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Hatchet vs. the Servo Cult

BLACK.

EXT. DAYCARE BUILDING - MORNING

Birds are chirping outside enormous
brick daycare center buildings.

Everything gets blown to pieces.

Fire quickly engulfs our entire field of vision.
In seconds, we are surrounded on it by all sides.

Glass windows are blown to pieces.

Entire walls of the daycare center are toppled.

The building has been blown up.

FADE TO: BLACK.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - SOON

Police officer Renee unravels yellow CAUTION
tape, to be strung up around the area.

Three police officers stand at the crime scene,
as half a dozen voices are exchanged over radio.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Yep, keep on walking. Keep on walking.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Let's go. There ain't nothing to see here. Move along.

POLICE OFFICER 1

The whole building is demolished.

POLICE OFFICER 2

I'm just grateful we got everyone evacuated in time.
That's the important part of all this.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Yeah, exactly. Thank God we got everyone

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out in time - once we realized what was up here.

POLICE OFFICER 2

What's happening with the Bomb Squad?

POLICE OFFICER 1

They're "on the way", last I checked.

And, obviously . . . they're going to
get here a little late.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Whatever - all things considered, the important
thing is the evacuation process.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Yeah. Sure. But, still. It raises the question . . .
what kind of sick, twisted fuck would do this?

INT. NEWS SHOW - FULL-SCREEN VIEW

REPORTER

What kind of sick, twisted man could actually do this?
But it's not a "man" at all - it's 32-year-old Summer Knight.

A photo of Summer appears. Beautiful eyes.
Beautiful hair. A beautiful smile.

REPORTER

Clearly far from mentally stable, Summer Knight
blew up a Bank of America building earlier this year,
killing 3 people and injuring 9. She then blew up a Beefy
Burger fast-food joint three months later, killing 7 people.
Now, her third target: a daycare center. Police confirm
that the building was evacuated, and zero casualties were
reported, thus far.

(shaking her head)

I tell you. That is just sick.

REPORTER 2

All right, and now, on a less disturbing note: the Masked
Opera will be debuting on Broadway . . .

INT. BAR - MIDDAY

Hatchet sits on a barstool, holding his large glass mug

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of beer. He doesn't drink from it.

A caption reads: PENNSYLVANIA.

The bartender looks him over. His eyes dart down.

The mug is still full. Hatchet isn't drinking.

BARTENDER

What's the matter? 4:00 suddenly too early for ya?

HATCHET

I just, ugghhh. I can't take it.

BARTENDER

Hatchet, how long have you been coming here now? A year?

HATCHET

A year? . . . Hmm. I'd say, yeah, something like that.

BARTENDER

This place is like your second home now.

HATCHET

Yeah - other than the state of Pennsylvania.

BARTENDER

You been coming here for a year now. I know when you're not the regular you. When something's getting to you.

HATCHET

Look at this Summer Knight thing. What kind of sick bastard would do that?

BARTENDER

Hmm?

Hatchet nods his head toward the big-screen TV, covering the story of her latest attack.

HATCHET

This Summer Knight story. What kind of

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sick, twisted world is this?

BARTENDER

Ohhh, no, the Summer Knight thing.
God. What a psychotic woman, huh?
Let me tell you - almost as bad as my ex.

HATCHET

What kind of woman would do that?
Blow up a daycare center? I just . . .
I just can't get past this.

BARTENDER

I tell ya. It's just horrible.

HATCHET

We live in a HORRIBLE world
where nothing gets better - it
only gets WORSE.

BARTENDER

Come on, now. Don't be Mr. Depressing.

Hatchet continues to drink.

Glug, glug, glug, glug.

BARTENDER

Now THERE's what I remember.

Glug, glug. Glug. Glug.

Then Hatchet slams his empty mug
down onto the counter.

BARTENDER

Easy there, cowboy!

Hatchet tosses a 10-dollar bill on the
counter, and leaves.

HATCHET

Keep the change!

BARTENDER

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Hey! Hey, where are you going?

HATCHET
To find Summer Knight.

BARTENDER
What are you, crazy??

HATCHET
Yes.

The doors close behind Hatchet. He is gone.

The bartender shakes his head.

BARTENDER
How you doing here? Want a refill?

CUSTOMER
Yes, please.

BARTENDER
Coming right up.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FLORIDA AVENUE - EVENING

A caption reads: "WASHINGTON, D.C.
Florida Avenue"

Several cars are driving slowly down the road.
One slows down to a stop, parking parallel.

INT. AXIS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOON

Inside the house and home of Axis Spaniel,
music is blasting loudly.

AXIS
Hey. Guys. Not too loud, huh? We don't
want to get complaints from the neighbors.
You know?

Six other people are in the room with him.

AXIS

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Man. There's . . . too many people here.

He gets up and walks away, to the kitchen,
only to find another five people standing,
hanging out, talking.

AXIS

There are so many people in my house right now.
It's not even funny.

CULTIST 1

Man, I'm getting hungry.

CULTIST 2

We should order a pizza.

CULTIST 1

A pizza? Yeah, I'm down.

CULTIST 3

Shit, I'll throw in for a pizza. I'll throw in,
what, five bucks. What do you say, guys?

CULTIST 4

Well, if we're gonna get pizza, might as well
get ecstasy and alcohol.

AXIS

We are NOT getting ecstasy and alcohol . . .
we're . . . okay, a pizza is all right. I mean -
gotta feed the soldiers. Right?
. . . But then it's time to discuss . . . the Servo Cult.

CULTIST 3

SERVO CULT!

Cultist 3's hands are both in the air.

CULTIST 3

What what! The Servo Cult gets shit done!

AXIS

Yeah. Well. Well - all I did was . . . like,
run him over with a car, really.

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CULTIST 3

Still! The Servo Cult gets shit done!

AXIS

Wow! I really did not used to think things would ever get this far!

CULTIST 3

No?

CULTIST 4

Well, see, man, you told us all to recruit some new people, and we did. We recruited new people.

Knock, knock! Axis looks toward his door.

CULTIST 3

Pizza's here ALREADY? Man that's fast!

CULTIST 4

I'll say! You didn't even order it yet!

Two cultists open Axis' door to let in an additional two people.

AXIS

Guys, I don't have enough . . . black robes with numbers to fit everyone. Gaaaaaah!

He starts holding his head with both hands, suddenly suffering an anxiety attack.

AXIS

All right . . . all right . . . let's . . . do this. Get organized. Guys! First, I want to count how many there are of you!

SOON - as he gets done counting the last of the people in the room.

AXIS

21. There's actually 21 people here now, for the cult.

CULTIST 3

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Plus you is 22.

AXIS

I can't believe there's 21 of you.
Except, that's right. Now I'm gonna
go outside, into the field, *with* you
guys as we run another mission of
. . . the Servo Cult.

CULTIST 3

What are we gonna do THIS time, Leader?

AXIS

We're gonna go after the bad people
. . . namely Summer Knight.

TITLE SHOT:

HATCHET

VS.

THE SERVO CULT.

After the title shot FADES TO BLACK,
we then FADE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FLORIDA AVENUE - EVENING

The Sun is just starting to lower.

The daytime is just starting to become the evening.

The sky is becoming red, pink, and orange.

A group of five people walks down the street
together, dressed in all black, with white lettering
over the chest reading 01, 02, 03, 04, 05.

AXIS' VOICE

Numbers 1 through 5, do the patrol together,
on foot. No cars - for right now. Look for
CRIME. Or look for Summer Knight.

CUT TO a second team of five people,
Numbers 6 through 10, walking the opposite
way down the street.

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NUMBER 6'S VOICE

We're just looking for one individual?
This is ridiculous.

AXIS' VOICE

Number 6, okay, I understand it might sound a little ridiculous, walking around looking for one individual, Summer Knight. But if ALL of you are searching . . . and every DAY, for a few days . . . the chances are just so high that she WILL be there somewhere.

NUMBER 6'S VOICE

Okay. We'll split up into two groups.

6 and 7 detach from 8, 9, and 10.

CUT TO Number 11, walking side-by-side with Axis, Leader of the cult.

NUMBER 11

Why do we gotta do this? Why can't you just leave it to Hatchet? Let him take care of this?

AXIS

Hatchet? Let Hatchet do it? Actually, that's exactly what I'm afraid of!

NUMBER 11

"Afraid of"? Afraid of what?

AXIS

I'm afraid Hatchet will kill Summer Knight.

NUMBER 11

And? And she'll be dead?

AXIS

And everyone will think Hatchet's way is okay. That he won, by killing her.

NUMBER 11

But, she'll be dead.

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AXIS

And the world will think Hatchet is wonderful for killing her. Killing people will become okay. I can't let this happen.

NUMBER 11

So, you have to STOP Hatchet, and SAVE the lady criminal.

AXIS

Not "save" her. Have her arrested. Have her put in jail. That's the proper channels. But I also can't let her downfall be Hatchet killing her.

NUMBER 11

I guess I . . . kind of see where you're coming from.

AXIS

Yeah?

NUMBER 11

Yeah. Don't want Hatchet to become a star for killing the criminal. This whole Servo Cult is about *not* killing people.

AXIS

Yeah. The Gray Goat had a different point of view.

NUMBER 11

The Gray Goat. Huh. Yeah. God, I wonder who your next enemies that you meet are gonna be.

AXIS

Hmm. Good question.

As the two men walk on through the city,
we FLY AHEAD . . .

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - ELSEWHERE

Summer Knight walks down the street
wearing a white dress.

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Not a single care or worry, as she walks on ahead. She trusts cars to slow down in time and stop before hitting her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY

A Japanese man dressed in a green praying mantis costume, including a mask that covers the face and leaves revealed only the eyes and mouth, aims a gun at the cashiers.

Behind him stand several Japanese gunmen, wearing nice suits.

PRAYING MANTIS

Now give me all the money in the register!

CASHIER

I-I'm afraid I can't do that. They - they have it locked so no employee is capable of opening it.

PRAYING MANTIS

Bullshit!

Now he sets a white object onto the countertop: a small egg timer. He sets the timer to 90 seconds.

PRAYING MANTIS

You have 90 seconds to give me the money!

CASHIER

P-please! Please, don't!

HIRED MAN 4

Wareware wa, kōsokudenakereba naranai.
Keisatsu ga arawareta toki ni wareware
ga okonatte iru hitsuyō ga arimasu.
(We have to be fast. We must be gone
when the police show up.)

PRAYING MANTIS

Akiraka ni watashi wa sudeni shitte iru.
(Obviously I already know that.)

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HIRED MAN 4

Akiraka ni anata wa shinaide kudasai!
(Obviously you don't!)

CASHIER

What are you saying?

PRAYING MANTIS

Will you hand over the money yet?
Or do I need to . . . demonstrate?

CASHIER

No!! N-no!