and continues stumbling toward Diamond Cutter's with a groan.

Wynter unlocks the backdoor.

WYNTER

I got it!

She flings the door open. AN ALARM SOUNDS.

WYNTER

Well, that's new.

More zombies emerge from the other end of the alley.

MIKEY

Shut it off!

Mikey's eyes dart from the door, to his mom, and back. With a deep breath, Mikey races into the growing herd of zombies.

FREDRICK

Mikey!

JASON

Wait up!

They hurry after him.

**INT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - NIGHT**

Wynter enters a code into the alarm system control panel just inside the door. It beeps with rejection.

WYNTER

Damn it!

Wynter sighs and races deeper into the building.

**EXT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - NIGHT**

Fredrick and Jason take down zombies and clear a path for Mikey and Mrs. Bee. They hurry to the open backdoor, but a single zombie stands in their path with a wicked sneer.

The ALARM cuts off, leaving an eerie silence in the alley.

Just then, GONZALES (35), a bald behemoth of a man with a long, black goatee emerges from the shadows of the doorway. The white text reading "SECURITY" is unnecessary, because this guy was clearly built to be a bouncer.

Mikey shields his mom from what will likely be a violent, bloody display.

Gonzales' large hands palm the zombie's head and crush it like an aluminum can. He studies the trespassers through his one good eye -- the other hidden behind an eye patch.

GONZALES

Leave now, or join him.

JASON

It's okay, I forgot my ID anyway.

FREDRICK

We came to help someone. Our friend is already inside. She works here --

GONZALES

Time's up.

Gonzales grabs Fredrick and Jason by their shirt collars and raises them to eye level.

MRS. BEE (O.S.)  
He said let us in, cock monger.

Mrs. Bee pushes past Mikey and locks eye(s) with Gonzales.

Gonzales drops the fellas and takes a step back, his face filled with fear. His shaking hand moves to his eye patch.

GONZALES  
Dios mio! La diabla ha veulto!

Gonzales backs up, spins toward the building, and races inside. Jason and Fredrick shrug and enter, Mikey and his mom behind them. The door slams shut.

**INT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Club lights, disco balls, stages with poles, and mirrors.

Fredrick, Jason, Mikey, and Mrs. Bee enter to see a crowd of people huddled together on the main stage. A WOMAN'S SCREAMS and CROWD CHATTERING can be heard from within.

JASON  
Ugh. We missed happy hour.

Wynter comes out from the crowd and sees Fredrick and Jason. She approaches.

WYNTER  
Hey. I found Peaches. She's alive,  
just like I said she would be.  
Only, I may need your help with  
something else.

FREDRICK  
I'm guessing...  
(pointing at the crowd)  
... that?

WYNTER  
Yes, that. Cinnamon is going into  
labor, and we have to get her to  
the hospital.

JASON  
No no no no no. Haven't you ever  
seen a zombie movie? The hospital  
is the last place we want to be.  
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

That's where people go to become  
zombies!

WYNTER

We don't have a choice!

MIKEY

Actually, we might. My mom used to  
be a nurse.

The four look at Mrs. Bee, who dangles from a bar top as she reaches into the liquor well; she steals a bottle of rum.

Wynter sighs.

### **MOMENTS LATER**

The crowd, made up of bikini-clad strippers and a couple of security guards, part to admit Wynter and Mrs. Bee, with the guys following behind. CINNAMON (21), a sweaty, slender ginger girl with a big belly, sits up on the platform and breathes quickly.

WYNTER

Good news. This lady used to be a  
nurse. Presumably decades ago, but  
still, it's better than nothing.

PEACHES (40s), a tough, curvy black woman with a blonde Dolly Parton hairstyle, stands and crosses her arms.

PEACHES

No. Not you. You got to go. I  
eighty-sixed you myself.

WYNTER

Look, I know Mrs. Bee caused quite  
a mess in the past, but --

PEACHES

A mess? She wrecked my club. She  
drank all my booze. She mutilated  
Gonzales!

Gonzales, on the verge of tears, cowers in a nearby corner.

PEACHES

Do you know what that did to my  
insurance?

WYNTER

I don't. But, what I do know is that Cinnamon is going into labor, and we'll never make it to the hospital in the middle of a zombie apocalypse. We're out of options, so give her a chance, huh, Peaches?

Peaches glares. She scans Mrs. Bee.

PEACHES

Okay. For Cinnamon. But I think she owes a little something to Gonzales first.

MRS. BEE

Pfft. Fine.

Mrs. Bee fishes into her purse, pulls out a Ziplock bag, and jiggles it in front of her face. Four teeth bounce within. Bee tosses the bag across the room to Gonzales. He yelps, grabs his mouth, and backs away from the baggie.

PEACHES

I meant an apology!

MRS. BEE

Right, right. Sorry, my guy.

Mrs. Bee salutes him.

MRS. BEE

Now, let's deliver this baby. I just need some bar towels, the purest alcohol you have, a bowl, and Jason's weed.

(to Cinnamon)

You want anything, sweetheart?

Cinnamon stops her Lamaze breathing with a look of terror.

**EXT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - NIGHT**

The moon shines above the gentleman's club. A dozen zombies encircle the front of the building. The Diamond Cutter's marquee light flickers above them.

**INT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - NIGHT**

Jason watches the crowd; CINNAMON SCREAMS O.S.

JASON  
 (to himself)  
 Would you look at that? The miracle  
 of life.

MRS. BEE (O.S.)  
 Push! Come on, give it hell!

Jason picks up his cell phone and records.

JASON  
 Wow. Nature's amazing, isn't it?

MRS. BEE (O.S.)  
 I can see the head!

JASON  
 And so can I...

Jason's grin fades. He becomes pale, and his jaw drops. His eyelids flutter, and he faints.

**INT. DIAMOND CUTTER'S - LATER**

Jason's eyes flutter open and focus on the disco ball on the ceiling. He sits up to see a group of smiling strippers as they huddle around an exhausted-looking Cinnamon and her newborn baby.

JASON  
 Oh shit. How long was I out?

WYNTER  
 I'm guessing twenty-plus years.

PEACHES  
 She's beautiful.

CINNAMON  
 Thank you.

PEACHES  
 What will you name her?

CINNAMON  
 I think I'll name her... Patience  
 Bea. Patience, because she could  
 use some. She wouldn't even let me  
 finish my set tonight. And Bea,  
 after the reason we made it through  
 this, our fearless, drunk nurse,  
 Mrs. Bee.



Mrs. Bee smiles. Then hiccups. Peaches confronts Mrs. Bee.

PEACHES

I appreciate what you did for my girl. If what Wynter says is true, you may have just saved that baby's life. In my book, that makes us square.

She extends a hand. Mrs. Bee considers it for a moment. She reciprocates the gesture. Peaches leans in.

PEACHES

(whispering in her ear)  
Don't make me regret it, bitch.

MRS. BEE

I would never.

Peaches walks away to tend to Cinnamon.

MRS. BEE

Probably.

Mikey, Fredrick, Jason, and Wynter approach Bee.

MIKEY

Well, now that that's over with, how about you patch up your favorite kid, too?

Mikey rolls up his sleeve and exposes an infected forearm full of green puss.

MIKEY

One of those bastards bit me in the alley when I went back for you. I wasn't gonna say anything, but it's kind of starting to itch now.

Fredrick and Jason exchange a disturbed look. Agape, they turn their attention back to Mikey.

JASON

Should we tell him? Or should we keep it a secret and act surprised when we catch him eating people?

Green puss squirts from Mikey's wound.

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED...

**END OF EPISODE**