

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - LANE FIVE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD (30s) and NATALIE (30s) stow their bags and lace up their shoes. They both wear blue TEAM SHIRTS that say "VIRTUOUS EAGLES" and have their NAMES embroidered on the pocket.

Natalie's shirt is SLEEVELESS, and she has a TATTOO of an EAGLE'S WING on her upper arm.

Howard grabs a BOWLING BALL.

HOWARD

It still doesn't feel right.

NATALIE

Because your wrist is fucked up. Just get it looked at already.

HOWARD

Nah, I'll be fine.

NATALIE

Take it easy on the approach tonight. Deacon's Prayer Step, a couple Lion Skulls. Maybe, maybe a 180 Heel Crank.

HOWARD

Eight Step Scorpion Hook?

NATALIE

Too risky.

HOWARD

It wins us games.

NATALIE

Doesn't matter, Howard. If you hurt your wrist you may never bowl again.

Natalie pulls out a BLACK BOWLING BALL with an EAGLE'S WING painted on it.

The LOUNGE LIZARDS arrive. They wear gray and black TEAM SHIRTS.

LOUNGE LIZARD #1

'Sup Eagles? We're here, we want beer, we inspire fear, get used to it. I know we are!

The FOUR Lounge Lizards all WAG their TONGUES in the air.
They lean in and touch the TIPS of their tongues together.

LOUNGE LIZARD #2
Lounge Lizards for life!

Howard looks at Natalie.

LOUNGE LIZARD #3 gets up, picks up a ball, and rolls it down the lane. It curves toward the GUTTER, then right back into the PINS. STRIKE.

Natalie stands, grabs her BALL, and brings it up against her shoulder.

The EAGLE'S WING on the BOWLING BALL lines up with the EAGLE'S WING TATTOO on her UPPER ARM, forming a complete SCREAMING EAGLE.

She is about to bowl when there is another LOUD CLUNKING from the BALL RETURNER. It chucks, then spits up A MAN'S SEVERED HEAD, which rolls around the track until it rests face up against the other bowling balls.

Natalie SCREAMS and drops her BALL.

LOUNGE LIZARDS
What the fuck?/Holy shit./Whose
bowling ball is this?

Everyone around Lane Five starts screaming, but they are pointing toward the pins.

CROWD
Oh my god!/Jesus christ./Look out!

CROCS emerge from behind the PINS on every lane, accompanied by a spritz of PURPLE MIST. They SPRINT towards the bowlers.

CROWD
They're coming!

The wall of Crocs slams into the bowlers. Young couples, trucker cabals, and birthday parties are interrupted by the crushing jaws of ABOUT THIRTY CROCS.

A Croc barrels straight through Natalie, knocking her down. That Croc jumps at LOUNGE LIZARD #4, pinning him to the floor. It begins to gnaw on his arm.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND OF COMMOTION reaches CHASE and VIRGINIA.

CHASE
What the fuck?

VIRGINIA
Is that a crocodile?

A Croc runs toward them. They both jump on top of the DESK.

CHASE
No.

VIRGINIA
How the hell?

CHASE
No, it can't be. No, no, no.

Virginia turns to go.

VIRGINIA
What's the best way out?

Chase remains spellbound. Virginia grabs his shoulders.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Chase! Are you with me?

She slaps Chase's face.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Chase!

Chase snaps out of it.

CHASE
There's only one way out.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - LANE TWELVE - CONTINUOUS

A Croc menaces a group of FIVE GIRLS (10s). MOM picks up the BIRTHDAY GIRL, set apart by her TIARA, and puts her up on a chair. The Birthday Girl stares down at her LIGHT-UP SNEAKERS.

Meanwhile, the Croc closes on the other Four Girls. Mom matter-of-factly picks up the CAKE KNIFE and SLASHES at the Croc. It ROARS but turns away from the Girls.

Mom ushers the Four Girls into a herd and starts moving toward the door. She looks around wildly for the Birthday Girl.

MOM
Kylee? Kylee?!

A Croc slides heavily off the chair Kylee stood on. It turns its head dramatically toward Mom.

KYLEE'S FOOT sticks out of its mouth, her SNEAKER still lighting up stupidly.

MOM (CONT'D)
You bastard!

The OTHER GIRLS all scream and MOM, in tears, must continue moving them toward the exit.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - LANE FIVE - CONTINUOUS

Lounge Lizard #1 leans down to check on Lounge Lizard #3, who is bleeding from a large NECK WOUND. Suddenly a Croc grabs Lounge Lizard #1's KNEE and breaks it the WRONG WAY. Lounge Lizard #1 falls to the ground. The Croc eats his BOTTOM JAW off. His exposed TONGUE wiggles spastically.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Virginia jumps to the ground.

CHASE
I have Reese's truck.

He digs a set of KEYS out of his pocket and throws them to Virginia.

CHASE (CONT'D)
You go get it. Get wicked close to the door. I'll round everybody up and meet you there.

VIRGINIA
Chase, that's too dangerous.

CHASE
All these years, I thought she was crazy. I should have been the one to believe her.

VIRGINIA

This is not your fault. You don't owe anyone anything.

Chase looks out over the lanes. He sees Mom and the Birthday Girls.

CHASE

I let these crocs destroy my family. I won't let it happen to anyone else.

VIRGINIA

I'll get the truck.

CHASE

Hey, I got this. OK? I got this.

Virginia runs out the door.

Chase goes to Mom and picks up one of the Girls. Together they seat the Four Girls in a line on the DESK.

CHASE (CONT'D)

(to one Girl)

It's gonna be OK, honey. One way or another, it is gonna be OK.

Mom cries into Chase's shoulder.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - LANE FIVE - CONTINUOUS

Lounge Lizard #4 and Natalie hobble toward a screaming, jawless Lounge Lizard #1. A Big Croc rolls out from under the benches and KNOCKS them over.

The Big Croc grabs Natalie by the ankle and drags her down a lane. She tries to slow herself down by digging her NAILS into the wooden FLOOR.

Lounge Lizard #4 slips on the copious BLOOD.

Another Croc rips off his FOOT, then a Third makes a small hole in his ABDOMEN. Multiple Crocs come to feed on him JUST A LITTLE BIT.

Natalie continues to struggle with the Croc at lane's end. Howard stands on a CHAIR kicking Crocs.

NATALIE

Help! Jesus!

HOWARD
I'm coming, Nat!

Howard leaps from his chair and starts rolling BOWLING BALLS at the Croc.

She picks up a PIN and slams it into the Croc's head. The Croc drops her ankle and she tries to crawl away from it. The Croc shakes off the hit, then comes after her in the MIDDLE OF THE LANE.

The BALL RACK has only one remaining object: THE MAN'S SEVERED HEAD.

NATALIE
(yelling)
Howard! The Eight Step Scorpion Hook!

Howard picks up THE MAN'S SEVERED HEAD by putting TWO FINGERS in the open MOUTH and jamming his THUMB in the NECK HOLE. He brings it up and does EIGHT COMPLICATED STEPS.

HOWARD
(to himself)
The eagle flies by four virtues:
humility, temperance, patience, and
charity.

Howard BOWLS the HEAD. It rolls straight down the LANE, and just as it is about to hit Natalie, its backspin kicks in, and it LOOPS neatly around her and the Croc. It continues down the lane.

Natalie's Croc sprints after the HEAD. It triggers the PINSETTER, which slams down on the Croc, crushing its top half.

Howard runs down the lane and helps Natalie to her feet. He supports her on their way to the front door.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

One of the Girls plugs her ears and buries her face in her hands. Another tries to distract herself with objects on the DESK. One of these objects is a large SWITCH. She FLIPS IT.

The LIGHTS go out.

"BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE" starts playing loudly.

NEON LIGHTS, STROBES, and LASERS of every color fill the

room.

The humans lose their advantage in the battle against the Crocs. In the dark, the Crocs quickly get underfoot, mauling lovesick teens, gutting truckers, throttling families. They almost chomp in time to the music.

Crocs surround the DESK. The Girls stand up, trying to kick the Crocs away with their light-up sneakers. The Girl who flipped the SWITCH tries to flip it back. She BREAKS it. The room remains DISCO-Y.

Chase and Mom climb up on the desk. Crocs snap at their heels. Chase SPRAYS the Crocs with his AEROSOL CAN.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - LANE FIVE - CONTINUOUS

Natalie trips on a BOWLING BALL and knocks herself out.

Howard bends over, trying to lift her. A Croc leaps out of nowhere, grabbing all of Howard's top half and falling into a graceful death roll.

Howard's body rips at the chest. The Croc takes his arms and head. His LEGS AND TORSO stand still for a moment, then fall forward. His GUTS spill over Natalie's face.

She WAKES just in time to see a Croc lean over her. It licks her a few times.

NATALIE

Ah! Ah! AH!

INT. LUCKY STRIKE LANES - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Chase points to Natalie.

CHASE

Jesus!

Natalie sobs.

MOM

There's no one left! We gotta move!

CHASE

We'll never make it to the door.

MOM

If we run like hell.

CHASE
Not with the kids.

He looks around the room.

CHASE (CONT'D)
OK, here's the plan. I'll go that way.

He points away from the door.

CHASE (CONT'D)
I'll pull them away from you. You take these.

He hands Mom a pair of SCISSORS from the desk.

CHASE (CONT'D)
And get the kids out that door.
There's a truck waiting outside.

MOM
No, wait--

Suddenly a WHITE TRUCK with "Uncle Og's" stenciled on its side ERUPTS through the GLASS FRONT DOORS. The Crocs are nothing but speed bumps to the truck's roaring four wheel drive.

The truck stops. Its LIGHTS illuminate the dark bowling alley. It can't move any farther.

DONNA rises from the truck's bed, Reese's DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN in hand. Her blast makes a bloody explosion of the Croc on top of Natalie. Natalie runs to the desk.

Donna fires a few more times to create a misty red path from desk to truck.

Natalie and Mom carry the Girls to the truck bed. Chase gets in the cab with Virginia.

CHASE
Nice timing. Is that Crazy up there shooting?

VIRGINIA
Totally! You know, everything she was saying made WAY more sense when the crocs got here.

CHASE

Just like Reese. Where do we go now?

VIRGINIA

We've gotta get these guys somewhere safe. A skyscraper or something.

CHASE

The Triton.

Virginia puts the truck back in gear.

LOUNGE LIZARD #2 (O.S.)

Wait! Don't leave! Wait for me!

The MEN'S ROOM door flies open. Lounge Lizard #2 runs toward the truck, a large BUNDLE slung over his shoulder. Crocs are in hot pursuit.

NATALIE

Ditch yer gear!

Donna takes careful aim and blasts the Crocs chasing him.

Lounge Lizard #2 LEAPS on the pickup bed just as Virginia peels out. The truck fishtails.

The BLANKET falls away from his BUNDLE. Underneath is a red-faced, LIVING KYLEE with her missing leg neatly BANDAGED.

MOM

Kylee! My sweet girl!

LOUNGE LIZARD #2

I saw her and--sorry--I'm an EMT.
Thought she was gonna bleed out.

Mom collapses on her. She sobs with relief.

Everyone ducks as they go back through the broken glass doors.

Crocs continue to feast lightly on Lounge Lizard #4.

LOUNGE LIZARD #4

Hello? Someone help, please. Is anyone
still here? Please!

INT. TRITON HOTEL - LIBRARY - NIGHT

TYE sits alone, plucking the strings of her UKULELE. She