

MR. DASH EVANS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

DASH (V.O.)
Everyone gets into the life somehow.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

DASH EVANS, 21, a white male with short brown hair wearing a suit without the jacket is sitting in front of the stage watching a stripper. There are various other men throughout the club. There are no windows in the club because there are no windows in strip clubs. Dash has a drink in his hand. There is some hip hop song with annoying bass playing.

DASH
(intoxicated)
You know she fuckin' annulled me? Bitch.
Do you know how much money I put into her?
(takes a sip)
A lot!

STRIPPER
What do you say we take this into the back?

Dash shotguns the rest of the drink.

DASH
(intoxicated)
Fuck yeah! Now we're talkin'!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE DANCE ROOM - DAY

Dash sits down on a super duper comfortable looking chair. The stripper starts to give him a lap dance.

DASH
(intoxicated)
You know I proposed to her at our senior
prom? Fuckin' great idea that proved to be.

Suddenly, the stripper bites Dash's neck.

DASH (CONT'D)
(intoxicated and extremely
confused)
WHAT THE FUUUUCK?

Dash smashes the stripper's head against the wall and jumps to his feet. He runs out of the private dance room.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

All the strippers are feasting on the other men in the club.

CLOSE ON: Dash's extremely confused, drunk, turned on, and sweaty face. He screams like a girl. All the strippers look at him.

There's an awkward silence for a second. Nothing but that fucking annoying bass from the hip hop music.

DASH
(pointing somewhere off camera;
also intoxicated)
Look, Dracula!

Dash turns around and hauls ass out of the club.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Dash sprints out of the strip club and trips, he turns around just as the strippers leave the club as well. The sun burns them and they all hiss at him.

Dash starts to nervously laugh. He gets up, realizing that they actually are vampires and starts flipping them off.

DASH
(intoxicated)
Fuck you, Elvira!

As Dash is jerking an imaginary cock and blowing an imaginary load on the vampire strippers, TITLE OVER: **MR. DASH EVANS**

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

DASH, now 26 and rocking a five O'clock Shadow and wearing a brown leather jacket over a black T-Shirt, a brown fedora, and fuck all else is running alongside

MIKE LEE, 19, a light brown skinned male with black hair, a black leather jacket over a black T-Shirt, black jeans, and black Timberland boots.

Dash is holding a silver reflective ax and Mike's holding a sawed off double barrelled shotgun.

DASH
I'll circle around, you keep on him!

DASH (V.O.)
The kid, Mike, came in about three years ago. He's Julia, (my ex wife)'s, brother. Don't get me wrong, I didn't bring him into this to get back at her. I mean, that wasn't the main reason. He saw me take out an army of the undead and asked for answers, so I was brutally honest. And plus, he's an all around cool guy, makes great company.

Dash runs to the right, follow Mike as he continues to run forward. Pan around him to show he's chasing some kind of creature running on all fours. The creature runs into some convenient and thick fog. Mike stops for a second.

MIKE
Fuck's sake.

Mike jogs into the fog and stands there a while, looking around.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Here, doggy.

Mike cocks the shotgun.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Who's a good boy?

Suddenly, a WEREWOLF runs up on Mike from the side and scratches him. Mike shoots the shotgun and falls to the ground, dropping the shotgun.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, dude! I liked this jacket!

WEREWOLF

Shut up, boy, and maybe I'll do away with you with some mercy.

MIKE

Mercy's for pussies.

Mike takes a pistol from his jacket and shoots the werewolf in the torso. The werewolf screams in pain.

DASH (O.S.)

Fuck you, Fido!

Dash runs on screen and chops the werewolf in the stomach with the ax, keeping it there. The werewolf struggles. Mike stands up.

DASH (CONT'D)

Don't try to move. Silver blade. You'll only make it worse.

The werewolf growls at them.

DASH (CONT'D)

Oh no Mike, he's growling.

MIKE

I'm shaking in my boots!

Mike takes a cigarette from his jacket and starts smoking it.

WEREWOLF

Who do you two think you are? Some kind of makeshift Winchesters?

DASH

Who?

(turns to Mike)

Who?

MIKE

(shrugs)

Sounds like a bunch of fags.

Mike aims the pistol at the werewolf's head.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Just be happy we're merking you quick.

WEREWOLF

You may think you're tough shit now but when he rises, you'll be sorry.

MIKE

Who?

Dash slashes at the werewolf's stomach with the ax a bit.

DASH

Quit playing the fuckin pronoun game.

WEREWOLF

Suck my dick.

MIKE

Sorry bro, not really into bestiality.

(turns to Dash)

The sparrow flies south for the winter.

Dash pulls the ax out of the werewolf just as Mike shoots it in the head.

The werewolf falls off camera. When we finally see it again, it's a man.

DASH

Poor fuckin guy.

MIKE

Eh, he was kind of an ass.

DASH

What do you think he was talking about just now?

MIKE

Who the fuck cares?

Mike drops the cigarette at the former werewolf's body, expecting it to go up in flames. They wait there for a few seconds.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

The sign on the door reads "MR. Dash Evans, Expert Exterminator Of More Than Natural Beings".

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dash is sitting behind a desk, talking on the phone. Mike is sitting in a chair in front of the desk fucking around on his smart phone. They both have their jackets around their chairs.

On the wall behind the desk, there is a framed diploma for monster movie film studies, a framed picture of Dash with his arm around nothing, smiling giving a thumbs up in front of the strip club from the beginning, and a framed picture of Dash dressed as a priest smiling with a bible under his arm and standing in front of a bed with a child tied to it.

On the desk there is a name plate that reads "MR. Dash Evans", a suped up computer, a land line (Which Dash is currently utilizing", and a framed picture of Dash and Mike giving a thumbs up and smiling standing next to a mutilated corpse at a swamp.

DASH

(into phone)

Yeah.....Okay.....I will.....Get the fuck outta here!

(laughs)

Okay, I'll make sure I do. Thanks for the help, talk to you later.

(blows a kiss into the phone)

Love you.

Dash hangs the phone up.

MIKE

What's the word?

DASH

Apparently our good friend Bela may have a good idea as to who this mysterious person who's supposedly "rising" might be. Also, it isn't The Dark Knight.

MIKE

Dammit.

Mike takes a ten dollar bill out of his pocket and hands it to Dash.

DASH

Get your shit, we're headin' out.

Dash gets up and puts his coat on and walks out. Mike does the same.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

A black 2005 Dodge Viper with Mike and Dash in it stops in front of the club. They both get out and move to the back of the car.

Dash takes his ax out of the trunk and Mike, his sawed off double barreled shotgun.

They walk up to the door and try it. It's locked. Dash looks at Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

The strippers are feeding on the men like they do at 1 PM every day.

Suddenly, a gunshot is heard and a door flies open off screen. Dash and Mike soon walk into the club, Dash holding the ax over his shoulder, and Mike reloading the shotgun.

DASH

Alright sluts, where's Bela?

AMBER, the stripper from the beginning, looks up at Dash.

AMBER

Dash Evans?
(smiles)
It's been so long.

DASH

You fucking cunt! How many times do I have to tell you it's *MR.* Dash Evans!

AMBER

But I like to see how mad you get.
(looks at Mike)
Mikey, you've gotten older.

MIKE

Yeah, well that kinda thing happens when you're mortal.

AMBER

(chuckles)
I certainly hope you're more of a man than you were the last time I saw you.

Amber walks up to Mike and grabs him by the arm and they begin to walk in the back. Mike looks at Dash like how Luke looked at Han when Leia kissed him.

Amber stops for a second and looks at Dash.

AMBER (CONT'D)

He's in the basement. Like he always is.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB BASEMENT - DAY

It's very clean and a coffin is in the center of the room. Dash walks down the stairs. He knocks on the coffin.

BELA

What is it? I am sleeping!

DASH

It's the pussay patrol!

The coffin door flies open, BELA, a very pale man with black hair stands up.

BELA

Dash! What can I do you for, old friend?

DASH

Some information, actually.

BELA

Anything for the man who saved my life on more than one occasion.

Dash begins looking around the room. Fucking around with things.

DASH

Last night Mike and I were hunting a werewolf.

Dash walks over to a record player and puts the needle on a record, no longer facing Bela. *Maple Lead Rag* starts playing.

BELA

Doesn't sound out of the ordinary.

DASH

Not at all. But, just before we sent the son of a bitch to hell, he said something pretty peculiar.

BELA

And what did he say?

DASH

"When he rises, you'll be sorry."

In the background, Bela stands up.

BELA

Well it was about to die. People will say anything to get out of getting killed.

DASH

You see, I'm having a hard time believing you.

BELA

I fail to see why you would.

DASH

Your voice changed when I mentioned it. You put your guard up.

Dash turns around and raises the ax to Bela's neck.

DASH (CONT'D)

Now, a friend of mine who I wholeheartedly trust, might I add, told me that she has been hearing the same thing from other...."people", and that you might have some information as to who this "he" is.

BELA

Now what in the world would make her think of such nonsense?

DASH

I don't know Bela. I was hoping you'd shed some light on that, actually.

Bela is quiet. Dash is quiet. For a moment they just stay there. Standing still, Dash holding his ax to Bela's throat.

DASH (CONT'D)

Your silence convinces me that there isn't much else you can say that'll help your case.

Another moment of silence. Bela sighs.

BELA

Legend says that long ago there was a Priest that went by Galloway. Galloway was a very respected man in his little community and he held service every Sunday but always kept the church open for those who needed some guidance or just wanted to pray or some shit, I don't know what church people do. Anyway, eventually people in this little community started to go missing. No one felt safe and everyone kept in doors at all times. Except Galloway. This fucker would just stand outside all day, talking about how no one should have fear and that the lord has a plan and he guarantees it and all this bullshit. So, eventually the Sheriff, the amazing detective he was, decided to search the church, since that's where Galloway spent 100% of his time, and upon going into the basement, he found twelve people chained up. The twelve missing townsfolk. Sadly for the Sheriff, Galloway was down there as well and knocked him clean the fuck out. Wasn't long before Mr. Sheriff was number thirteen. Now, no one knows the truth to this part, but the publicly accepted version is that Galloway thought that God had been speaking to him.

(MORE)

BELA (CONT'D)

Says God told him to kidnap thirteen people and chain them up and that they were all sinners and they needed to be sacrificed. So guess what Galloway did.

DASH

What did Galloway do?

BELA

Guess, fucker.

Dash is silent.

BELA (CONT'D)

Whatever, so Galloway covered these thirteen people with gasoline and set them all fuckin' ablaze with him in there! Eventually the fires reached the rest of the Church and everyone in town had to put it out and only thirteen sets of bones were found. Spooky right?

DASH

What does this have to do with anything?

BELA

Oh yeah, remember when I said Galloway thought he was talking to God? Turns out it was really Satan trying to get some strength, you know? Anyway, by killing himself as well the whole ritual got fucked up and Satan got all pissed and decided to make Galloway, a man of god, a demon of death. Apparently every thirteen years he's called to earth to rally up thirteen sinners and fillet the fuckers. Anyway, all this was before my time so I'm not sure if any of it's true.

DASH

You're like three thousand years old.

BELA

Yeah, but this story's like three billion years old.

Dash takes the ax from Bela's throat and starts walking around the room again.

BELA (CONT'D)

Karloff cemetery, Every thirteen days this cult meets up to worship Galloway.

DASH

When's the next meeting.

BELA

Tonight.

(pause)

But that is one party, I will not allow you to crash.

Bela lunges at Dash, Dash turns around just in time for Bela to tackle him and bite his neck.

DASH

FUCK!

Dash punches Bela in the side of the head, allowing Dash to get up.

DASH (CONT'D)

What the fuck dude? We've known each other for like three years!

BELA

You cannot harm Galloway. He is the center of what keeps us alive!

Dash picks his ax up.

DASH

What the fuck does that even mean?

BELA

He will rise and he will want your soul as a sacrifice. This, he has told me. But your body, now I can rough that up.

Bela lunges at Dash once more and Dash chops him in the chest with the ax. Bela screams in pain.

Dash takes the ax out of Bela.

DASH
Goddammit, I actually fucking liked you!

Dash cuts Bela's head off, causing blood to spray all over him.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

All the girls are once again dancing on poles and more men are inside being men.

Dash walks into the back and opens a curtain. Amber and Mike are fucking.

DASH
We gotta go.

MIKE
Dash!

DASH
NOW.

Amber turns around and sees the blood on Dash.

AMBER
What have you done!

DASH
Mike.

Amber gets off of Mike and runs past Dash.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Dash and Mike walk out the front door. Mike is adjusting his belt.

MIKE
What happened in there?

Mike and Dash put their weapons in the trunk of the Dodge Viper and close the trunk.

DASH
Something that probably shouldn't have.

Mike hops in the passenger seat just as Amber races out of the club, staying out of the sunlight.

AMBER
YOU MURDERER!

Dash hops into the driver's seat and starts the car. He flips Amber off.

DASH
Fuck you, Elvira.

Dash drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

MIKE
Did you kill him?

DASH
No, I just had him splash a little blood on me,
of course I killed him.

MIKE
Why? He's a good friend of ours.

DASH

Apparently we're dealing with some kind of
suped up demon here.

MIKE

A demon? Like an actual factual demon?
Not like, a possessed person?

DASH

Yes.

MIKE

Fuck that dude, we can't do that!

DASH

We're going to fuckin' have to, now aren't we?

They sit there in silence for a few seconds.

MIKE

We could just call Alex.

DASH

No. That guy's a dick.

MIKE

I don't think he's a dick, I think he's just...
Different.

DASH

He's a fuckin' weirdo who walks around with a
severed head, and he's a dick. So fuck that.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dash is once again sitting behind the desk. Mike is in the chair in front of the desk playing with his smart phone again. There is a framed poster of Jay and Silent Bob and a framed poster of Batman and Robin from The Dark Knight Returns on the wall behind Mike.

MIKE

So wolfy last night said “When he rises”,
future tense. Why are we going to this
meeting tonight?

DASH

Bela seemed pretty adamant that I don’t go.
Something’s gonna happen and I gotta be
there to see what it is.

MIKE

Or maybe he was just a Galloway worshipper
and he didn’t want you to ruin his fun.

DASH

Mike, turn around.

MIKE

Fuck’s sake, not this again.

Mike turns around, looking at the poster of Batman and Robin.

DASH

Do you know who you’re looking at? That’s
the world’s greatest goddamn detective. Do
you think Batman would look at the fact that
Bela just tried to fucking kill me and say “Oh,
maybe he just didn’t want you ruining his
fun”?

MIKE

(sighs)

No, Dash, I do not.

DASH

No, he wouldn’t. He would say “Come on,
let’s check this shit out.” Mike, we are more
than monster hunters.

MIKE

(mocking Dash)

“We’re fucking detectives”

DASH

You're goddamn right we are. So let's go fucking detect.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARLOFF CEMETERY - DAY

Dash and Mike are sitting on top of a mausoleum. They're silent for a few seconds.

MIKE

We probably should've waited until later.

Dash looks up at the sky.

DASH

Looks like it's gonna rain, maybe we should've brought an umbrella.

EXT. KARLOFF CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dash and Mike are in the exact same position they were just in. It's raining and they are soaking wet.

DASH

Oh shit, I think I see them.

There are like 60 people in all black walking through the cemetery.

MIKE

It's about goddamn time.

The 60 people stop at a mausoleum. Not the one Dash and Mike are sitting on.

MALACHAI, the cult leader, walks in front of the crowd and turns, facing them.

MALACHAI

This is it, my brothers. The night we have waited thirteen long years for. Tonight we will awaken Autoecism, disciple of Galloway.

The crowd silently claps and cheers.

MALACHAI (CONT'D)

Autoecism will then curse the whore and
battle with the chosen one. This will then
bring on the rise of Galloway.

Malachai smiles. The whole crowd starts chanting a phrase. "Autoecism"

MIKE

This is kinda creepy.

DASH

Most cults are.

The doors of the mausoleum the crowd is standing before begin to move, very slightly at first but then they start moving faster and faster until they are practically being banged on.

It is not long until the doors burst open and

AUTOECISM, a five foot tall skinny ass fuckin thing wearing a cracked porcelain mask and no clothes. It have no genitals, so it's okay.

MIKE

What the fuck?

Autoecism is dragging a large sledge hammer, struggling.

The crowd parts, leaving one woman in the middle. Autoecism points at her, his long as bony finger is shaking.

AUTOECISM

You.

Its voice is grimy and shaky. Almost like a pissed off old man.

Tears start streaming down the woman's face.

WOMAN

Please forgive me.

AUTOECISM

No forgiveness.

DASH (O.S.)

Okay!

The cult all turns to the sound of his voice, Dash and Mike are standing there, Dash holding his ax and Mike holding his shotgun, looking badass.

DASH (CONT'D)

Which one of you fuckers do I gotta kill to stop this whole Galloway thing from happening?

Autoecism's eyes go wide. He looks at the woman.

AUTOECISM

Now, quickly.

MIKE

You, I'm assuming.

(looks at Dash)

The sparrow flies south for the winter.

Mike shoots Autoecism, it flies off screen.

WOMAN

NO!

The woman sprints off screen.

DASH

Gee, what's her problem?

MIKE

What the fuck was that thing anyway? Gives me the fuckin heebie-jeebies.

MALACHAI

You fools! Have you even the SLIGHTEST idea of what you just did?

DASH

Saved the fuckin world?

MIKE
Stroked our egos?

WOMAN
It might not be too late.

Autoecism is breathing rapidly.

The woman takes a knife from somewhere convenient.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Please, forgive me.

DASH
Oh, what the fuck is this shit now?

The woman stabs the knife into her wrist and slashes it, letting the blood drain into Autoecism's mouth.

MIKE
Ah shit, I'm assuming that's an important plot point.

Autoecism dies.

Awkward silence.

DASH
I don't think it is, chum.

MALACHAI
BLASPHEMERS!

All the cult members starts angrily screaming. They all take out convenient knives and circle Dash and Mike.

MIKE
We just killed a werewolf last night. A fucking werewolf. A few regular humans should be a walk in the fucking-

Suddenly, a huge ass hammer comes down on some of the cult members.

Autoecism is now a six foot tall buff ass fucking thing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

-park.

Malachai has a fat ass smile on his face. He raises his arms.

MALACHAI

Yes, oh glorious Autoecism, choose me.

Autoecism hits Malachai with the hammer, killing his bitch ass. It points at Dash.

AUTOECISM

Blasphemer.

Autoecism's voice is now grim and dark. Like a pissed off body builder from Uganda.

Dash is frozen in place. He points at himself questioningly.

Autoecism begins walking towards Dash, carrying the hammer. Mike shoots him in the arm.

Autoecism looks at Mike. It laughs.

MIKE

Uhhhhh

Autoecism punches Mike. This snaps Dash out of his trance.

DASH

Hey, assfucker!

Autoecism looks back at Dash.

DASH (CONT'D)

It's me you want. Let's fuckin dance, you oversized tard.

AUTOECISM

Dash Evans. I was told of you.

Dash's jaw tightens.

DASH

That's *MISTER* Dash Evans to you, gentile giant.

Dash sprints at Autoecism and jumps, lifting the ax above his head. Autoecism catches Dash by the neck mid-air.

AUTOECISM

I figured you'd be more of a threat. They told epics of your misadventures and what do I get? The man, the myth, the puny human.

DASH

(struggling to breathe)

The puny human that's about to kick your fuckin' ass!

Dash brings the ax down on Autoecism's head, Autoecism screams in pain and drops Dash, the ax still in its head.

Dash falls in the mud and starts sucking in the precious air and coughing.

Autoecism turns around, half of the porcelain mask falls off. There is no skin on its face.

AUTOECISM

You'll pay for that.

DASH

Bring it on, tubby.

Mike jumps on Autoecism's back from off screen.

Autoecism throws Mike off his back and into the mud. Mike groans.

Mikes distraction gives Dash enough time to jump onto Autoecism and grab the ax, Autoecism throws Dash off, causing him to pull the ax out.

Dash gets to his feet and helps Mike up. Mike reloads his shotgun.

DASH (CONT'D)

You want some more?

AUTOECISM

More of what? What you have done merely tickled.

MIKE

Is that why you were screaming like a little bitch just a minute ago?

AUTOECISM

Shut up, *boy*.

MIKE

Boy?

AUTOECISM

Boy. Child of the male gender.

MIKE

Fuck you dude, I'm nineteen.

AUTOECISM

I am over two billion years old, *boy*.

DASH

Let's keep it that way.

Dash charges at Autoecism. Autoecism raises its hammer as Dash raises his ax. They strike each other at the same time and their weapons collide. Somehow Dash's axis still intact.

Autoecism is overpowering Dash, Dash is damn near falling over. Autoecism is now choking Dash with his ax.

AUTOECISM

Any last words, puny mortal.

DASH

(struggling to breathe)

Sp.....Sparrow flies south

Mike walks on screen and fires both shots into Autoecism's face. Autoecism's mask completely breaks off. It is now holding its face and screaming.

DASH (CONT'D)
 (pissed off)
 You fucking Resident Evil reject!

Dash runs to Autoecism and stabs it in the back with his ax. Autoecism falls into the mud. Dash takes the ax out and rolls it over so he can see its face.

DASH (CONT'D)
 Look into my eyes.

Autoecism groans.

DASH (CONT'D)
 LOOK INTO MY MOTHER FUCKING EYES!

MIKE
 Dash...

DASH
 Don't! Just go to the car.

MIKE
 But

DASH
 What did I say? Go to the fucking car!

Mike walks off screen. Dash turns back to Autoecism, who managed to get away from Dash and is struggling to get to its feet.

Dash walks over to Autoecism.

DASH (CONT'D)
 Oh no you don't.

Dash hits Autoecism in the face with the bottom of the ax. He stops on its neck.

DASH (CONT'D)
 Try summoning your faggot demon now you fucking stupid bastard.

Dash raises the ax over his head. Autoecism starts chuckling.

DASH (CONT'D)

(stepping on Autoecism's neck
harder.)

The fuck is so funny?

AUTOECISM

He is already risen.

Dash freezes for a second. His jaw tightens. He's pissed. Autoecism is laughing its ass off now.

Dash brings the ax down on Autoecism's neck fast. Blood spatters on his face. Dash chops at Autoecism's neck again. And again. And again. He chops Autoecism's neck repeatedly. More than necessary.

Eventually Dash stops. He drops the ax and walks to the side a bit. He stops. Looks at the moon.

Dash takes a cigarette from a pocket in his jacket and starts smoking it. The raining stopped a while ago.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARLOFF CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dash approaches the car holding his ax and Autoecism's head. He opens the trunk and puts both in.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

Dash gets into the driver's seat and starts the car. Mike is in the passenger's seat. They're silent when Dash drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Dash and Mike walk in, Dash is holding Autoecism's head. Mike kicks the carpet from the floor, there's a trap door underneath. Dash opens it and they both go into it.

CUT TO:

INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

There are fish tanks full of heads and various other items that I do not feel like listing at the moment all on shelves and tables. There are also books. There are two chairs in front of the fish tanks of heads. Dash places Autoecism's head into one of the fish tanks that has room.

Mike walks over to the record player that I didn't mention was in the room and plays a record. Music plays, of course. Mike grabs two books and hands one to Dash. They sit in the chairs and silently read the books for a few seconds.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS until the final credit, when

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The cult of Galloway are all in a circle, chanting something in some different language. Slowly pan up until it is revealed what they are circling around.

GALLOWAY, a completely black figure is laying in the circle. He is weak. Like a newborn.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.