

DeWalt of Horror - Pilot
by

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EXT. CREEPY GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

SUPER: Levittown, Pennsylvania. 1955.

The full moon shines bright in the nighttime sky. A pre-teen boy named DEWALT makes his way through a classic, creepy graveyard at the edge of town. He's armed only with a flashlight and a backpack.

He creeps through a narrow gap in the gnarled roots of a massive oak tree--on the other side he's met with a mausoleum somehow even creepier than the rest. It's surrounded by crumbling, mossy headstones and a thick layer of fog.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Nearby... someone... or something is being chased. Panting and snarling echo off a creepy cave wall as torchlight casts ominous shadows of 2 indistinct figures running by.

EXT. CREEPY GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dewalt pulls a comic from a large stack in his backpack.

He holds it up--the illustration on the cover shows a ferocious werewolf leaping from a building. When he lowers the comic, we see the the drawing perfectly matches the architecture in front of him. Dewalt reads the title aloud.

DEWALT

The Vault of Horror, issue 12...
"The Mark of the Bite of the
Werewolf's Curse"...

At the bottom of the page, a word bubble is coming from a decomposing character labeled "The Vault Keeper". Dewalt continues reading.

DEWALT

"Guaranteed to make you HOWL! 10
cents."

He giggles to himself.

DEWALT

How do they come up with this
shit?

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

The chase continues. Boots and claws struggle to maintain their grip as they climb ancient stone steps.

EXT. CREEPY GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dewalt sees an eerie green glow emerge from the mausoleum, causing it to look even closer to the spooky scene portrayed on the cover. The light gets brighter and brighter until...

CRASH!

The chase bursts out into the cold night air.

Just like the comic, a ferocious werewolf leaps in the air toward Dewalt.

It pounces on him, its massive fangs only inches away from biting his face clean off his skull.

Dewalt looks up to see a MYSTERIOUS WOMAN standing above him. She's dressed in a long black trenchcoat, hat, and leather belt adorned with occult items.

In one quick motion, she pulls out an antique pistol, cocks it back, and shoots the werewolf in the torso. It flies off Dewalt and tumbles back into the mausoleum from which it just emerged.

The monster hunter then trains her pistol on Dewalt.

As she aims her pistol, Dewalt's shocked expression morphs into a smile.

DEWALT

Whoa, fuckin' awesome!

Her eye drifts down to the comic book in his hand, open to a full-page action shot of a monster hunter identical to her in almost every way--same pistol, same trench coat, same steely gaze looking down the sights--but the monster hunter is an older man.

THE HUNTER

What?!

She snatches the comic out of Dewalt's hand and looks at it for a long time.

DEWALT

I'm Dewalt by the way.

No response from The Hunter. She paces back and forth, flipping the pages of the comic, getting angrier and angrier the more she reads.

DEWALT

Or at least, my last name is. It's a military thing or something, I guess. My dad calls me that.

The Hunter snaps her head back at the mausoleum and clenches her fist.

They stand there in silence for a moment, but Dewalt can't hold it in any longer.

DEWALT

Can I hold your gun?

She doesn't even dignify him with an answer. The Hunter stomps back into the mausoleum with the Vault of Horror issue held tight in her fist. She tries to slam the door behind her, but there's hardly anything there left to slam.

DEWALT

Hey wait! My comic!

Dewalt dusts himself off and chases after the mysterious stranger into the darkness off the crypt...

TITLE CARD: Dewalt of Horror

INT. CRYPT CAVE - NIGHT

Dewalt walks down a set of crumbling stone steps. He takes a moment to admire the walls adorned with flickering torches, chains, and skeletons.

DEWALT

Skulls! Yes!

He gets to the bottom of the steps and sees the dead werewolf--a huge bullet hole in its stomach. Now that it's dead, it begins to transform back into a man.

DEWALT

That kicks ass.

He steps over the dead wolf and approaches a huge wooden door emblazoned with a bronze plaque.

DEWALT

(Reading aloud)

"Horrible, painful, impalement-related death awaits those that dare enter... The Vault of Horror..." Hot damn, this just keeps getting better.

Dewalt pushes open the door and enters the Vault of Horror.

INT. THE VAULT - NIGHT

He takes in his surroundings: In front of him is a long corridor with countless occult artifacts displayed on pedestals. Each piece of horror memorabilia is illuminated by an unknown source of light, bathing it in an eerie glow.

At the end of the room is The Hunter. She marches up to a huge throne, surrounded by endless stacks of ancient books. Her imposing frame blocks whoever is sitting in the chair.

The Hunter points the rolled up comic at the mystery person like she's scolding a misbehaving dog.

THE HUNTER (O.S.)

You. You *sold* my father's stories?!

Dewalt approaches the first pedestal, hardly listening to the monologue happening in front of him.

THE HUNTER (O.S.)

The evil he defeated...

On top of the stand, he sees a severed hand made of cloth, wrapped in pieces of skin. He dives into his backpack and pulls out a comic.

DEWALT

Issue 35, "The Curse of the Reverse Mummy!"

The illustration on the cover shows the Hunter's father chopping off an identical mummy hand with an ancient sword. At the bottom of the page, there's an illustration of the Vault Keeper and another pun-filled word balloon.

DEWALT

"Is this a WRAP for the legendary Hunter?!" Holy shit, it's real! It's all right here...

Dewalt then approaches another pedestal.

THE HUNTER (O.S.)
The monsters he destroyed...

It's topped with a bubbling cauldron emitting a yellowish steam. He plugs his nose and pulls out another comic.

DEWALT
Issue 52, "The Stench of the Stinky Witch." "You'll be under her smell..." Fuck yeah! Gross.

Dewalt is drawn to the final column in the hallway. It has a glowing green orb perched atop.

THE HUNTER (O.S.)
...his life's work turned into 10 cent comics for snot-nosed kids?!

He wipes his nose with the back of his hand and picks up the orb to get a closer look. It's filled with swirling green smoke and agonized faces, representing the tormented souls trapped within.

DEWALT
That's cool.

THE HUNTER (O.S.)
How can I trust you to help me in my mission? I'm going it alone.

Dewalt grabs another comic from his backpack.

DEWALT
Issue 41. "The Curse of the Undead Orb"... Hmm they sure do love to use "curse" a lot in the titles.

The cover shows the original monster hunter fighting a room full of glowing green zombies. An identical-looking orb is in the background. He reads the Vault Keeper caption.

DEWALT
"The Hunter finds himself in GRAVE danger!"

Dewalt stares deeply into the glowing green orb and its identical illustration in the comic. He seems to be entranced by its otherworldly light until...

The person in the chair replies to The Hunter. His booming voice echoes throughout the room.

THE VAULT KEEPER

Think on your family curse.
Without me, you will be in GRAVE
danger!

Dewalt's face lights up upon hearing the spooky pun. He carefully puts the orb back and begins walking toward the Vault Keeper's throne.

DEWALT

Holy shit, the Vault Keeper?
Forget the stink witch, I gotta
shake the bony old hand of the man
responsible for it all. Thank
you--

The Hunter unholsters her pistol and whips around. She clenches her teeth in anger when she sees Dewalt's beaming face walking towards her.

The Hunter grabs him before he can get to the Vault Keeper. She pins him against the pedestal holding the orb and points her gun at him.

DEWALT

Hey, watch the orb!

Dewalt's reaction just frustrates The Hunter more. She pushes him harder against the pedestal.

The orb rolls off the edge and hits the floor. A deafening crash is followed by a flash of light and a huge green shockwave that engulfs the entire room. Papers go flying and some items rattle off their perch.

DEWALT

The fuck! That was priceless comic
memorabilia.

The Hunter just shrugs and gets ready to shoot.

Dewalt looks over her shoulder to see something moving...

The dead man--formerly wolfman--begins glowing green, and then stands up, reanimated. As he shuffles down the hallway, he begins sprouting hair, and his body begins morphing and changing to become more wolf-like. A huge grin creeps across Dewalt's face.

THE HUNTER

Why are you always laughing when
I'm trying to threaten you? Why
can't you let sleeping dogs lie?

DEWALT

Yes! Pun.

The werewolf has finished its transformation and is coming dangerously close.

THE VAULT KEEPER (O.S.)

Wait, no!

The Hunter turns around to see the the wolf finishing its meal with a gulp. The Vault Keeper's chair is now empty.

DEWALT

Holy shit, it ate The Vault Keeper!

The Hunter draws her pistol and fires at the wolf, but she misses. Its eyes glow green as it leaps out of the crypt.

She stomps the ground in frustration. She turns to Dewalt.

THE HUNTER

You! You distracted me.

DEWALT

Me?! You did that with the orb! I told you to be careful. This is why all this shit is in a vault! It's precious shit.

THE HUNTER

I... unleashed unspeakable evil on a town I'm sworn to protect.

DEWALT

I know, right? Rad. You're a regular Frankenstein's Monster's creator: Dr. Frankenstein!

THE HUNTER

Time to tie up the first loose end.

The Hunter aims her gun, but Dewalt interrupts her before she can pull the trigger.

DEWALT

I know where the Z-Wolf went! New name I'm trying out...

She pulls her pistol back.

THE HUNTER

How?

DEWALT

Issue #12. "The Mark of the Bite of the Werewolf's Curse." Your dad chases a werewolf back to the werewolf den. Look at page 12! Oh and please be careful. That's my only copy.

She flips to page 12. It shows her dad following a werewolf into a creepy house.

DEWALT

Just a few days ago I scoped out a place near the edge of town that looks exactly the same. Just like how I found this crypt.

THE HUNTER

Tell me where it is.

DEWALT

You don't know? Aren't you from around here?

THE HUNTER

I... don't leave the vault very often. Now spill it. I'm not afraid to torture you.

DEWALT

With all the iron maidens and lazy susans and shit? Cool!

THE HUNTER

How about I destroy your comic?

DEWALT

Don't, it's mine! Face it. You need the comic *and* me to find that place.

The Hunter looks at him for a long time, trying to figure out a way to avoid taking him.

THE HUNTER

Damn.

INT. CRYPT STEPS - NIGHT

The Hunter and Dewalt climb the steps out of the crypt. Dewalt runs circles around The Hunter.

DEWALT

--And the one where the guy fills up a bouncy castle made of human skin with the souls of his victims?

THE HUNTER

For the last time, yes. My dad killed him too. Now be quiet.

DEWALT

Hell yeah. What happened to him?

THE HUNTER

He died.

DEWALT

What?! He's killed almost a hundred issues worth of monsters, he's unstoppable! What could have taken down The Monster Hunter?

THE HUNTER

I don't know. I just know he deserves a better legacy than some comic for punk kids.

Dewalt looks back down into the Vault.

DEWALT

How did the Vault Keeper know so much about your dad?

THE HUNTER

His knowledge of the occult helped my family hunt monsters in this town for centuries.

She pulls her hat down over her eyes.

THE HUNTER

Now I have to do it alone.

DEWALT

You have me!

THE HUNTER

That's worse than alone.

DEWALT

I mean what's the difference? The Vault Keeper put everything in the comics, and I know all the comics.

(MORE)

DEWALT (CONT'D)
I'm basically the new and improved
Vault Keeper with a bad boy charm.

The Hunter lowers her hat more and focuses ahead as they
get to the top of the stairs. Dewalt doesn't get the hint.

DEWALT
What should I call you? If we're
gonna be partners I figured we
should know each other's names.
They just call your dad "The
Hunter" in the comics.

THE HUNTER
The Hunter is fine.

DEWALT
I think we'll be a good team,
Hunter. We'll kill so many god
damn monsters it'll make you sick.

The Hunter pulls her hat even lower. It's practically
covering her whole face.

They walk in silence briefly, but Dewalt can't help it.

DEWALT
So how many monsters have you
hunted?

THE HUNTER
Well, I...

DEWALT
And the more detail the better on
how you killed them, how much of
an affront to god they were, all
that.

THE HUNTER
This is...

As they reach the top of the stairs and exit the mausoleum,
they are met with a huge pack of glowing green zombies.
Dewalt pumps his fist. The Hunter has reanimated all the
corpses in the whole graveyard.

THE HUNTER
This will be my first.

END OF ACT 1

The Hunter readies herself for action.

DEWALT

You haven't killed a *single* monster? Wait what about the werew--oh right. You brought it back when you smashed the orb.

THE HUNTER

Shut up. Time to hunt.

DEWALT

A monster hunter that's never hunted a monster... Wow you really do need me!

The Hunter glares at him.

DEWALT

My first piece of advice as the brand new Vault Keeper and your horror mentor: Zombies. Make sure you aim for the--

THE HUNTER

The head. I know. I'm not an idiot.

With that, she unholsters her pistol fires into a crowd of zombies, but she only manages to hit one in the arm.

The noise gets the attention of all the bodies in the graveyard. They close in. The Hunter's movements start to become frantic. Her normally cold stare takes on a hint of worry as the zombies lumber closer.

The Hunter struggles to line up a headshot as a zombie's skeletal hand reaches out... the rotting flesh almost about to grab The Hunter's trembling arm when...

BANG!

The zombies are distracted by a loud explosion behind them. They turn around and move toward the noise, leaving the Hunter safe for now.

The Hunter looks down at her pistol, confused. She didn't shoot.

Bang! Pop!

The Hunter jumps a little with each new explosion.

She shakes off her nerves and goes to investigate the sound.

She sees a large tangle of tree roots, and through a small gap in the trees is Dewalt, setting off fireworks.

THE HUNTER

What do you think you're doing?!

POP! He throws another.

DEWALT

I don't know, I was getting bored, wanted to get a closer look at the zombies.

BANG! The Hunter's face twitches with each one.

DEWALT

Thought this might get their attention.

THE HUNTER

STOP. I need to concentrate.

DEWALT

Like you were before? When you missed a bunch?

BANG! The zombies begin walking single-file into the gap in the roots as they get closer to Dewalt.

DEWALT

If I'm gonna be the next Vault Keeper and help you kill all the monsters, I have to study them up close! It's science.

THE HUNTER

You. Are not. The Vault--

POP! She gets cut off by another firecracker.

DEWALT

Oh damn! This zombie was like a miner or something, he has a pipe lodged in his skull. And this guy was like some old-time oats guy. Buckles damn near everywhere. See? It's research.

THE HUNTER

Listen. You are going to do as I say from now on or...

DEWALT

Or what, you'll kill me? Don't you need me? Alive?

(Beat)

Hahaha oh damn this one zombie has no skin but his wig is perfectly preserved.

She tears the cover of the comic off.

POP! Dewalt drops the firework he was holding at his feet. The sound echoes in the now quiet graveyard.

DEWALT

Why would you do that, to your dad's own story? That's his memory.

THE HUNTER

No. It's some juice-stained pieces of paper owned by a little delinquent.

DEWALT

(Defeated)

Look on page 4 of that issue.

The Hunter flips to the page and sees an image of her dad killing an entire row of zombies. The narrow gap in the tree roots allowed him to line up a multi-head shot.

DEWALT

It's like your dad always says: "Our cunning is what separates us from the beasts--you absolute moron. You idiot..."

THE HUNTER

"...Work smarter, not harder, you ignorant fool..."

DEWALT

They're so slow, though! Can't we just leave them be? I really hate to keep destroying all this cool horror stuff.

THE HUNTER

They must be eradicated.

DEWALT

What if we just locked them up?
And then their families can come
and see them. Maybe charge a
couple bucks admission? Eh?

THE HUNTER

I'm not the Monster... Arrester.
I'm the Monster Hunter.

She lines up her pistol with the single file line of
zombies, and with a single bullet, she explodes the heads
of every single one. They all fall over into a big gory
pile.

DEWALT

Your catchphrase needs some work.

The Hunter looks down at her father in the comic, then up
at the zombies she's just destroyed.

THE HUNTER

What did you say your name was?

DEWALT

Dewalt. It's my last name, at
least. But that's what everyone
calls me. It's some kind of--

THE HUNTER

Shut up, I got it. Now. Where is
that werewolf?

DEWALT

Where else? The fuckin' werewolf
den of course. Page 12. It's at
the end of Haven Road. This way.

EXT. CREEPY HOUSE - NIGHT

They approach a spooky, run-down house at the end of a
vacant block. The Hunter holds up page 12 of the comic
she's holding. It shows her dad entering an identical
house.

The Hunter motions for Dewalt to follow. There's only one
window with light in it, but the blinds are drawn tight.
The Hunter can't get a look in.

They have no choice but to go in the front door.

INT. CREEPY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Hunter enters the house and scans the area with her pistol outstretched.

DEWALT

Oh look out, the door is gonna
slam behind you.

The house's large wooden door creaks shut and slams behind The Hunter. She tries the knob. Locked. She glares at him.

DEWALT

I thought you knew! This is all
basic horror stuff.

The Hunter moves ahead. The foyer is dark other than a small amount of light coming from under a door in the hallway.

DEWALT

If I do get bit will you please
let me become a werewolf? Just for
a howl or 2 please? Can I work up
a few drizzles of drool? Hello?

THE HUNTER

First of all, werewolves don't
howl...
(In an ominous tone)
They scream.

DEWALT

(In the same ominous
tone)
That kicks ass.

THE HUNTER

Second. I will not hesitate to
kill you if you get bit.

DEWALT

OK. That kicks ass too I guess.

THE HUNTER

Prepare yourself. Evil is beyond
that door. I can feel it.

The Hunter readies her pistol, takes a deep breath, and bursts in the door.

INT. RUMPUS ROOM - NIGHT

A room full of sweater-wearing white-bread suburban parents all turn to look at Dewalt and The Hunter.

DEWALT

The hell? What is this?

The parents all put down their tea and get up from the circle of chairs they are sitting in to greet them. The Hunter hides her pistol, but still looks around suspiciously.

THE HUNTER

(To Dewalt)

People. The most dangerous monster of all.

DEWALT

OK... yeah... but what about a black lagoon creature?? Or wait, what about an *invisible* person? Or the invisible man with a gun? Honestly even just a regular person with an invisible gun is more dangerous than--

THE HUNTER

Figuratively, moron. Stay alert. There's a werewolf somewhere in this house.

The parents welcome The Hunter and Dewalt.

MOM 1

So glad you could make it! All neighborhood parents are welcome.

THE HUNTER

God no, I'm not his--

MOM 2

Just right this way, sweetie.

Another mom takes Dewalt and The Hunter by the shoulder and sits them down in floral chairs. The Hunter waves her hand under her nose and looks to her left, a man in a tweed coat is smoking a large pipe. He nods to her.

LEAD MOM

Thank you all for coming to this special meeting of the neighborhood watch. As you know, our town is plagued by a menace.

MOM 2
Eevil things!

LEAD MOM
That's right. Juvenile
delinquents.

The Hunter looks at Dewalt. He scowls.

DEWALT
(The Hunter)
At least I respect things! Orb
breaker!

PIPE SMOKING DAD
Quiet, son. The adults are
speaking.

The lead mom pulls a book out of her stylish purse.

LEAD MOM
I read an article recently that
made the root of all this
destruction and devilry quite
clear...

THE HUNTER
(Starts to get up)
We really have to--

LEAD MOM
Comic books!

The Hunter stops for a moment, confused.

MOM 2
Comics... it makes perfect sense.
All the voilent imagery. Not to
mention the witchery. They are
causing this evil in our town.

THE HUNTER
Listen moron, the comics are about
fighting evil so--

PIPE SMOKING DAD
Pardon, dear, women have spoken
twice in a row now. That's plenty.
It's time for the men to give
their opinions.

DAD 2

They must be getting all these beastly ideas from the monsters in the comics. All the mummies and wolf men and Frankensteins.

DEWALT

Frankenstein's *monster*.

THE HUNTER

Frankenstein's *monster*.

LEAD MOM

I brought an example to show everyone. Look at this filth. "The Curse of the Severed Head"? How can we let our youths read this?

The parents pass around the comic, shocked at its content. One mom flips an illustration of The Hunter's dad throwing a severed head at a vampire bat.

MOM 4

Goodness, look at the horrible things this awful man is doing.

The Hunter has had enough, she reaches for her pistol. Dewalt notices. They nod to each other, aligned in their mutual hatred.

The mom passes the comic to the dad next to her. He looks at the illustration of The Hunter's dad on the cover, then back at The Hunter and Dewalt. He does a double take.

DAD 3

Wait a minute... I know you...

The Hunter slowly unholsters her pistol under her coat. Dewalt can't wait for the bloodbath to begin.

DAD 3

(To Dewalt)

Yeah you, you're the little delinquent that broke into our basement the other night.

The parents gasp.

THE HUNTER

You what?

DEWALT

I told you, I was scoping out the house for horror shit! I saw it in the comic!

LEAD MOM

Aha! The comic made him do it.

DEWALT

Honestly this isn't my fault, you people shouldn't be living in a damn house for werewolves. Frauds!

DAD 3

Young man, you march down there right now and clean up the mess you made! You left our basement window open and a raccoon got in. Or something. Big S.O.B.

The Hunter and Dewalt both look at each other--they found their werewolf.

THE HUNTER

Yes, let's go fix your mess.

DEWALT

Yes sir right away. I will fix your house of lies Mr. and Mrs. Dipshit.

DAD 3

It's Lipschitz!

Dewalt and the Hunter walk down to the basement.

Dad #3 begins to talk just as they are out of earshot.

DAD 3

Damn delinquent. That raccoon bit me earlier. Hurts like hell.

He shows his wife a very serious wound on his forearm...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Hunter and Dewalt slowly walk down into the creepy basement.

DEWALT

Creepy cobwebs... Some sort of fucked up cult meeting going on upstairs... Yeah this is the perfect debut for the monster we invented: The Z-Wolf.

They move deeper into the basement and come across pieces of furniture and boxes, all stacked and covered in cloth.

DEWALT

If I know horror, the monster is definitely hiding under one of these sheets pretending to be a chair, waiting to strike.

THE HUNTER

A werewolf is a vicious animal, it doesn't pretend to be a chair.

DEWALT

OK so then we find a ghost instead? What's the problem?

Dewalt continues on, but The Hunter stares for a moment at a pile of furniture under cloth. She shrugs and pokes it with her pistol just in case.

It begins to wobble, then comes crashing down. The boxes and furniture all begin to fall into each other, causing a chain reaction until only a big plume of dust remains.

DEWALT

Shit! Why are you always breaking everything?!

The Hunter shakes her head. Then, in front of them in the dust... 2 glowing green eyes appear.

DEWALT

Oh he was *behind* the stuff. I was close! I basically predicted it. Still no need for all the destruction, though.

The eyes grow brighter as the zombie werewolf emerges from the cloud of dust. Drool drips from its fangs as it snarls at The Hunter, ready to pounce.

THE HUNTER

Say goodbye to your big scary Z-Wolf, kid.

The Hunter loads a silver bullet into her gun and fires. The werewolf flies back into the pile of broken furniture.

DEWALT

Damn, wow, he's really gone. Not a single pun to his name. Sucks.

Before Dewalt can be distraught for too long, they hear something rustling in the rubble. A zombified man stands up, a big gaping hole in his stomach.

DEWALT

He's back! Quick, do a pun. "This guy's got guts" or something.

The zombie walks forward into the moonlight coming in the basement window. As he does, we see him transform back into a zombified wolf.

THE HUNTER

But... I shot him like last time.

The Hunter shoots him again. The wolf transforms into a zombified man, but by the time The Hunter has reloaded, it has sprouted fangs and hair, and then falls to all fours back into its zombie-werewolf form.

The Hunter keeps shooting, but the wolf won't stay down. After a few more attempts, The Hunter looks at her bandolier. One bullet left.

THE HUNTER

Well? You're the expert. What now?

DEWALT

It's a zombie *and* a werewolf. So for a werewolf you use silver bullets. Which is why it keeps transforming back into a guy. But it's a zombie, so it doesn't die unless you...

THE HUNTER

...Aim for the head.

She loads up her final silver bullet from her bandolier. She has to make this one count...

She takes a deep breath and focuses herself.

THE HUNTER

Our cunning is what separates us from the beasts...

DEWALT

...You dipshit...

She exhales and shoots.

The Z-Wolf goes flying back once more, but this time with no head. Blood and viscera splats on the basement window, turning the moon blood red. The Hunter holsters her pistol.

DEWALT

Dammit! Shouldn't have said anything. My beloved Z-Wolf... too pure for this world...

The Hunter sees that her job is done. She pulls her hat down over her eyes and begins walking up the stairs. A grin flashes across her face, but she regains her composure.

DEWALT

You're in hell now my sweet angel.

Dewalt is crouched down by the wolf, paying his respects. He looks up and realizes The Hunter is already halfway up the stairs. He runs after her.

THE HUNTER

The Z-Wolf... was a formidable foe. But it was no match for a Hunter. We exterminate monsters. Once and for all.

INT. RUMPUS ROOM - NIGHT

The Hunter confidently opens the door to the main living room, only to be deflated to see that all the parents have transformed into snarling, decomposing Z-Wolves.

They're in the center of the room, tearing the comic and the "Diagram for Delinquents" book to shreds. They snap and growl at each other like dogs fighting over a meal.

Dewalt gasps upon seeing the horrific scene.

The gasp echoes through the room. All of the wolves' ears perk up and all their heads slowly turn in Dewalt and The Hunter's direction. Their eyes glow a menacing green.

THE HUNTER

Fuck...

END OF ACT 2

INT. RUMPUS ROOM - NIGHT

The room full of werewolves snap their jaws and begin to approach Dewalt and The Hunter, ready to pounce.

DEWALT

Shit! Revenge of the Z-Wolf.

The Hunter just backs up as the wolves approach. Dewalt looks at her, confused.

DEWALT

I take back what I said, you can destroy them, it won't upset me.

The Hunter just shakes her head. The pack of wolves is only a few feet away.

DEWALT

Just shoot 'em like the last one! Y'know, blammo, blood and brains flying everywhere. Cool one-liners. Maybe a pun? Like the comic.

THE HUNTER

This is real life. I'm out of silver bullets.

DEWALT

No... there has to be something we can do. The Hunter always gets out of these situations.

THE HUNTER

Well, clearly, I'm not him.

DEWALT

Let's just think it out. Maybe something in the comic...

He frantically flips through issues.

THE HUNTER

Forget it, they're useless.

She rips out a big chunk of pages from the comic.

THE HUNTER

You want a close up look at a monster, right? Who needs a comic, you get to find out what they look like on the inside, professor.

The Hunter and Dewalt now have their backs against the wall, it looks like there's no escape.

DEWALT

Wait... so we're going to die?

The wolves start to close in.

Dewalt slowly backs into a small side table holding an expensive-looking vase. It wobbles and then topples over.

The wolves look at him angrily. They approach slowly and then pounce! Dewalt shields his face. But after a tense moment... nothing.

He opens his eyes to peek, and sees the wolves all congregating around the broken vase. It almost looks like they're trying to piece it back together. One even points an accusatory paw at Dewalt.

DEWALT

(Sheepishly)

Sorry guys. That looked expensive...

THE HUNTER

What are they doing?

DEWALT

Dang, I owe you an apology. It is way too easy to smash important stuff that's displayed on top of an easily toppled column.

THE HUNTER

Look, they're arguing like when they were alive.

DEWALT

I said I was sorry!

The Hunter thinks for a second.

THE HUNTER

They may be werewolves, but they still have one weakness...

DEWALT

What?

THE HUNTER

One fixation they can't let go of, even in death...

DEWALT

What is it? Wearing stupid sweaters?

THE HUNTER

You fool, delinquency! That's their weakness. Break some more stuff so they're distracted.

DEWALT

Huh? This is all nice stuff! What if I break something they cherish?

THE HUNTER

That's the point!

DEWALT

I don't like it, my parents would be heartbroken if I broke some of their fine china or silverware.

THE HUNTER

Their what?

DEWALT

Y'know like fancy bowls and shit. Silver utensils. Everyone around here has it.

The Hunter tears out more pages of the comic.

THE HUNTER

Go. Smash it. Now. I have an idea.

DEWALT

Cut it out! Why must you solve everything with destruction?

Dewalt runs to the other side of the room and opens a china cabinet full of fancy plates and silverware.

THE HUNTER

(Slowly tearing a page)
Destroy it.

DEWALT

Come on! Fine. Fine.

He sheepishly drops a bowl. It barely cracks on the ground. The Hunter shakes her head and keeps tearing.

He grabs another one and smashes it harder. It explodes in a million white pieces.

The wolves all crowd around the bowls, lamenting the destruction.

DEWALT

OK that was kinda fun.

He picks up a glass and smashes it with more force. He giggles a bit. The Hunter nods approvingly.

DEWALT

Comics don't make you a delinquent
you stupid pieces of shit!

Dewalt drops another piece of china. And then another. Soon laughing maniacally and tearing the place apart. In no time he's running around the room in circles with a marker, drawing lines all over the room, having a blast.

The wolves are all spread out, assessing the damage to the house. Some try and clean up the mess. Many shake their heads, disapprovingly.

THE HUNTER

Jesus, they're distracted. Relax.
Now bring me that silverware.

Dewalt grabs a tray and bring it over. The Hunter grabs knives, salad forks--anything that looks like it could do some damage. She then reaches into Dewalt's backpack and grabs a handful of fireworks, then crams it all into the barrel of her gun.

She looks down the sights and sees wolves scattered all around the room.

THE HUNTER

We've only got one shot. They're
everywhere.

Dewalt perks up.

DEWALT

I've got an idea. Page 4,
remember?

The Hunter flips open the remains of the comic and sees the image of her dad shooting a row of zombies in one shot.

Dewalt runs to the bathroom and grabs an roll of toilet paper, then runs to The Hunter and hands her one end.

DEWALT

If there's one thing butthole
parents hate most of all, it's
being TPed.

She's confused at first, but then sees that the werewolves
are chasing behind him, following the line of toilet paper
he's creating. She puts the plan together in her head.

THE HUNTER

Got it. Though there's no toilet
paper in my dad's version.

DEWALT

Nobody's perfect.

Dewalt giddily runs through the main room and out the door
of the house, trailing the toilet paper behind him.

EXT. CREEPY HOUSE - NIGHT

The werewolves give chase, following the strand of TP out
the front door and into the moonlit night.

We freeze frame as The Hunter explodes the heads of the
werewolves all at once with a single shot, while Dewalt
leaps for joy in the foreground. Colorful fireworks shoot
in all directions out of the barrel of The Hunter's gun,
and forks and knives all pass clean through the wolves'
heads from the force of the blast.

It's a gory, pulpy scene much like the comic covers we've
seen before, but with an extra bit of Dewalt's delinquent
charm.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Dewalt and The Hunter make their way home. The town streets
are calm and peaceful. The full moon is setting behind them
in the clear night sky.

Dewalt breaks the contented silence.

DEWALT

That was amazing! I wish the Vault
Keeper hadn't gotten eaten
earlier. He would have come up
with such a kickass pun for all
this.

THE HUNTER

The puns really aren't scary or funny so I'm not really sure why--

DEWALT

He's already done HAIR-RAISING a bunch so that one's out.

THE HUNTER

About 500 times.

DEWALT

How bout "There goes the NEIGH-BEHEAD"? Not as good as his stuff but this is my first try.

THE HUNTER

Honestly that's way better than his normal jokes... But obviously monsters are not a thing to joke about.

They take a beat to look up at the full moon.

THE HUNTER

Look. I may need your help again. Your obsession with these comics turned out to be useful.

DEWALT

Absolutely any time. Ever. I'm there.

The Hunter pauses. She tries to give the mostly-destroyed comic back to Dewalt.

DEWALT

Y'know what? You keep it. It's just stuff right?

She looks down at an illustration of her dad in the comic.

THE HUNTER

Right. Thanks.

She nods and begins walking off, but Dewalt doesn't get the hint and continues to follow her.

THE HUNTER

Go home, Dewalt.

He smiles, she remembered his name. He seems finally content that he got his night's fill of horror fun. They go their separate ways.

We cut between Dewalt and The Hunter wrapping up their nights:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The Hunter approaches the crypt from the beginning of the story. The comic cover she tore off blows by her on the wind and hits her boot.

She picks up the comic page and notices a small detail on the cover--one of the graves in the illustration is circled.

INT. DEWALT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dewalt walks into his small home. He creeps past the living room--illuminated by the TV is his father sleeping, a beer can clutched in his prosthetic claw arm. On the side table next to him is a Purple Heart and other war decorations.

Dewalt grabs a comic from his huge bookshelf--completely packed with The Vault of Horror comics. He grabs one with a Vault Keeper caption on the front saying "A Family A-FEAR!"

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The Hunter compares the comic cover with the graveyard in front of her, just like Dewalt did earlier. She finds the real-life version of the gravestone that he circled. It says:

MARY DEWALT
Beloved sister, wife, mother.
1910 - 1953

The Hunter gives a small, understanding nod.

INT. DEWALT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dewalt turns off his light, grabs his flashlight and climbs under the covers to escape into a not-so-fictional world of horror.