



Scripts.com

# Return of the Living Dead: Rave to the Grave

By William Butler

- Garrison?  
- Yes.  
You got it?  
It's in the back  
of the truck.  
One of the last  
of the missing Trioxin-5 canisters.  
You have my money?  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
We're the ones  
asking the questions.  
Just give me my money  
and we can get out of here.  
Well, then nothing...until  
you prove to us this canister...  
is the real thing.  
Well, that's impossible.  
You gentlemen will just have  
to take my word for it.  
No, friend,  
we will take  
his word for it.  
I thought Anita  
would be a good subject.  
She hasn't any family left  
and she's all set to be cremated  
in the morning.  
She was such a sweet girl.  
Accidentally, she drove her car  
into her swimming pool.  
Well, boys, let's see if we can  
get a little bit of life back into the...  
Shall we?  
Now this may take a minute.  
It depends on the shape  
the corpse is in,  
the quality  
of the brain stem--  
Cut the chatter,  
just do it already!  
Well?  
So? Where is the part  
where she gets up  
and goes for the whole

brain buffet?  
You know, I don't understand it.  
Maybe I, uh, I didn't  
release enough gas.  
You think we are stupid  
or something?  
Trying to slip us decoy?  
Tell me, do we look  
stupid to you?  
Listen, this is the  
original canister.  
I know because  
I obtained it myself.  
I was a top secret  
government official.  
Yeah, yeah, I'm sorry,  
try it on him. Go on!  
Give me that!  
Just type the code.  
Look, look!  
Brain!  
He wants my brains?  
Gino, if that's  
all he's after,  
you have nothing  
to worry about, my friend.  
Oh, shut up!  
Go for the head, man.  
Help!  
Sorry, Mr. Eusner!  
Brains.  
Don't just stand there,  
shoot the son of a bitch!  
Now you believe me!  
Bye-bye, fat boy.  
K to the I to the L to the L.  
We'll kill you, we'll thrill you,  
we'll leave your team in pain.  
And when we drag you across the court,  
you'll leave a greasy stain.  
We'll put you 6 feet under,  
we'll make you cry and sniff.  
We'll give you rigor mortis,  
and keep you high and stiff.

We'll beat you, we'll eat you,  
you'll make a tasty snack.  
And if you think you'll get away,  
you must be high on crack.  
And up...and down.  
And up...and down. And up...  
Are the girls here?  
Over there.  
- Hey, guys.  
- Hey.  
Guys, get back to work.  
And down.  
Don't they look so cute  
in their uniforms?  
Totally.  
So, what are you guys doing  
for Halloween this Saturday?  
Oh, my brother is having  
another one of his raves.  
Think we're probably going  
to go to that.  
What are you and Artie  
going to do?  
- The nasty.  
- Shut up.  
Seriously.  
Right, two. Left, two.  
So what's up with  
you and Jenny?  
You guys seem like  
you're getting pretty tight.  
Yeah, you could say that.  
Up...two, down.  
She's special.  
Hang on to her bro'.  
Up, two, down, two.  
Up, two, down, two,  
up, two, down...  
Son, I have some  
bad news for you.  
Come on, guys, let's  
hit the showers.  
What's up?  
My uncle's been killed.

Sorry, man.

What the hell?

Julian.

Oh, Jenny, God, you scared me.

Artie told me. Are you okay?

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

Thanks.

What's in there?

I don't know.

I've lived in this house

18 years,

never once heard my parents

even talk about this room.

I wonder why they

never mentioned it.

I don't know, but my uncle

used to spend a lot of time up here.

Maybe there's something in here

he didn't want us to know about.

Like?

That.

Well, what are they?

I don't know, but I hope

it's not more trouble.

Looks like there used

to be three of them.

It's a digital lock.

Looks like there's some

contact information here.

Looks like somebody

scratched the number off.

Well, maybe they're

supply canisters,

or maybe there's

money inside.

Maybe it's a medical experiment.

Let's go find Cody.

If that science nerd

can't figure out what this is,

no one can.

Why do you drive so slow?

Stop telling me how to drive, Gino.

I wouldn't if you weren't

such a terrible driver.

I have just two words  
for you, my friend,  
and that's ''pecking order.''  
Searching for these canisters  
is like searching  
for needle in flapjack.  
It's haystack, Gino.  
Searching for needle in haystack.  
Yeah, yeah, whatever.  
Last year, Mikhail and Sergey  
found five T-5 canisters,  
and the agency gave them  
a case of Cristal  
and a trip to Euro Disney.  
Those things must be  
worth a fortune.  
God forbid the day when  
one of those canisters  
falls in the hands  
of the deviant mind.  
Go! Go!  
Go, Cody!  
Go! Go! Go! Go!  
Cody! A Doctor of intoxicology!  
What the hell is that?  
Tofu kielbasa.  
I don't think so.  
What's that about?  
Yo, yo, check it.  
This is DJ Jeremy J.  
keeping this wax spinning  
and giving a shout out  
to the lovely ladies from Delta Kappa  
for keeping them high beams on.  
Oh, oh, oh, very nice.  
Very nice. That's  
what I'm talking about.  
Only your momma  
should be so proud.  
Oh, y'all don't forget,  
next Saturday,  
Halloween, the mother of all raves.  
It's going to be tight, so,  
you get your booty over here,

and I'll hook you up  
with your VIP entrance token.  
You know you want them.  
Oh, and give it up for my sister  
Jenny and her friendly boy toy,  
Julian ''The Man'' Garrison.  
Hey, Julian,  
how's it hanging, dude?  
Have you guys seen  
Cody anywhere?  
There he is.  
Later, dude.  
I told you this was some good shit.  
We need to hook up  
with that guy again, man.  
Well, well, well, well,  
well, hello, young lovers.  
Looking to get  
your party on?  
Hello, Skeet.  
Maybe you're looking  
for a hookup.  
Weed to speed,  
Skeet's got what you need.  
Maybe our next life.  
Cody.  
We need your help.  
There's something  
I got to show you.  
So, do you have any  
idea what it is, Code?  
It looks like an atomic beer keg.  
Well, it was my parents' attic.  
I think it was my uncle's.  
Maybe it's candy, you know,  
like a big metallic piata.  
You're not laughing, man.  
Will you get serious?  
Look, can you just take  
it back to the chem lab  
and try to figure out  
what it is?  
Okay, I can do it.  
Don't tell anyone.

All right, I'll take a look at it  
first thing in the morning.  
Or I can drop everything  
and check it out right now.  
Jeremy is about  
to pack up anyway.  
Thanks.  
There's no telling  
who may be looking for this thing.  
Control said it was  
2509 Buckingham Avenue.  
What is this place, anyway?  
The residence  
of the late Charles Garrison.  
If there are any more canisters,  
they are probably hidden here.  
I have good feeling about this one.  
Yeah, my old friend,  
it's about time Aldo Serra  
finally gets what he has  
coming to him.  
Once we go home heroes,  
there's nothing more  
than pussy, discotheque,  
caviar, and a swimming pool  
with a big slide.  
Here.  
Yep.  
How we gonna get in?  
You, my friend,  
are partnered with a trained professional.  
There is no barricade built  
these skillful hands cannot penetrate.  
Capisci?  
Eh, Comrade?  
Thanks.  
Cody will find out  
what's going on.  
Don't worry.  
I know.  
Hey.  
Hey, you guys got to see this.  
Gino, my man.  
I think we've hit the jackpot.



I can taste  
the champagne already.  
You had better  
believe it, brother.  
Here. Take picture.  
Well, wellll, well,  
aren't you a shutterbug.  
I found it. It's my picture  
you should be taking.  
Well, take mine first  
and then I'll take yours second.  
Gino, do I have to remind  
you that I outrank you?  
All right, all right,  
give me the camera.  
Well, come on, what  
are you waiting for?  
Looks like somebody's  
been here before us.  
The President won't be happy  
until we recover all the missing units.  
So what is this thing?  
They say the obvious answer  
is usually the answer.  
So Jeremy and I figured out  
that the liquid we're hearing inside this thing  
could be some polystyrene  
or naphthalene-based compound.  
Napalm.  
Right.  
But then again, there were  
no sign of those components whatsoever.  
So I went to my second hypothesis here,  
which is maybe this could be some kind  
of chemical agent container.  
Nerve gas.  
Right.  
But then again, there were no signs of nitrogen  
or bisulfide, so that ruled that out.  
Okay...so what is it?  
Funny you should ask, Julian.  
Whatever this thing is contains traces  
of methylene and petroleum-based ether.  
And even a larger amount

of dioxymethamphetamine.  
I am totally lost, Cody.  
Would you speak English?  
Ecstasy.  
No, not ecstasy, dumb-ass, but something  
with very similar chemical qualities.  
Hallucinogens.  
Come with me, Julian.  
Let me show you.  
You guys, I have  
a really bad feeling about this.  
You sure about this stuff?  
Sometimes the obvious answer  
isn't always the answer.  
Well, there's only  
one way to find out.  
No, Jeremy, don't. Jeremy!  
Don't do that!  
Jeremy.  
Could someone put on some music?  
This dumb motherfucker.  
I'm fine.  
Nothing's even happening.  
Jeremy.  
Jeremy.  
Are you okay?  
Are you okay, J?  
Should we call for help?  
What if he dies?  
Jeremy.  
Are you okay?  
Are you okay, J?  
Hey, maybe we should  
call for help.  
Whoa!  
Yeah! That was tight, man!  
Was I right?  
You were more than right.  
I was tripping my brains out.  
It takes you  
to the height of ecstasy...  
and then, to the brink of death.  
And just when you think  
you just can't take any more, bam!

You're back in reality.  
What are we going to do?  
Let's just call the police  
and get rid of it.  
Are you crazy?  
I want to do it again! Hook me up.  
- We're going to be rich!  
- Hell, yeah!  
No!  
I'm taking it back to my house.  
Are you nuts? No one even  
knows you have this thing.  
No, Jeremy. Look, he's right.  
He's right. Look, we don't even  
know what this shit really is, man.  
Maybe it is something.  
So, look, it's going on 4:00 right now,  
and I'm going to go ahead  
and unhook everything,  
and I'm going to swing  
by after class tomorrow.  
I'm gonna help you bring all this stuff  
back to your parents' place, okay, buddy?  
- Good.  
- All right.  
But stay out of it.  
Cody's right. We don't even know  
what this thing really is.  
All right, all right.  
Don't worry about it, Julian.  
I'm gonna take care of everything.  
You can trust me.  
I'll hook it up.  
All right, buddy.  
Jackpot! Yeah!  
Money!  
So when's your  
uncle's funeral?  
Tomorrow.  
Look...  
I'm really sorry about all the bad things  
that have happened to you.  
I'll just be happy when  
I'm past all this

and everything's  
back to normal.  
Look.  
I'm going to kill them.  
So what does it do?  
Dude, check this out.  
Take one part ecstasy,  
mix in a little 'shroom trip,  
add just a dash of life  
after death and bang!  
You've got yourself a hit of Z!  
Is it safe?  
Oh, yeah.  
Yeah, it doesn't drain  
your spinal fluid  
or anything, does it?  
Well, you got to have one  
for that to happen, bro'.  
What's the Z stand for?  
It's because when you're tripping  
you just stand there,  
like you're a zombie.  
But it's totally safe.  
I test it, all the time.  
Listen, if you can't trust your drug dealer,  
who can you trust, huh?  
All right. Hook us up. Give me 10.  
Oh, yeah, one more thing...  
Only take one hit at a time.  
I don't want any of you lightweights  
ending up in a hospital.  
It's bad for business.  
Have a nice trip.  
Hey, what are you doing?  
Didn't you just hear what he said?  
He's a drug dealer. If he was so smart,  
he'd be in another business.  
It's still connected.  
Cody!  
Give it to me,  
give it to me...  
Give it to me,  
give it to me...  
- Cody!

- Give it to me!  
What are you doing?  
I just figured at some point  
that the army or someone  
will come in  
and take this thing back.  
I mean, you guys heard Jeremy.  
This is good stuff.  
I mean, why not cash in while we can?  
I mean, and spread the joy.  
That type of thing, you know?  
I'm going to kill you.  
We don't even know what  
this thing is, dipshit.  
Come on, Julian, you saw Jeremy.  
I mean, he was rolling for  
a few minutes, then he was totally fine.  
Hey, man, this stuff is absolutely harmless.  
Cody, disconnect the canister, now.  
I'm taking it back to my house.  
Hey, you guys, feel anything yet?  
No.  
You don't think that greasebag  
ripped us off, do you?  
He better not have because  
I swear to God, I will...  
What? You're going  
to fart on him?  
You guys all right?  
Well, what's wrong?  
Should I call for help?  
Should I bring you something?  
Brains!  
- Brains.  
- Brains.  
- Brains.  
- Brains.  
I can't believe you, man.  
Is this all of them?  
That better be everything.  
It's everything, man,  
I pro--I promise.  
All right, let's load it up.  
Let's get it out of here.

God, I can't believe them.  
All I wanted to do was figure out what this is  
so we could go to the press.  
Why don't we take it  
to the genetics lab,  
maybe I can run  
a few more tests.  
You can keep it there until  
you decide what to do with it.  
Thanks.  
Bye, guys. I'm going to go outside  
and wait for Artie.  
Bye, Beck, don't do anything  
we wouldn't do.  
Ha ha, that leaves me wide open.  
Okay, bye.  
Hey.  
Chucky?  
Hey, John. Hey, Tyler,  
What are you guys doing?  
- Brains.  
- Brains.  
Tell me something  
I don't already know.  
What are they doing?  
I think they're hammered again.  
Stupid skanks!  
Stupid John scratched me.  
Oh, no, no, no, not now.  
Not now.  
Come on, Chucky.  
We're frat brothers.  
We're supposed to share everything.  
Especially when it comes  
to internal organs.  
400, 5, 6, 7, 8,  
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.  
- Here's your cut. 1,400 smackers.  
- Yeah.  
Woowee! Don't get  
no better than this.  
- You bet ya.  
- All right.  
Huh? Come here, babe.

All right.  
Oh, no!  
Brains! Brains!  
Hey, man, you want  
to jam with us?  
Help me! Help me!  
They're after me!  
Who's after you, bro'?  
Them!  
Brains.  
What is this stuff?  
Yeah, what do you care?  
It's not like we don't  
have other things  
we should be focusing on.  
Like I thought you were going to help me  
with my colon cleansing lab today.  
You can't do that.  
What are you doing?  
A little experiment. Calm down.  
No! You can't just go dripping  
crap into their water like that.  
How'd you like it if someone  
did that to you?  
They're lab rats, Brett.  
That's what they're here for.  
No. No!  
Not Mr. Stinky.  
Brett!  
Jenny. This rat has  
a brilliant mind.  
I will not have you poison him  
with your boyfriend's party supplies.  
Okay. Fine.  
He can be the control group.  
Thank you.  
Are you feeling all right, babe?  
You haven't said a word  
since I picked you up.  
It's going to be right, babe.  
You're going to be saying more than  
'mmm' when I'm done with you.  
Damn, girl! Didn't you  
have time to hit the shower?

Babe?

Brains!

Gee, girl! Slow down.

Usually I don't get none of that  
unless I take you  
to the Olive Garden.

Aw, what a mess.

What's in the bag?

Aw, horrific.

Brain.

We're closing in, Gino.

The dragnet is getting  
tighter and tighter.

It's about time we made  
ourselves a new friend.

Interpol.

Can I help you?

Interpol.

Okay.

Julian Garrison?

Nephew of Charles Garrison?

Yeah.

I'm Aldo Serra.

And this is my partner,  
Gino Corelli.

On behalf of our organization,  
we would like to extend to you  
our deepest sympathies.

We were wondering if you  
could put your grief aside  
for a moment and let us  
ask you a few questions.

Sure.

We are under special orders to  
find out what exactly occurred  
when your uncle was murdered.

Have you been at  
his house lately?

No, um...why?

Well, we've been informed  
that after he passed,  
somebody broke  
into his house  
and took something



that belongs to us.  
Something very important.  
You wouldn't happen to know anything  
about that something, would you?  
No, um...what, exactly,  
are you looking for?  
Well, I wish I could tell you,  
but that's classified information.  
I tell you what.  
If you can think of anything that might  
help us in our investigation,  
give us a call.  
We're at Motel 6.  
Just off the Interstate.  
Okay. Thanks.  
What do you think?  
What do I think?  
I think this boy knows exactly  
what it is we are looking for.  
And we are going to follow  
his every move.  
But first, we go get  
Krispy Kreme.  
Who was that?  
Interpol?  
They were asking questions  
about my uncle.  
They're looking  
for the canister.  
What did you tell them?  
Nothing.  
Julian, I'm really starting  
to freak out about this.  
I'm going to go to the lab.  
Oh, hey, Julian, want to come with me  
up to the rave site?  
We're starting our setup for tonight,  
and I could really use a hand, bro'.  
Go ahead. I'll call you  
if anything develops.  
Hell, yeah! We're going  
to rave to the grave.  
Yeah.  
Greetings and salutations.

You guys ready for a Halloween  
no one's going to forget?  
Damn straight.  
Are you okay, man?  
I don't know, man.  
Just a cold, I think.  
Aw, man, nothing that's going  
to screw up our DJ's voice?  
I hope.  
No, man. No bug or germ  
will cause me to fail.  
After the show, I'll still get  
plenty of tail. You know this.  
Now let's get busy.  
What's in there?  
What are you doing  
here so early?  
Brett, you scared me.  
Sorry, just came in here  
to feed Mr. Stinky.  
What?  
What's that noise?  
Look at him go.  
I wonder what's  
come over him.  
Maybe he's just happy  
to see you.  
Yeah.  
Did you put that crap  
into his water?  
What's wrong?  
Mr. Stinky bit me.  
Bad Mr. Stinky.  
It's gonna be a hell of a party.  
Yeah, party swarming  
with fine, fine ladies,  
searching for a man  
with higher intellect.  
What about Shelby?  
Hey, I'm a equal  
opportunity defiler.  
I'm a monster.  
That cold bugging you?  
Yeah, man, I don't know.

Yeah, you should  
see Skeet, man,  
maybe he's got some Vitamin C  
or some zinc in that stash of his, you know?  
Speaking of Skeet, check it out.  
Damn. He's tripping  
his brains out.  
Hey, that chick's  
in my pottery class.  
Who's that, man?  
Brains!  
It's Becky and Artie.  
They're already in costume.  
Brains!  
Hey, dude, back off!  
You'll break me.  
You're ruining my high.  
Back off. I said  
back off, man!  
Back off, both of you. Back off!  
I said back off!  
Back off. Back off, man.  
Back off.  
Oh, my God.  
This ain't happening, man.  
I'm just tripping.  
Back off with you!  
Back off, back off, both of you.  
Back off!  
I'm just tripping.  
I'm just tripping.  
Come on, man,  
let's check it out. Come on.  
- Back off!  
- What are you doing?  
Hey, what the hell's  
wrong with them?  
- The speaker wires.  
- Yeah, yeah, yeah!  
Come on.  
See! I've told you  
he was up to no good.  
We should move in.  
No, no, no, looks like they

got things in control.  
I say we sit tight for a while  
and see what unfolds.  
He may have T-5 canisters  
hidden somewhere around here.  
We gotta get 'em  
to the emergency room.  
Dude, I can't leave here.  
This is how I pay my tuition.  
I invested my life  
savings in this crap.  
Yeah, and I'm on my bike.  
Who's gonna take them?  
Hey, we're going for  
some rolling papers.  
You guys want anything?  
That's who.  
Just look at him.  
He's jonesing.  
You better hope nothing happens  
to him or it's gonna be your ass.  
I'm sorry, Brad, I don't  
know what I was thinking.  
I need to go to  
my study group.  
I'll be back in a few hours  
to check on Mr. Stinky.  
You little party animal.  
You're gonna have one  
hell of a hangover.  
God.  
Jesus.  
Brains!  
Don't bogart that.  
Dude, slow down.  
How fast we going, anyway?  
Dang, all right, all right.  
Uptight Saturday night  
in the back seat.  
Where are you guys from, anyway?  
Brains.  
Whoa, never been there, but I got  
a cousin who lives in Fresno, though.  
So what's with the non-party 'tude?

Yeah, it's Friday, man.

No, it's not.

Right on.

Anyhow, you seem like  
an open-minded couple.

Don't you ever want  
to cut loose and go crazy?

Dude, that's totally gay, man.

Thank God! Help us, man!

Help! Help us, man! Hey!

Help--

Bullshit.

No...bull's-eye.

In the name of Isis,  
Goddess of the sun and life,  
I bless all of those lost souls  
from thine beloved animal kingdom  
tragically banished to the fiery hell  
of the fast food grill.

Is that good?

Totally.

Brett.

Happy Halloween, Brett,  
D'Artagnan and Rainbow and I were  
just about to start our discussion  
on the evils of eating meat.

Would you care to join us?

Oh, my God.

Hello?

- Julian, it's Jenny.

- Hey.

Somebody opened the canister.

There's some kind  
of goo everywhere.

You okay?

I'm fine, just get over here now.

Okay, I'm on my way.

What the hell?

Mr. Stinky?

Brains.

Brains!

Oh, thank God.

Something's wrong  
with Mr. Stinky.

I don't know where he is.

He got out.

Who?

Brad's rat. I gave the rats some of that stuff from the container, and something is seriously wrong with him, Julian. They're acting crazy.

Okay, okay.

Mr. Stinky?

- Let's check it out.

- Oh, man!

Well, whatever was in there, it's gone now.

You guys.

I found Mr. Stinky.

Looks like he's acquired a taste for brains.

What, what, what?

Oh, God, they're all out.

Okay, you guys grab those two, I got Mr. Stinky.

Mr. Stinky?

Shoot.

Brains.

Brains.

Awesome costumes, Brett.

Brains!

Stop! Hey! Hey!

Hey!

Did you find him?

No, but I made a couple of friends.

Brains.

- Brains.

- Brains.

Brains.

Run, everybody!

Get out of here!

Hey! Coach Savini.

Where are you going?

Brains!

Howdy, ma'am. You can relax.

The good guys are here.

Ah! Son of a bitch!

My bad.

This way.

- Come on!

- Let's go.

Brains.

You guys are always late.

Jenny.

Are you okay?

Thank God that's over.

Uh, you guys...

Brains!

Brains!

Class dismissed.

Now, what was it you were saying  
about not seeing any canister?

So this is the stuff  
that's reanimating the dead?

Yeah.

It's just the proof we need  
to show what the military is up to.

You will prove  
nothing to nobody.

Have building quarantined.

I want full clean-up.

The canister will be destroyed  
and you will forget you ever saw it.

Look, the most important thing  
is that it's all over now.

Cody? It is all  
over now, isn't it?

Cody?

Look, your brother and I, we--  
We just thought we could  
score some extra cash, you know.

Stuff didn't seem  
like it hurt anyone.

I mean, you saw it  
for yourself, right?

What did you guys do?

I didn't give you  
everything we made.

And Skeet had already taken off  
with about 500 hits of Z, man.

500 hits?

Jeremy's rave!  
Yo, yo, yo. F your money,  
grab your honey.  
If you're single  
then you mingle.  
Tonight's the night,  
it's Halloween,  
and this is the place  
where it's hip to be seen.  
You got to say fuck it  
and misbehave,  
so...take a smile on your face  
from the rave to the grave!  
Damn, maybe it's  
worse than a cold.  
Hey, Superfly.  
Have you seen Cody?  
Nah! Ain't seen him.  
Okay.  
Hey, man, you got some Z?  
Sorry, dudes, the well's dry.  
Hang tight. I think I know  
where I can score some more.  
Let me know if you  
need any more Z.  
Jeremy.  
Hey, J.  
Damn, you look awful.  
Yeah, man, I feel like shit.  
You look like it, too.  
You know where I can  
score some more Z?  
I'll kick you in for a cut.  
Hold on.  
Dude, no offense, man,  
but keep your ass back.  
I don't want to get  
whatever it is you got.  
Thanks.  
You know, maybe there won't  
be any of those things at the rave.  
Maybe we'll get there in time.  
Maybe the kids haven't  
dropped any of the pills yet.



Too many maybes.  
Maybes will get you killed.  
Yeah, he's right.  
And based on what we've seen,  
I think if somebody  
drops some Z  
they become a zombie  
no matter what.  
And the more they take,  
the quicker they zombify,  
dependent on body mass,  
weight, age and other factors.  
But Jeremy?  
He may have only  
had a small sample,  
but it's only a matter  
of time before he...  
- It might be too late for him, babe.  
- No!  
Maybe we can still save him.  
Another maybe.  
Let's go.  
It's going to be great.  
First of all we have to find  
this friend of yours, Skeet,  
and confiscate all  
the remaining Z pills.  
If you come across any living dead,  
aim for the head.  
Look, guys, I got to find Shelby  
and get her ass out of there  
before something happens to her.  
We'll look for Jeremy.  
Hey. Enough talk!  
Wait a minute. You guys can't  
go in there dressed like that.  
If the kids see you, they'll panic.  
She's right. You guys stick out  
like narcs at a Sunday school picnic.  
You need costumes, man.  
Excuse me. Is this Jeremy's rave?  
Where's the DJ booth?  
It's up there, but it looks empty.  
Look, I'm going after Shelby.

Come on, let's take a closer look.  
This way. This way.  
Excuse me. Pardon me.  
Diane, have you seen Shelby?  
Last time I saw her,  
she was over there.  
Yeah, all right...  
come on, let's go.  
This goes out to all the ladies.  
Jeremy.  
Here's for all the locals  
here on Halloween.  
We're all slaves  
to the rave.  
Let's see the headlights, honeys.  
Boy, she can really move.  
- Have you seen this kid?  
- No, man.  
Look that way,  
I'll look this way.  
Hey, you.  
Hey, have you seen Skeet?  
Brains.  
Gino! Gino!  
Thank you, my friend.  
I'm going to recommend  
you for a commendation.  
I'd rather have  
a case of Cristal.  
Let's go.  
Hey! Some creep  
stole our costumes.  
Brains.  
Brains.  
Hey, where's Jenny?  
I don't know.  
I got to go find her.  
Look, you be careful.  
All right.  
Shelby!  
Hey!  
Shelby, come on! We got  
to get out of here. Let's go!  
What? I can't hear you.

Come on, let's go!  
God! Goddamn it.  
Fuck!  
Jenny!  
Have you seen Jenny?  
Hey! Jenny!  
Where the hell is he?  
Jeremy?  
Jeremy, it's me, Jenny.  
Brains!  
Is he okay?  
Brains.  
Julian.  
I'm not letting you out  
of my sight again.  
We've got to find Jeremy.  
No way. It's too dangerous.  
We gotta get out of here.  
But I've gotta try to--  
Listen, I've already  
lost my uncle,  
no way I'm losing you, too.  
Well, I don't want  
to lose my brother.  
Jenny, you already have lost him.  
He's one of them now.  
Come on, just stay  
with me, okay?  
Brains.  
Move. Come on, move!  
Come on, get the fuck  
out of the way, man! Goddamn.  
Shelby, get down!  
Oops. I hope he was a zombie.  
No!  
Cody!  
My God!  
Cody!  
Hey, get off of me.  
Get off of me! Get off me!  
Skeet! Skeet, get off.  
Skeet, get off of me.  
Cody!  
Oh, no!

My God, Cody!  
I would advise you to get  
out of here, young lady.  
Get out of here.  
Don't do this.  
Go on, get out of here.  
Go!  
Julian.  
Look out, look out.  
Hurry.  
Julian!  
Wait!  
Jeremy.  
Brains.  
No, don't.  
We have to.  
Brains.  
Sorry, man.  
Shit.  
Come on, shoot him!  
Shoot him!  
Okay, come on. No, you had  
to do it. You had to do it.  
Jenny, Jenny!  
Come on now. Be strong.  
We have to get out  
of here. Come on. Hurry!  
Look, here they are.  
Time to clean up and go.  
It may be too late.  
Another maybe.  
Brains.  
You know how I hate maybes.  
Come on, let's go.  
Call for backup.  
General, code black.  
We need assistance.  
Requesting backup immediately.  
Yes. Yes, sir, yes.  
Thank you, sir, thank you.  
Thank you.  
Is help coming?  
The Americans have  
already been alerted.

The general says they've dealt  
with this problem before  
and know exactly what to do.  
Maybe they're sending a transport  
to get us out of here.  
Let's go for a clearing.  
Shelby.  
Come on, follow us.  
Come on.  
Oh, no.  
Come on.  
I know a place we can go.  
Shelby.  
No, Jenny, come on,  
she's dead.  
Come on. Hurry.  
I regret there will be no case  
of Cristal for you, my friend.  
And no Euro Disney.  
Come on, hurry.  
That's a roger.  
Missile's on its way.  
Come on, let's  
check outside.  
Holy sweet Jesus!  
Damn.  
I guess I was right.  
This sure was a hell of a party.  
Hello, guys.  
Have you seen Gino?  
- No.  
- No.  
Let's get the hell out of here  
before the army comes, yeah?  
Come on!