

SHOULD I DIE BEFORE I WAKE...

By

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A BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

"Paradise Lost by John Milton"

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - TWILIGHT

Twenty fluttering pages of handwritten letters on gold paper with Monarch butterfly decals, clamped in burn-scarred hands around "Meet me in the valley at midnight, my love" on the bottom of the top page.

A HELMETED RIDER lowers the papers, and the full moon rising above a mountain range ahead reflects in his mirrored visor.

He stuffs the papers in his jacket and kick-starts his motorcycle.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY JUNCTION - NIGHT

The Helmeted Rider roars down a road, nods off, chin down.

The tires THUMP into a pothole, the letters flap halfway out of his jacket, shudders awake, startled.

He stuffs them back in, headlights glaring in his visor as a

RAGTOP JEEP

With tinted windows crashes head-on into the bike.

The motorcycle explodes off the reinforced bumper.

The Helmeted Rider flies over the jeep, smacks facedown on the road, skidding past a sign reading

"WELCOME TO DEATH VALLEY"

The jeep screeches backward to a halt alongside the body.

BRUTUS, 20, goatee, hops out the shotgun door, whistling "Here Comes the Bride" with a smirk.

MAVIS, 18, crooked smile, nose ring, blue Emo hair, jumps out the back of the jeep.

The Helmeted Rider crawls, leaving a urine trail on the road until Brutus stomps on his helmet.

BRUTUS
You pissed?!

He raises the Helmeted Rider's arms, smiles at his burn-scarred hands, and shows them to Mavis.

MAVIS
Told ya, didn't I, Brutus?

Alarm RINGING.

Brutus looks at midnight on the Helmeted Rider's watch as he feels for his pulse.

BRUTUS
You're right there, Mavis. Our boy
here *was* always punctual... Was!

Mavis laughs as she kicks the nonresponsive Helmeted Rider.

MAVIS
He died right on time.

BRUTUS
(to Helmeted Rider)
We knew you'd crash the wedding.

He unzips the Helmeted Rider's jacket and grabs the letters.
"High Desert State Prison" on Helmeted Rider's shirt.

Brutus drags his finger across "Meet me in the valley at
midnight, my love" on the top page.

BRUTUS
So we invited *you* to your ruin.

He tears the letters to pieces and tosses them to the wind.

The driver window opens. A WOMAN sticks her hand out, waving
rhinestone-encrusted gold-painted fingernails at Brutus.

BRUTUS
Gold diggers! That's what they are.

He jerks the Helmeted Rider's wrists up and down.

BRUTUS
Wave bye-bye.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY JUNCTION - NIGHT

Hydraulic machinery WHINING.

Sparks flicker around jumper cables clamped to a tow truck's cross-shaped hydraulic lift, rising from the road.

The Helmeted Rider is wrapped in chains to the underside of the cross as it rises upright against the back of the truck.

Sparks flicker in the black eyes of CHARLIE NITRO "CHINDAY", 48, Native American, "Nitro" in flames on his trucker cap, slaps his hands to the sides of the Helmeted Rider's helmet.

CHARLIE

Told ya not to go out there, Tommy.

He rips the helmet off, sparks flickering in the eyes of TOMMY MATHEWS, 20, Native American, brawny, chiseled face, rock-a-billy hair, Helmeted Rider, spits, shaking his head.

CHARLIE

I'm the only one who cares for you
in that town. So spare no one.

He tosses the helmet in the truck cab and gets in.

The tow truck burns rubber down the road as Tommy laughs insanely on the cross.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

A red sun rises above the mountains surrounded by desert.

The now open-top jeep, covered in Monarch butterfly decals and gold streamers, roars down the desert road.

Brutus drives in a gold tuxedo with "Mavis is HURTING" on a rattlesnake picture postcard under his thumb on the wheel.

The postcard flies out the window into the

"WELCOME TO DEATH VALLEY"

Sign with red spray paint covering the "TO" and "VALLEY."

PREACHER (V.O)

Vengeance *is* Mine saith the --

Brutus switches the radio off and sneers at a

REARVIEW MIRROR IMAGE

Two bearded, long-haired BIKERS on choppers right behind him.

BACK TO BRUTUS

He stomps on the gas pedal, whistling "Here Comes the Bride".

The Bikers roar alongside Brutus, firing pistols at the jeep.

Brutus jerks the wheel away from the Bikers.

The jeep tailspins into the sand.

INT. ABANDONED SPANISH MISSION - DAY

"THE DEVIL IS MY SAVIOR"

Spray-painted in red on the wall over an outline of a missing cross above the cobwebbed altar.

The Bikers drag Brutus down a dusty aisle past the pleading eyes of Mavis, gagged and hog-tied in a row of pews.

TOMMY/HELMETED RIDER (O.S.)
She's praying you'll confess!

The Bikers toss Brutus through a door along the wall into a
CONFESSIONAL BOX

The door bursts open, and Brutus skids on his knees across the floor.

BRUTUS
She didn't want ya ruining her...

Tommy's burn-scarred hands smash through the lattice divider, dragging Brutus through the broken lattice by the neck.

TOMMY
Say the name!

EXT. VFW HALL - NIGHT

Floodlights in the sand shine onto Old Glory above a brick building.

Brutus' SCREAMING echoes in the desert starlight.

BRUTUS (O.S.)
Lucy!

The side doors open.

Country music PLAYS as people CHAT inside.

FLOYD, 23, thin, beard, frizzy hair, gold tux, holds one door open, spits chewing tobacco out, and packs more in his mouth.

EZEKIEL, 25, burly, shaved face and head, gold tux, holding the other door open, always chewing a wad of bubble gum.

FLOYD	EZEKIEL
Right this way, little Lucy.	Right this way, little Lucy.

LUCY, 20, a small, cute, raven-haired witch, breasts squeezed into a strapless designer wedding gown, gets in Floyd's face.

LUCY/WOMAN
You're first, Floyd.

She kisses him hard against the door.

LUCY
I ain't gonna forget you, Ezekiel.

Ezekiel grabs her. She kisses him.

EZEKIEL
Owe! You bit me!

He wipes his bloody lip, smiling.

She shows them her big diamond ring between gold rhinestone-encrusted nails. She's the WOMAN waving from the jeep!

LUCY/WOMAN
I'm Mrs. Wendell Welch now.

WENDELL WELCH, 29, dumpy, gold tux, carries a plate of cake and a bulging gold satin rhinestone-encrusted money bag. He squints through smudged trifocals as he bumps into Lucy, sending her tripping over the door threshold into the

PARKING LOT

Wendell follows her out. Floyd and Ezekiel follow him, leaning outside, laughing as

Lucy takes the cake from Wendell and shoves him away.

LUCY
You fool! Clean your glasses before
you come after me again.

She turns to SHERIFF LA DUKE, 50, a big man with steely eyes and a West Texas accent. He tips his cowboy hat at her and walks away.

LA DUKE
Your tits are coming out.

Lucy stomps her heels and tucks her breasts into the dress.

La Duke leans on a police car in the aisle.

Lucy sashays over, offering La Duke the platted cake.

LUCY

I knew you'd come for me. Always have.

LA DUKE

I don't know what you, Mavis, and Brutus are up to. But I surely won't mind Y'all getting arrested somewhere else.

She waves her big diamond ring in his face.

LUCY

You know rich people can't do no wrong in this world.

LA DUKE

No, they go to hell in a limo.

LUCY

You're jealous. I knew you'd come here just to kiss me goodbye. So...

He pushes her away. She cocks her arm to toss the cake in his face.

LA DUKE

I will arrest you. I do not care what day it is, little Lucy.

Lucy drags Wendell down the next aisle to a horse tied to a camper's bumper, feeds the horse cake, and kisses him.

LUCY

You didn't think I'd leave without saying goodbye to all my men.

REV. BIG DADDY, 40, bulky, drunk, gold tux, clergy collar, Jesus on a cross neck tattoo, bear-hugs Lucy and kisses her.

UPTIGHT WIFE, 40, bygone beauty, tight gown, rose ankle tattoo, steps behind Lucy and Rev. Big Daddy.

REV. BIG DADDY

One last twirl for my bright little star!

He sweeps Lucy off her feet, tosses her in the air, and catches her. Uptight Wife yanks on his arm.

UPTIGHT WIFE

Don't you hurt her!

Rev. Big Daddy waltzes away with Lucy, looking back at Mom.

REV. BIG DADDY
Don't have to look back anymore.
You got yourself a rich husband.

He kisses her neck and spins her blindly.

REV. BIG DADDY
Nothing is going to tear that
asunder.

They crash into a car. Rev. Big Daddy flops on his ass. Lucy plops in his lap. Uptight Wife drags Wendell over to them.

UPTIGHT WIFE
My Lord, she's yours, take charge!

Lucy raises her arms, offering herself to Wendell.

LUCY
Yours for the taking!

Wendell drags her to the open rear door of an idling limo covered with paper Monarch butterflies on streamers.

UPTIGHT WIFE
One more thing...

Rev. Big Daddy bear-hugs her.

REV. BIG DADDY
Let her go on her honeymoon.

UPTIGHT WIFE
But she never said goodbye to me.

Wendell enters the limo, pulls Lucy in, and slams the door.

INT. LIMO BACK SEAT - NIGHT - PARKED

Shadows envelop Wendell as he sits in the far corner, dragging Lucy toward him.

Velcro TEARING.

LUCY
Got something for ya, Wendell...

As she reaches for Wendell something gold flashes in the light from the back window.

SCREAMING morphs into GURGLING.

Lucy's eyes go wide as she sits on the edge of the seat, blood-splattered hands over her mouth, giggling.

LUCY
Goddamn it!

The dome light goes on. Wendell leans back against his door, gurgling blood around the rhinestone-encrusted gold wedding cake knife jammed down his throat.

Lucy sucks the blood off her nails as she leans forward off the seat.

LUCY
You fat slob. Messed up my nails...

She gawks at Mavis' and Brutus' pleading eyes inside blood-smeared plastic shrink-wrapped around their bodies as they squirm on the floor.

Tommy pops halfway out of the open partition window, grabs Lucy by the hair, and presses a straight razor to her cheek.

LUCY
We'll split his insurance money.

She opens the satchel, offering him the bag full of cash.

TOMMY
I wouldn't dream of splitting up ya lovely couples. Say goodbye, Lucy.

He shoves her toward the back window as the limo pulls away.

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Lucy wipes condensation off the back window with her bloody hand and screams as the limo rockets away.

Uptight Wife and Rev. Big Daddy smile, waving back at Lucy.

REV. BIG DADDY
May your love burn bright together.

UPTIGHT WIFE
Goodbye, Lucy.

EXT. DESERT MESA - NIGHT

The limo races by a red motorcycle on a broad flat-topped hill bounded by sheer cliffs.

Tommy leaps out the driver's door as the limo goes over the ledge onto a

STEEP ROCKY INCLINE

The limo careens down, bashing into a boulder, flips over it, and crashes upside down onto a two-lane valley road.

The Bikers smash their bloody mauled heads through the fractured windshield, the safety glass crackling as they squirm, spidery glass web collars around their necks.

DESERT MESA

Tommy sits on the incline's edge, checks his watch, and looks down at the road.

A bus with "PHOENIX" on its overhead window fishtails into the limo, and WHOOSH-BOOM, they burst into flames.

Tommy pulls a photo from his back pocket, smiling at

ROB MATHEWS, 18,

Muscular Native American, ponytail, devilish smile, seated on a pickup truck hood in the photo.

A fireball rises from the limo and bus, burning dollars and flaming paper Monarch butterflies on streamers rain down.

TOMMY

Hey, Rob. I'm coming home. To *bury*
the past... with *everyone in it*...

Fire reflects in his eyes as he kisses Rob in the photo:

TOMMY

With or without you, Brother.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PHYSICS 101 CLASSROOM - DAY

A bell on the wall RINGS. "REVERIE H.S. INDIANS IN YOUR DREAMS CHEERLEADERS STATE CHAMPS" across the blackboard.

An inflated sex doll sits in a chair at the teacher's desk. "Miss Heavenly Body" on paper folded over a nameplate.

STUDENTS file in, they point and laugh at the sex doll.

Rob enters, "Indians Mascot" over a laughing Native American with an eagle feather headband on his football jersey.

A group of boys give Rob high-fives. He's the boy in the photo!

ROB

I had to pay for *her* blowjob.

The group laughs as they take their seats.

MISS APPLE, 30, glasses, a lab coat with a pocket protector, enters, pulls her chair out, and the sex doll floats to the ceiling.

MISS APPLE

Rob Mathews. Dr. Kruger's office.
Take your girlfriend with you.

Rob grabs the sex doll and bows as he backs out the door, getting a standing ovation from the class.

INT. OLD BEATER - DAY - TRAVELING

The powerful old beater engine rumbles as LEE MATHEWS, 42, Native American, burn-scarred face, drives down a country road between the HUSH-SHH of tall swaying cornfields.

Lee swigs from a whiskey bottle, facing Rob sitting shotgun.

LEE

I'm done with you, boy.

ROB

Praise the Lord.

Lee thumps the bottle off Rob's chest.

A police car pulls behind them, siren BLARING.

LEE

I can't seem to do right by you.

ROB

You got my gratitude.

Lee pulls over. The police car swerves around them to a halt.

LEE

You watch what you say now, boy.

La Duke gets out toward Lee's door. The sex doll sits in the backseat of his police car, facing the rear window.

Rob waves to the doll. Lee elbows him, hiding the bottle under the seat.

LEE

You son of a bitch.

ROB

We always hurt the ones we love.

LEE
Remember, hurt me, I hurt your ma.

La Duke opens Lee's door, looking around inside.

LA DUKE
You do the work on this car, Lee?

LEE
My boy here modified the engine.

LA DUKE
Sounds like a monster, Rob. Where
did you get the parts?

ROB
Little here. Little there.

LA DUKE
So, how are you doing otherwise?

ROB
I've never been better.

Rob stares in his side mirror and shuts his eyes.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BOYS ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

One rickety unmade bed against a dusty open window. A dirt bike on the gravel driveway outside the window.

A police car halts before an old barn across the way.

ROB MATHEWS, 13, ponytail, lies in bed, whimpering to himself as he sneaks a peek through an open door into the

KITCHEN

FLOSSY MATHEWS, 35, Native American, small, ponytail, bruised face, trembles with a phone to her ear as she backs into a boiling pot of potatoes on the stove.

Lee grabs the phone from her, tosses it in a garbage can, and grabs her ponytail, forcing her face over the steaming pot.

FLOSSY
Please don't.

Lee smacks his cheek against hers, pointing to a carving fork and knife on the stove between the burners.

LEE
Ya best tell the sheriff it's all
been a mistake or I'll carve ya up!

BOYS ROOM

TOMMY MATHEWS, 16, slams the door shut from behind it, finger-combing his long hair back as he stomps toward Rob.

TOMMY

Time for your lesson, sweet little boy.

He kisses Rob's head, dragging him on his knees to the door.

TOMMY

Watch, or I pound your whiny ass!

He opens the door and charges into the

KITCHEN

Rob watches Flossy grab Tommy.

FLOSSY

Please don't. It's over, Tommy.

Tommy breaks her hold and wipes the blood from her nose.

TOMMY

And over and over.

Lee sits at a table, gulps a glass of whiskey, and smiles.

LEE

Get out of his way, woman.

FLOSSY

Don't give in to evil, Tommy.

He kisses her cheek.

TOMMY

I'm in a giving mood.

FLOSSY

Please get on your bike and go.

Tommy stares at his thick burn-scarred knuckles.

TOMMY

Now *I* give *him* a reason to cry.

He grabs the pot off the stove, flinging the boiling water and potatoes in Lee's face. He screams, jumping up.

Tommy leaps on the table and bashes the pot in Lee's face. Lee crashes over backward in his chair, blood spewing from his nose.

Tommy jumps down, banging the pot in Lee's burnt-red face.

La Duke busts through the screen door, Colt pistol drawn.

Flossy kneels, hugging Rob, her forehead pressed against his.

FLOSSY

My sweet little boy. Don't look.

Tommy raises the pot over his head to batter Lee.

La Duke roundhouses the pistol upside Tommy's head, smack.

Tommy slams facedown. The pot flies, banging into the stove.

La Duke stomps on Tommy's back, cocking his leg to kick him.

FLOSSY (O.S.)

No, Rob!

Rob swings the pot, banging it off the back of La Duke's head.

INT. OLD BEATER - BACK TO PRESENT DAY - PARKED

Lee bangs on the roof as he drops in his seat at the wheel.

Rob opens his eyes, staring at himself in the side mirror.

LEE

Go on and get, La Duke...

Lee drops the car in drive, feeling around under the seat.

The police car rockets away. Rob hops out of the car and pours all the whiskey from Lee's bottle onto the roadside.

ROB

This is the right thing for me.

Lee grabs for him, but the car rolls, so he hits the brakes.

Rob zigzags through the cornfield.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rob darts through a CROWD of students ahead of him.

ANNA LA DUKE, 18, blonde knockout, earbuds, books in hand, bops to the music, steps between parked cars into the aisle.

ROB (O.S.)

Anna!

Helmeted Tommy pops a wheelie on his bike through the Crowd.

The Crowd dives out of the way behind Anna, but she turns into the bike's path.

Rob spins Anna, watching some of her books skid across the asphalt. The bike roars past Rob, inches from his back.

ANNA

Let... go!

She shoves Rob away and collects her books.

Rob picks up the farthest book and offers it to her. She removes her earbuds, pop music BLARING out of them.

ROB

The one that got away.

ANNA

Why are you here?

ROB

I came to save you.

ANNA

You probably know that biker guy.
You planned this just to save me.

ROB

You're right. But you're wrong. I
came to save the books.

ANNA

You came for... shh-shit!

She drops the rest of her books. Rob tosses the book he picked up with the others and raises his hands to surrender.

ROB

I'm sorry. You're right.

ANNA

You're sorry I'm right?

ROB

No. You're right. I'm sorry.

ANNA

Just tell me why.

ROB
Why what?

ANNA
Why do you have to fa-fa-fuck up
every chance you...

He smiles. She kicks him.

ROB
What?

ANNA
You do realize every time you do
something stupid like this, they
call my Dad. Do you wanna convince
him to fa-fa-fucking hate you?!

ROB
You ask a lot of questions and
stutter when you swear. It's cute.

She plants her foot behind his and shoves him on his ass.

ANNA
How's this angle?

ROB
Menacing.

He frowns at her. She fights off a smile.

ANNA
Much better. Got something to say?

The Crowd gathers behind Anna and Rob, watching them.

ROB
You sure are something.

ANNA
Anything else?

ROB
There's a crowd watching us.

She faces the Crowd, they wave, and she kicks Rob repeatedly.

ANNA
Why are you always wasting my time?

As she steps away, he grabs her leg.

ROB
Don't leave me alone down here.

ANNA
Will you let go?

She drags him toward her books on the ground.

ANNA
Shh-shit! Why aren't you suspended?

She rolls her eyes, helps him up, and brushes him off.

ROB
This school can't win without its
star mascot. And believe it or not.
(whispers)
They think I'm a Native American.

He shakes a feather upright behind his head, smirking at her.

ANNA
You're more a stye in my eye than a
star when you act like a clown.

ROB
Chief Bozo, please.

ANNA
I understand your crazy act is all
a defense mechanism.

He rubs his fists under his eyes like a pantomime clown.

ANNA
All right, Chief Bozo.

She busts out laughing and hugs and kisses him.

EXT. LA DUKE HOUSE - DAY

Rob jogs from the pickup in a driveway to a big beautifully-kept house with flower-lined paths leading to a front porch.

A dog on a long leash staked to the ground barks at birds.

Anna wears twin braids and a cheerleader outfit, hops off the porch, kisses an Orange cat in her arms, and sets it down.

She runs to Rob, smiling at him as he ushers her into the

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

She sits shotgun and shakes her head, flashing a smile at Rob as he rolls over the hood, gets behind the wheel, and leans toward her.

ROB
You do love me.

ANNA
I just need a ride to practice.

ROB
Do you normally drool on yourself?

She wipes her mouth and scoffs, seeing nothing on her hand.

ANNA
Come on. My Dad's gonna come home soon. He'll kill us both.

ROB
What's with you?

ANNA
I'm late. And you're an as-asshole.

He pulls onto the road, she faces her window, arms folded, and the pickup drifts across the road as he flicks her ear.

Horn HONKING intensifies...

Rob veers back to the right. Helmeted Tommy roars his motorcycle around them.

ROB
I say skip cheerleading. Go to the woods and watch the lunar eclipse.

ANNA
The captain of the squad will kill us both. Oh, fa-fa-fuck-it.

ROB
Now you're talking my language.

ANNA
Shut up. Before I change my mind.

He U-turns, racing back the way they came as the orange cat darts in front of the pickup.

ANNA
Watch out!

Rob fishtails to a halt. She hops out.

Anna reenters, cradling the bloody cat against her outfit.

Rob peels-out. She cries and kisses the cat.

ROB
Will he make it to the Vet?

ANNA
He's dead.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

Rob leads Anna under a half-fallen petrified tree, snapping their way through dense dry hedgerows into a

CIRCULAR MEADOW

Rob and Anna step through the tall grass and sagebrush in the lush green meadow. He points to a giant fir tree ahead.

The Earth's shadow creeps over most of the full moon.

She follows Rob to the giant fir tree, circled by a dirt mound of wildflowers, bordered by head-sized stones.

ROB
My mother's tribe called this "the garden of eternal dreams."

ANNA
What's that sweet smell?

ROB
The sagebrush is in bloom. It's all through the meadow.

He kneels on the dirt mound, a flashlight in his back pocket.

ROB
I'll bury him with all the others.

She warmly kisses the cat goodbye and hands it to Rob.

ANNA
"The others"? Do you mean pets?

ROB
No. There was a massacre here. The Cavalry cut everyone down. Tribal elders, women, children, and all.

He sets the cat on the dirt.

ROB

They were hiding here while their
warriors engaged in a great battle.
They were betrayed by Chinday.

He leans toward her, whispering.

ROB

They say he was the devil himself.
He led the cavalry here because the
tribe chose a different shaman.

ANNA

"Better to reign in hell than serve
in heaven." That's...

ROB

... Paradise Lost. Milton. Adam and
Eve's temptation by the fallen
angel in the garden. That's us,
here, now. Before us, my ancestors.

ANNA

Why do you play the fool?

ROB

So the devil pays me no mind. My
mother and I only speak of the
devil in this garden.

He touches his forehead.

ROB

He can't hear us here. Something
about the flutter of butterfly
wings ringing in the devil's ears.

ANNA

"There is evil in this town." My
Mom said that to my Dad. He denied
it. She said, "Then you're part of
it." She ran away that night.

ROB

Why didn't she take you with her?

ANNA

My Dad...

She snuffles, teary-eyed, and takes a shuddering breath.

ANNA

I was doing homework. Had earbuds
on. Fell asleep. Didn't hear them.

Rob holds her hand. She shakes her head, weeping.

ANNA

He handcuffed me to my bed as I slept. Mom came in. Told me, to get my things. He grabbed her. Took her.

ROB

He put her on the bus that crashed into Lucy's limo and burned.

ANNA

She died on that fiery bus to Phoenix. He had the nerve to cry at her funeral. That monster. We don't speak anymore. Do you believe I can still hear my mother calling me as he dragged her from the house?

He furrows his brow at her, holding back a flood of tears.

ROB

I feel the sorrow and pain of my ancestors every time I come here.

ANNA

Sometimes I use my earbuds to drown her voice out. Am I a monster too?

ROB

There's only so much pain a person can take from the ones they love.

She lifts his chin as he looks down, weeping, and kisses him.

ANNA

Did they all die?

ROB

Not exactly.

ANNA

What happened to them?

He lies under the tree, pulling her next to him.

ROB

This is what happened to them.

He shines the flashlight under the tree, illuminating Monarch butterflies hanging under every branch, wings barely moving.

ANNA
Are they sleeping?

ROB
They're dreaming.

ANNA
What do the dead dream of?

ROB
Saving their loved ones from evil.

ANNA
Nightmares?

ROB
Nightmares are warnings.

ANNIE
Do you have nightmares about Tommy?

ROB
We're missing it.

He aims the light on the butterflies, wings humming as they flutter wildly.

ROB
Concentrate on them. You'll see.

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY - ANNA'S AND ROB'S VISION

Annie and Rob stand under the giant fir tree.

A Native American TRIBE of women, children, and elders face the tree, Monarch butterflies flying around them, filling the air.

A woman SHAMAN covered in Monarch butterflies, wings beating, kneels in front of Anna and Rob, raising her hands to the sky.

SHAMAN
Chinday!

The Tribe kneels with the Shaman, singing a ceremonial song.

A pony bursts through the hedge, Charlie Nitro in blackface, the rider, sparks in his eyes, a cavalry hat and jacket on.

A CAVALRY BUGLE BLOWING the call to charge escalates.

A CAVALRY TROOP on horseback leaps through the hedge, thundering into the meadow, raising their sabers, attacking.

The butterflies fly off the Tribe as they scream in pain.
Charlie rears his pony back, covering his ears as he scowls.

CHARLIE
"Farewell happy fields, Where joy
forever dwells: Hail horrors,
hail."

Sabers—whoosh, flashing through the sunlight as the Cavalry
cuts everyone down, blood splattering the grass.

Rob reaches for Anna as she cowers.

ANNA
They're coming for us.

Rob hugs her as the Cavalry slash their way to the Shaman.

ROB
Focus on the butterflies, Anna!

The butterflies fly off the Shaman, spiraling into the sky.

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Rob hugs Anna as they sit under the tree. She shudders as a
breeze blows their hair around.

Motorcycle ROARING intensifies.

ANNA
There's something cold in the wind.

ROB
The wind of change is turning
against us.

ANNA
Is this our nightmare?

ROB
You're safe here with me. I'll
always protect you.

ANNA
"Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray
the Lord my soul to keep. Should I
die before I wake..."

ROB
What's that for?

ANNA
Let *my* faith keep you safe.

ROB
I... I don't believe in that stuff.

She presses her nose against his.

ANNA
I'll believe in you. If you'll
believe in me?

They nod, smiling at each other as they lie down together.

ROB AND ANNA
"I pray the Lord our souls to
take."

The Earth's shadow swallows the last of the full moon.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rob kisses Anna against the pickup hood.

They don't notice La Duke leave the police car by the front gate behind them. Or the six Football PLAYERS following him.

La Duke spins Rob around and slams him against the fender.

LA DUKE
Are you trying to fuck my daughter?

ROB
It's not like that. I love Anna.

The Players surround them.

LA DUKE
You stay the hell away from Anna!

He grabs Anna's arm and drags her away.

ANNA
No! Let go of me!

She slaps his arm, he smells her clothes, and she slaps him.

LA DUKE
Have you been smoking marijuana? Is
he giving you drugs?

He stares at Rob and twists her arm as she backs away.

ANNA
You're hurting me!

LA DUKE
You don't see what I see. Know what
kind of family his kind comes from?

The Players slap their hands on their mouths whopping,
mocking a Native American dance as Rob gets in La Duke's
face.

ROB
You handcuffed your daughter to
keep her at home.

La Duke sneers at Anna in his grasp and releases her.

He slams Rob into a car side mirror, busts it in half, and
tosses Rob on the hood, strangling him.

ROB
Why didn't you ever stop my father?

Rob slams his knee under La Duke's chin. La Duke reels back.
Rob slams his fist into La Duke's nose busting with a CRACK.

La Duke's nose spews blood. Rob cocks his arm to sock him,
Anna grabs his sleeve, and he elbows her smack in the mouth.

She grabs her jaw as she falls sideways, smashing her face
into the broken side mirror of the car.

Rob turns to see Anna hit the ground, he steps toward her,
and two Players grab and drag him backward.

ROB
I didn't see you, Anna!

La Duke presses his hands to his nose, blood down his neck.

He notices Anna, shivering on the ground, her hand over her
mouth, a gash through her eyebrow oozes blood.

ANNA
Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Rob struggles against the two Players' grips.

ROB
Anna! Let me help her! Anna!

La Duke lifts Anna in his arms and sneers at Rob.

LA DUKE
You're just like your old man.

He carries Anna to his car.

LA DUKE
I'll get you to Doc Casper. He'll
fix you up. Sweetie. Don't worry.

He sets her in the shotgun seat and gets behind the wheel.

Rob breaks away from the Players, running to Anna's car window, she turns from him, and the police car squeals away.

Rob drops to his knees, punching the sides of his head:

ROB
I'm gonna beat this devil if I have
to burn in hell to get to him!

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Unlit with broken-down furniture and drab wood paneling.

Rob sits on the bare floor in the corner, knees to his chest. Flossy stands in the shadows over him, rubbing his head.

FLOSSY
They don't know enough about you.

ROB
What if it's the truth?

FLOSSY
It's not. You're a good boy.

He twists her skirt in his shaky grasp.

ROB
You didn't see me. I wanted to...

She presses her hand to his lips, stifling his words.

FLOSSY
You just lost your temper.

ROB
I wanted to *kill him*!

She shudders, startled, and backs away from him, ripping her skirt in his grasp.

FLOSSY
You'll always be my, sweet little --

He bolts up in a wide-eyed rage and gets in her face.

ROB
-- Victim! That's what I've been!

FLOSSY
Your heart is broken.

He wraps his arms around himself, tears down his cheeks.

ROB
My heart is *ripping me apart*!

Blue light flashes in the window across Flossy's face.

EXT./INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dead shrubs crown the weedy landscape in front of an unlit dilapidated old farmhouse with a paint-peeled front porch.

The police car halts in the driveway. La Duke puts his cowboy hat on over two black eyes and a bandaged nose and gets out.

He sneers over the car roof at Rob's pickup in the barn.

He climbs the steps, the door opens, and Flossy peeks out.

LA DUKE
Flossy, I need to see Rob.

FLOSSY
He isn't here, sheriff.

She shuts the door, but he holds it open as he enters the

FRONT HALLWAY

La Duke leaves Flossy behind as he steps into the darkness.

LA DUKE
Rob Mathews!

Rob darts out of the bedroom ahead into the

KITCHEN

Rob races out the rear screen door. Lee snores, head down, seated at the table, whiskey, and beer bottles around him.

EXT. MATHEWS HOUSE - REAR PORCH - NIGHT

Rob jumps off the steps, landing six feet from Deputy Floyd.

FLOYD
Come on, dude.

Deputy Ezekiel pops a large bubble of gum as he steps around the corner of the house behind Rob.

La Duke exits the house, easing the screen door shut.

Rob jerks around, glancing at the deputies closing in.

Floyd draws his revolver and fires. La Duke ducks as the bullet splinters the screen door frame behind him.

FLOYD
Shit. I didn't mean to...

Rob grabs Floyd's revolver and twists it behind his back.

ROB
On your knees, Floyd!

FLOYD
Come on, Rob.

ROB
Now, Floyd!

Floyd kneels as Rob jabs the pistol to the back of his head.

FLOYD
Don't shoot me, please.

Ezekiel creeps forward, unsnapping an automatic in his holster.

ROB
Stop where you are, Ezekiel!

Ezekiel halts, his automatic just out of the holster.

La Duke slowly descends the steps.

LA DUKE
Holster your gun, Ezekiel!

Ezekiel holsters it.

LA DUKE
You all right there, Rob?

He creeps toward Rob.

ROB
That's close enough, sheriff.

La Duke halts.

Ezekiel and Floyd nod to each other.

LA DUKE
Just take a breath, everyone.

EZEKIEL
I'll take Rob's.

ROB
I'll get Floyd's first.

Ezekiel edges closer to Rob.

LA DUKE
Ezekiel, stand down! Now!

Flossy stands inside the screen door. Lee creeps through the shadows in the kitchen behind her with a sinister smile.

FLOSSY
Please don't hurt my son.

Ezekiel and Floyd nod at each other as Rob looks at Flossy.

ROB
Ma. Go...

Floyd grabs the revolver, jerking Rob over his shoulder.

Lee shoves Flossy, stumbling out the screen door.

As Ezekiel slaps his automatic upside Rob's head, it fires.

La Duke's cowboy hat flies off. The bullet drills a hole in the screen door, punching Flossy in the chest as she gasps.

Flossy tumbles down the steps.

Rob drops the gun, runs to her, and picks her up in his arms. She shakes with a bloody mess of a wound.

ROB
Don't leave me.

She peers at him and smiles, accepting her fate. Rob cries.

FLOSSY
You were always my joy.

She puts her forehead against his and shuts her eyes.

FLOSSY
Dream of me...

She dies, going limp in his arms as he kisses her head.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LOCK-UP - NIGHT

DANTE, 40, big, barrel-chest, jovial, Native American deputy, enters.

La Duke, nose swelled and purple, leans on a table against the wall, holding two holsters as he stares into a cell.

Floyd and Ezekiel stand, we fucked-up faces, in the cell, one arm each handcuffed together outside separate bars.

LA DUKE
You know I love my sister so much...

He tosses the holsters to Dante.

LA DUKE
... I didn't think twice when she asked me to hire her two boys.

He pokes his finger through the bullet hole in his hat.

LA DUKE
I wish you two would have just shot and killed each other so I could go back to loving my sister.

Dante raises the holsters and drums his fingers on a bowie knife sheathed on his belt.

DANTE
I could take care of that.

La Duke adjusts his hat and opens the door to the office.

LA DUKE
I gotta sort this here... mess out.

DANTE
What do you want me to do with 'em?

LA DUKE
Shooting is too easy on them. Now scalping...

He steps out. Dante shuts the door, peering at the deputies.

DANTE

Think of it this way... you'll
never pay for a haircut again.

He tosses the holsters on the table.

FLOYD

I ain't the cheap one.

He kicks Ezekiel.

FLOYD

He is.

DANTE

Ezekiel, it is.

EZEKIEL

Get the fuck...

Dante pulls out his bowie knife, yanks the chain between
their cuffs, and CLUNKS their heads against the bars.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

La Duke exits the police car parked on a service road among
the old beater, a hearse, a few cars, and the camper.

He opens the rear door and helps Rob get out.

LA DUKE

I'm doing the Christian thing for
you, Rob.

He unlocks Rob's handcuffs. Rob stares him in the eyes.

ROB

While you're at it, forgive
yourself. That's the other thing
you people do, ain't it?

LA DUKE

I want this to end here.

Rob walks toward several tall headstones. La Duke follows.

ROB

Well, we're in the right place for
things to end.

He steps between two tall headstones and walks up to a

GRAVESIDE

Uptight Wife and several MOURNERS stand in front of a casket perched above the grave. Rev. Big Daddy recites a prayer.

La Duke joins Anna, her cut bruised eyebrow stitched.

DOC CASPER, 50, bow tie, thick glasses, helps Lee, drunk as a skunk, to the casket. Lee salutes and points to Doc Casper.

LEE

Doc Casper, everyone.

He grabs wildflowers from his back pocket, spins half around, falls against the casket, and skewers it on its perch.

Doc Casper helps Lee up.

REV. BIG DADDY

In the name of The...

Motorcycle BLARING amplifies drowning out Rev. Big Daddy.

Everyone makes the sign of the cross.

Lee pulls a whiskey pint out and sneers through the bottle at everyone.

Rev. Big Daddy makes the sign of the cross and hollers:

REV. BIG DADDY

... Father... The Son... and The...

Motorcycle REVVING nearby dies.

REV. BIG DADDY

... Holy Ghost!

Keys JINGLING escalates.

Everyone makes the sign of the cross as they stare down a row of graves on the other side of a

TALL MONUMENT

Tommy stands on a pile of dead flowers over an unsettled grave, peeing on "Lucy and Wendell Welch - "'Til Death Do Us Part -" carved into the large marble headstone.

TOMMY

Now, who's pissed?

GRAVESIDE

FARTING and FOOTSTEPS intensify...

Everyone furrows their eyebrows, glancing at each other.

REV. BIG DADDY
Shall we sing?

TOMMY (O.S.)
Can I get an amen?

Everyone sings Amazing Grace with anxious trepidation.

Tommy approaches the casket, sings along, waves his arms, kisses the casket, turns, and stomps toward Doc Casper.

Doc Casper leans stiffly on his heels and feels his lips with trembling fingers. Tommy gooses his ass as he passes.

Everyone continues singing Amazing Grace with trepidation.

Tommy smiles at Rob as he lays his hands on his shoulders.

ROB
Are you a Jesus freak now, Brother?

TOMMY
The devil is my savior.

He nods toward La Duke and Anna.

TOMMY
(whispers)
Vengeance fuels *my* soul, sweet
little boy. So why not help me?

He grabs Rob and puckers his lips to kiss Rob's head.

Rob plants an uppercut under Tommy's chin, knocking him back into a headstone onto his ass. Tommy rubs his chin, smirking.

TOMMY
Now you got the spirit, Brother!

The Mourners scurry away. La Duke hugs Anna. She squirms from his grip and runs toward the cars. Uptight Wife follows her.

Lee sets the flowers on the casket as Rev. Big Daddy recites from the bible.

REV. BIG DADDY
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil...

A sudden wind kicks up a dust devil amongst them.

The bible pages flutter before the bible flies out of Rev.
Big Daddy's hands into the grave. The casket drops over it.

A Monarch butterfly flies from the grave as La Duke ushers
Rob toward Lee.

LA DUKE
You can pay me back by driving your
dad home. Your brother and I got
something here to clear up.

ROB
All right.

He grabs Lee's arm and leads him away. Lee rips his arm from
Rob's grip and stumbles forward. Rob races ahead of him.

La Duke snugs his hat on his head and approaches Tommy.

TOMMY
Well, sheriff, I reckon this town
ain't big enough...

La Duke and Rev. Big Daddy drag Tommy across the grass.

LA DUKE
Quite the contrary.

They kick the plywood covering off a freshly dug grave.

TOMMY
Fuck you!

La Duke and Rev. Big Daddy heave Tommy into the grave.

LA DUKE
This is a perfect fit for you.

Rev. Big Daddy reaches out to La Duke.

REV. BIG DADDY
Give me your gun, sheriff. I'll
give him a Christian burial.

Tommy laughs. La Duke pokes his finger at Rev. Big Daddy.

LA DUKE
I told you I would take care of
this matter. And you agreed.

REV. BIG DADDY
Yes siree, but...

He jumps into the grave and lifts Tommy by the throat.

REV. BIG DADDY
I let the sheriff have you for now.
But if I find out for sure you
killed my Lucy, I'll kill you.

TOMMY
Already been killed. Waste-of-time.

La Duke cocks his pistol upside Rev. Big Daddy's head.

LA DUKE
Go on now, take your wife home.

Rev. Big Daddy cocks his fist to punch Tommy. Tommy blows him
a kiss.

TOMMY
Owe, please, don't, mister...

Rev. Big Daddy drops Tommy, climbs from the grave, and stomps
away.

La Duke squats next to Tommy. Tommy smirks at him.

LA DUKE
I can't prove you killed Brutus,
Mavis, Lucy, or her fool husband.
Found those dead Bikers and the
wedding money burned up, so...

He holsters his gun and tips his hat brim down.

LA DUKE
I'm just going to boot your ass out
of my town. But, Flossy being your
mom, ya get two hours' grace.

He kicks dirt on Tommy and walks away, shaking his head.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY - TRAVELING

Rob steers down a dirt road. Lee sits shotgun and stares
through the whiskey bottle at Rob.

LEE
"In vino veritas." Nothing but the
truth, boy.

ROB
What are you talking about?

LEE
Your ma saw it that night.

ROB
What do you know about "that
night"? You passed out as usual.

Lee smirks as he swigs from the bottle. Rob looks away.

LEE
Oh, I see it all in here. There's
magic in every bottle. Like a time
machine, or a what-a-ya-call-it? A
crystal ball.

ROB
No bigger fool than old drunken
fools.

LEE
Why don't you just let me finish?
Then you can tell me if it's the
damn truth or a lie, boy.

ROB
Go on.

Lee smiles, staring through the bottle at him.

LEE
I see the truth, speak it, and know
damn well when someone lies to me.

Rob sneers back through the bottle at him for a few seconds.

ROB
I said, "go on."

LEE
Hell, you broke my concentration.

ROB
This is ridiculous.

LEE
Let me finish. Are we clear on
that?

ROB
Crystal.

LEE
You busted La Duke's nose and beat
on his daughter Anna.

He looks around the bottle and smirks at Rob.

LEE
Well, I am cheatin' a bit there. I
saw 'em both at the graveside.

Rob chews on his lip as he squeezes the steering wheel.

LEE
Your ma saw it in your eyes.

He eyeballs Rob through the bottle.

LEE
You're evil just like me. I see it.
Ya got your ma killed, didn't ya?

Rob jerks the wheel, jumps the car off the road, and guns it
down a grassy knoll straight for a large tree. Lee smiles.

LEE
We're going to hell together.

Rob fishtails the car around the tree at the last second into
a tailspin.

INT. CHARLIE NITRO'S GAS STATION - DAY

Charlie spins in his chair, watching two girls pull each
other's hair, fighting over a skinny guy on a TV on the wall.

CHARLIE
Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

Tommy rumbles his motorcycle behind a roof-down convertible
with two girls pulling up to the pumps outside the window.

Charlie spins around, seeing Tommy through the front window.

CHARLIE
Tommy! Tommy! Tommy!

EXT. CHARLIE NITRO'S GAS STATION - DAY

A small gas station is at the base of a bridge across a
raging white-water river.

Tommy kickstands his motorcycle and leans over the driver's side of the convertible.

TOMMY
Sexy Sadie!

SEXY SADIE, 22, knock-out brunette, wraparound shades, bikini, at the wheel, sucks a sucker with a wicked smile.

SEXY SADIE
Last I heard, you were some sort of bat out of hell, gone, and got your wings clipped.

TOMMY
They got me here all right.

SEXY SADIE
Are you gonna stay grounded for long?

TOMMY
Long enough to bury the dead.

SEXY SADIE
Oh shit. That's right. Your momma.

She pulls the sucker from her mouth.

SEXY SADIE
I'm sorry. She was nice.

He takes the sucker and flips her glasses onto her head.

SEXY SADIE
Anything I can do for you, Tommy?

He rubs the sucker across her pouting lips.

TOMMY
Where's Floyd?

SEXY SADIE
Got *his* wings clipped.

PEGGY (O.S.)
Along with my husband, Ezekiel.

PEGGY, 22, cute, petite blonde, mini-skirt, leans over the wet windshield and soaks her halter top as she squeezes it.

PEGGY

That asshole La Duke is keeping
them locked up till sundown. He
should throw away the key.

She gets Tommy's attention, so Sadie turns the wipers on her.

TOMMY

Well, time's a-wasting.

Charlie whistles from the front of the station for Tommy.

Sexy Sadie and Peggy slap each other over the windshield.

Tommy smiles as he turns from them, approaching the station.

CHARLIE

You were born to raise hell, Tommy.

TOMMY

You should know. How goes it, boss?
Am I fired for being late?

Charlie reads the time on Tommy's watch and smiles at him.

CHARLIE

You did real good, you son of a
bitch? Right on time as usual.

TOMMY

I got no money for gas, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Didn't you keep any wedding money?

TOMMY

Watch me pull a rabbit out of my
pants.

He pulls his pants pockets out. Charlie walks away.

CHARLIE

Your credit's always good with me.

Tommy salutes him. Sexy Sadie spins Tommy around to face her.

SEXY SADIE

We're going back to my pool.

She points back toward her car, where Peggy sits, fanning
herself with her hand as she whistles.

SEXY SADIE

Ya want to come with us?

Tommy grabs her arm and her ass, steering her to the car.

TOMMY
You knew I'd be back for the
funeral. And you knew I'd be over
to see Charlie, directly.

He opens the car door, sits her at the wheel, and slams the door.

TOMMY
And you know I never pass up a
chance to --
(smells his fingers)
-- sniff your ass.

Sexy Sadie gives him the finger and floors the convertible out of the station. Peggy moons him from the backseat.

Tommy walks toward Charlie in front of the station.

CHARLIE
Things sure have been quiet around
here without you.

TOMMY
Ain't you gonna tell me?

CHARLIE
Put your pockets back in.

Tommy stuffs his pockets back into his pants.

TOMMY
What is it you want?

Charlie looks up and raises his arms.

CHARLIE
"The garden of eternal dreams."

He smiles as he wiggles his fingers toward the sky.

CHARLIE
Burning like hell!

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Floyd drives down a road through lightning flashes in a blinding rainstorm with the windshield wiper on high.

Ezekiel leans over the dashboard, barely sitting shotgun.

EZEKIEL
Can you see anything? I can't.

Floyd pulls Ezekiel back into his seat.

FLOYD
I know right where I'm at, Ezekiel,
so just stop your whining.

He turns onto a side road.

EZEKIEL
The lightning must have knocked out
the corner streetlight.

Floyd shakes his head. Ezekiel points to the windshield.

FLOYD
I know my house is down there, but
I can't see the driveway.

EZEKIEL
Something's coming...

Oncoming motorcycle headlight glares in their eyes.

EZEKIEL
Look out!

He points to the right. Floyd slams the brakes and tailspins
the car one way.

FLOYD
Where?!

Helmeted Tommy fishtails the motorcycle sideways from the
other way, inches from the police car's front bumper.

EZEKIEL
Hell of a rider.

They watch the bike roaring away through the rear window.

FLOYD
The devil on wheels.

EZEKIEL
Where the hell do ya suppose...?

Floyd skids into a right turn, splashing on bumpy asphalt.

A motion sensor light clicks on over the front door of a
modest house ahead at the other end of a flooded driveway.

FLOYD
I'll kill that bitch!

EZEKIEL
Floyd, take it easy.

Floyd slams the brakes, jams the car in park, and leaps out.

He sloshes across the muddy grass to the house and peers through a rain-streaked window into

INT. FLOYD'S AND SEXY SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sexy Sadie sleeps ass up naked in bed, a lipstick-drawn eye on each butt cheek, "FUCK" and "YOU" as eyebrows.

Motorcycle VAROOMS into tires SCREECHING away.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Motorcycle ROARS to a halt, gravel PELTING the house.

Dirty dishes in the sink, pots, and pans clutter the stove, dozen empty beer bottles, and plates of food on the table.

Lee sits at the table, guzzling the rest of a whiskey bottle.

Rob steps in, slinging a stuffed duffel bag on his shoulder.

LEE
Boy!

He stands, whiskey bottle at his side.

LEE
You just stop right there.

Rob slams the bag down and points at Lee.

ROB
No way you're stopping me.

LEE
You talkin' big now.

ROB
Damn right, I am.

He bends to get his bag. Lee busts the bottle on Rob's head.

LEE
Dead right!

Rob drops to his hands and knees. Lee boots him in the ribs.

LEE
You kilt your ma, boy!

He grabs Rob by the hair and cocks the jagged bottle in his hand to stab Rob in the neck.

LEE
Now I kill you.

Tommy grabs Lee's bottle arm from behind and chokes Lee with his other arm.

TOMMY
I should have killed you a long time ago, old man.

LEE
Pony up.

He grabs Tommy's wrist and slams him back into the wall.

LEE
This time you stay put.

He stabs the jagged bottle in Tommy's thigh and grinds it deeper into Tommy's thigh.

TOMMY
Ah! You fucker!

LEE
Taste your medicine, boy.

He rips the bloody jagged bottle from Tommy's thigh.

TOMMY
Fuck!

Tommy slides down the wall. Lee grabs him by the hair and smiles as he pokes the jagged bottle under Tommy's chin.

LEE
Firstborn, first to die.

TOMMY
The time is now.

THWACK, Lee straightens up, coughs blood turning from Tommy, blood spews from the carving knife deep in his back.

LEE
You...

He reaches over and under his shoulder, unable to grab the knife as he lunges at Rob, swinging the jagged bottle.

LEE
You little...

Rob leaps back into the stove. Lee slashes the jagged bottle across Rob's chin, his gashed chin spewing blood.

Rob leans back, slaps the pots and pans off the stove, knocks the carving fork onto a rear burner, and reaches for it.

Lee grabs him by the throat and raises the jagged bottle.

LEE
Time to carve the sweet little boy!

Rob jams the carving fork deep into Lee's groin. He crashes onto his back, forcing the knife to burst from his chest.

ROB
I didn't want this...

He turns away, gags, and vomits.

Tommy drags his wounded leg as he follows Lee, squirming across the floor, slathering blood in his wake.

TOMMY
The mighty have fallen. Fucking slug.

LEE
See you in hell.

He stiffens, spits blood, and enters hell.

Rob squats in a corner, shaking his head, eyes squeezed shut.

ROB
There is no turning back.

Tommy rips cabinets open, tossing jars out. They shatter on the floor as he grabs a tin of bandages in a drawer.

TOMMY
Pick up your shit. We're going.

Rob sits on the table, pinching his bloody chin cut closed.

ROB
Where would we go?

TOMMY
Hell's fire. Devil's waitin'.

He fixes an adhesive butterfly bandage over Rob's chin cut.

TOMMY
Are you with me?

ROB
I haven't got anybody else.

TOMMY
Is there any money around here?

ROB
Just what's owed.

Tommy leans on the table next to Rob, smirking proudly.

TOMMY
Cracking jokes, huh? That's cold.

Rob pounds his fists upside his head.

ROB
I hated him, but. I didn't want
this either!

TOMMY
All right, killer.

Rob leans over the sink.

ROB
Please don't call me that.

Tommy tears more cabinets open onto a dozen prescription bottles, a duct tape roll, and a half-full whiskey bottle.

He reads the prescription bottles, grabs one, and opens it.

TOMMY
Percocet. My favorite. Here's to my
old bosom buddy, Doc Casper.

He flips the faucet on, pops a few Percocet pills, and sips water.

ROB
Let's keep the Doc that way.

Rob dry heaves. Tommy shoves Rob's head under the faucet and pours whiskey on his leg wound, grunting.

TOMMY

Murder always leads to others.
Right now it's us or them.

Rob soaks his head in the faucet. Tommy duct tapes his leg.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BARN - DAY - (TWILIGHT)

Rusty farm tools and broken equipment everywhere. A .38 pistol, a pump shotgun, and car keys on nails in the walls.

Rob ratches the last spark plug out of the pickup engine.

The old beater is parked in the driveway outside the doors.

Tommy offers Rob a beer as he slips the car keys off the wall behind him, blocking Rob from seeing him.

TOMMY

Are you stalling?

Rob shakes his head at the beer. Tommy sets it on the bumper.

ROB

No, these old plugs got my truck
running crappy. Gotta change them.

He takes five more dirty plugs from a workbench, lobs them into a garbage can, and opens a six-pack of new spark plugs.

TOMMY

Heal, Brother. These 'ill help.

He slaps two Percocets into Rob's hand.

ROB

Never had a pill ma didn't give me.

TOMMY

It's time to grow up, Brother.

Rob sets the ratchet on the workbench, pops the pills, sips the beer, and sets it next to the ratchet.

Tommy grabs a sickle off the wall over a ten-gallon gas can. Rob lobs the pills behind two boxes of ammo on the workbench.

ROB

What do we do?

Tommy steps by Rob and spits on a sandstone on the workbench.

TOMMY

Get some quick cash and go.

He sharpens the sickle on the sandstone.

TOMMY

We can burn the house down. Cremate the old man. They'll think he was drunk and did it to himself.

ROB

I've been delivering Doc Casper's prescriptions. He owes me two hundred dollars. I'll get it.

TOMMY

I have some unfinished business with Doc Casper.

Rob yanks his arm, pulling the sickle off the sandstone.

ROB

No one else gets hurt. Stop all the killing talk. You should be gone. La Duke will be looking for you.

Tommy mumbles to himself as he spits on the sandstone.

TOMMY

Two birds with one stone.

ROB

What's going on in that head?

TOMMY

Just that, you're right about the sheriff. But I need my leg fixed.

ROB

Do it in Shelby. There's a hospital a couple of hours away there.

TOMMY

Two hundred won't get us very far. They'll put out an APB on us. Shelby cops will grab us.

ROB

You don't have to worry about that.

TOMMY

What do you mean?

ROB

I'll get my money. Be back in an hour. You take the money and my pickup. I'm staying.

TOMMY

Ya want to go to prison?

ROB

He attacked me. I defended myself.

Tommy wiggles his burn-scarred knuckles in Rob's face.

TOMMY

I threw boiling water in his face.
Bopped him on the head a couple of
times. That got me, a would-be
hero, four years in motel hell.
Made our house look like Candyland.

ROB

This was self-defense.

TOMMY

You'll go to prison for twenty-five
years with grown men. They'll drug
ya and take pictures as they gang-
bang your ass and mouth.

ROB

Is that what happened to you in
prison?

TOMMY

That happened to me right here in
this town before I went to prison.

ROB

Did you tell anyone here?

TOMMY

I told everyone. No one listened.
So they're coming to hell with me.

ROB

This ain't about Mom. It's about
you. It's always about you.

Tommy waves the glistening sharp sickle upright at Rob.

TOMMY

This blade ain't no question mark.
I ain't gonna let anyone stop me.

Rob grabs the sickle handle. Tommy seizes his wrist and
punches him in the head. Rob sprawls facedown, unconscious.

Tommy pockets the new six-pack of plugs, grabs the .38 off
the wall, waistbands it, and grabs Rob by the shirt.

Tommy swings the sickle blade, easily cuts Rob's shirt down the back, feels around Rob's neck, and pats his chest.

TOMMY

Where are Doc's keys?!

He grabs the shotgun off the wall and ammo boxes off the workbench, shaking the gas can on his way out. It's empty.

He sets the gas can in the old beater, hops in, starts it, and calls to Rob as he revs the engine.

TOMMY

Get in my way again, Brother,
you're road kill like the rest.

EXT. NITRO'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

Tommy skids the old beater up to an "SS 1000 High Octane Fuel" pump. Charlie steps over and gases up the car.

CHARLIE

This nitro-fuel is gonna take your
wheels off the road.

Tommy hops out and sets the gas can at Charlie's feet.

TOMMY

Yeah, but when I come down, I'm
bringing lightning and thunder.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BARN - NIGHT

Rob pulls the old plugs out of the garbage can and grabs the ratchet.

He ducks under the pickup hood, cleans an old plug on his shirt, blows on the contacts, and ratchets in the plug.

INT./EXT. OLD BEATER - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Tommy burns rubber down a hill onto a flat stretch of a valley road. Cornfields rustle to each side HUSH-SHH...

INT./EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Rob floors the pickup down an opposing hill at the other end of the valley onto the same road toward Tommy.

Tommy veers head-on at Rob and flicks the high beams on.

The high beams glare in Rob's eyes as he jerks the wheel right to left just before impact.

The pickup spins off the road, rolling over in the cornfield.

The old beater fishtails to a halt on the road beyond the cornfield.

Tommy leans out the driver's side window and pounds a classic drum beat on the door as he cackles.

TOMMY

Wipeout!

INT./EXT. OLD BEATER - NIGHT

Rock-a-billy blares from the speakers. Rob, bruised face, shudders awake, prone in the backseat.

He opens his eyes and stares at the .38 muzzle. Tommy smiles down the barrel. Rob shoves it aside.

ROB

Fuck you!

Tommy smacks the .38 across Rob's face.

TOMMY

You're a tough guy now, huh?

Rob wipes his bloody nose on his T-shirt sleeve.

ROB

Have you been to Doc's yet?

Tommy flattens Rob's nose with the .38 barrel.

TOMMY

I'm waiting for the keys. Doc's got that place locked up tighter than High Desert State Prison.

ROB

I don't know about any keys. You're wasting your precious time. Doc can't cure *your* sickness.

TOMMY

No, but he kissed it and made it much better. How about you?

He tears Rob's shirt off. Rob slaps his hand over a key on a string around his neck.

TOMMY

He gave me one too.

He rips the string off Rob's neck and swings the key in his face.

TOMMY

Are you jealous? I am.

He pistol whips Rob across the cheek and busts it wide open. Rob shakes it off, blood running down his face.

ROB

What's that smell?

TOMMY

I'm burning nitro-fuel.

ROB

What's your hurry?

TOMMY

I gotta be back by morning. I'm gonna ride Anna to school.

Rob gets in Tommy's face.

ROB

I'll fucking kill you!

Tommy cocks the gun to Rob's head. Rob grabs the .38 and blasts a spiderweb hole in the rear window.

Rob dives through the shattering glass over the trunk to the

GRAVEL ROAD

Deep and wide drainage ditches lead to muddy fields on both sides.

The old beater speeds off, squealing to a halt down the road.

Rob stumbles to his feet, the .38 in hand. Gravel and dirt stuck to his bloody face, shaking the cobwebs from his head.

ROB

Where did you go?!

Tommy burns rubber into a U-turn and fishtails toward Rob.

Rob raises the pistol and peers into the oncoming headlights. Tommy screams out the open window.

TOMMY

I'm not done with you!

Rob shields his eyes, aiming the .38 at the old beater closing.

ROB
Keep talking.

He fires, the windshield shatters, and the car tailspins.

The front end misses Rob, but the rear fender swats him down, the .38 skipping across the road.

The old beater skids to a halt. Tommy hops out and opens the trunk.

Rob crawls to the .38 and grabs the gun. Tommy pokes the pump shotgun to the back of Rob's head.

TOMMY
I'll take that, boy!

Rob tosses the .38 into the ditch. Tommy stomps on Rob and mashes his face to the road, blood pulsing from his wounds.

ROB
Please don't hurt Anna.

TOMMY
Give me a reason not to shoot you.

ROB
Some light on the subject?

Tommy glances at oncoming headlights rising over the hill.

Rob leaps for the ditch. Tommy blasts the shotgun at Rob, blood misting the air as Rob drops over the edge.

Tommy aims down the muddy slope, squinting. Headlights from the road brighten the air, casting the ditch into shadows.

He shakes his head, mutters to himself, drops his pants, and turns to the car on the road with an OLD COUPLE inside.

TOMMY
Are you here for the rain dance?

The Old Couple shakes their heads, racing away.

Tommy pulls the old beater just over the ditch's edge, headlights brightening the darkness as Tommy aims the shotgun down the ditch.

TOMMY
Where the fuck did you go, boy?

He smiles at the key dangling from the string in his hand.

INT. DOC CASPER'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Furnished impeccably with antiques and collectibles.

Native American spear, ceremonial pipe, a hand drum, a tomahawk, a bow, and a few arrows mounted on the wall.

Doc Casper sits in a winged back chair, laptop on his lap, scrolls through naked photos of teenage Tommy, Lucy, Brutus, and Mavis in bed trying on La Duke's cowboy hat, two of La Duke nude, partially obscured by his hand over the lens.

A door SQUEAKS open, FOOTSTEPS closing fast.

Doc shuts the laptop, pulls a derringer from his pocket, and slides it under the laptop, peering down a shadowy hallway.

Tommy runs from the shadows toward him, shotgun aimed at him.

TOMMY

You promised to help me, remember?
You didn't even come to my trial.
What happened to your undying love?

Doc shakes his head. Tommy racks the shotgun and twists the muzzle in Doc's ear.

TOMMY

Nod if ya hear me?

DOC CASPER

I'm sorry, but, I...

He squeezes his eyes shut and shakes his head.

DOC CASPER

I was excited by your wildness but
once you were gone, I felt safer.

TOMMY

Hey, Doc, don't lose heart, the
devil will never forgive you.

DOC CASPER

Just shoot. I deserve it.

Tommy rubs the muzzle along Doc's jaw.

TOMMY

I won't shoot you. I see the death
in your eyes. I'll just hurt you.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(points to Native American
artifacts on the wall)
That and take back what ya stole
from my people and *your drugs*.

Doc sneaks his hand under the laptop and grabs the derringer.

DOC CASPER
Then take what you want and leave.
I'm in the middle of something.

TOMMY
You used to drop everything for me.

He smashes the shotgun barrel through the glass door of a
China cabinet full of Native American pottery and an urn.

Doc sits up rigidly in the chair, cocks the hidden derringer.

TOMMY
The least I can do is return one
favor.

DOC CASPER
My wife's ashes. Please...

Tommy smashes the urn to the floor, ashes clouding the air.

TOMMY
See, Doc, people you care for don't
just hurt ya, they break ya.

He tilts the cabinet over, choking back tears as it crashes.

TOMMY
Feel broken, Doc?

Doc points the derringer at Tommy. He raises the shotgun.

DOC CASPER
I'll see you in the end.

Doc fires the derringer in his eye, blowing the back of his
head apart, blood and brain matter across Tommy's face.

TOMMY
I take pleasure in knowing that.

EXT. DOC CASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rob, covered in mud, sits on the old beater hood, and blood
drips from his torn ear onto his cheek's wound.

He aims the .38 at the thick oak side entry door with three triangular panes of glass.

A sign "DOC CASPER M.D. You got to be sick just to come way out here, so ring the bell" hangs over the door.

The garage door across the driveway opens onto a luxury sedan, the alarm beeps, the engine starts, and the headlights blink on.

Rob aims at the garage and squints at the headlights.

ROB
Come on out, Brother!

He glances down as the luxury sedan keys on the alarm fob drop into his lap.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Over here.

He grabs Rob from behind. Rob swings the .38. Tommy seizes the gun. Rob fires over Tommy's shoulder.

The bullet dimples one of the three triangular panes of glass in the door, PEE-SHEW, ricochets off the brick wall.

Tommy throws Rob down, rips the gun from Rob's hand, and taps the barrel on the triangular windows in the door, smiling.

TOMMY
Bulletproof glass windows. Nice.

ROB
Ya said you wouldn't kill him.

He tries to stand. Tommy aims the shotgun in his face. Rob sits against the tire. Tommy hands him the ceremonial pipe.

TOMMY
Peace, Brother. He shot himself.

ROB
Why would he do that?

Tommy opens the laptop and hands it to Rob.

TOMMY
Hit enter and watch the show.

Rob taps "Enter" and scrolls through the sex photos of Tommy, Mavis, Brutus, Lucy, and La Duke, then keys the power off.

ROB
Why didn't you tell someone?

TOMMY
I told the old man. My lawyer.
Should have seen La Duke's face. He
told 'em I was trying to con 'em.

Rob shuts the laptop.

TOMMY
I had no proof. Nobody. Not even
Lucy, Mavis or Brutus. No one. Doc
Casper was supposed to...

He smashes the laptop against the wall and stomps on it.

ROB
Why do that? That was your proof!

TOMMY
Ya ain't listening. The system only
works for the white people in power
or the rich people who own us all.
Our old man knew I was right about
La Duke. But he wanted me gone.

ROB
That's why the sheriff never
touched the old man. I bet La
Duke's wife figured it all out and
was gonna do something about it.

Tommy enters the bungalow side entry door, tosses a stuffed
pillowcase onto the driveway, and a mix of pills spills out.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Brutus pimped Lucy, Mavis, and
himself around town when I was
gone. Blackmailed everyone they
sucked in. Brutus had La Duke by
the balls. That closet cocksucker!

He exits the door, tomahawk, pistol in his waistband, bow,
arrows in hand, hand drum tucked under his arm. He tosses
them in the old beater.

TOMMY
There was a picture in the laptop
of Brutus with La Duke's dick in...

He jumps back. The luxury sedan roars by. Rob is at the
wheel.

Tommy hops into the old beater and burns rubber after him.

INT./EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Rob swerves off the driveway onto the road.

Tommy fishtails onto the road and chases the luxury sedan.

Rob twirls the wheel and drifts around a turn. Tommy bumps the sedan's rear bumper, and the tires skip sideways.

The sedan fishtails wide around another turn. Tommy cuts the corner, scraping the old beater across Rob's door.

Tommy spins the wheel, slamming the sedan sideways off the road.

The sedan shimmies along the edge of the drainage ditch and rolls over into the

DRAINAGE DITCH

The sedan splash-lands on its side in the mud, upside wheels spinning as the engine revs.

The old beater pulls slightly over the edge, headlights on.

The old beater door SQUEALS open and SLAMS shut.

Tommy aims the shotgun over the edge, the tomahawk down the back of his pants.

TOMMY

Come on out or I'll... Fuck it!

He blasts the shotgun, the pellets rip the fuel tank open, and gas pours out.

TOMMY

The next one blows that tank. Shh-shit!

He turns toward screeching tires as the police car fishtails around the old beater into Tommy and knocks him on his ass.

Ezekiel leaps out the passenger door toward Tommy and cocks his gun before Tommy raises his shotgun.

EZEKIEL

Put it the fuck down!

Tommy drops the shotgun. Floyd jumps out of the police car and grabs the shotgun.

FLOYD
Well, if it ain't the big bad
jailbird biker.

He puts the shotgun in the driver's seat and shuts the door.

Ezekiel drags Tommy by his shirt to the car and slams Tommy backward against the trunk.

EZEKIEL
Where is that brother of yours?

TOMMY
Probably fucking your cousin Anna.

FLOYD
Sheriff's gonna put an end to that.

TOMMY
Fuck you. Before me and Rob are
done fucking white women around
here. This town is gonna be tanned.

EZEKIEL
Dream on, motherfuckers. Before
this night's over you two dreamers
are gonna be with your momma.

TOMMY
Can we get this over with? I'm on
my way to Floyd's house. Sexy Sadie
wants to have my baby.

Ezekiel pops a bubble of gum and snickers. Floyd grimaces.

TOMMY
Yuck it up, Ezekiel. I already
fucked your wife Peggy twice today.
Could be twins.

Ezekiel grabs Tommy by the throat and spits tobacco.

EZEKIEL
You son of a bitch.

Floyd leans back, looks up, and laughs his ass off.

FLOYD
We gonna gut you, jailbird.

Tommy whips the tomahawk out and chops Ezekiel's neck wide-open. Ezekiel crashes on the hood as Tommy slides right.

Rain pours, lightning bolts light up the sky, BOOMS and CRACKLING of thunder follow.

Floyd pulls his gun, but Tommy backhands the tomahawk before he can fire, cleaving a gash between Floyd's eyes.

Floyd flops on Ezekiel, blood and rain gush over the trunk.

Rob slams the driver's door, aiming the shotgun at Tommy.

ROB
This ends here.

TOMMY
It ain't half over.

ROB
Your half first.

Tommy slide-steps toward Rob as he waves the tomahawk at him.

TOMMY
You ain't got the balls.

Rob lowers his aim onto Tommy's crotch.

ROB
One twitch and I got yours.

Tommy lowers the tomahawk to his side and smiles.

TOMMY
This is fun. Isn't it?

ROB
Starting with you.

TOMMY
Are we gonna stand out here all
night staring at my balls?

ROB
Toss the tomahawk over the car and
lie facedown, spread eagle.

Tommy flings the bloody tomahawk over the car and kneels.

TOMMY
Fuck you...

Rob racks the shotgun.

ROB
Lay down!

Tommy flops facedown. Rob grabs Floyd's and Ezekiel's guns.

TOMMY
Fun time's over, huh?

ROB
Go on and get up.

TOMMY
Up and down, jump around. Sooner or later you're gonna have to use more than words on me.

ROB
You use a damn lot of words too.

TOMMY
I got a lot of character. Don't I?

Rob opens the police car's back door and steps around Tommy.

ROB
Shut up and put Floyd and Ezekiel in the car.

TOMMY
This is shit, Brother. We're all the family we each have. Either join me in my reign or serve me?

He lifts bloody Floyd against his chest.

ROB
I'll visit you every holiday.

Rob backs up as Tommy rushes at him with Floyd as a shield.

TOMMY
Shoot already!

Rob blasts Floyd in the chest as Tommy shoves him into Rob, grabbing the shotgun as Rob and Floyd fall backward into the

DRAINAGE DITCH

Rob splash-lands in the mud. Floyd thumps on top of Rob, and Ezekiel slams over both of them.

TOMMY (O.S.)
You forgot your ride!

ROARING police car engine intensifies.

The police car lurches over the edge as Rob squirms from under the deputies. Ezekiel grabs his feet. Rob kicks him.

The car flips over the edge. Rob yanks one foot free, but Ezekiel holds onto the other.

The car slams the deputies into the mud, just missing Rob. He digs around his leg buried in the mud under the car.

Tommy aims the shotgun over the edge and blasts the sedan, it bursts into flames, and fire spreads along the ditch.

Tommy jumps in the old beater and peels out.

SHH-BOOM, a fireball mushrooms over the road behind him.

EXT. LA DUKE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

THUNDERCLAPS as lightning blinks through the pouring rain.

Rob crawls up the stairs and across the porch, leaving a mud, gravel, and blood trail in his wake.

Anna looks out the screen door, handset phone to her ear.

ANNA

Yes, Dad, it's... Rob!

She bursts through the door and dives to her knees. Rob lays his face on her thigh and grunts in pain.

ANNA

Stay still.

LA DUKE (V.O.)

Anna?!

She thumb-taps the end call button and punches in 9-1-1.

EXT. DOC CASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy skids the old beater up to the side entry door, jumps out, flings the tomahawk, and THUMPS into the door.

EXT. LA DUKE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Two PARAMEDICS load Rob on a gurney into an ambulance.

Rob fights his restraint straps and mumbles to himself under his oxygen mask connected to a tank on his chest.

Anna steps between the Paramedics, tearfully calling inside.

ANNA
I'm here with you, Rob!

PARAMEDIC #1
You can ride with him if you like.

ANNA
Thank you.

Rob shakes his head at her and mumbles no.

The police car squeals to a halt and La Duke gets out.

LA DUKE
(to Paramedic #1)
How is he?

PARAMEDIC #1
He should be all right.

LA DUKE
What's his damage?

PARAMEDIC #1
Blunt head trauma. Shotgun pellet
scratches on one cheek. Tore his
ear. Needs stitching.

LA DUKE
How?

PARAMEDIC #2
We cleaned the head wound. It was
caked with gravel from the road.

PARAMEDIC #1
He must have crawled for some time.
His pants legs were pretty torn up.

La Duke looks at Anna. She turns away.

LA DUKE
There's no quit in this boy.

PARAMEDIC #2
Sheriff, we've got to move.

LA DUKE
Go on.

PARAMEDIC #2
I'll drive.

PARAMEDIC #1

You got it.

Paramedic #1 climbs inside. Anna steps up behind him.

La Duke grabs her and carries her backward. She kicks and squirms, unable to get free. He nods to the Paramedics.

ANNA

Wait!

Paramedic #2 grabs a water bottle off the bumper, steps by Rob, and gets behind the wheel. Paramedic #1 shuts the doors.

The ambulance drives away, lights and sirens blaring.

La Duke sets Anna down. She pounds on his chest. He grabs her arms. She furiously struggles against his grip.

ANNA

Why couldn't I ride with him?!

LA DUKE

I know we've had our issues and we're mostly at odds with each other. But I do love you.

ANNA

Tell me what's happening?

LA DUKE

It's Tommy. And, maybe Rob?

ANNA

I don't believe that.

She kicks a dent in the police car fender.

LA DUKE

Anna, please! I can't reach Ezekiel or Floyd on their radios.

She looks wide-eyed at him and wipes away her tears.

LA DUKE

So stop telling me what you won't believe and just listen to me.

ANNA

Okay.

LA DUKE

Tommy's out there somewhere, probably stalking his next victim.

INT./EXT. OLD BEATER - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Tommy zooms down a country road between cornfields, licking his lips as he gains on the ambulance.

TOMMY

I'll race you to the bridge.

He leans over the steering wheel and sees the speedometer sweep past "65 mph" as he pulls alongside the ambulance.

TOMMY

This way to hell.

He jerks the wheel right, bashing the ambulance's left side.

Tommy faces the ambulance. Paramedic #2 glares back and forth at him and the drainage ditch as he skids along the edge.

TOMMY

And tell 'em I sent ya!

THUNDERCLAPS and hail PITTER-PATTERING on the roof.

Tommy smiles as he jerks the wheel left, a thin gap opens between the side-by-side vehicles, and he guns it.

TOMMY

This is as far as I go.

But as the old beater pulls ahead of the ambulance, Tommy's right rear bumper hooks the ambulance's left front bumper.

Tommy and Paramedic #2 jerk their wheels as both vehicles shimmy in each other's grips, and slam sideways together.

They veer, screech off the road, and barrel through Nitro's gas station. Charlie leaps out of both vehicles' way.

Both vehicles smash into the "SS 1000 High Octane Fuel" pump and swerve away together through the station.

Charlie runs from the pumps as they explode, flames engulfing him.

Both vehicles rocket out of the blossoming fireball onto the

BRIDGE

Both vehicles careen around a railing up the bridge, the old beater spins left and kicks the ambulance to the right.

The old beater spins left, and Tommy slams his shoulder into the door, but it's stuck.

TOMMY

See ya around!

The ambulance rolls over the right side railing, skips across the water, and sinks.

The old beater climbs the left side railing, stands on its tail, and the nitro-fueled gas tank explodes.

The old beater blasts off over the railing and into the water and sinks in a ring of fire.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

The vehicle sinks into the murky river.

Water pours in around the rear doors filling the compartment.

Paramedic #1 breathes from an air bubble under the ceiling.

Rob swims out of the gurney, breathing from the oxygen mask.

Paramedic #2 yanks his seatbelt and squeezes the stuck buckle release, sucking air from the empty water bottle.

Rob gives Paramedic #2 oxygen from the mask as he helps him squeeze the buckle. Paramedic #2 yanks the belt free.

The Paramedics slap Rob's back as they swim to the surface.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

La Duke steers down a dirt road. Anna sits in front.

ANNA

You see. I just don't believe you have anything to say about it.

LA DUKE

I'm your father and I won't be dictated to by my daughter.

ANNA

I've done whatever you asked me up to now. I'm eighteen tomorrow. You can't legally stop me.

LA DUKE

Just how deep are you with Rob?

She bangs on the dash.

ANNA

If you'd paid any attention to me
at all, ever, you would've noticed
just how much I love Rob.

She sobs, tears streaking.

LA DUKE

I guess when your mom died, she
took the better half of my wits.
You do know I love you.

ANNA

You can't take love by force.

LA DUKE

Everything I do is for you...

She presses her hand over his mouth.

ANNA

For me. You're gonna say that. How
dare you. You never even ask me
anything.

LA DUKE

That's just because you're so
unreasonable.

ANNA

You barely even look at me anymore?
We don't talk. I just better
listen. That's about it. Right?

LA DUKE

You see... When I... look at you...

He tears up, his voice breaks, and he clears his throat.

LA DUKE

You're just the age your mother was
when I... I couldn't live a second
without being next to her.

ANNA

That's how deep I am with Rob.

He wipes the tears from her face, staring teary-eyed at her.

LA DUKE

I see it in your eyes.

ANNA

So tell me, what's your damage?

LA DUKE

I'm at the part of my life when all my mistakes are multiplying against me. I'm afraid for the first time I'm mixed up in the kind of trouble that will bring an end to me.

ANNA

Do you believe you're the only one? I'm right here. And I'm in trouble too.

LA DUKE

Let's try and help each other.
Happy birthday, Anna.

He grips the wheel, kissing her cheek. She feels her cheek.

EXT. MATHEWS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Cicadas BUZZING.

The house is dark inside and outside. The police car is parked out front.

La Duke and Anna creak up the steps to the porch.

LA DUKE

This is far enough for you.

He knocks on the door, and it opens on its own.

ANNA

If you're right you won't need to go in there.

LA DUKE

Let's just hope I'm wrong. And Lee just passed out.

ANNA

I don't think so.

La Duke calls through the door.

LA DUKE

Lee! I'm coming in!

He steps halfway in. Anna grabs him.

ANNA

Dad, I want you to love me.

He smiles at her, enters, and disappears into the dark house.

LA DUKE (O.S.)
None of this was ever your fault.

Stairs CREAKING builds.

Anna turns and opens her mouth. Rob, still wet, puts his hand over her mouth from behind her, whispering.

ROB
Meet me in the meadow.

He releases her, hops the railing, and runs to the backyard.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A cicada on the screen door whirs its wings.

La Duke creeps out of the darkness into the room.

LA DUKE
Lee, that you?

He stops across the table from the shadowy outline of Lee in the chair.

LA DUKE
Lee? Smells like... rubbing
alcohol? Are you out of the good
stuff?

He leans over the table and stretches across it.

LA DUKE
Where's that light?

He reaches up and waves his arm.

LA DUKE
Gotcha.

He finds and grabs the light pull string.

ROB (O.S.)
Sheriff, don't!

LA DUKE
What the hell?

He holds the string and turns to Rob outside the screen door.

ROB
It's a trap, don't!

LA DUKE

Damn it!

He yanks the string as he falls. The light bowl flickers on.

He lands on the table and stares wide-eyed into Lee's bulging dead eyes. Lee is duct-taped to the chair.

LA DUKE

Oh, my fucking God!

He pushes himself up from the table.

ROB (O.S.)

Get out! Tommy rigged the fan...

The light bowl bursts into flames as the fan blades spin, flinging fiery alcohol droplets across the room.

LA DUKE

Shit!

He jumps back, slips on the floor, and flops on his back, just clear of the spreading fire. His cowboy hat flies off.

Flames lick La Duke's heels as Rob drags him out the screen door. The cowboy hat clenched in Rob's teeth.

EXT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The screen door slaps shut, the kitchen ablaze.

Rob sets La Duke on the porch and puts the cowboy hat on him.

ROB

This is way more than you've ever done for me.

LA DUKE

What can I do?

Rob jumps the railing and lands eye-to-eye with Anna.

ROB

Too late for me. Keep Anna safe.

ANNA

Why can't you stay with us, Rob?

He kisses her, shakes his head, and whispers.

ROB

I killed my dad. I gotta get away.

He runs from the house and disappears into the shadows.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - NIGHT

State trooper dogs HOWLING in the distance.

Three state trooper cars and two police cars are parked unoccupied in the grass.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

Rob flails his way through tangled weeds and tall grass.

Jittery flashlight beams swarm like bees on and around him.

The SHOUTING intensifies.

He jumps over the edge of the woods into a

RAVINE

Two dogs on leashes leap into sight, pulling two TROOPERS over the edge. Rob slides down an incline to the river.

The Troopers tumble down behind him, losing the leashes. The dogs jump on Rob, tearing into him as they plunge into the

RUSHING RIVER

The dogs bite Rob's back and legs. He dives under a half-submerged fallen tree, his blood streaking the water.

He surfaces tangled in branches, gasping for air, exhausted.

The Trooper's dogs surface. He kicks them back into branches.

They paddle in circles, bark and growl, teeth an inch away from him, leashes snagged in the branches behind them.

ROB

Sticks fetch dogs. Yes.

He snaps off branches, frees himself, and dives underwater.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - NIGHT

La Duke bangs on the door of an idling state trooper car.

LA DUKE

I need this.

TROOPER BADASSE, 25, mustache, lanky, opens the car window.

BADASSE
Sir, are you having a war
flashback?

LA DUKE
Son, I'm sorry!

He opens the car door, drags Badasse out, and gets in.

LA DUKE
I just don't have time for this.

BADASSE
What the hell, sir?!

LA DUKE
You can have the collar.

He slams the door and fishtails away, the tires spewing grass
in Badasse's face.

INT./EXT. STATE TROOPER CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

La Duke steers along the ridge, staring out the window at
Rob, swimming with the raging current in the river below.

LA DUKE
I'm gonna get you. You crazy-ass
fool kid.

He snugs his hat down, guns it past Rob, tailspins away from
the ledge into a U-turn, and floors it over the

RIDGE

The car nosedives with the engine revving toward the

RUSHING RIVER

The grill slams onto the shallow bank across the water, and
the wheels splash down with the car blocking the falls.

Water washes over the car, wedged in the rocks. La Duke
climbs from behind the airbag out the window to the roof.

Rob swims into the rear door. La Duke flops on his chest over
the trunk, revolver trained on Rob.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

La Duke drags Rob out of the woods in handcuffs.

LA DUKE
Do yourself a favor, Rob. Sit in a
cell till we catch your brother.

Badasse follows them, pointing a 9mm at La Duke.

BADASSE
You're both under arrest.

State trooper dogs YELPING and GROWLING amplify.

LA DUKE
You best put that gun down, badass,
or you'll confound the dogs when
they get here.

Badasse cuts La Duke off behind a police car and levels his
9mm point-blank in La Duke's face.

BADASSE
Sir, don't make me...

LA DUKE
The safety's on, son.

BADASSE
Old trick, sir.

He backs up as La Duke edges toward him.

LA DUKE
Well, I tried.

BADASSE
Sir, don't make me take him!

He backs into the police car's rear bumper.

BADASSE
Halt, you-son-of-a-bitch!

LA DUKE
Now you did it. Bluffed yourself
into a real badass's bumper.

BADASSE
We had a deal, sir?

Dante climbs out the driver's door, catching Badasse's eye.

La Duke takes the 9mm from Badasse, shoves him over the hood,
and holds him down.

LA DUKE
The deal's off.

Badasse watches Dante put Rob in the back of his car.

BADASSE
You owe me something, sir.

LA DUKE
Here's a new deal.

He ejects the 9mm clip and pockets it as he helps Badasse up.

LA DUKE
Go home, bad-ass.

La Duke steps away and tosses the gun at Badasse. Badasse fumbles the catch and drops the gun.

BADASSE
Sir, my name's Bad-days!

LA DUKE (O.S.)
Bad days all around.

Dante glances off-screen at La Duke, then smiles at Badasse.

DANTE
So you're not a badass.

BADASSE
You can't even get your fat ass
through the car door, sir.

DANTE
It's the vest.

BADASSE
And a whole lot more, sir.

Dante pins him against the car with his belly.

DANTE
Why don't you try to take *my* gun?

Badasse raises his hands and shakes his head.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Rob stares out his backseat window at La Duke entering a police car across the clearing.

The dome light goes on, illuminating Anna in the backseat. She presses her nose to her side window and waves to Rob.

ROB
Light of my life.

They breathe fog on their windows, writing "SORRY" onto them.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT - NIGHTMARE

Tommy wades ashore in a deluge, smoke, and steam rising from his singed clothes.

Lightning flashes illuminate his face, a jigsaw puzzle of charred flesh.

TOMMY
I am born again, baptized in the
flames of hell!

He points his finger ahead and fire reflects in his eyes.

TOMMY
I'm coming to get you, Brother!

INT. SHERIFF'S LOCKUP - CELL - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Rob springs up in his metal cot, waking from the nightmare, drenched in sweat. Dante leans his face between the bars.

DANTE
Bad dreams, Rob?

ROB
If only they stayed in my head.
He's coming for me, Dante. Let me
out of here. Save yourself.

DANTE
Let him come.

He steps out into the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Dante sits at a desk, leans back, sets his feet on the desk, and sings the ceremonial Native American song the Tribe sang.

DANTE
I'll be waiting.

He opens a crossword puzzle book and pulls a pen out.

DANTE
Hey, Rob, what's a seven-letter
word... Dante's blank?

A flaming arrow explodes through the book, impaling Dante's throat. He springs back, grasping the arrow through the book.

LOCKUP

Rob jumps off his cot and grabs the bars, sniffing the air.

ROB
Dante?! Dante!

Tommy grins his hideous face around the corner of the door.

TOMMY
Happy Halloween, Brother...

He steps closer to the cell in Dante's baggy uniform shirt. Rob white-knuckles the bars, barely able to control his fear.

ROB
You look like a smashed jack-o'-
lantern.

Tommy takes a theatrical bow, extending his arms toward Rob.

TOMMY
I am anything but a civil servant.

ROB
That face suits you.

Tommy snaps his fingers as he points at Rob.

TOMMY
This face is your fucking fault!

ROB
Vengeance has left its ugly mark on
you.

TOMMY
You do realize these people are the
very ones who turned their backs on
us our whole lives.

Rob flops back on his cot.

ROB
Forgiveness, that the difference
between my face and yours.

TOMMY
I came to give you one last chance.

ROB
Okay. For the last time, fuck off!

TOMMY
Then it's time you served my
purpose.

ROB
Vengeance with a purpose. Get on
with it.

Tommy steps out. Then reenters, pours a trail of nitro-fuel
from the gas can, and sets the can down near the cell.

TOMMY
Don't wait up.

He walks out the door.

TOMMY (O.S.)
I'll see you in hellfire.

Smoke alarm TWEETING.

ROB
Shh-shit.

He stares wide-eyed out the door. Firelight flickers on the
wall outside, getting brighter.

Dante staggers in, face sooty. The arrow and smoldering blood-
soaked crossword book skewered through his charred neck.

ROB
Dante!

Dante grabs the bars and holds himself up, gurgling words.

DANTE
Take my keys.

ROB
Dante...

He seizes the keys from Dante's belt.

ROB
What can I do?

DANTE
Save yourself...

He passes away, hanging from the bars in his death grip.

Flames enter the doorway. Rob checks Dante's pulse.

ROB
I'm sorry, Dante.

Rob unlocks the cell and tries to RATTLE it open, but Dante's death grip bridges the door frame, holding it shut.

ROB
Damn.

Flames whoosh across the room. Rob peels Dante's fingers off the cell door one at a time and shoves the door half open.

Dante's corpse swings inside, knocking Rob down. Dante crashes over him. Rob grunts and squirms, pinned under Dante.

ROB
No. Come a-ah-on...

He squeezes out from under Dante. Flames fill the room, rising around the gas can.

ROB
I'm sorry, Dante.

He kneels, barely able to shove Dante against the front of the cot, and slides under the cot at one end.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

La Duke drives into the parking lot behind the sheriff's office. Anna sits shotgun.

Flames explode through the roof and shatter the windows.

La Duke slams the brakes and dives over Anna, shielding her as debris pummels the windshield.

LA DUKE
Are you all right?

ANNA
Yeah, Dad.

LA DUKE
Just stay here, it's safer.

She grasps the door handle.

ANNA
No way I'm staying in the car.

He rips her hand off the handle and gives her the two-way radio mike.

LA DUKE
Please stay. You can try and reach
Floyd and Ezekiel for me.

Anna kisses his nose before he hops out. She clicks the mike.

ANNA
Hey, you two idiots...

Car door OPENING and SLAMMING.

She turns to the sound.

ANNA
So, you...

Tommy bounces behind the wheel, smiling in her face.

TOMMY
Shocking... Isn't it?

He grabs the back of her hair.

TOMMY
Meeting your boyfriend's big
brother for the first time.

He jams the car into drive, floors it, and rips the mike cord out of the radio.

TOMMY
By the way... you're a knockout.

He punches her in the head. She slumps in the seat, out cold.

EXT. SHERIFF OFFICE - NIGHT

La Duke rounds the front corner, gun ready. Rob kneels over Dante's body, singing the Tribe's ceremonial song Dante sang.

ROB
He saved my life.

LA DUKE
That doesn't surprise me.

Rob stares up at him, tears streaking his soot-covered face.

ROB
Go on, La Duke, shoot me dead now.
'Cause I'm a killer.
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)
Ya ain't gonna catch me any other
way till I'm done killing that
brother of mine.

LA DUKE
Anna...

Rob leaps up, getting in his face.

ROB
Anna's with you, where?!

The police car fishtails around a corner of the building past
them. La Duke aims for the car.

ROB
Take the fucking shot!

LA DUKE
I can't, she...

He lowers his gun.

The car screeches in reverse and fishtails to a halt fifty
yards from La Duke and Rob.

Rob runs toward Anna's unconscious face against the rear
window with her body crammed onto the window ledge.

Tommy waves out the driver's window to him as he zooms away.

La Duke and Rob run after the car as it squeals around the
next corner of the block onto

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The police car wanes into the night ahead.

Rob and La Duke run past storefronts to each side of the
small town thoroughfare.

ROB
Where's Dante's police car?

LA DUKE
It's at the repair shop. Come on!

He runs the other way. Rob races ahead of him.

LA DUKE
How in hell are we gonna find 'em?

ROB
Tommy won't leave without his bike.

EXT./INT. LA DUKE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The police car pulls to a halt behind the house. The red motorcycle leans against the back porch.

Tommy gets out and drags Anna across the backseat by her wrists, tied in the mike cord.

ANNA

Let go of me.

He drops her to the gravel. She rocks to her feet. He slams her down and pins her arms with his knees as she squirms.

TOMMY

By the way, your dog's lost.

He secures a dog choker collar on the long leash to her neck.

She grabs his nuts and squeezes them. He drops to his knees.

TOMMY

You fucker.

ANNA

Shocking... Isn't it?

She leaps up and runs for the back porch, dragging the leash.

INT. LA DUKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Beautifully decorated in a country style with an oak table.

Anna bursts in the back door, skids across the floor, jumps through an open door, and lands on the

BASEMENT STAIRS

She shuts the door, jamming a deadbolt into the door frame.

ANNA

Think fast.

She runs down the steps past bowling and hunting equipment to both sides and grabs a dual-barrel shotgun off the wall.

The leash goes taut under the door, slamming her back on the steps, drops the gun, and stops it from sliding down with her leg.

The leash pulls her up. She drags the shotgun with one leg and kicks a box of ammo on the steps with her other.

She watches shotgun shells jump from the ammo box as she grabs the collar.

KITCHEN

Tommy winds the leash around the doorknob and pulls Floyd's pistol out.

TOMMY

Hang on girl, the end is coming.

He fires twice into the door, splinters clouding the air. He waistbands the gun and tears the door open.

TOMMY

Shit!

He jumps to the side as a bowling bag flies through the door attached to the dog leash and the collar.

TOMMY

Bitch!

Anna jumps off the steps into the room, aiming the shotgun at Tommy, barely holding it up with tied hands.

ANNA

Take two of these and die.

Tommy lifts a chair. She fires, blasting holes in the chair. The chair smacks into Tommy's head, knocking him over the table.

She snaps the breach open on her leg, shakes the shells out, grabs cartridges from her pocket, and struggles to load them.

Tommy gets up, shaking the cobwebs from his head as he peers through the back of the chair spindles, approaching her.

TOMMY

Better run!

She snaps the breach shut as he swings the chair knocking the shotgun sideways, both barrels blasting holes in the basement door.

He grabs Floyd's pistol in his waistband.

She smacks the barrel upside Tommy's head and spin-kicks his legs from under him. Tommy slams sideways.

TOMMY

Damn you!

She swings the shotgun, slamming it into the floor, missing him as he rolls over, firing at her as she runs to the

HALLWAY STAIRCASE

A bullet splits the railing post as Anna ducks around it.

She crawls up the steps and sees Tommy through the railing uprights as he steps toward her and fires.

The bullet splinters the upright. She jumps to her feet. A chunk of wood smacks her in the head, knocking her sideways.

Tommy raises the pistol over the railing, point-blank at her.

TOMMY

Should've run when ya had a chance.

Anna spin-kicks the gun from his hand. It smacks into the railing and fires a bullet wispig between them.

He hops over the railing toward her. She snaps the splintered upright off and smacks it across his chin as he lands.

He hits his head on the banister as he falls.

She runs up the steps. He dives at her legs, tackling her.

She donkey-kicks his face, yanks her leg free, and stumbles onto the landing.

He chases her to a

BEDROOM

She slams the door in his face. He smacks his fists through the door, crashing through it.

She spins away from him. He slams her against a dresser, knocking several cologne bottles off the top.

He spins her around and tries to kiss her.

TOMMY

Miss me?

She spits cologne in his eyes. Tommy slaps his hand over his face and backpedals. She shoves him into the

HALLWAY

She shoves him back across the landing and over the steps. He grabs her shirt as he teeters backward down the steps.

They crash onto the steps, she rides his chest as he THUMPS headfirst down the stairs, squeezes her breasts, and laughs.

TOMMY

I've never had this much fun, ever.

ANNA

Fuck you!

They hit the floor and she grabs his wrists and head-butts his nose. CRACKLE. He turns his bloody face.

TOMMY

I'm gonna peel your fucking skin!

She leaps a few steps up, jumps, springs off his stomach over the railing, and dashes into the

KITCHEN

Tommy runs in. Anna flips a chair at him. He hops it. She slams the bowling bag into his gut, knocking him on his ass.

She ducks out the back door onto the

EXT. LA DUKE'S HOUSE - REAR PORCH - NIGHT

Anna jumps down the steps and sprints through the yard toward a four-foot cyclone fence's gate.

Tommy leaps the railing and gets the sickle from his motorcycle.

She yanks on the gate latch unable to open it. She looks back, shuddering at Tommy behind her, raising the sickle.

TOMMY

You're out of tricks.

She jumps back into the gate, stumbling through it as it opens while Tommy swings the sickle, nipping her nose.

ANNA

Whoa no-oh...

Blood trickles off the tip of her nose from the sickle cut as she flings the gate shut into his nuts, doubling him over.

TOMMY

Goddamn you, girl.

She sprints for the cornfield. Tommy chases her down.

She ducks behind a stack of wooden beehives. Tommy swings the sickle over the top and the blade wisps barely over her head.

TOMMY

I don't think so.

He climbs the beehives and raises the sickle above her head. She shoves them over and they crash on top of him.

Anna runs into the cornfield, disappearing in the cornstalks.

A swarm of raging bees stings Tommy as he runs toward the house and waves the sickle at them.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Anna drops facedown in the darkness between rows of corn.

Tommy skids his bike to a halt in the row behind her and revs the engine. The tailpipe spews exhaust fumes in her face.

TOMMY

This ain't over yet.

He roars down the corn row into the shadows.

Car door SLAMMING nearby.

Anna jumps to her feet.

ANNA

Rob-boy!

EXT. MATHEWS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

La Duke and Rob step away from the police car.

ROB

Anna!

ANNA (O.S.)

I'm here in the corn!

Rob takes off for the cornfield.

La Duke reaches for his gun as he runs around the car, BANGS his knee on the bumper, and face-plants in the grass.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Cornstalks RUSTLING as Rob steps closer to them.

ROB (O.S.)

Anna, keep calling me!

Anna opens her mouth to yell for Rob.

Tommy grabs her from behind, presses the sickle blade around her neck, and drags her backward through the corn.

TOMMY
Now play dead.

He smacks the sickle handle off her forehead. She drops unconscious.

Cornstalks RUSTLING amplifies.

ROB (O.S.)
Anna!

Tommy turns to the voice and cocks the sickle to strike. Rob steps through the cornstalks ahead.

Tommy swings the sickle at his head. La Duke jerks Rob sideways from behind him. Rob falls. THWACK!

ROB
No!

He sprawls on his back, La Duke's head plops in Rob's lap, he swats it off him, and La Duke's torso crashes over him.

ROB
Shh-shit!

Tommy flips La Duke off Rob and raises the sickle over Rob.

Rob fires La Duke's gun and blasts Tommy in the kneecap.

TOMMY
Motherfuck, Brother!

He squeezes his tattered knee, blood spewing between his fingers as he waves the sickle at Rob.

Rob aims the gun in Tommy's face.

ROB
Drop it or I fix your face for good!

TOMMY
You know, you're pretty damn funny.

ROB
The joke's over.

He fires, the bullet exploding into Tommy's upper arm.

TOMMY
All-fucking-right!

He drops the sickle.

TOMMY
Boy, this is the last fucking time.

ROB
Okay.

He rapid-fires, blasting Tommy three times across the chest.
Tommy flies backward and thumps into the dirt, motionless.

ROB
Last time.

He kneels over Anna.

ROB
Anna!

She doesn't respond. He pulls her hair back, exposing a deep purple bruise on her forehead.

ROB
Anna, please. Come back to me.

He lifts her eyelids and peers into her rolled-back eyes.

ROB
Anna, you have to know how much I
love you.

He kisses her and unties her hands.

ROB
Anna, you gotta stay here with me.
We'll live together in the garden.

He lifts her in his arms and carries her

DEEPER INTO THE CORNFIELD

Rob walks, watching the clouds swallow the full moon.

ROB
Are you abandoning me now?

The full moon reappears, reflecting in his upturned eyes.

ROB
You're the only man in my life now.

The moon darts in and out of the clouds, shifting shadows.

Rob halts and aims the gun at a gloved hand as it swats the cornstalks ahead.

ROB
Who's there?

He creeps forward. A shadow of a man overtakes him. He turns wide-eyed to face the outstretched arms of a scarecrow.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Oh, Rob! It's your fucking brother!

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Tommy lies next to La Duke's torso. He kicks La Duke's head out of his way and slowly stands over La Duke.

TOMMY
This sure is some heavy shit.

He unbuttons his baggy shirt.

TOMMY
Thanks again Doc --

He watches three flat slugs THUMP to the ground.

TOMMY
-- for the bulletproof glass.

He opens his shirt and laughs at three pitted panes of glass from Doc Casper's door duct-taped across his chest.

TOMMY
Good shootin', Rob.

Cornstalks snap apart in front of him.

BADASSE (O.S.)
Don't move, schizoid!

Badasse steps between the corn, staring down his 9mm at Tommy. He doesn't see La Duke's head in front of him.

TOMMY
Thank God you're here.

BADASSE
Is that the sheriff?

TOMMY
Used to be.

Badasse cocks his gun and waves it in Tommy's face.

BADASSE
Back way off.

He takes a step, trips over the head, and kicks it ahead as he falls. Tommy jumps aside.

Badasse crashes facedown, BANGS his skull off La Duke's head, and knocks himself out.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BARN - NIGHT (LATER)

Flames finish the last remains of the collapsed house.

Firelight flickers through the open barn doors onto the red motorcycle and the leather jacket on the handlebars.

Tommy leans on the wall, wrapping duct tape around his arm wound and wounded knee duct-taped over his pants.

TOMMY
And now a word from our sponsors.

He tears the tape and tosses the roll.

TOMMY
I'd like to thank the makers of...

He reaches into the stuffed pillowcase on the floor, pulls a plastic jug of pills out, and uncaps it.

TOMMY
... duct tape and painkillers...

He pours several pills into his mouth and chews them.

TOMMY
... for their continuing support.

He tosses the jug into the pillowcase.

TOMMY
And last but not least...

He kicks a five-gallon gas can, and fuel SLOSHES inside.

TOMMY
... The refiners of nitro-fuel, for
giving me the energy to burn.

He sits on the bike and puts his jacket on.

TOMMY

We now return to the murder and
mutilation show.

He kick-starts the motorcycle and roars out of the barn.

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - NIGHT

Rob carries Anna's limp body through the hedgerow into the meadow.

ROB

Anna, stay here, you'll be safe.

He drops to his knees and sits in the tall grass a few yards from the dirt mound crying with Anna cradled in his arms.

ROB

Anna, you have to come back to me.

He sets her in the grass and kisses her forehead.

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY - ANNA'S VISION

The sunshine streaks through the trees. Monarch butterflies fill the air, wings flashing in and out of the sunlight.

ANNA (O.S.)

So many voices.

She stands in the waving tall grass, watching the butterflies spiral around her.

The stitches in her eyebrow and the deep purple bruise on her forehead are gone.

ANNA

I... I can't understand all of you
at once. Is that you, Flossy?

A butterfly lands on her forehead.

ROB (O.S.)

(whispers)

Anna...

She closes her eyes and smiles.

ANNA

Where am I?

ROB (O.S.)

(whispers)

Anna, I'm here.

She nods, then smiles, and tears roll down her cheeks.

ANNA
(whispers)
I won't be afraid.

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Rob sits in the tall grass sobbing, Anna asleep in his arms.

The stitches on her eyebrow and the deep purple bruise on her forehead are back!

ROB
We're out of time.

Tommy's red motorcycle explodes through the hedges at the other end.

Rob lays Anna in the grass and kisses her softly.

Tommy fishtails to a halt, fifty yards from Rob.

TOMMY
Ya just can't get rid of me.

Rob steps in front of Anna toward Tommy.

ROB
Why don't you stay dead?

TOMMY
I'm fucking stubborn that way.

ROB
I'll just have to keep killing you.

TOMMY
Where's the love, Brother?

Rob aims his revolver at Tommy as he runs toward him.

ROB
Come and get your share.

TOMMY
My share is Anna's ass.

ROB
You'll have to go through me.

Tommy roars toward him, aims Badasse's 9mm at him, and fires.

The bullet rips into Rob's thigh, dropping him to his knees.

TOMMY

We're just about through.

Rob looks down, keeping his devilish smile to himself.

Tommy closes on him, fires, blasts Rob in the shoulder, and roars past him.

TOMMY

You're pitiful.

Tommy circles back.

Rob switches the gun to his other hand and raises it.

ROB

Come again.

Tommy pops a wheelie, closing on Rob. Rob fires at Tommy as he passes, dropping onto both tires as he skids to a halt.

TOMMY

You're down to one round.

ROB

Stay put.

He rumbles past Rob and shouts back at him.

TOMMY

Can't! Got a hot date!

He swerves to a halt, sniffs the air, looks down, and groans.

TOMMY

Ah, fucking shit on me!

He lifts his wet pants leg and sees gas pour from a bullet hole in the tank, spewing nitro-fuel onto the rear wheel.

Rob points the gun barrel to the grass and fires.

ROB

Let me light your way.

A flame bursts from the muzzle, torching a trail of nitro fuel through the grass toward Tommy.

Tommy stares back as the line of flames closes on him.

He guns it and fishtails away. The front tire spits flaming nitro fuel as he pops a wheelie.

TOMMY

Fuck!

The back tire slams into the head-sized stones and launches the bike in the air, engine ROARING, wheels WHINING.

Tommy smashes the bike head-on into the giant fir tree. The bike and Tommy crumble and crash onto the dirt mound.

The blaze rages across the mound, flames cross the tall grass, and roar up the giant fir tree's trunk.

Rob climbs to his feet and stumbles away from the fire.

ROB

"Dante's Inferno" is "Paradise Lost".

Smoke and ambers fill the air. Rob waves his way through the smoke and chokes on his words.

ROB

Wake up, Anna. I can't see you.

Tommy leaps from the dirt mound fire and lands behind Rob.

TOMMY

I'm here.

Rob turns to Tommy aiming the 9mm point-blank in his face.

Rob chops off Tommy's gun-toting hand with the sickle.

Tommy lifts Rob with one hand and slams him to the ground. The sickle flies from Rob's hand.

Tommy flips him over, raising the straight razor to slash Rob.

TOMMY

To hell with you!

Rob aims the 9mm at Tommy, the gun in Tommy's severed hand.

Rob rapidly fires, blasting Tommy in the chest. He stumbles back to the edge of the dirt mound flames.

ROB

Come on, one more step.

He steps inches from Tommy and pulls the trigger, the gun CLICKS on empty chambers.

Tommy spits blood in Rob's face and grabs the 9mm barrel.

TOMMY

Every angel in heaven couldn't stop me.

He smiles through his bloody teeth.

TOMMY

Now gimme my fucking hand back!

Thousands of Monarch butterflies, wings ablaze, fly out of the fir tree flames and envelop Tommy. He drops in a fiery heap.

ROB

Here.

He flips Tommy's hand with the 9mm into the heap and turns away.

ROB

Anna...

He drops to his knees and crawls over Anna on her back. The flames rise, trapping them in a blazing circle.

ROB

Anna, what? No!

She sits up and stares wide-eyed at him as she presses the sickle blade around her neck.

ANNA

Nightmares are a warning.

ROB

Anna, give me the blade.

ANNA

Don't be afraid. It's the only way.

He grabs her hand holding the sickle. She tightens her grip.

ANNA

Now I lay me down to sleep.

ROB

Please let go.

Hot embers land on them, igniting their clothes.

ANNA

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

She forces her neck against the blade.

ANNA

Should I die before I wake...

She slides the blade across her neck, blood gushing from the slit as she drops into the tall burning grass.

Rob clutches the sickle.

ROB

I pray the Lord our souls to take.

He cuts his throat, blood spewing as he falls next to Anna.

The smoke and flames rise into the starry sky.

Two Monarch butterflies fly side by side out of the inferno, spiral into the sky, and flutter across the full moon.

SUPER OVER THE MOON:

"Remember tonight, for it is the beginning of always."

"Dante's Inferno by Dante Alighieri"

FADE OUT.

THE END