

Red in Tooth and Claw

written by

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SUPERIMPOSE:

"That's when I realized that death was the ultimate thrill."

- John Wayne Gacy

FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A man named JOHN (40) works underneath a decrepit truck in his garage. His son RICK (16) bounces a rubber ball against the garage wall while his other son JEB (14) sits on a milk crate reading an issue of Military History magazine.

JEB

"...Before it was replaced as the US military's service rifle in 1936 by the semi automatic M1 Garand which General Patton described as the 'greatest battle implement ever devised.'"

RICK

Nah, that ain't it.

JEB

Ain't what?

RICK

The greatest battle implement man has invented. It's obviously the machine gun. It sure as hell changed warfare more than the M1 Garand. Something can't be too great if it ain't being used anymore.

JEB

You got me there.

He flips to the next page.

JEB (CONT'D)

Hey, daddy. We still got that old Springfield?

JOHN

Yeah.

JEB

How much you figure we could get for it?

JOHN  
You mean selling it?

JEB  
Yeah.

JOHN  
Two thousand easily. Except we'd never sell it on account of it being in our family for five generations.

JEB  
Really?

JOHN  
Certified heirloom, son. And you don't sell heirlooms. We ain't that desperate.

RICK  
We'd sooner sell you 'fore we sell that ought six.

Jeb gives Rick the middle finger.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Ooh, scary.

JOHN  
Knock it off, you two.

JEB  
But -

JOHN  
Just quit it. Hand me that flashlight.

Jeb hands him the flashlight and he finishes inspecting the undercarriage.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Alright. That's it. I know just what I gotta do now.

He slides out from underneath the car and finishes the last of his water bottle.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Jeb, get me another bottle out the fridge.

JEB  
Why don't you get Prick to do it?

JOHN  
Because I asked you to do it. It  
ain't gonna kill you.

JEB  
Yeah, yeah.

Rick throws the ball at him and he catches it.  
He walks out the garage towards the ramshackle house.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

RICK (O.S.)  
Get me one too!

JEB  
Sit and spin, piss brain.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

JOHN  
I wish you two got along better.  
You're brothers for Christ's sake.  
I mean what if something were to  
happen to me and you were on your  
own? You think some guy in a funny  
costume is going to swoop out the  
sky and save your skinny ass?

RICK  
I know, daddy.

JOHN  
The world's not getting any better,  
boy. You'd do best to remember  
that.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

JEB  
Sick and tired of this crap. Sick  
and tired of being the one that  
gets the water.  
(MORE)

JEB (CONT'D)  
Tired of this damn toilet of a town  
and this sorry excuse for a living.

He makes his way to the refrigerator and opens it up and looks inside. He grabs a plastic bottle of water.

Something softly lands on the floor behind him.

JEB (CONT'D)  
Come winter I am gone.

Jeb closes the refrigerator and turns around. Raspy laughter is heard. Right as he begins to scream he's attacked by an unseen assailant.

He drops the rubber ball on the linoleum tile and it bounces as his body is broken and torn apart.

Blood sprays the room. Jeb's blood soaked arm hits the floor as the ball comes to a stop.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rick reads from the magazine.

RICK  
"...Western supported resistance  
movement known as the Mujadeen."

JOHN  
Mujahideen.

RICK  
Huh?

JOHN  
It's pronounced Mujahideen, not  
Mujadeen.

RICK  
Yeah, yeah, my bad.

John slides out from under the car.

JOHN  
Where is that boy? I said the  
refrigerator, not the interstate.

RICK  
Maybe he got distracted. Thought it  
was a good time to beat off.

John sighs.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'll get him, daddy.

JOHN  
Hurry. Your old man's dying of  
thirst over here.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

RICK  
What's taking you so long, you  
simple bastard? You got lead in  
your legs or something?

Red tendrils creep up his pants. They travel into his every  
orifice faster than he can react and he's rendered completely  
still.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

John slides out from underneath the car and wipes sweat off  
his forehead with a rag.

JOHN  
Jesus Christ! I guess I have to do  
it myself.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN  
Where are you two?

He sees what's left of his sons on the floor. Blood pools  
underneath his boots.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You're standing in the little  
tykes, pops.

John looks up to see a vaguely red form in the corner. It's  
the supervillain CARNAGE. He lets out a raspy laugh.

Before John can open his mouth to scream he's attacked.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Carnage sits on the porch admiring John's severed head in his right hand.

CARNAGE

Some more piggies to the slaughter.

He tosses it into the dirt and it rolls several times. He laughs.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)

Who's next?

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A slide show of pictures plays onscreen.

They show a man shoved into a vending machine, severed limbs laying on the sidewalk, a couple dead on a picnic blanket, severed heads sitting on a diner counter and a police officer with a shotgun shoved through his chest inside his squad car.

It ends on a photo of a bloody crib.

A SHIELD AGENT (40) exits the slideshow. Seated at tables are the agents CLAY (30), STARR (35), WHITE (38), BRADFORD (34) and RJ (28).

AGENT

Nine hundred and eighty eight. Nine hundred and eighty eight men, women and children slaughtered in the past two months alone. New York, New Jersey, the Carolinas and most recently Georgia. The scumbag responsible? Cletus Kasady. You know him as the supervillain Carnage.

A picture of Carnage on top of a car surrounded by corpses appears onscreen.

AGENT (CONT'D)

With at least four thousand victims he's one of the most dangerous men alive. No heroes around to stop him means he's the proverbial fox in the henhouse. If foxes could bench press a tank and kick the hell out of Spider Man on a semi regular basis. President Skull has ordered us to take him down as soon as possible and by any means necessary. We'll have the latest Mandroid Mark Xs at our disposal and the assistance of several other superhumans. Those not armored will be equipped with...

He picks up a high tech energy cannon from behind the desk.

AGENT (CONT'D)

...This. It's made of the best polymer money can buy and holds five energy charges, each capable of punching through steel like paper mache. Once again, five charges so make them count. Any questions?

Clay raises his hand.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Yes?

CLAY

Can you make sure I get cremated when I end up ground chuck?

The men laugh.

AGENT

Your confidence is remarkable.

STARR

You can say that again.

WHITE

I mean, do we have enough? This isn't some run of the mill terrorist or wannabe archvillain.

AGENT

It should be.



BRADFORD

Do we have any intel on his location?

AGENT

One of our in house telepaths picked up his psychic signature.

RJ

I swear, if they caught this psycho at a Waffle House...

AGENT

Worse. A long abandoned industrial complex near Tallahassee. It seems to be his hideout for the time being but he's likely to move any day now. Meaning time is of the essence. You'll be moving out within the hour.

WHITE

Oorah.

CLAY

I need to jot down my will on a napkin then.

AGENT

In case putting down a superpowered maniac wasn't reward enough the President has offered a substantial cash bounty for whoever actually deals the killing blow.

RJ whistles.

BRADFORD

Keep that napkin ready, dickhead.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The team flies through the night on an helicopter. Clay and Bradford are wearing blue Mandroid armor while the rest wield energy cannons.

The supervillains PILEDRIIVER (38), NITRO (45) and FIREBRAND (25) are with them.

FIREBRAND

All this fuss over one guy.

PILEDRIVER

Carnage ain't just one guy. When the skulls down at the Bar with No Name wanted to scare the piss out of each other they told stories about him. Sick stuff. Stuff that would make even Red Skull blush.

NITRO

He's no Captain Marvel.

FIREBRAND

Again with the bragging. We get it, dude. You killed a superhero a bajillion years ago. Whoop whoop.

PILEDRIVER

Y'all forget I beat Thor.

STARR

You had help.

PILEDRIVER

Say that again?

RJ

You had your gang. The Wrecking Crew, right?

PILEDRIVER

Yeah, well, Nitro didn't beat Captain Marvel. Cancer did.

NITRO

Psst. Technicalities.

Clay looks at his arms.

CLAY

Man, I feel like I could knock an Abrams on its ass. Surprisingly snug for power armor. Imagine if my boy brought this in for show and tell. Kids would lose their little minds.

PILOT

Touchdown in sixty.

WHITE

Remember the plan. Two separate groups. South and east sides. Keep in touch on the ear pieces.

(MORE)

WHITE (CONT'D)

You even smell that slimy red  
bastard, scream.

FIREBRAND

Only screaming you'll hear will be  
him when I get to burning.

PILEDRIVER

Whatever. Why they didn't get Klaw  
for this job I'll never know. He's  
living sound, for God's sake. A lot  
smarter than you too, hotshot.

NITRO

Klaw's dead.

FIREBRAND

You serious?

NITRO

In the takeover. Dr. Strange did  
some kind of weird spell and he  
evaporated.

FIREBRAND

Yeah but -

NITRO

He's dead, okay? It's been damn  
near a year since I saw him get  
dusted. If he was still alive we  
would know it.

PILEDRIVER

Who cares? We're alive and about to  
be loaded.

The helicopter lands near the industrial complex and they all  
move out.

EXT. COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Bradford, RJ, Nitro and Starr (Tiger squad) head towards the  
complex's south entrance and Clay, White and Firebrand (Wolf  
squad) head towards the east side.

Piledriver heads towards the complex on his own.

WHITE

Where're you going?

PILEDRIVER

After my payday. I don't need no help.

STARR

You're sticking with us, Nitro?

NITRO

Yeah. I get paid either way and I'm not taking any risks.

STARR

Cool. Make sure when you do your human bomb routine you do it away from me. I got a wife at home that needs daily dick.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPLEX - NIGHT

Wolf squad maneuvers through a dark corridor filled with refuse.

FIREBRAND

Dude, something reeks.

WHITE

It's an abandoned factory, not the perfume aisle at Nordstrom.

CLAY

Nah, he's right. It smells like death warmed up and left to rot.

They turn the corner and find the source of the smell.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

A homeless MAN (50) is crucified to the wall with pieces of steel. His intestines sit in a pile on the floor on top of his severed legs.

Written in blood above his head is "CARNAGE RULES."

FIREBRAND

Who is this guy?

WHITE

Was. From his clothes he looks like a bum that was using this place for a house.

FIREBRAND  
Some bad luck.

WHITE  
All the more reason to stay on your  
guard.

CUT TO:

Piledriver navigates his way through the maze of jagged  
metal.

PILEDRIVER  
This Kasady guy must be a real  
psycho to bunk in this toilet.

He grabs a railing and pulls his hand away. It's slick with  
blood. He groans and kicks through the metal out of rage.

A WOMAN's (20) bisected corpse falls at his feet. He groans  
with disgust.

Skittering is heard. He turns his back towards the wall and  
scans the factory.

PILEDRIVER (CONT'D)  
Come out and face me, you maniac!

Metal is torn out of place and faster than he can react  
Piledriver is knocked to the floor with a beam. More  
skittering.

He collects himself, tears a piece of machinery out the floor  
and throws it. It crashes through the far wall.

PILEDRIVER (CONT'D)  
Quit your hiding! Come out already  
and let's end this!

Barbed tendrils slither along the ground and pull him off his  
feet. Carnage laughs before leaping at Piledriver from the  
darkness.

He slashes his back open with his claw and he yells in pain  
while swinging blindly.

CARNAGE  
Tough country boy just like me,  
huh? Well, I'm your huckleberry.

PILEDRIVER  
Damn you!

Tendrils stab into his chest. He grabs them and pulls.  
Carnage lunges towards him and is met with an uppercut.

Carnage flies back and deftly lands on his feet. His arms  
turn into axes. Before he can attack again a torrent of fire  
envelops him and he screams in pain.

FIREBRAND

How's that feel?

Carnage turns and spikes shoot out of his chest. They hit  
Firebrand in his face and throat and he falls to the ground  
dead.

CARNAGE

Better than you, hothead.

Energy guns are heard charging simultaneously.

WHITE

Fire at will!

Carnage dodges the blasts and leaps at White. He lands on him  
and sticks his thumbs into his eyes.

CARNAGE

All this for little ol' me? Aren't  
I something special?!

STARR

He got White! Burn him!

Carnage leaps on top of Clay's armor.

CLAY

Get him off me!

CARNAGE

Too late, Iron Boy!

His arm turns into a pickaxe and slams into Clay's face  
shield.

PILEDRIIVER

Enough!

Carnage jumps to the ground and tosses the armor at an  
advancing Piledriver.

BRADFORD

No clear shot! He's too fast!

NITRO

I got it.

Nitro puts his arms together and prepares to fire explosive energy.

Tendrils wrap around them and the blast blows Bradford and RJ apart.

CARNAGE

Talk about friendly fire.

Carnage's arms turn into blades and he impales Nitro.

STARR

Screw this!

Starr throws his gun down and flees the complex.

PILEDRIVER

We ain't done yet, Red.

Piledriver and Carnage continue fighting. Carnage whips him in the face and knocks him on his stomach with a spiked hammer.

He stands over Piledriver and completely covers his head with his symbiote. He desperately clutches at his face in an attempt to breathe as the symbiote pours down his throat.

CARNAGE

Not so tough on the inside, are you?

With a series of hacks he decapitates him.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)

That was fun. I think it's time I pay this President Skull a visit. Paint the White House as red as his ugly face.

Carnage laughs heartedly at his own joke.

A voice speaks from the darkness.

VOICE (O.S.)

My boss wouldn't like that one bit.

CARNAGE

More meat? Come out and I promise I'll make it quick.

A man steps into the light. It's the supervillain SPOT.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)

Heh. Another clown in pajamas.

SPOT  
They're not pajamas, imbecile.

Carnage falls through a black portal that appears underneath him.

Spot touches an electronic earpiece.

SPOT (CONT'D)  
Mr. Kasady is dealt with, sir.

RED SKULL (V.O.)  
Excellent. Any survivors?

SPOT  
Just one. A SHIELD agent that fled shortly before my arrival.

RED SKULL  
Hmm. Taskmaster will be there with a team within the hour to take care of the casualties. I trust Carnage will longer be an issue.

SPOT  
He's on the other side of the planet like you wanted, sir. He's someone else's problem now.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK - DAY

A portal appears in the Australian Outback and Carnage falls out of it. He looks around in confusion.

CARNAGE  
Where the hell am I? Zebra Man's in for a world of hurt when I get my claws on him.

He stands and in the distance sees a lively bar with cars parked in front.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)  
Hmm, on second thought...

He grins at the horrors soon to come and laughs.

FADE OUT.

THE END.