

INT. GLASS CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

CHARLES MANTEI, a large man dressed in what looks like a bulky old diver's suit, trudges through the corridor rather slowly. He is dragging a mangled corpse across the floor.

He throws the corpse onto a pile of several others by a wall. Some of them TWITCH UNNATURALLY. Charles grabs a flamethrower-like device off of his back and sets the pile aflame.

Charles stares at the remains after a short while, putting the device back where it belongs. Beyond the ash, he is able to see the ocean surrounding him.

Beyond the glass lies an underwater city, art deco architecture from the 1920's blended with a newer, modern style of the 1940's. Signs flash and fish and other sea life swim by gracefully.

Time is practically frozen, it's DEAD SILENT outside of the heaving from Charles within the giant copper-brass prison he is wearing.

Charles wipes the bits of blood still on the glass of his suit off. He groans. Static comes from within his suit, a voice can be heard, a WOMAN's voice. A woman named DORIS HAYES.

CHARLES

(quietly)

Christ almighty... Just my luck.

DORIS

Good morning to you too, Charles.

CHARLES

(sighs and groans)

Give me a break, dolly. I've had a rough week out here.

DORIS

Unnecessary violence aside, you've made quite the streetcleaner. You've only been employed here... what? A month or two?

CHARLES

As long as I'm being paid for it, Doris. What type of... things were those fellas anyway? Haven't seen em' around.

DORIS

I could've sworn that Price told you about the new breed that's been running around here.

CHARLES

No, no I was in fact not told.

Charles huffs and shakes his head. He begins to move towards another area without windows.

INT. JUMPIN' BASS BAR - EARLY MORNING

As Charles walks into the old bar, he continues to speak to Doris. The bar is a mangled mess, chairs and tables thrown all over the floor.

There is OLD and NEW blood spread out all over. A few corpses, too. Most are completely still except for one that is STILL TWITCHING.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

I really wish I'd get told things more often around here, you know?

DORIS

(sarcastic)

That's something you'll have to get used to. Boss is shy.

CHARLES

I've gathered that much.

Charles looks over at the body that is still twitching near the corner. He slowly reaches for one of his other weapons.

DORIS

Something the matter?

CHARLES

Give me a second, Doris. I think there's still one left.

Charles walks slowly towards the twitching body. As he moves, he notices a strange set of pills next to an empty bottle of beer.

The corpse begins to twitch even harder, as if possessed by something. Its body begins to rapidly mutate into a grotesque hunk of flesh.

CHARLES

Doris, I think there's something
even newer down here.

DORIS

Price did not tell me about this.
This might be why this building
was shut off.

CHARLES

And Price told me to open it up
again?

DORIS

In my days as a streetcleaner, he
always did tell me about how you
should always try new things.

Charles looks up at the now pulsating zombified mess of
flesh staring down at him violently. He pulls out both the
flamethrower-like weapon and another drill-like one.

The living corpse DROOLS on him from above.

CHARLES

Sick sense of humor that man..

END