

S.T.A.R.S. REPORT
A RESIDENT EVIL FAN FILM
by
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EXT. RPD HELIPAD, DAY.

It's early morning, and the chopper has just arrived from Spencer Mansion. JILL, 23, Caucasian brunette, and BARRY, 38, very large and very ginger, help REBECCA, 18, petite brunette, to climb down. In the meantime, CHRIS, 25, white Caucasian male, is dragging the pilot BRAD, 35, white Caucasian, out of his seat.

CHRIS (ANGRY)

You leave us alone there to die and
you come back acting as if you've
done nothing?!

BRAD (TERRIFIED)

Chris! Wait--!

CHRIS punches BRAD straight in the chin.

JILL (OS)

Chris, no!

REBECCA is receiving first aid in the background. In the meantime, BARRY picks up CHRIS by the armpits, and pulls him away from BRAD. JILL stands in between the two brawling men.

BARRY

Fighting is *not* gonna solve this!

JILL

The important thing is that he came
back, Chris!

(beat)

We have more important things to
worry about now.

CHRIS quiets down, not without some struggle.

CHRIS

Chief Irons need to know this!

INT. RPD HALLWAY, DAY.

The five S.T.A.R.S. are sitting together in the chairs meant to hold down suspects in the hallway. A nearby door holds the sign "BRIAN IRONS - CHIEF OF POLICE," and the Chief opens it from the interior, seconds later. CHIEF IRONS, mid 40s, White Caucasian, fat and mustachioed, looks at the agents: they all stand at the same time, except for BRAD.

CHIEF IRONS

One at a time!

CHRIS

I can go first, sir.

CHIEF IRONS

You can go last, Redfield.

(beat)

Let's start with Vickers. This
should be short and sweet...

BRAD follows the Chief inside, dragging his feet.

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

BRAD sits at the guest chair, shaking like a green bamboo stalk. CHIEF IRONS circles patiently around his desk, taking a seat and tenting his fingers.

CHIEF IRONS

Alright, Vickers... What's the
conspiracy theory, now?

BRAD

No conspiracy, Chief. I know what I
saw.

CHIEF IRONS

And what was it?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. ARKLAY FOREST, NIGHT

BRAD is sitting at the chopper's cockpit when he hears a man's (JOSEPH) scream.

He soon sees WESKER, 38, blonde Caucasian male, leading CHRIS and JILL on a desperate run through the forest and back to the helicopter. BRAD turns on the engine, and we hear the sound of chopper blades; but we also hear the sound of dogs barking and growling.

BRAD then spots the zombie dogs chasing after his teammates and panics, lifting off to flee.

CHRIS (VO)

Wait! Don't go!

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

CHIEF IRONS looks fed up. He's not having any of it. BRAD keeps on shaking, growing more and more exasperated as the scene progresses.

CHIEF IRONS
Zombie dogs? You're telling me
fucking zombie dogs were chasing
after Wesker, Redfield and
Valentine?

BRAD
Ye-yeah...

CHIEF IRONS
So that's why it took you six hours
and a dose of clonazepam strong
enough to kill a horse for you to
go back there?

BRAD
I'm sorry, Chief! I... I panicked!
(beat)
Man, the guys are never going to
forgive me!

CHIEF IRONS
I've had enough, Vickers...

The Chief starts jotting down notes on a piece of paper and a fancy pen.

CHIEF IRONS
Get out of my face and send
Valentine in.

CUT TO

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

JILL is sitting at the chair now, hands tucked in her lap, but defiant. CHIEF IRONS looks at her with a face that makes it clear he doesn't like her.

CHIEF IRONS
That's what I got from Brad
Vickers... What do you have to say
about it, Valentine?

JILL
Well... After Brad left we took
refuge in that old abandoned
mansion down in Arklay Mountains...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SPENCER MANSION LOBBY, NIGHT

JILL, CHRIS and WESKER stand side by side at the mansion
lobby.

WESKER
I guess it's not as abandoned as we
thought...

JILL (WORRIED)
Captain Wesker, where's Barry?

Gun shots echo from a side door.

CHRIS
That must be him! I'll go
investigate!

WESKER nods.

WESKER
Jill and I will stay here until you
return.

JILL
Take care, Chris.

Chris smiles, nods and departs.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

CHIEF IRONS jots down notes furiously, still not happy. JILL
leans back on her chair, restless.

CHIEF IRONS
What happened next?

JILL
Captain Wesker said he heard a
noise from the other side, and went
on to investigate himself. He told
me to stay put, but they were

taking too long, so...

CHIEF IRONS
Keep going.

INT. RPD HALLWAY, DAY

JILL exits CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, and tags BARRY on the shoulder.

JILL
You next.

BARRY
Here we go...

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

BARRY slowly takes a seat. CHIEF IRONS taps his pen on the notepad, impatient.

CHIEF IRONS
Valentine told me Captain Wesker was acting... *Suspicious*, during tonight's events?

BARRY
Yes, Chief.

CHIEF IRONS
How come?

CLOSE UP ON BARRY

BARRY
He asked me to keep the night going for as long as possible.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SPENCER MANSION STORAGE ROOM, NIGHT

WESKER walks in, carrying BARRY by the arm.

WESKER
You're a family man, right, Burton?

BARRY
Yes, sir. Wife, two little girls.

My pride and joy.

BARRY (SUSPICIOUS)

But *why*?

WESKER brings a hand to his chin.

WESKER

Would be a shame if something
happened to them...

BARRY

What... What do you mean, Albert?

WESKER

I have people watching over them,
Burton.

WESKER points his gun at BARRY.

WESKER

You'll do exactly as I say, and
nobody gets hurt.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

BARRY tries to keep a calm facade, but he's sweating. CHIEF IRONS keeps on prying.

CHIEF IRONS

This is a serious accusation
Burton.

(beat)

Captain Albert Wesker is a man of
prestige. I'm not going to let just
anyone taint his image like this!

BARRY

Jill, Chris and Rebecca were there,
Chief. I'm sure their accounts will
match with mine!

CLOSE UP ON CHIEF IRONS

CHIEF IRONS

Let's see about that.

CUT TO

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

REBECCA is now at the hotseat, looking very small in comparison to CHIEF IRONS, who stands next to her.

CHIEF IRONS
Rebecca Chambers... You were one of
Captain Wesker's favorites, weren't
you?

REBECCA
He did say he was sad to see me go
to Bravo Team, Chief.

CHIEF IRONS gets his face closer and closer to REBECCA as he speaks.

CHIEF IRONS
And what do you have to say about
this supposed betrayal?
(beat)
That he wanted the S.T.A.R.S. to
collect battle data on supposed
"super soldiers"?
(beat)
Engineered by **Umbrella**, no less!

CHIEF IRONS lets go of REBECCA and goes sit on behind his desk.

CHIEF IRONS
What does a company that makes **flu**
medicine and **hair dye** know about
super soldiers?
(beat)

REBECCA
There's more to biochemistry than
the regular layman knows, Chief
Irons.
(beat)
The same molecules that are
engineered to fight a flu, can be
engineered to alter someone's DNA.
(beat)
But about Captain Wesker...

INT. UMBRELLA UNDERGROUND LAB, NIGHT

REBECCA is sitting at a computer, reading a power point presentation.

REBECCA (TO HERSELF)
T-Virus...?

We see the computer screen, and information on the TYRANT. The next slide is the team involved: a bunch of men and women in white scrubs. Very prominent in a corner for his sunglasses, is none other than WESKER.

CLOSE-UP ON REBECCA

REBECCA
Captain...!

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

CHIEF IRONS rubs his face red. REBECCA stays calm.

CHIEF IRONS
You're all talking about zombies,
and giant snakes, and bioweapons...
(beat)
And somehow, the company that makes
my kid's dinosaur vitamins is
involved.
(beat)
And Wesker works for them?
(beat)
This isn't making any sense!

REBECCA
Quite the opposite, Chief.

CHIEF IRONS blinks, dumbfounded.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
If we're all saying the same
things, it is supposed to make *more*
sense, no?
(beat)
Talk to Chris. He knew Captain
Wesker better than any of us. He
was there when he shot me!

CHIEF IRONS
Send Redfield in...

CUT TO

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

CHRIS barges into the office, owning the place. Immediately he takes a seat, the chair scuffing the floor with noise. He sits all crooked, leaning forward into his knees.

CHIEF IRONS
Speak, Redfield.
(beat)
I know you've been dying to.

CHRIS
We need to launch an investigation
on Umbrella.
(beat)
And we need to launch it **now**.

CHIEF IRONS
Based on what evidence?
(beat)
Everything was in the mansion!
(beat)
The mansion Alpha Team exploded!
(beat)
Do you really think I can get
funding to sort through *ashes*?

CHRIS hides his face behind his hands, takes a deep breath.

CHRIS
The evidence is **us**.
(beat)
We saw everything.
(beat)
If the word of five people is not
good enough for the law--

CHIEF IRONS
Vickers barely knows what happened,
Redfield.
(beat)
For all that's worth, this could
have been a collective
hallucination, and--

CHRIS (ANGRY)
Then how did Captain Wesker die?!

CHIEF IRONS
The rabid dogs got him!

CHRIS
Find a body, then!

CHIEF IRONS slams his hands over his desk.

CHIEF IRONS
No, Chris, you tell me...
(beat)
How did Captain Wesker die?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. UMBRELLA UNDERGROUND LAB, NIGHT

WESKER, CHRIS and REBECCA are in a room with a large, coffin-like cryochamber. REBECCA is passed out on the floor, feeling her shoulder and lying over a pool of blood, CHRIS stands in front of her, and WESKER stands by the chamber, watching as TYRANT rises.

TYRANT is tall, ageless, bald and sexless, has a large crab-like claw in lieu of right hand, and is standing very wet and naked beside WESKER.

WESKER admires him in awe, but the respect is not mutual: TYRANT attacks WESKER, piercing his stomach with his claw and tossing him on the side.

TYRANT then turns to CHRIS, who takes REBECCA in his arms and runs away.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

Moods have quieted, but are still sour. CHRIS has a thousand yard stare, while CHIEF IRONS pierces him with fire in his eyes.

CHIEF IRONS
So Chambers was unconscious the whole time?

CHRIS
Yes.

CHIEF IRONS
So, for all facts and matters, you could have killed Wesker and pinned it on a monster?

CHRIS

I didn't.

(beat)

Listen, Chief: Brad saw it! He's the one who tossed us the rocket launcher to finish it!

CHIEF IRONS

So that explains where the rocket launcher went...

CHRIS

If you don't believe me, call everybody in here! Let's sort this together!

CHIEF IRONS leans back on his chair.

CHIEF IRONS

No, Chris... I'm ordering you all some rest, and *psychiatric help*.

(beat)

We can talk about this again in a few days. Now scram!

CHRIS huffs, then stands to leave. As soon as the door closes, CHIEF IRONS's phone rings. He picks up.

CHIEF IRONS

Hello?

WESKER (VO)

I don't have a lot of time, Brian, so I'll make myself brief:

EXT. RACCOON CITY OUTSKIRTS, DAY

WESKER, clothes completely tore apart and charred, covered in soot from head to toe, but hair and sunglasses still flawless, speaks from a payphone on the side of the road.

WESKER (CONT'D)

Whatever the S.T.A.R.S. say about Umbrella...

(beat)

...you shall **not** investigate.

INT. CHIEF IRONS' OFFICE, DAY

CLOSE-UP ON CHIEF IRONS

His lower lip quivers, his eyes are terrified. He is literally talking to a ghost at least three people confirmed dead.

CHIEF IRONS
Wes-Wesker? How the hell?!

WESKER (VO)
I know where you live, Brian.
(beat)
I have people I can send after you.

CHIEF IRONS
How...?

WESKER (VO)
Do whatever it takes!

EXT. RACCOON CITY OUTSKIRTS, DAY

CLOSE UP ON WESKER

WESKER
Cover it up! Paint them as loonies!
Just don't let it get to the news!

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON WESKER

A faint red glow comes from behind the lenses of his sunglasses.

WESKER
Do you *understand*?

CHIEF IRONS (VO)
Yes...!

FADE TO BLACK.