

THE LAST OBSTACLE TO EVIL

by

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT. HUMVEE - IRAQI DESERT - DAY - TRAVELING

Eagle SCREECHING intensifies.

SGT. TRAVIS COLT, 22, rugged-handsome Native American driver leans over the wheel staring up through a cracked windshield.

TRAVIS

That fucker's coming again!

The SCREECHING eagle's talons SMACK into the crackling windshield.

Travis kisses a photo of his girlfriend in a bikini, stuffs it in his flak jacket pocket behind two notebooks, veers off the road, and floors it into the desert after the bird.

CPL. CLAY MOORE, 22, a red-neck Texan riding shotgun, reads a map on a laptop screen as he blindly plugs green and red wires into a remote control detonator.

TRAVIS

Quit playing with the detonator,
Clay. I'll take care of it. You
find out where we are.

Clay salutes him and tosses the detonator on the dashboard:

CLAY

Boom! Sarge.

KYLE, 19, Venice Beach muscle-head jock, climbs down from the turret onto a crate board labeled: "C-4 PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES."

KYLE

Yo! That was, like, a really big
fucking bird, brah!

OZONE, 19, a Mexican girl, not much English, and BARRY, 21, a nerdy black, sit in the back, aiming rifles out the windows.

OZONE

¿En qué la cogida va?

CLAY

Speak English, Ozone, you fucking
mud-hen-wetback!

OZONE

Remember the Alamo, you puto red-
neck Texan. We're taking it back.

CLAY
Yeah, one dirty dish at a time.

OZONE
It's the Christian thing to do
after spitting in your food.

Everyone but Clay laughs. Then Clay joins in laughing.

TRAVIS
That bird was a goddamn golden
eagle! Right, Barry?

BARRY
(nods to Travis)
The scientific name is Aquila
Chrysaetos, Sarge. She must have
come down from the mountains to
defend her land from our invasion.

TRAVIS
Get down here and drive, Kyle. I'm
going up into the turret.

Kyle slips under Travis behind the wheel as Travis scoots
over him and ducks into the turret behind a fifty-caliber
machine gun.

TRAVIS
Just go where I tell you to go,
Kyle. I'm gonna scout for my golden
eagle. Get me a feather.

CLAY
This is one hell of a bad idea,
college boy.

BARRY
The Colonel said to "stay on the
road," Sarge. An old man in the
last village said they call this
place we're in now "the devil's
valley of lost souls".

Clay turns to Barry:

CLAY
Hey, Barry. Forget about scaring
our Hajji-loving college boy sarge.
Travis has been this way since
grammar school.
(shakes his head)
Once his Apache wannabe brain takes
over.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

Ain't enough Ripped Fuel or Red
Bull in the world gonna quench his
adrenalin junky, warrior soul.

KYLE

Yo, this is some hellish shit. We
don't wanna lose our souls here.

He drives through a village, and black smoke rises, sparkling
with fiery embers from all of the houses that are reduced to
smoldering rubble.

They drive past the charred remains of dead charred men,
women, and children huddled, kneeling in the sand.

TRAVIS

Your souls are mine. The devil will
have to go through me to get them.
Ease up, Kyle, it's a village.

Kyle slows the vehicle, everyone stares out the windows.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Pull alongside that burning house
up ahead, Kyle!

THE MACHINE GUN TURRET

Travis points from the turret to the eagle circling above

A BURNING HOUSE

Where flames shoot out of the broken windows.

An Iraqi family, a MAN, a WOMAN, and three small CHILDREN
lean over the edge of the roof with flames at their backs.

THE TURRET

Clay pokes his head up into the turret from below.

CLAY

We're killing these people, not
saving them. These people are our
fucking enemies, Travis.

Travis shoves Clay back down out of the turret.

TRAVIS

Now, Kyle! Let's be heroes! And
redeem our cursed souls.

The Humvee swerves to a halt alongside the house, flaming
smoke and burning cinders blasting the Humvee.

Travis waves at the flames and reaches up:

TRAVIS
Qafz ely bsre! Gafz ely bsre!

The Man tosses one Child at a time to Travis. He drops them into the Humvee, catches the Woman, drops her, and then the Man.

THE HUMVEE

Races away from the house, covered in fiery cinders of debris, skidding to a halt outside of the burning village.

Travis jumps out of the turret and grabs an eagle feather in the sand.

Everyone gets out, throwing sand on the Humvee, extinguishing the fiery cinders covering the vehicle.

The Iraqi family group hugs their soldier saviors.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis drives up a giant dune in the flame-scorched vehicle with the eagle feather in his helmet.

Clay shakes his head in the shotgun seat.

Ozone and Barry cheer from the back.

Kyle cheers from the turret, concern slowly washes over his face as they go over the top of the dune and down:

KYLE
Yo, Sarge! There's a bridge up ahead. And there's a fucking shit load of Hajjis too!

A hailstorm of PINGING bullets pot-mark the singed vehicle.

Travis fishtails in the sand. Kyle FIRES the machine gun at a

RIVER BANK - MINUTES LATER

Kyle, Barry, Ozone FIRE from behind the Humvee sunk in the mud in the reeds under a bridge over a river in the rain.

ABOVE THE RIVER BANK

Twelve Iraqi SOLDIERS BLAST AK-47s at the Humvee from behind scaffolding around an excavated ancient temple.

ZIGGY STARR, 50, big guy, black suit, black fedora, clerical collar, holds a bible under the archway entry to the temple.

A stone statue of Abaddon depicted as a coiled black cobra ready to strike is mounted on the top of the archway.

A marine gunship lands on the higher ground behind the Humvee with a machine GUNNER ZAPPING the Iraqis.

Travis carries Clay to the gunship, his bloody face ripped ear to ear. His bloody mangled legs dangle over Travis' arms.

TRAVIS

Someday I'll go to the middle of
nowhere. Finish my book of poems.

CLAY

(spitting gurgled blood)
Put me down. Leave me to die or I
swear by the devil. I'll take your
legs. Send you to hell in my place!

Travis lays Clay in the gunship. Clay grabs the two notebooks in Travis' flak jacket pocket. The Gunner slides Clay inside.

CLAY

Warrior Poet. Fuck your poems,
sketches, and your eagle feather!

He flings the notebooks out of the hatch, the blades rip the notebooks apart. Bullets gouge the fuselage. Everyone ducks.

Travis turns to leave. The Gunner grabs him and waves him in.

TRAVIS

Wait till I get the rest of my men!

He smacks the Gunner's hand away and steps toward an incoming RPG flying over the Humvee toward the gunship.

Travis FIRES his rifle and hits the RPG in midair. The blast twists Travis around and throws him onto his knees.

Shrapnel claws through the gunship fuselage.

The Gunner grabs his throat, and blood sprays through his fingers as he falls out, dangling by his safety harness.

Travis drops his shrapnel-chewed rifle, HISSING in the mud.

He shakes his shrapnel-filled hands, SIZZLING in the rain.

Kyle, Barry, and Ozone run from the Humvee as two RPGs EXPLODE into it.

Fiery pieces of the Humvee and body parts knock Travis' helmet off, rip into his knees, and slam him back into the gunship.

Travis screams, covered in the flesh of his dead friends, and as his mangled knees give out, he grabs the dead Gunner.

The gunship rises and fires two missiles. One blasts the Abaddon statue into pieces. The other pulverizes the temple.

Clay laughs madly in the helicopter, wide eyes blazing red.

Travis hangs from his grip on the dead harnessed Gunner and stares up at the blades swirling in a cloud of sand and rain.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - SECOND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Travis lies on a threadbare mattress and pops five pain pills in his mouth, groaning in teary-eyed pain as he slowly opens and closes his hands pitted with purple shrapnel scars.

He chews the pills and stares at a ceiling fan swirling a cloud of plaster dust coming out of cracks in the ceiling.

SUPER: A FEW YEARS LATER

Travis shakes with pain as he rises on scar-covered knees supported by old metal leg braces.

He jams a .45 auto in his mouth, racks the slide, and chambers a cartridge, twitching his finger on the trigger.

He sneers at a dog-eared book on the floor titled "Spirit Animal Guides: How to Connect With Your Animal Guides".

TRAVIS

You get the goddamn fuck out of my head! And let me sleep forever!

He FIRES, BLASTING the book across the floor, it knocks three cans of spray paint over.

He RAPID-FIRES, four empty whiskey bottles across the room SHATTER then five prescription bottles by the bed EXPLODE.

TRAVIS

Out, you fucking demons!

He slams the .45 upside his head then keeps FIRING into the ceiling until the gun CLICKS on an empty chamber.

TRAVIS

You can't have me.

He punches the .45 through the wall, leaves it there, grabs a spray-paint can, and shakes it as blood runs down his face.

He limps across torn and crumpled newspapers on the floor, dismembered poems written in a felt pen across the pages.

TRAVIS

(sings)

Since my baby left me.

He draws on the bikini photo of his girlfriend on the wall making her look like a leathery winged demon with a snake's tail as he sobs while he sings...

TRAVIS

I found a new place to dwell.

A spray-painted totem pole with an eagle, owl, and armadillo on one wall. The sketched faces of Ozone, Kyle, and Barry with blazing red eyes on another wall.

Travis

*It's down at the end of Lonely
Street. At Heartbreak Motel.*

He shakes his head as he spray-paints under their faces...

"I live by"... "the grace"... Spray-paints wavy lines across the wall... "We are bound in"... Wavy lines... "They died for me"... Wavy lines... "I am"... The wavy lines get erratic as he grinds the paint can against his forehead, sobbing.

TRAVIS

I get so lonely, baby, I could die.

He spray-paints "HELP" across the totem pole, drops the paint can, and flops on his back on the mattress.

He sneers at the ceiling fan and squeezes his eyes shut.

TRAVIS' NIGHTMARE

Travis tosses and turns on the mattress, blood spraying his face as he shakes his head and stares up at

CLAY

He lies over the spinning ceiling fan blades, eyes blazing red as he laughs, his ripped face and mangled legs spewing blood.

CLAY (O.S.)
 Lost your ma. Your girlfriend.
 Homeless. Hooked on painkillers.
 And I ain't even started on you!

PRE-LAP - BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis shakes awake, lying on the old mattress. CRACKLING.

TRAVIS
 It's Sunday. The guys don't work...

Cracks split the plaster across opposing side walls as

A WRECKING BALL

SMASHES through the front windows boarded up with plywood.

TRAVIS

Watches the ball swing over his nose on a boom cable, chewing a path across the ceiling and CRASHING through the back wall.

CHUNKS OF CEILING

Hit the mattress, hoisted over Travis' head as he races ahead of the wrecking ball toward the boarded-up front door.

EXT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

A crane, backhoe, dump truck of dirt in a fenced-in boarded-up two-story roadside motel in the desert, sand and mud around it, two stairways to a balcony for the rooms.

Two old sedans parked by a "Heartbreak Motel" sign outside the fence.

Travis shoves the plywood off the door from behind the mattress and continues across the second-floor balcony.

The wrecking ball SMASHES the extended roof over his head and concrete chunks and shingles CRASH onto the balcony.

Travis slides on the mattress on the plywood down the stairs.

He skids over the sidewalk to the crane's caterpillar tracks.

TRAVIS
 Shh-shit!

He rolls off the mattress before it goes under the tracks.

TRAVIS

Who the...

JAMIE JANE, 19, sexy freckled redhead, tits stuffed in a sundress, hums "Beethoven's 5th", kissing the cabin window.

She squirms as she works the joysticks between her legs.

Travis stumbles in the mud toward an opening in the fence.

TRAVIS

What the hell?

The boom drops the cable as it swings the wrecking ball.

Travis ducks and rolls on his shoulder. The wrecking ball just misses him and smacks the fence down.

He trips over the downed fence and falls into a trench.

Jamie jumps from the crane platform. A large Swastika tattoo on each barefoot.

Travis lies in the trench and closes his eyes:

TRAVIS

Get it over with, so I can get my nightmares. Punishment I deserve.

Clay sits on the edge of the trench with his legs dangling over it. Purple jagged scars from ear to ear across his face.

CLAY

I am your nightmare. Nothing is gonna save you from me.

TRAVIS

Am I supposed to be sorry for saving your life, Clay? Or mine?

Clay pulls out a photo. Flings it face-up onto Travis' chest.

CLAY

Don't matter to me either way. But you just might wanna be prepared. 'Cause you're gonna be seeing Ozone, Barry, and Kyle, in the next night or so. Putrid flesh and all.

Travis looks at the photo.

ON THE PHOTO

Ozone, Kyle, and Barry are jigsaw puzzles of torn flesh with blazing red peering eyes and putrid faces, reaching out from the flames of hell in bloody ripped uniforms.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis climbs to his feet.

TRAVIS

What in hell? Where did you get
this photo?

Jamie clicks an instant camera, flashes in Travis's face:

JAMIE

Smile! I'm taking your soul.

She snatches the photo as it pops out.

CLAY

Jamie here took that pic of Ozone,
Kyle, and Barry two nights ago.
They wanna tear you apart, Travis.

TRAVIS

Get the fuck out of here.

CLAY

Welcome to my nightmare, Travis.
Just wait until you see Abaddon. I
brought that demon back with me.
That evil fucker protects me.

Travis digs a hole in the mud and buries the photo.

TRAVIS

You are completely out of your
bugging mind.

Clay flings another photo on the filled-in hole.

ON THE PHOTO

A dead middle-aged Native American woman in Travis' camo Marine jacket over a hoodie with the hood on her head, lays in a pool of blood, half under a car on a street in the rain.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis squeezes his eyes shut. Tears rain down on the photo.

Jamie hugs Clay from behind him at the edge of the hole.

CLAY

Where was her hero son when she needed him? Fucked-up, weren't ya, son? I wanted it to be your legs. When I saw it wasn't. I thought... this is better. Bitter enemies.

(beat)

Your momma was calling for you all the while she was dying. Think about it. How many more people are you gonna fucking kill?

TRAVIS

Why don't you just fill this hole with me in it, Clay? Because if you don't. I'm gonna bury you and those demons with blazing eyes.

He rips the photo to pieces.

CLAY

Whoa, you're scaring me. Gimme a second while I chase that thought away with a little Tequila.

He pulls a hip flask of Tequila from his pocket, takes a sip, throws the flask at Travis, and bounces it off of his chest.

CLAY

What good are soldiers without enemies? We both called in air strikes on villages, blew shit up, killing Iraqi families. There have never been worthier adversaries.

He squeezes his teary eyes shut.

CLAY

We both saw the faces of our enemies after the fire blossoms of our C-4 charges gave bloom to their destruction. See, I'm a poet too. Only I embrace the darker side.

TRAVIS

We volunteered to do the job we were trained to do. Horrible things. They didn't lie to us.

Clay shakes his head and smirks:

CLAY

Shock and awe. Surgical strikes my ass.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

We run over piles of legs, arms,
and heads in the streets! None of
it was ever on any TV news.

Travis grunts in pain as he pushes himself up to stand using
his shaky hands on his thighs:

TRAVIS

At least they welcomed us home.
Conquering heroes. Vietnam Vets got
spit on. Called "baby killers."

Clay marches around the hole, double saluting Travis, using
his left and right hand "fuck you" middle fingers.

CLAY

They think parading us through the
streets. Showering us with praise.
Will wash away our sins. When we
bring the devil home in all of us.

Jamie sets her chin on Clay's shoulder and whispers to him as
she nods toward Travis. Clay scoffs as he pets her head:

CLAY

Meet beauty and the beast. Kick-
boxing regiment champ "Little home-
wrecker". US Air Force Tech. Jamie
Jane! A trained opera singer too.

Travis yanks Clay's artificial legs off and sits holding
them.

Jamie hugs Clay under his arms, and supports him on the edge
of the hole, kissing his ear.

CLAY

She's smart. A technician in the
drone service. Remote control death
from above. My own Valkyrie.

JAMIE

I get horny just thinking about
killing Hajjis. But enough about
me. Tell me something about Travis.

CLAY

Timing's totality. Sergeant Travis
here taught me that, and
innovation; is born from the mother
of all fuck-ups... personal
interests.

Jamie hands him a .44 revolver.

CLAY

Ain't that right, Travis? Well now,
what about hunting down that eagle
feather right in the middle of
hell? What was that?

TRAVIS

Just shoot me!

Clay spins the bullet chamber, grinning at Travis.

CLAY

Gotta get my legs from you first.

Travis raises Clay's legs toward Jamie. She reaches into the trench and grabs them.

JAMIE

We're gonna be dancing on your
grave, Travis.

Travis drags her, stumbling to the edge of the trench, and as she lets Clay's legs go, Travis stumbles backward.

CLAY

First dance is yours, baby doll.

She jumps in the trench. Travis smacks Clay's legs upside her head as she spin-kicks him. He crashes against the wall.

She spins again, scrapes her toenails along his chin as he jumps back, and yanks her foot over his shoulder.

She kicks her other leg upside his jaw, links her feet together, slams his head down, and chokes him until he's unconscious.

CLAY (PRE-LAP)

Just imagine grown men and women
needing their mommies and daddies
to bathe them...

CLAY'S WET DREAM - RUB A DUB-DUB, A HAND-JOB IN THE TUB

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Travis walks, gazing down the center aisle between the bays to either side of

Middle-aged MOTHERS and DADS wash wounded SOLDIERS without arms, legs, or all four limbs in bubble-filled bathtubs.

Jamie baths Clay without his legs in the bay in the back.

CLAY

I ain't got no one in this world
but my kissing cousin here, Jamie.

She wraps one arm around him as her other hand splashes up
and down in sudsy bath water, masturbating him.

Clay double "fuck you" salutes and yells with gritted teeth:

CLAY

I told you, wait on reinforcements!
But no, not our hero wannabe,
Sergeant Travis! You hear this!
Damn you to hell, Travis!

Jamie kisses his nose, pouring bath water over his head.

EXT./INT. OLD SEDAN - PRESENT DAY - TRAVELING

Travis peels duct tape off his drooling mouth, seated
shotgun, peering groggy-eyed out the window at

SEVERAL PARKED CARS

On a small town main street leading to kids exiting several
school buses in front of a building entry doors under a sign:

"JAMES BOWIE & WILLIAM TRAVIS GRAMMAR SCHOOL"

TRAVIS (O.S.)

(slurred-mumbling)

We both graduated from that school.

THE BACK SEAT

Jamie sits in a professional full-head silicon Muslim woman
mask, head-scarf, Kevlar vest, camo pants, and Army boots.

She slams Travis' seat all of the way back, pins him down,
and pours Tequila from the flask down his throat:

JAMIE

The teacher says, open wide.

Clay drives in a professional full-head silicon bearded
Muslim man mask, baseball cap, camo pants, and Army boots.

CLAY

You know, the VA gimme twenty-five
hundred monthly for my legs. Zero
for mental anguish!

He whips around the corner and zooms down a small town
street, punching himself in the head:

CLAY

So I'm gonna bring the war home.
Teach these people about death and
dismemberment. Like we learned it.

Travis snatches the flask out of her hand. She jams the .44
in his gut. Grabs the flask. Whispers in his ear:

JAMIE

You will take your medicine.

Clay jerks the wheel right skidding to the curb, jams it into
"P", grabs the flask, and guzzles the rest of the tequila.

CLAY

A toast to endless war. A wall
around this country. And tossing
all the heathens out.

Clay and Jamie put on gloves. She grabs two AK-47s off the
floor and hands one to Clay.

CLAY

Four twenty-five-mill Percocet and
Tequila ought to keep him here.
Giddy-up, baby girl.

He hops out. Jamie bounces out the shotgun side.

Travis squeals his face across the window, gawking at

EXT. "SOUTHWEST SAVINGS BANK"

Clay and Jamie enter the one-story building through a
revolving door, blasting their AK-47s at the ceiling.

Travis falls out his car door and crashes facedown on the
curb.

TRAVIS

I need... to make... a withdrawal.

He climbs the door to his feet, and stumbles to an ATM in the
wall next to the revolving door.

He pulls a debit card out, teeters, back pockets the flask,
and presses his forehead against the ATM window.

He slides his card through the reader and punches a

QUICK ANIMATION

Abaddon's cobra face as it flashes across the ATM screen.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis stumbles back to the car door, plops, ass on the curb:

TRAVIS
Another evil bank...

He climbs the car door, sits shotgun, climbs out using the door, and reels face-first into the blank ATM screen.

TRAVIS
What's the holdup?

Alarm RINGING.

He raises his hands, and backpedals, looking left to right:

TRAVIS
Don't shoot!

Jamie, pistol in hand, bulging nylon bag in the other, spins out of the revolving door.

Travis staggers over, shoving his raised hands in her face:

TRAVIS
I give up!

She pushes him away, runs, and jumps in the sedan driver seat.

Travis hobbles in a circle back to

THE REVOLVING DOOR

Where Clay stops halfway out the spinning door. Travis in his way. Clay smacks the .44 upside Travis' head, laying him out.

CLAY
Stay out of my fucking way!

The revolving door panel closes on Clay's foot, capturing it.

He yanks his foot out and falls palms down on the pavement.

THE .44

Scrapes along the sidewalk, sliding away from him.

Travis trips onto one knee, grabs the .44, and aims it at Clay. Clay rips it from his hand, and shoves him out of his way.

CLAY
At ease, Sergeant.

DEPUTY FRANK WHIT, 30, muscular, Kevlar vest, exits the revolving door, handgun raised, firing.

The bullet whizzes by Clay, zapping a light post behind him.

Travis kicks Clay, he fires as he stumbles back, and fires again.

A bullet hits Whit in the vest, another gouges his throat. He fires in the air as he flops on his back inside the revolving door.

Jamie rolls the sedan forward and kicks the shotgun door open. Clay backs into the front seat and slams the door.

The car squeals away, fishtailing around the next corner.

Sirens WAILING intensifies.

Blood soaks Travis' folded shirt as he presses it to Whit's neck wound as he lays over him inside the revolving door.

TRAVIS
Frank Whit! It's me, Travis!

He breathes life into Frank's lungs.

TRAVIS
Can you smell my tequila breath?
Follow it back to me. Come on,
Frank! Look at me! Say your name!

Frank blinks his eyes open, gurgling blood.

TRAVIS
Listen to the sirens, Frank!

Tires SCREECH to a halt. Police radio SQUAWKING escalates.

DEPUTY DEREK, 40, and DEPUTY STEVENS, 30, cock pistols point-blank in Travis' face.

Tires SQUEALING intensifies, THUMPING over a curb.

INT. SHERIFF POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

DEPUTY WADE MOORE, 55, wireless headset, cowboy hat, black jumper boots, sneers with extreme prejudice at everyone as he sits behind a police command radio and a desktop computer.

He watches SHERIFF COLT, 66, Native American, Kevlar vest, steely eyes, ushering Travis, handcuffed, into his office.

WADE
(mumbles to himself)
Fucking heathen mongoloids.

COLT
Mind your business, Wade.

WADE
Yes sir, Sheriff.

He talks inaudibly on his headset, and walks away, eyes on Colt.

Colt shuts the door, stenciled on the glass is

"SHERIFF'S OFFICE"

Historical Native American relics and Vietnam War photos adorn the walls.

Colt stops next to two chairs facing a desk with personal items, a desktop computer, and a cowhide chair.

Travis shakes as he leans against the wall, cuffs rattling, sweating profusely from alcohol and drug withdrawals.

COLT
Go-on. Sit down there, son.

TRAVIS
Yes, sir. Sheriff Colt.

Colt sits at the desk and removes a ring of keys clipped to his belt.

He takes the cuffs off Travis, hangs them on his belt, takes the flask from his back pocket, and weighs it in his hand.

COLT
Hold the sir and Sheriff. All my friends call me Colt. And you're much more than a friend to me, son. I'm proud to say you're family.

He offers the flask to Travis.

TRAVIS
No thanks, Shh. Sher... Okay, Colt.

COLT

You know I was four tours a Ranger
in 'Nam? Remember what I told you.

He lays the flask in front of Travis. He looks at the flask,
licks his lips, and shakes his head:

TRAVIS

You said "War is hell. And your
enemy is the Devil. So you got to
fight like the Devil to beat him."
But what am I supposed to do when I
bring the Devil home with me?

COLT

Keep fighting till you beat him.

TRAVIS

I'm afraid, he's stolen my spirit.

COLT

Past regrets steal your spirit.
Master your fear and free yourself.

TRAVIS

That's what I'm going to do.

Colt slaps his shoulder and salutes him:

COLT

First Recon Marine Sergeant,
Travis, I am so proud of you, son.
Winning all these medals...

He takes Travis' Navy Cross, Bronze Star, and Silver Star
medals from his drawer, and sets them on the desk.

TRAVIS

If I ever see that guy again, I'll
pin them to his chest.

COLT

I will always believe in you, son.

He hands the medals to Travis. He looks Colt in the eyes:

TRAVIS

I swear, I didn't have anything to
do with that bank robbery, Colt. It
is my fault Frank Whit got shot.

COLT

I know you were forced into it. But the trouble is... Did you notice Wade out there, eyeballing you?

TRAVIS

Mister Moore's always looked at me like that. It was always *my fault*.

COLT

Here's the reason this time. Clay and Jamie are out of town. Talking to Reverend Starr about getting married. Just spoke to him myself.

Travis rubs his forehead and shakes his head.

TRAVIS

That's not possible. I-uh...

COLT

Luckily I got to the bank right after deputies Derek and Stevens or they would've shot you dead right there.

Travis bursts into tears, shudders, and stammers:

TRAVIS

I'm lost in my own head.

COLT

The state you're in. Travis. You should have stayed with me. Like I asked you after your Ma's funeral.

Travis lowers his head:

TRAVIS

I never told you... Mom asked me to go to the store for her that night. I passed out drunk, on the damn couch. A belly full of painkillers.

He punches the desk, as hard as he can, over and over.

COLT

Go on now, son. Get that all out.

TRAVIS

I play with time in my mind. Over and over. If I could just trade places with her. I should have been run over by that damn car.

He sits on the desk and bursts into tears.

AK-47 GUNFIRE outside the door. Cops YELLING indistinctly.

Colt shoves Travis across the desk. He falls behind it. Colt raises his revolver on his way to the door.

AK-47 GUNFIRE intensifies.

Bullets smash holes through "SHERIFF COLT" on the glass and rip across Colt's Kevlar vest. He falls with the fractured glass.

Travis skids on his knees next to Colt and gives him mouth-to-mouth. Colt gasps, opens his eyes, and gives his gun to Travis.

Clay and Jamie storm in, Muslim masks on, AK-47s smoking.

Behind them, Deputies Derek and Stevens dead and bloody on the floor near the radio, guns in their hands.

As Travis raises Colt's gun, Clay slams the AK-47 butt upside his head.

PRE-LAP - Glass SHATTERING, gasoline EXPLODING.

EXT./INT. ALLEY - OLD SEDAN - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jamie busts a lit Molotov cocktail bottle off the hood and Clay slams the driver's door shut as the sedan rolls toward the ass end of a semi-trailer parked along the rear of a building.

Travis jolts awake, squirms, arms, and legs duct-taped to the front seat, and sneers at two Molotov bottles between his legs. Fire reflects in his eyes as he looks through the windshield at

THE FLAMING SEDAN HOOD

Closing on the ass end of the trailer.

THE FRONT SEAT OF THE OLD SEDAN

Travis slams his back against the seat, and gas pours out of the Molotov bottles, soaking the duct tape around him.

He rips the tape off as the car slams under the trailer. The hood peels back before the trailer's ass end busts through the windshield.

He squirms down in the seat and stares at the bottom of the trailer as it slams into his headrest, plowing the seat down.

THE ALLEY

Flames engulf the front of the car.

OTHER END OF THE ALLEY

Clay, and Jamie salute and blow kisses at the sedan wedged under the trailer with the front end on fire as they back out of the alley.

THE ALLEY

The driver door squeaks, inch by inch, a jolt at a time open as flaming gas flows under the car, rising under the gas tank.

Travis squeezes out the door in smoldering pants, gets to his feet as the tank explodes, and shoves him facedown.

He kicks his shoes and smoldering pants off, stomps them out, takes his shirt off, and smothers one leg and then the other.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU BAY - NIGHT.

Travis limps through the curtain, loose ends of wrapped bandages on his ankles sticking out from under his scrubs cuffs.

Frank lies in bed wired to beeping gadgets. Intravenous blood and saline. A pump wisps oxygen through a tube to his lungs.

JUDY WHIT, 22, pretty, disheveled, dark-circled teary-eyes, Army Ranger uniform, sits bedside. A GIRL, 2, on her lap.

JUDY

How did you get in here?

TRAVIS

I was a Force Recon Marine. We get in anywhere. Anytime.

JUDY

You guys were in Baghdad blowing things up before "shock and awe". You were long gone when we got there. Thanks for coming to see...

She strokes Travis' hand, leans her head to his chest, and weeps.

TRAVIS

I had to come.

JUDY

Do you know my Frank from Iraq? Or
Afghanistan?

TRAVIS

No. We went to school here
together. I'm Travis...

She scratches his hand as she releases it and stands, hugs
her Girl to her chest and she backs away with venomous eyes.

JUDY

You ain't no war hero. You're
nothing but a stinking drunken
coward. Shame on you for coming
here!

He steps toward her, teary-eyed, and stares into her eyes:

TRAVIS

I came to say I'm sorry.

She slaps his face hard. Her Girl cries like a baby.

JUDY

Shame on you. Shame on you. You had
the gun. Might as well of shot
Frank yourself! Only Colt believes
you.

(breathes deeply, speaks
forgivingly)

Frank ain't spoken. I'm gonna
believe you because you're here.
And it's what Jesus would do.

TRAVIS

What's done I can't undo!

She looks at Frank, grits her teeth, and turns to Travis.

JUDY

Those two robbed ten banks around
Midland Texas. Still haven't found
the truck they hijacked. The whole
state can't find 'em. Can you?

TRAVIS

I can and I will. Thank you...

She grabs him, turns her Girl safely away from him, and head-
butts his chest. He hugs her and her Girl. Everyone weeping.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU BAY - NIGHT - LATER

Judy enters carrying her Girl, sobbing loudly as she sees Travis' medals pinned on Frank. Her Girl hugs her, sobbing.

PRE-LAP - Semi-tires SQUEALING.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - REST STOP - DAY

Sparse flat arid shrubs amid miles of sand, grassy patches give way to small scattered mountain ranges in the distance.

Travis jumps out of the shotgun side of an idling semi-cab.

TRUCKER makes the sign of the cross on the steering wheel.

NEWS RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

To repeat: Deputy Frank Whit, shot
during the southwest bank robbery,
died this morning along with...

Travis slams the door, vomits, wipes tears off his cheeks.

The semi-fishtails down the road.

Travis pinches snot from his nose as he limps toward a clapboard building with a "MEN'S" and "LADIES" room door.

Travis limps between several picnic tables past a crow pecking broken crackers under a table.

SKY EAGLE FEATHER, 18, Native American, bangs, pigtails, two black eyes, and a fat lip, sleeps on the last picnic table's seat.

Travis brushes against her on the way to the "MEN'S" room.

An old transistor radio lights up inside a wide-open backpack with a canteen clipped to it on another of the picnic table's seats, static crackling from the speakers.

She shudders, bolts up, tips sideways, and falls.

Travis catches her. She shakes, bugging her eyes out at him.

TRAVIS

Are you all right? Is there
anything I can do?

SKY

Shame on you!

He sits her upright and peers long and hard sideways at her:

TRAVIS
Stopped you from falling is all. I
wouldn't molest you or anything.

She leans toward him and smiles:

SKY
Thank you, Travis.

TRAVIS
Am I supposed to know you?

SKY
Sky. My name is Sky. It sees all.

She shakes his hand. He yanks his hand out of hers.

TRAVIS
How do you know me? Did you a...

He turns the tuner knob on the radio, nothing but static.

TRAVIS
Did you hear my description on
this? Is that it?

SKY
This radio doesn't work. Your
friend Clay broke it.

TRAVIS
You're saying Clay Moore broke it?

SKY
Yeah, Clay Moore. All it gets now
is just static, when...

TRAVIS
"Just static, when..." What?
Enlighten me.

SKY
When people like you come near me.

He sits with her. She faces him.

TRAVIS
You mean people like me and Clay,
huh?

SKY
You and Clay are very different
kinds of people.

(MORE)

SKY (CONT'D)

I ain't running from you. But I'd run from Clay. But either way, I've been warned.

TRAVIS

What kind of person am I, Sky?

SKY

You're just the person I'm looking for.

He cringes as he slowly stretches his legs, then shakes one.

TRAVIS

I must be a celebrity or star if people I don't even know recognize me.

She touches his leg. It stops shaking. She leans toward him:

SKY

It's more like... you're a wanted man.

TRAVIS

Well, I... I did escape. But I'm innocent.

SKY

So-called innocent. That is until Frank Whit died this morning. You're so-called wanted now.

He jumps up, his face twitching as he gets in her face:

TRAVIS

Sky... I've heard that name before. Anyway, where did you get all that being able to "see all"?

SKY

My great-great grandmother was a shaman for an Apache warrior Chief and I am the first born since with the gift.

TRAVIS

I thought people like you needed... Hey, wait...

He peers sideways at her:

TRAVIS

I know you. I came to your house, eight years ago. I was fishing with Sheriff Colt when he got the call. I heard domestic and sexual abuse on the radio, but...

SKY

You didn't expect to see a ten-year-old girl the one beaten up and abused by her fat drunken father.

He looks her in the eyes and shakes his head:

TRAVIS

I didn't know what to say to such an injured soul. I thought, "This girl's got to run away. Like her Ma did." But you didn't. You stayed. Took care of him. His house. Why?

SKY

I was in foster homes that were way worse than my house.

She looks at her crotch, bites her lips, and shakes her head.

SKY

Besides. Not many choices on the res'.

TRAVIS

Not many choices outside the res' for our kind.

SKY

Trust me, it was better at home. My Dad loves me when he doesn't drink. I don't give up on people that easily. Besides, I learned my heritage and spiritualism here on the res'. I wouldn't trade that.

TRAVIS

I know you're tough, but how have you survived for so long?

SKY

This radio lets out a warning when danger approaches. It's always by my bed. Used to play music. Just static now. Either way, I just run over here to sleep when it does.

TRAVIS
I ain't dangerous.

SKY
But evil follows you everywhere.

TRAVIS
It's hard to escape our past.

SKY
It's the only way to our future.

He shakes his head at her.

TRAVIS
I'm not so sure I have much of
that. Future that is.

He brushes past her and opens the "MEN'S" room door.

SKY
You have a demon that wants your
heroic soul in hell. That's what
woke my radio. Evil energy.

TRAVIS
I have never felt like a hero.
Y'all want me to stop Clay. Even if
I did stop him, it still wouldn't
make me feel like a hero. I'd just
be a killer of demons.

SKY
You're wrong, about not being a
hero. The last obstacle to evil in
this world is heroic souls. If you
learned more of your heritage...

TRAVIS
All I need is a guide, right? Then
the sky's the limit. You snuck in
my motel room. Left me that "Spirit
Animal Guides" book didn't you?

SKY
Heroic souls like yours. That take
on the doomed fates of others'
souls. Are the only ones that can
lead them out of their doom. You
just need guidance. To help you
through your hero's journey first.
Once you're through it. The sky's
no limit.

TRAVIS

I asked a few of 'em for help. They never came.

SKY

They are only guides. You'll still have to save yourself.

Golden eagle SHRIEKING intensifies.

A shadow crosses their faces as they sneer up at a golden eagle as it flies across the rising sun.

SKY

Perhaps they're already here.

Travis steps into the

INT. MENS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sky follows Travis in. He gets in her face:

TRAVIS

People around me die mostly. Like my friends, Kyle, Ozone, Barry, and Frank. Clay lost his legs. If I was you I'd run while ya still got 'em.

He leans over, hands on knees, pale-faced sweaty, dry-heaves.

SKY

Saying your dead friends' names keeps them from their journey. When you keep them here they get mad. 'Cause evil gets hold of 'em.

TRAVIS

How can I help them?

SKY

You must ask the great owl spirit to guide them on their journey. If you don't, they will drag you with 'em into hell.

TRAVIS

I ain't had any pain pills or any alcohol today and that's putting me through hell anyway...

He collapses, convulsing in a fetal position.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - NIGHT

A freight train chugs across tracks near a rock formation in the distance as the last of the moonlight sinks behind it.

Sky blows on a smoldering campfire and breathes life into the charred kindling that casts off the ash fueled by hot embers.

Travis shakes, eyes squeezed shut, mumbling in a fetal position on an open sleeping bag, going through withdrawals:

TRAVIS

He killed my Mother. I have to...

He tries to sit up, clutches his belly, lies face down, and kicks his legs as he sobs and grunts, shuddering:

TRAVIS

I am going to stop Clay.

SKY

You can learn to control your dreams. Then you'll be able to use the knowledge in them to escape the demons of your past.

She strokes her fingers through his sweaty hair.

TRAVIS

I miss you with all my heart,
Mother. Why can't I dream about
you?

Sky zips him in the sleeping bag, digs a rut, kicks the fiery kindling into the rut, and over-fills it.

She drags Travis' sleeping bag over the filled-in rut.

The transistor radio static LOUDLY-PLAYING.

Several wolves GROWL nearby.

She opens the backpack, the transistor radio glows inside.

She grabs a bottle of isopropyl alcohol behind the radio.

SKY

Come on. I know you're here. And I
know you hear me. Show yourselves.

She stares into the darkness at

THREE PAIRS OF BLAZING RED EYES

Approaching her out of the darkness.

SKY

You won't get to him while I'm in
your way. Come on, try me.

SKY QUICKLY

Drags her heel in the sand, making a circle around Travis and
her, singing a Native American spiritual song.

THE BLAZING RED EYES

Follow her around as she sips and spits alcohol while closing
the circle with her heel. They vanish.

SKY

Ha-ha-ha. Told ya. Didn't I? You
can't touch us!

As she leans out of the circle, sips and spits the alcohol.

THE FLUID FIREBALLS AROUND OZONE, BARRY, AND KYLE

In bloody uniforms and blazing red eyes, faces, hands jigsaw
puzzles of torn putrid flesh, grab her, scratching her face.

She leaps back into the circle. The blazing red eyes recede.

EXT. MIDDLE OF DESERT - RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

A freight train locomotive roars past a group of shrubs along
a rock formation.

Sky and Travis crouch behind the shrubs, hands over their
faces, getting blasted by sand from under the freight cars:

TRAVIS

I'm so damn tired of fucking sand!

SKY

We can't hitch a ride. Not with
your face, always on the news.

TRAVIS

Are you sure this train's going the
right way?

SKY

The news report said that they
robbed a bank about fifty miles
from here. Right down these tracks.

She points ahead of the train, stands, and puts her backpack on.

He struggles onto one knee:

TRAVIS

I don't know about this. It's moving pretty fast. And I'm not feeling too good.

SKY

It's gonna slow down as soon as it swings around those rocks down a-ways. Come on...

She yanks him to his feet and shoves him toward the train.

Travis stumbles to a halt and dry-heaves, dripping sweat.

She comes back to him.

TRAVIS

Gimme two seconds. I'll be okay.

SKY

I can help you.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry...

SKY

I'll run down the tracks to the back of the train. Get on there. I'll help you get on as I go by.

He straightens up, breathes deeply, and shakes his head at her:

TRAVIS

If I can't... go on without me.

She runs to the cars that are farther back, grabs a ladder, and jumps on.

He runs to the cars ahead, struggling to keep up with them.

She reaches for him. He reaches for her. Stumbles. They slap hands, but he can't grab her and stumbles farther behind.

SKY

You can do this, Travis. Come on, now.

He struggles to catch up to her:

TRAVIS

I thought it was supposed to slow down.

The freight car hitches clunk together as the train slows.

She grabs his hand. He grabs her other hand, fingers locked.

EXT. FREIGHT CAR ROOF - MIDDLE OF DESERT - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis and Sky sit, backpack between them, his hands shake as he sips from the canteen, spilling a lot on his shirt.

SKY

Don't drink too much.

TRAVIS

I spilled more than I swallowed.
I'm just a mess. And a weight
around your neck. I'm sorry.

SKY

That's all right. You'll get
through this soon and be better.
Besides, I told you, "I don't quit
on people that easily."

He gives the canteen to her, points ahead across the desert:

TRAVIS

Looks like you were right about
that news report.

They see three police cars, lights ablaze, chasing a pickup truck down a dusty road in the distance.

INT./EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ziggy, clerical collar, black suit, drives on a country road between hedges. The Bible rides shotgun. Jesus on the dash.

Ziggy puts on his black Fedora and adjusts the mirror to tip his hat, an Abaddon statue likeness branded on his hand.

He rips a wrapper off a candy bar, puts it in his mouth, and tosses the wrapper out the window.

He veers across the road and fishtails to a halt on

THE ROADSIDE

He peers out the windshield at Jamie Jane's exposed butt in short shorts as she works under a pickup truck's raised hood.

ZIGGY

Lord of damnation! I've found my children.

He slips the bible in his back pocket and climbs out laughing.

He raises his brows, lips pursed as he steps behind Jamie. She wiggles her ass as she fiddles around under the hood.

He fans himself with his hat.

ZIGGY

Can I be of any assistance to you, my... child?

Jamie backs her butt into his crotch, half-turns, and smiles behind a cheap Halloween mask, tits overflowing a bikini top.

JAMIE

We're gonna be needing a new vehicle.

Ziggy reaches for the Bible and backs into a gun to his head.

Clay snickers behind a cheap Halloween mask as he cocks the gun to Ziggy's head.

CLAY

Do me a favor, preacher. Fondle the lady's tits. Pay homage to my Gods.

Jamie smiles at Ziggy. He raises his shaky hands. She reaches around him and takes the bible from his pocket.

JAMIE

You better do just as he says, preacher. We're bored as hell just sitting here waiting for you.

He lays his hands on her breasts. She smiles sideways at him:

JAMIE

He's sweet on me. I can tell. Know how? His hands are sweating.

She flashes the instant camera in his face. He squeezes his eyes shut.

The photo pops out of the camera. She pinches the photo against the Bible.

JAMIE

Now you better be a nice preacher
boy or...

She tosses the bible and the photo into the pickup bed, and
knees him in the balls:

JAMIE

... I'll give you a licking.

He drops to his knees. She skips around him.

ZIGGY

"Dear Lord Jesus, please deliver me
from those who work evil. Fierce
men who stir up strife against me."

Clay searches him, pulls his wallet out, and reads from it:

CLAY

This here is Ziggy Starr all right.
Thanks for giving us our alibi. We
had to make sure it was you. Seems
to me, Mr. Starr, that West Texas
is kind of dry for a preacher
looking to school all the fish.

ZIGGY

I am also known as a gatherer of
lost sheep.

CLAY

We are black sheep, but we're not
exactly lost.

ZIGGY

The desert has always been the
greatest example of the devil's
plans for Earth. Barren, desolate,
and no trace of humanity.

The wind swirls the sand in the pickup's rear bed. The bible
blows open, showing a revolver nestled in the cut-out pages.

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN - DAY - TRAVELING

Train cars rattle over the tracks on a sandy knoll. Desert
down one side. A few cacti then a hedgerow bordering a wooded
area down the other side.

Sky and Travis stand on the platform end of a grain car.

Sky tosses the backpack off the train, it sticks in a cactus
along the downside of the knoll.

She jumps out and skids in the sand to a halt before the hedges.

Travis leaps off, overshoots the sandy knoll, and rolls downhill through the hedges into a

EXT. GULLY - CONTINUOUS

He slides feet first through weeds, goes under the pickup, grabs the bumper, and stops himself.

He gets to his feet and sees Ziggy standing naked with his briefs over his head.

Travis steps behind him.

ZIGGY

Who's there? Speak up, will-ya?

The driver's side window raised under his elbows, hands duct-taped to the steering wheel.

TRAVIS

I guess this is the sight for sore eyes I've heard about.

Ziggy jerks his head side-to-side, unable to see him:

ZIGGY

Say, mister, stick your hand in there... roll down this window. And spare me the unchristian comments.

Travis squeezes his arm through the window, face smashed against the glass as he looks in, reaching for the handles.

ZIGGY

Hurry it up a might, friend, will ya?

TRAVIS

I'd say, keep your pants on, but...

He slowly rolls the window down and climbs in.

ZIGGY

There's a box cutter in the glove box, friend. Maybe the keys are somewhere in there.

Travis grabs a box cutter from the glove box by a roll of duct tape, cuts Ziggy free, and searches the pickup.

He opens the passenger door, and sticks his head out, vomiting.

ZIGGY

Friend, are you okay?

TRAVIS

I am under the weather a bit.

ZIGGY

I am sorry to hear that, my friend.
Is there anything I can do for you?

Travis shrugs and shakes his head:

TRAVIS

I'll ride it out. Doctors call it stress disorder. I'd like to open my head, take my brain out, and beat the memories out of it.

He slowly climbs out and gets to his feet.

TRAVIS

It's a reaction to the lies I was brought up believing about being the good guys. Pay no attention to the innocent people we gotta kill to get to them, bad guys.

ZIGGY

Our industrial world leaders have invested us all in the war machine.

TRAVIS

We invade a country. Destroy it. Offer to put it all back together, after we've sacrificed our young, we're simpatico, yes.

ZIGGY

I hear you, but you gotta leave that behind, friend. It's kill or be killed when war is what you're in. After that, it's live and let live.

TRAVIS

It's hard to live with the dead casting their shadows over me. Especially when the accusing fire in their eyes is killing me.

Ziggy drops his arms to his side and wiggles his fingers.

ZIGGY

You're a poet warrior. Like
Lincoln, you're conflicted by your
better angels and angered by the
seeds of doom Man has been tricked
into sowing at his own feet. What
better reason to curse the world?

TRAVIS

Amen to that.

ZIGGY

Are you a believer, friend?

TRAVIS

Not lately, but... there's always
room for improvement.

Ziggy offers to shake his hand.

ZIGGY

I'm Reverend Ziggy Starr.
Pentecostal.

Travis shakes his hand.

TRAVIS

What happened to your clothes,
Ziggy?

ZIGGY

I lost my head to Salome, and so
went my clothes. We're all weak in
this human form. Heathens use it to
their advantage. I am just a man,
though I aspire...

Travis lifts the pickup hood and fiddles with the engine.

TRAVIS

Our instinct is to follow. Sheep to
be sheared. Then to slaughter. By
our wicked ways once tempted. Those
who survive by the grace of God
must spread the good word.

ZIGGY

I believe the Lord had His hand in
my bushwhacking. That was to bring
us together, friend.

TRAVIS

How did this bushwhack happen?

ZIGGY

A man and a woman had this...

He slaps the pickup:

ZIGGY

... On the roadside. Car hood up.
Looked to be needing a Samaritan.

Sky steps between tire tracks in a dirt path leading to the pickup's wheels.

Travis smiles and turns from under the hood toward her:

TRAVIS

I figured you'd find me. This is
Reverend Ziggy Starr. Sky is my
spiritual guide.

Ziggy grabs the bible from the rear of the pickup's bed and smiles at her. She sneers sideways at him:

SKY

I found something else too. On the
side of the road.

She backs away from Ziggy, jingling the car keys in one hand as he wipes the hand he shook off on the back of her pants.

TRAVIS

Good. I think I got this fixed.

She tosses the keys to Travis. He shuts the hood. She sets her backpack in the rear bed.

INT./EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Clay wears the Muslim man mask as he steers at high speed around a four-lane hairpin curve in a mountain valley.

CLAY

Come on now, my baby girl, inspire
me.

Jamie sits shotgun in the Muslim woman mask and VR glasses, using a remote controller for an RC car on top of an open military-grade laptop keyboard resting on her lap.

JAMIE

(sings opera beautifully)
*For none but the brave/ Be he king
or a slave/ With a pounding heart
in his chest/ Will be worthy to
rise and with the Valkyries fly.*

Two side-by-side police SUVs come around the curve behind them shooting assault rifles out the windows at them.

Bullets POP the rear of the SUV, SHATTERING the side mirror.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Travis drives on a desert road. Sky seat-belts him in and seat-belts herself in the middle.

Sky shifts her eyes onto Ziggy, seated shotgun without a seatbelt as she sets a bottle of alcohol on the floor between the seat and transmission hump.

ZIGGY

Power animals, incantations, and
firewater, huh?

SKY

I suppose you're gonna trust in the
Lord, holy man, ay?

Ziggy lifts the Bible:

ZIGGY

His word is my protection. Travis,
if you'd just give your sins up to
the Lord.

SKY

A warrior dies on the battlefield.
For all those who fought there is
no fault only bravery.

TRAVIS

It ain't until your fear consumes
you that you're reborn into blood-
thirsty immoral madness.

SKY

You accept death.

TRAVIS

It's easy to accept death. But
seeing your buddies die. And pieces
of their flesh cling to you. Ya
gotta peel it off and collect it.

ZIGGY

The Marines don't believe in
leaving their dead behind.

TRAVIS

They cut my clothes off in the medivac helicopter. I woke up screaming: "What happened to my clothes? They had all that was left of Kyle, Barry, and Ozone on them!

He tears up, shuddering:

TRAVIS

"Where are their pieces? You didn't throw them away? I need to find 'em. Put 'em in their shipping box. "Otherwise they won't be whole."

SKY

Travis, please don't say the names.

TRAVIS

But you know there are always pieces missing. You don't realize it till you start thinking again. When you're home, ya search for some goodness in what you did over there so you can regain your morality.

ZIGGY

God and country. In that order.

SKY

Brainwashed soldiers are lifetime patriots ready to salute any flag-waving scoundrel politician.

The backpack in the rear bed glows from the radio inside through the back window. Lightning flashes in the clouds.

Thunder RUMBLES, drowning out the sound of radio static.

TRAVIS

Pieces of babies, women, children. Along the road. Just pieces. I kept thinking and thinking "Who's gonna put 'em together? Make 'em whole." That's when I went to pieces.

ZIGGY

A brave man is willing to die for his God and his Country.

TRAVIS

Bravery is a label someone pins on you.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Once you're home, ya gotta be your bravest. But you're not the same anymore. There's no return from hell. It smolders in you till a flicker of memory sparks the fire.

ZIGGY

I can administer the healing power of Jesus Christ to you, Travis.

TRAVIS

It ain't me, it's them. They want the pieces I took from 'em back. They want me to make 'em whole again. I offered 'em my medals. But they want my flesh. I won't give it. But I'm disappearing into them.

He peers in the rearview mirror and glares over his shoulder at

KYLE, BARRY, OZONE

Banging their foreheads against the back window from outside it, their blazing red eyes glaring through the glass.

TRAVIS

Tell 'em I can't give 'em anymore!
I barely have enough for myself.

TRAVIS

Veers toward an oncoming box truck. Its headlights flash through the windshield onto the rear window as

KYLE, BARRY, OZONE

Crash through the glass, slam Travis' head into the steering wheel, tearing through his clothes and his skin.

HORN AND TIRES SCREECHING

The box truck flips on its side and fishtails toward them.

ZIGGY

(ducks in his seat)
The Lord works in mysterious ways!

SKY

Jerks the wheel, the pickup veers left, and skids sideways.

THE BOX TRUCK

Swats the pickup's rear end, windows shatter as it flips onto its roof, spinning upside down on the road. Engine REVVING.

THE BOX TRUCK

Windows burst as it slams on its side, sliding down the road.

KYLE, BARRY, OZONE

Ripping into Travis. He fights, but they're behind him as he and Sky hang upside down seat-belted in.

SKY

Sings the spiritual song, arms stretched out, clawing at the front of the seat trying to reach the bottle of alcohol.

ZIGGY

Kicks his legs back out of a face-down crouch on the floor and kicks the bottle under the seat, speaking Latin:

ZIGGY

Tradenda est anima nostra. Imperat
tibi Satanas! Derelinquas nos!

KYLE, BARRY, OZONE

Crumble into dust, and swirl around, flying out the windows as a dust storm engulfs the pickup and box truck.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Travis, face, and neck, scratched and bleeding, climbs out of the pickup. Then Ziggy and Sky stumble out.

They stagger through the dust storm to the crashed box truck.

Radio STATIC from the backpack and dust storm wind HOWLING.

Sand piles around the backpack glowing from the radio inside it sitting on the road by the roof side of the crashed truck.

A dead truck DRIVER's arm and dragon-tattooed hand lie in the road on broken glass that reflects red blinking lights into

Travis' eyes as he reaches through the broken windshield into

INT. THE BOX TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Travis reaches over the dash checking the Driver's neck for a pulse and sees the red blinking lights coming from

SIX CAKES OF C-4

Duct-taped to a remote control detonator that is mounted under the dash with the red blinking lights on it:

TRAVIS

This guy's cold as a cadaver.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - SECONDS LATER

Travis peers through tears and taps on a webcam screwed to the truck's bumper plugged into a USB wire through the grill:

TRAVIS

Night vision HD webcam...

Ziggy kneels and silently prays head down, smiling.

Sky stoops next to Travis and wipes the tears off his cheek.

TRAVIS

It's my fault. Again.

SKY

We can't stop bad things happening.
But we can still do some good.

POUNDING and indistinct VOICES from inside the trailer.

Sky grabs the keys through the broken windshield and tosses them to Travis.

She splashes her shoe in gasoline puddling around her feet.

SKY

Gas tank's leaking! Better hurry!

Travis beats her around to the rear of the trailer door, unlocks it, flips the hasp, and grabs the lock bar.

TRAVIS

The doors out are jammed. Stay
back. It's gonna spring up.

She backs up. He yanks the rear overhead door springing up.

A motorcycle and shovel strapped on the wall covered in bubble wrap.

Three bearded Iraqi MEN, 25, in Kufi prayer caps, follow three Iraqi WOMEN, 25, in headscarves, each one carrying a CHILD, 4, wrapped in prayer blankets, dashing out the door.

The Women bow to Ziggy:

WOMEN
Shukraan, lakum, muqir.

The men bow to Travis and Sky and shake their hands.

MEN
Salaam Alaikum. Water, please.

TRAVIS
It was in the pickup bed.

He runs toward the pickup.

SKY
No, Travis, it's over there...

She runs in the puddle of gas across the road to the glowing backpack and peers into the headlights as

THE BULLET-RIDDLED LUXURY SEDAN

Roars out of the dust storm over the backpack, and skids to a halt inches from Sky as she backs into the box truck roof.

CLAY AND JAMIE

Leap out of the sedan in Kevlar vests and toss the Muslim Masks into the vehicle as they aim AK-47s at Sky.

JAMIE
That's a lot of trouble in a small package.

CLAY
Well... miss mayhem, what the fuck have you done with Travis?

TRAVIS

Jumps off the upward side of the box truck, thumping his boots down onto the sedan hood.

JAMIE AND CLAY

Aim their AK-47s at

TRAVIS

He grabs and yanks both AK-47 barrels, and

CLAY AND JAMIE

Blast each other in the chest, and crash on their backs.

CLAY AND JAMIE

Fuck...

Travis jumps off the hood and grabs Sky. They run around the box truck, disappearing in the dust storm.

Clay and Jamie climb to their feet, facing each other with gritted teeth as they peel pancaked bullets off their vests.

CLAY

When I'm done with Travis his
hell's gonna look like home.

Jamie unsheathes a large serrated knife from in her boot.

JAMIE

I'm gonna filet Miss Mayhem.

Two police SUVs fishtail out of the storm, slamming into the sedan.

Clay and Jamie unleash a crossfire hailstorm of bullets on the windows and doors of the SUVs and the officers in them.

Clay trains his gun on the SUVs as he inspects the damage.

Jamie pops a wheelie on the motorcycle as she guns it out of the box truck toward Clay.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - NIGHT

Sky and Travis follow yards behind Ziggy, leading the Men, Women, and Children through the dust storm.

Everyone stops as explosions and flashes of light appear over the horizon ahead.

SKY

What the hell?

TRAVIS

Everyone keeps moving. That's the
Fort Bliss Dona Ana Range Complex.

AK-47 GUNFIRE then WHOOSH-BOOM.

They turn to the box truck engulfed in a blossoming fireball.

THE TWO BULLET-RIDDLED POLICE SUVs

Roar out of the dust storm from opposite sides of the road.

One halts in front of Sky and Travis, the other behind them, cutting them off from the rest of them.

Ziggy speaks inaudibly with the Muslim Men and Women. He stays. They run away, Children in their arms.

Clay and Jamie hop out of the SUVs, AK-47s aimed at Travis and Sky, paying no attention to Ziggy or the rest of them.

CLAY
Who's following who, here?

TRAVIS
I'm gonna take you and Jamie in,
Clay.

Jamie and Clay smile sideways at each other, laughing.

CLAY
What do you think about that,
Jamie?

She hums "The Ride of the Valkyries" and sings the opera as she pokes the AK-47 in Sky's face:

JAMIE
*I'm an immortal spirit now with a
heart made of steel/ With the gods
on high forever/ I will live and
laugh at the fears of man.*

She laughs and continues to hum the opera.

CLAY
We don't mind dying. Long as we
take you all with us when we go.

Ziggy approaches them and aims the bible at Jamie, then Clay:

ZIGGY
No one will rise into God's heaven
who doesn't accept Jesus Christ as
their savior.

CLAY
I got a cement suit for you. How
the hell are you gonna rise in
that?

JAMIE
Where in hell is Jesus?

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

Golf-ball-sized hail hits Jamie in the head. She fires into a hailstorm, blasting Ziggy. He spins into a face-plant in the sand.

Travis and Sky run toward Ziggy, fallen, and not moving.

TRAVIS
Ziggy...

CLAY (O.S.)
Don't ever fucking forget about me.

He rifle-butts Travis. He drops to his knees, shaking it off:

TRAVIS
Fuck you.

Jamie and Clay drag Sky backward:

CLAY
You're gonna have to catch me to
fuck me.

Hail intensifies, slowing Travis down as he trudges after them.

They throw Sky in one SUV. Jamie gets behind the wheel.

Clay fires into the hail on the ground toward Travis' feet.

TRAVIS
Shh-shit...

He dives behind the rear of the other SUV and wiggles his bloody toes through bullet holes in his boots as he grunts in pain.

Clay fires, blasting bullet holes in the other SUV gas tank.

CLAY
Come on, Sarge. See how far ya get!

Travis hobbles to the door of the other SUV in bloody boots.

TRAVIS
I'll get to you!

Sky stares out the busted rear window of the one SUV. Clay smiles next to her, rifle muzzle dimpling her cheek.

CLAY
I got what I want! Another piece of
you! You know about me and her...

As the SUV fishtails away, Sky screams out the busted window:

SKY
I've loved you since the first time
I saw you, Travis!

Travis opens the driver door of the other SUV:

TRAVIS
Don't let him know that.

He sits behind the wheel, starts it, and puts on the seat belt:

TRAVIS
I love you too.

He spins the wheel and lays rubber after them.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Travis steers through a desert dust storm sandblasting the windshield, wipers on high.

He jerks the wheel from left to right tapping on the fuel gauge, the needle bounces from below "E" barely touching "E".

TRAVIS
What the shh-shit...

He peers through the windshield at Barry and his blazing red eyes ahead as he slams into him, Barry flips onto the roof.

TRAVIS
God. Damn.

The roof caves in. He tries to hold it up, but it bangs off the top of his head non-stop.

TRAVIS
I'm not ready to give you all my
body parts to make you whole again.

He sees Kyle and his blazing red eyes materialize just ahead, and veers around him into the sand, shimmying up a dune.

Suddenly, Kyle and his blazing red eyes rise from the sand at the top of the dune.

Travis tailspins around him as he goes over the top. The rear fender plows sideways into Kyle. He slams onto the trunk.

Travis fishtails out of the spin before he hits the bottom of the dune and climbs another dune.

Ozone and his blazing red eyes drop out of the dust storm in front of Travis. He runs Ozone over with a jarring thump.

TRAVIS
You all know I can't stop till I
find her!

Barry slides down the windshield face-first off the roof, and rips the wipers off, smearing bloody flesh across the glass.

TRAVIS
I've got to save Sky.

Kyle bursts through the shattering rear window and drops into the backseat.

TRAVIS
I've got to have more time.

Barry smashes through the windshield and grabs the wheel.

TRAVIS
I'm so sorry I got you all killed.

Travis fights Barry for control of the steering as he climbs a monster hill of sand.

Kyle rips through the back of Travis' seat with his clawed hands and rakes the back of Travis' neck.

TRAVIS
What in the hell is it you all want
from me?

Engine SPUTTERING.

The vehicle lurches to a halt, teeters front to rear, and dips back to the front halfway over the top of the monster hill.

Engine DIES as WHISTLING of incoming missiles intensifies.

Travis struggles out of Barry's grip, shoves Ozone aside, and leans over the steering wheel as

The vehicle tips over the top of the hill, fishtailing down.

Travis stares out the windshield toward

AN ONCOMING RAZOR-WIRE FENCE

As missiles strike several tanks and armored vehicles in a simulated village of adobe houses in a flat area beyond it.

Ozone tears through the floor at Travis' feet, claw their way up his pants legs, and grabs him by the throat. The wheel spins on its own.

The SUV rolls over sideways down the hill into

THE MCGREGOR MISSILE RANGE

The SUV bowls the razor-wire fence over. The connected fence pops off the posts but holds the SUV as it rocks upside down.

The razor-wire chews through the shotgun side of the roof as the SUV slides downhill upside down.

POLICE SUV

The razor wire tears across the ceiling toward Travis, seat belted in, and upside down.

Ozone, Barry, and Kyle force Travis's head against the ceiling. The razor wire draws blood as it cuts into his head.

Missiles WHISTLING closer intensify.

The missiles explode into the tanks, then the adobe houses and the armored vehicles just below them.

Travis yanks the seat belt off, and flails out of their grips, sliding feet first across the ceiling and out the window.

The razor wire slices through the roof edge. The vehicle rolls sideways down the hill toward

THE MCGREGOR MISSILE RANGE

Travis slides to the bottom of the hill by an adobe house, sees the SUV tumble at him, climbs to his feet, and glances around behind him at the tumbling SUV, a split second away.

He dives through the entry door into

AN ADOBE HOME

The SUV slams into the door upside down. Leaving a small space for escape. The walls cracking. Travis dodges pieces of falling roof as he gets up.

Missiles WHISTLING builds.

Travis leaps through the door and squirms through the small space over the SUV, Barry, Ozone, and Kyle seize his legs as they reach through the windows from inside.

WHISTLING missiles closing fast...

Stopped halfway over, he grabs the hot muffler, hands smoking as he kicks free of their grasp and leapfrogs over the SUV.

He hits the ground running up the hill and over the fence.

Multiple hellfire missiles explode into the adobe village.

The force and cloud of debris throw Travis over the hill.

TRAVIS' VISION

Travis staggers toward the spray-painted totem pole with an owl, an eagle, and an armadillo at the bottom of the hill.

TRAVIS

Please, great owl spirit, help me
lead my dead friends out of the
clutches of evil, through their
journey.

He touches the pole. The owl shrieks to life and flies away.

Owl SCREECHES echoing.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis shudders awake on his back, feet facing down the hill.

The owl shrieks as it flies at his face. He flips face down. The owl's talons smack the back of his head as it flies over.

He rolls on his chest, jumps to his feet, and ducks. The owl screeches as it hovers over him.

TRAVIS

What the...

The owl shrieks, circling above him.

He lowers himself to sit. The owl swoops down, grabs him, drags him a few feet, and lets him go.

TRAVIS

I'm crazier than I've ever been.

He staggers to his feet along on the uneven ground and stops.

Owl SHRIEKING intensifies.

He turns back to the low-flying owl, screeching as it swoops up toward his face, talons extended. He turns back and runs.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Owl HOOTING in the distance.

Travis staggers down a grassy knoll between rows of tombstones, clothes torn, bloody neck and face scratched.

Oncoming motorcycle RUMBLING, headlight flashing across the headstones toward Travis.

He hides behind a headstone as the light shines across it.

Ziggy rides the motorcycle past, shovel on the handlebars, deer rifle with a scope on a strap slung across his back.

Travis limps onto the loose dirt of a freshly filled grave.

TRAVIS
No-oh... Please.

His eyes tear and his hand shakes as he picks up a full whiskey bottle next to a pile of pills on top of a headstone.

He spills the whiskey, shaking as he sucks a mouthful from the bottle, hand trembling over the pills.

He spits out the whiskey, smashes the bottle over the pills, and stumbles back from the headstone.

He kneels in the loose dirt, digging a hole with both hands.

TRAVIS
It can't be. I'm lost without you.
Your son needs you. Please. I'm
sorry I never called you Father.

He puts his forehead against "SHERIFF COLT" engraved on the headstone.

He reaches down into the hole, pulls the truck Driver's arm out of the dirt, and stares at the dragon tattoo on his hand.

PRE-LAP - Desert cobra HISSING.

TRAVIS' VISION

Travis shudders awake face down in the dirt and turns his head toward the HISSING sound of a

COILED BLACK DESERT COBRA

Fangs dripping poison, it darts at him, SMACK into his face.

He screams.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis shudders awake, seated on the backside of a headstone.
He leaps to his feet, feeling his face, no snakebite marks.
He staggers around headstones, checks the names, and stops.

TRAVIS
What the fuck?

He sneers at Sheriff Colt's grave loosely covered in new sod.
He staggers away.

The black desert cobra slithers from under the sod on Sheriff Colt's grave, crawling between the headstones across the way.

The cobra coils up under the black fedora by the shovel
leaned on a double-headstone with half the grave's new sod
removed.

INT. GAS TANKER CAB - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Travis sits in the shotgun seat. A LADY TRUCKER, 48, Native
American, crooked smile, wise, piercing eyes.

TRAVIS
Thanks a lot for stopping for me.

They shake hands. He notices a dragon tattoo on her hand.

LADY TRUCKER
I was getting lonely anyway.

TRAVIS
I've been there.

LADY TRUCKER
You look a little worse for wear,
brother.

She drops it into gear and pulls off the roadside onto the
two-lane blacktop.

TRAVIS
Yeah, well, it's hell out there.

LADY TRUCKER
And it ain't even hot yet. And
we're heading south.

Travis bobs his head and fights off nodding to sleep:

TRAVIS
So, what's our destination?

LADY TRUCKER
A refinery in Baton Rouge.

TRAVIS
I'll go all the way if it's okay.

LADY TRUCKER
Why don't you get some shut-eye?

He slouches in the seat and drifts off into sleep:

TRAVIS
Yea...

PRE-LAP - Car and semi tires SCREECHING.

TRAVIS' VISION

Lady Trucker hits the brakes, swerving.

LADY TRUCKER
Hold on...

TRAVIS
What is it?

They peer out the windshield at

AN ARMADILLO

On the other side of the road ahead that leaps onto an
oncoming car hood.

LADY TRUCKER
Why did the armadillo cross the
road?

TRAVIS AND LADY TRUCKER

Look out the driver's side window and then into the driver's
side mirrors as the oncoming car skids past them toward

THE ARMADILLO

Rolls off the hood of the skidding car and under the semi-
trailer.

TRAVIS

Looks in his side mirror reflecting an image of

THE ARMADILLO

As it rolls from under the trailer, safely into the sand.

Eagle SCREECHING becomes SKIDDING semi tires.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Stop!!!

BACK TO SCENE

Lady Trucker veers to the side of the road, skidding to a halt.

Travis bangs his head into his side window, awaking startled.

TRAVIS

What the fuck?

LADY TRUCKER

Brother, you yelled, "Stop"!

TRAVIS

Yeah. I gotta go the other way.

LADY TRUCKER

I understand, brother. Left some bad business back there, did yeah?

TRAVIS

Thanks for understanding.

She reaches under his seat, searching around under it.

She pulls a Tequila bottle and prescription bottle of pills out, offers the Tequila, and rattles the pills at Travis:

LADY TRUCKER

Hair of the dog to wake you up. Or painkillers to help with the pain.

TRAVIS

I'm going back where this all started. Not to my old ways. Been drowning in bottles way too long.

TRUCKER

That's the spirit, brother.

Travis opens the door. They shake hands.

TRAVIS

Is that dragon tattoo on your hand supposed to mean something special?

LADY TRUCKER

Are you asking because you heard
about the cadaver stolen from the
funeral home back there, a couple
of nights ago?

TRAVIS

Just wondered what it means to you.

LADY TRUCKER

Dragons bring fire.

TRAVIS

More like, hell's fire.

EXT. DESERT - ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Travis slams the cab door and crosses the road.

The tanker zooms away on the other side.

The rising sun reflects off shiny metallic-silver soaring
eagles on the mud flaps behind both rear tires.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

Ziggy kneels beside the motorcycle on top of a dune aiming
through the scope of the deer rifle aimed across the seat at
the

"HEARTBREAK MOTEL"

Same condition as before, crane, dump truck, backhoe, but now
a parked red pickup joins them fenced-in with the building.

Five Mexican WORKERS set up concrete forms in the trench.

One WORKER dumps cement from a motorized mixer above the hole
into the concrete forms below.

OUTSIDE FENCED-IN CONSTRUCTION AREA

Travis stands under a new sign reading "FUTURE SITE OF THE
NATION OF ISLAM MOSQUE" over the old motel sign, watching

Several Ultra-right and Nazi PROTESTERS march in the mud
outside the fence carrying signs with anti-Muslim slogans and
Swastikas.

Someone hangs a sign on the fence with "MEXICAN WORKERS" in a
bulls-eye, raises a bullhorn, and turns to Travis, it's Clay:

CLAY/SOMEONE
(yelling over bullhorn)
This is a Christian land! We will
not tolerate false Muslim Gods!

PROTESTERS
Hell no!

The Protesters attack an oncoming four-door car, tinted glass
and a stars and stripes bumper sticker with "MUSLIM" on it.

Barely visible through the tinted glass are the three Muslim
Men in the front seat, and the three head-scarfed Muslim
Women in the back seat with their Children on their laps.

The car stops. Clay kicks the door.

CLAY (V.O.)
We'll burn this mosque down with
you all in it!

Travis grabs the bullhorn and grabs Clay by the neck:

TRAVIS
Where the hell is Sky?

Clay laughs, nods toward the car, and whispers to Travis:

CLAY
Sky is in the trunk. Why don't you
try to get her out?

The Mexican Workers stand nervously behind the fence and
stare with fearful intensity at the Protesters.

Travis throws Clay down.

The Protesters beat Travis with the signs. He fights them,
they knock him down and punch and kick him.

PROTESTERS
You don't fucking belong here,
Geronimo!

Ear-splitting siren SQUAWKS three times nearby.

A sheriff's police car pulls up. Two people get out. One is
Judy Whit, a DEPUTY now. The other is Deputy Wade, who is now
the SHERIFF.

They shove the Protesters away. Travis lies there, smiling.

They aim guns at Travis. Wade holds a Taser too.

JUDY
Hello there, Travis.

TRAVIS
Hey, Judy. Hey! Sheriff Wade, huh?

Wade stomps on Travis' chest and Tasers him. Then Wade and Judy flip him over and handcuff him behind his back.

JUDY
Welcome back, Travis.

WADE
You're going back to hell, soldier.

TRAVIS
Hell... I never left.

They pick Travis up. He breaks away from them, and stumbles face-first into the stopped four-door car driver's side door.

Wade Tasers him in the back of the head.

WADE
Don't ever forget about me, fucker.

JUDY
That is not necessary, Wade.

The Protesters cheer. Clay whoops mockingly on the bullhorn.

Wade Tasers Travis as he peers through the car's tinted side windows and slides sideways across the glass, convulsing.

Travis slams face down on the trunk and puts his ear to the lid.

Sky's MUFFLED VOICE and THUMPING sounds from in the trunk.

WADE
(whispers in Travis' ear)
I'm about to treat you like the
bitch that you are, faggot!

He throws Travis down, kneels on his neck, jams the Taser between his ass-cheeks, and jolts him.

Travis convulses as he peers at a webcam screwed to the top of the bumper, plugged into a USB wire through the grill.

Three gunshots RING-OUT and the bullets rip across the words "MEXICAN LABORERS" written in the bulls-eye sign.

The Workers jump in the red pickup, zoom through the backside of the fence, and fishtail through the sand onto the road.

INT. SHERIFF STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Travis crashes sideways on the floor, unconscious.

Metal cell door CLANGS shut.

TRAVIS' VISION - FOUR-DOOR CAR

Travis convulses as he slides face-first across the driver's side tinted windows, looking into the car at the

Three Muslim Men in the front seat, and the three head-scarfed Muslim Women in the back seat with their Children on their laps, everyone's mouths and bodies are shrink-wrapped.

PRE-LAP - Water SPLASHING.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis awakes, lying in a puddle on the floor, without cuffs.

Suddenly, a force of cold water blasts from a hose nozzle in Wade's hands through the bars into Travis' face.

WADE

Fucking Judy shouldn't have removed your cuffs. Hell's gonna be frozen over before you get any rest.

TRAVIS

Judy's gonna be arresting you one day, Wade. On that day, I'll rest.

He squirms under a metal cot welded to the wall, shivering.

Wade soaks the mattress with the hose and water drips off the metal cot around Travis.

WADE

I'm water-boarding your bed. You're next. You murdered your father. And you're gonna sign a confession.

TRAVIS

I didn't kill my father. It was...

The force of the water shoves him against the wall.

WADE

I should call the FBI. But I'm gonna keep ya to myself.

He clicks his Taser trigger, but there's no electric arc.

TRAVIS

Wet and tired, I'll still whip your
ass. You're nothing without your
little tool. So-called, Sheriff.

WADE

It made you dance, mister Marine
war hero. You ain't shit. Come back
from the war, crying like a pussy.

He puts his face through the bars and spits words:

WADE

Killing Godless heathens should
have made you a proud American. But
you're still just a drunken Injun.

He drops the hose and stomps away.

Metal door CLANGS shut nearby.

Travis rolls on his back and wipes his face with his shirt.

He sits up, removes his shirt, and sees a muddy imprint of a
Swastika from under the heel of Wade's boot on his shirt.

He shivers as he twists the water from his shirt through the
bars. Water drips down the cell door and puddles under it.

Metal door SQUEAKS open nearby. ARCING Taser intensifies.

Travis holds the bars with shaky hands.

Wade smiles as he steps toward Travis, arcing the Taser.

Travis backs up, turns from him, head down, sneaks a look at

WADE'S BOOTS

They stop just short of the puddle under the cell door.

TRAVIS

I'm tired and I've had enough. I
need a drink.

WADE

I wouldn't let a drunken Injun like
you drink my piss. You ain't worth
a nigger!

He rises on his toes, heels raised, boots short of the
puddle.

TRAVIS

And you're a closet Nazi. Or is it
the alt-right Gestapo making
America what? A great white
paranoid, narcissistic sociopath.
Again!

WADE

Grabs the cell door with his face between the bars, raising
the Taser:

WADE

Come here. You fucking mongoloid.
Put your arms through the bars.

He hops back from the bars, feels his wet fingers, and looks
at his boot as he taps it in the puddle, pulling his pistol.

TRAVIS

Yeah. You're gonna have to come in
here to get me.

Wade steps sideways from the puddle, a foot from the bars,
arcing the Taser, his gun aimed at Travis' back:

WADE

Ya make me come in there, this
Taser going up your ass, faggot.

Travis shakes as backs up a few feet from the bars. Stops.

TRAVIS

Please. Please don't kill me.

Wade gets pissed, jams the gun and Taser through the bars:

WADE

Now back the fuck up to the bars.
Or I'll shoot you in the back.

He cocks the gun, tries to reach Travis' back with the Taser
arcing, his face between the bars, spitting words at Travis:

WADE

Like all the other dead niggers
that don't matter for shit!

SUDDENLY, TRAVIS

Spins toward Wade, extending his arms.

WADE

Leans to back away, but not before

TRAVIS

Grabs Wade's gun and Taser, and yanks his arms up against the bars, face between them, Taser arcing, firing at the ceiling.

TRAVIS

Convulses as he pisses from his half-down zipper into Wade's face, now Wade shakes with him from the Taser current.

WADE

Hits the floor face-first outside the cell.

TRAVIS

Crashes to the cell floor, Taser and pistol in his hands.

WADE

Foams at the mouth, shakes his head, crawling away. Then his forehead smacks into the floor and he slides backward as

TRAVIS

Yanks Wade by the ankles through the bars until he slams his balls into them. As Wade yelps

TRAVIS

Grabs his keys and opens the cell.

WADE

Rises onto his hands and knees.

WADE

You faggot fucking mongoloid.

TRAVIS

Boots him in the head, drags him into the cell, takes his handcuffs off his belt, and puts Wade's legs through the bars.

Travis steps out and cuffs Wade's ankles through the bars.

TRAVIS

Now if that's not just about as great as it's ever gonna get.

Travis walks past a few more cells and out the entry door.

ARMORY VAULT

Travis opens a cage marked "WEAPONS/EVIDENCE", inside is a rack of guns, gear, and dated case-numbered storage boxes.

He opens a storage box and laughs as he sees the mystery contents, masked in the shadows of the box:

TRAVIS

Pandora's box is a queer closet.

He puts an AR-15 rifle, pistol, two full magazines, two full clips, a Kevlar vest, a collapsible baton, a roll of duct tape, and a box cutter from the cage into a rifle bag on the floor.

He grabs the rifle bag handle, tucks the storage box under his arm, and walks out the heavy metal door.

HOLDING CELLS

Wade awakes naked, ankles cuffed through the bars. He rises off his ass, pulled up by ropes tied around his wrists.

As he rises he sees several prank photos duct-taped to the bars.

ON THE PHOTOS

Wade pokes a black monster dildo against the lips of uniformed deputies sleeping in police cars and at desks.

BACK TO SCENE

Travis pulls the other ends of the ropes through the bars at the top from outside the cell, until Wade hangs in a squat.

WADE

Travis, what the fuck do you think
you are doing?

Travis ties the ends of the ropes on the bars and reaches into the open storage box of chains, S&M toys, and bondage equipment.

TRAVIS

I see you guys raided a dominatrix
dungeon. The gear's gonna come in
handy. Along with your laptop.

Wade watches Travis enter the cell carrying an open military-grade laptop with an HD camera on it.

Travis crouches behind Wade and smacks the black dildo onto its suction-cupped end to the floor just under Wade's butt.

TRAVIS

Ya know what the best torture was at Gitmo, for getting results? Gay stuff. Like photos of prisoners with dildos up their asses. Something to send home, for the folks to see.

He sets the open laptop facing Wade on the floor by him. The power cord is in an extension cord plugged into an outside wall.

TRAVIS

From this low angle, no one will see me lowering you. Just the dildo. Going up your ass.

Wade jerks his head, trying to see Travis come up behind him.

WADE

Are you crazy? What kind of game are you playing? In God's name, what do you want me to tell you?

TRAVIS

Where the fuck is that son of yours hiding?

WADE

I swear to you, I don't know where Clay is. I...

TRAVIS

Game huh? Well, I'll give you a few seconds of pre-game, to think about it, Wade, before we start.

Travis spins a red ball gag by its leather belt buckle and sings "Take Me Out To The Ball Game":

TRAVIS

*For it's one, two, three strikes
you're out/ At the old ball game.*

He lowers the gag over Wade's face. Wade jerks his head.

The tied-off ends of the ropes loosen as they slide side-to-side across the bars.

Wade swings from one side of the bars to the other as Travis forces the ball into his mouth. He yells around it:

WADE
Clay's at the Nazi protest by the
school.

The tied-off ends unravel and the ropes come off the bars.

Wade spits the red ball out as his virginity is about to end
in sodomy:

WADE
Ah, shh-shit!

Travis kicks the dildo from under Wade before he sits on it.

Travis exits the cell with the laptop, calling back:

TRAVIS (O.S.)
You better hope Clay hasn't hurt my
girl Sky. Or I'll back to kill you.

WADE
Did you say Sky? Sky Eagle Feather!
You are crazy.

EXT. SHERIFF POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Travis in the sheriff's cowboy hat, uniform, boots, Kevlar
vest, gun, and holster, sets the duct tape and the rifle bag
into the trunk of the police car and shuts it.

He gets in, starts it, and drives to the exit.

The open laptop duct-taped on the front bumper, screen facing
forward toward

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

The approaching exit plays in real-time on-screen.

EXT. "JAMES BOWIE & WILLIAM TRAVIS GRAMMAR SCHOOL" - DAY

The sheriff's car pulls up behind a line of cars.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - MAIN STREET

The line of cars ahead creep toward school buses dropping
KIDS OF ALL COLORS off in the front of the building.

Deputies stand at barricades along the curbs to both sides.

Nazis and Alt-right PROTESTERS wave Confederate, Swastika,
Southern Nationalist X, and Iron Cross, flags to one side.

White, African, Native American, Mexican, Muslim, ANTI-PROTESTERS wave "No to Islamophobes, Refugees welcome, Don't scapegoat migrants," signs on the other side of the street.

INT./EXT. SHERIFF'S CAR - MAIN STREET - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis creeps to a stop two cars from the front of the line at the front of the school.

He gets out, squats at the front of the car for two seconds, hops in, hits the siren, and races around the cars and buses.

The line of cars behind him IS SEEN through the rear window as he races around the backside of the busses and the school.

INT./EXT. SHERIFF'S CAR - MAIN STREET - LATER - TRAVELING

Travis drives toward the school from a block away toward Protesters, and Anti-protesters, along with deputies on both sides of the cars and buses.

He looks into parked cars on both sides of the street.

As he turns onto another street he looks back and sees

INT./EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Jamie with the Muslim Woman mask and head-scarf on at the wheel of the four-door car near the corner in clear view of the protesters.

Jamie sneaks a look at Travis' police car as it drives out of sight around the corner.

She waves her arm out the window and watches

Clay with the Muslim man mask on, nods to her as he drives slowly past her in a rusty old luxury sedan.

Jamie peers at Clay as he inches the old luxury sedan into the intersection.

Travis reaches into the four-door's driver-side window from outside it behind Jamie and as she turns, he Tasers her neck:

TRAVIS
Smile, asshole.

He opens the door, flips the trunk latch, and throws her onto

ANOTHER STREET

Jamie hits the street, shaking her head, singing to herself:

JAMIE

*I'm waiting for you to take my
soul/ To Valhalla of old.*

FOUR-DOOR CAR

Travis opens the trunk. Sky lies inside, sweat-soaked, ankles and wrists cuffed.

He removes her cuffs and helps her out of the trunk. They kiss, teary-eyed and sobbing in relief.

TRAVIS

I have missed you so much, Sky. I
love you.

She holds his face in her hands:

SKY

I've been in love with you, since
the first time we met, Travis. And
I'll always be with you. Always.

Tires SCREECHING. Protesters and Anti-Protesters SCREAMING.

Travis shuts the trunk and Sky joins him watching

THE LUXURY SEDAN

Plow into the backs of the Nazi Protesters and reverse across the intersection, slamming back into the four-door.

Sky shoves Travis sideways onto the sidewalk:

TRAVIS

Oh-no-oh-oh... No-oh...

The luxury sedan rams the four-door car backward, it knocks Sky down, rocking and rolling over her.

Jamie hops in the luxury sedan. It races around the corner.

Protesters and Anti-protesters clash in the street. The Deputies are trapped between them and the cars fighting back.

TRAVIS

Crawls under the four-door. No Sky! He sees

A SHADOWY FIGURE

Coming out from under the rear of the vehicle.

TRAVIS

Sky...

TRAVIS

Slides out from under the car and faces

THE YELLOW EYES

Of a screeching golden eagle as it leaps off the car and flies away.

TRAVIS

Grabs a tail feather as it lands on the car.

SEVERAL DEPUTIES

Surround the sedan, cocking pistols aimed at

TRAVIS

Reaches for the gun in his holster.

JUDY (O.S.)

Let's not do this now, Travis,
please.

JUDY

Steps between Travis and the Deputies toward Travis, raising his hands. She takes his gun, cuffing him as he kneels.

INT. SHERIFF POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Travis lies cuffed to the cot, teary-eyed:

TRAVIS

I'm not gonna make it this time.
I'm lost without you, Sky.

Wade faces the bars, teary eyes lost in past regrets:

WADE

I told her I'd get her father some help if she'd keep quiet about it. Let me take care of Clay. But all she did was nod and cry about Clay breaking her radio.

TRAVIS

She told me about Clay and her radio when we met at the rest stop.

WADE

It makes perfect sense she'd be there still. It's where she always hid out. It's the place we spoke last. I liked her a lot...

TRAVIS

What was she supposed to keep quiet about?

Wade turns away from Travis.

WADE

You were already in boot camp when he a...

TRAVIS

You had her keep quiet about Clay raping her.

Wade nods and bites his lips as he speaks:

WADE

Temporarily. But before I could get back to the rest stop. Her drunken father found her there. When she told him she was pregnant by Clay.

TRAVIS

He beat her up.

WADE

He was still beating her when I got there. I tried to stop him. He dropped her on the bench. Attacked me with a knife. I shot him. Dead.

He breaks down, knees buckling, he grabs the bars, weeping:

WADE

Her face... it was beaten to a bloody pulp. Oh, God...

He bangs his forehead off the bars:

WADE

I tried to stop the bleeding. I swear to you, I tried.

TRAVIS

I'm sure you did the best you could.

WADE

All I did was hold her. That old transistor radio was on the table. Lit-up. Just static on it...

(shakes his head)

"It's Clay's fault. He broke my radio." That's all she said, over and over till she was dead.

TRAVIS

So you had him join up for the Marines, just like his Dad.

WADE

Sky visits me too. I can't see her. But I hear the radio static. I can hear it now. It's all around you.

TRAVIS

Inside the mind is where the final battle is won or lost.

WADE

Clay's not like his Dad. I still love him. But he's not gonna stop till everyone in this town is at each other's throats. It's my fault. I taught him to hate.

TRAVIS

Clay's not gonna stop till everyone in this country's at each other's throats. He will start here though. Let me out. I'll stop him.

Wade enters the cell, removes Travis' cuffs, helps him up:

WADE

We're both Marines. Semper fi. Always faithful and all. But I'm gonna trust you through her.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - SAND DUNE - NIGHT

Travis lies on top of a dune in black camo and a Kevlar vest, looking through thermal imaging binoculars at the

"HEARTBREAK MOTEL"

THROUGH THE THERMAL IMAGING BINOCULARS

Plywood slides from over a boarded-up first-floor room doorway, below Travis' destroyed room.

Jamie with the thermal imaging goggles on, holds the back of the plywood as she spins around, and puts it back over the doorway.

She climbs the stairs to the second-floor balcony, surveys the desert terrain, then quickly focuses on movement at the

TOP OF THE SAND DUNE

THROUGH THE THERMAL IMAGING GOGGLES

The view zooms onto a puff of sand along an indentation trail leading to an Armadillo digging.

BACK TO "HEARTBREAK MOTEL"

THROUGH THE THERMAL IMAGING GOGGLES

Jamie opens the plywood over the room doorway, and backs into the room, sealing the doorway.

Travis crawls to the fence, cutting a hole with wire cutters.

As he scoots through the hole a jagged piece of fence snatches his vest, RATTLING the fence.

He stops, looks back, and grabs the fence, listening to

Four WHIRLING blades of a quad-copter drone.

The quad-copter drone with a thermal imaging camera rises above the backside of the motel roof toward him.

He holds the fence and scurries through it as he sees

The quad-copter blades spin just above the front of the roof.

An owl shrieks as it dives out of the sky, snaps the quad-copter in half, and flies off.

The copter thrashes into the ground.

Jamie scoots from the back of the roof and looks over the front edge

THROUGH THE THERMAL IMAGING GOGGLES

The drone crumpled to the ground. The view zooms onto a glowing trail left behind Travis as he crawls toward the

BACK TO THE "HEARTBREAK MOTEL"

SUDDENLY, TRAVIS

Appears, leaping over the edge of the roof in front of Jamie, grabs her, and drags her off of it before she can react.

He slams her head into the balcony as he lands in a squat.

He pulls zip-ties out. She shakes her head, stunned, kicking her leg at him. He smacks her boot sideways before it lands.

He stomps on her, zip-ties her legs, and wrists, and puts on her goggles.

THROUGH THE THERMAL IMAGING GOGGLES

Travis goes down the stairs, quietly removes the plywood, and enters the

INT. FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

In unlit darkness, Travis puts the plywood over the door, lifts his shirt, pulls the baton from his pants, and blows sand off the Sheriff's laptop duct-taped to his chest.

He approaches a four-door car trunk in the dark, through the windows, thermal light inside.

The butt of an AK-47 slams him in the back of the head:

CLAY (O.S.)
Your soul's mine now, Sarge!

Travis drops to his knees and scoots halfway under the trunk.

Clay, thermal imaging goggles on, steps on Travis' legs, jams an AK-47 muzzle to Travis' back and clicks the safety off.

CLAY
Ain't a motherfucker fast enough to
stop me from severing your spin
with one shot. Welcome home, Sarge.

FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - LATER

Well-lit now, the front wall of a triple-sized room is busted out and covered over in plywood, a small boarded-up window on the back wall.

Clay sits at a table and four chairs, and plugs wires in a remote control detonator.

A Dell PowerEdge M830 for M1000e w/Intel Exion server on the table connected to several car batteries on the floor.

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle in a corner typing on a laptop on the handlebars.

A four-door car with tinted glass parked in the middle, hood open, the remote car controller on the laptop on the engine.

Jamie kneels in front of the car, screws a webcam to the top of the bumper, plugged to USB wires coming out of the grill.

Travis shudders awake, shrink-wrapped in a chair facing a corner of the room across from the car, his mouth free.

TRAVIS

You guys are the ones behind the
social media sites stoking this
town's troubles?

ZIGGY

Jamie's a wiz on the net and I'm an
accelerated learner that's gonna
bring hellfire to the apocalypse.

JAMIE

Army taught me; "can't beat 'em,
join 'em." Russian. Chinese. North
Korean hackers helping politicians
all over the world get elected.

ZIGGY

Lies are truth and evil's your best
friend when the internet is God.

Clay gets in Travis's face as he spins him toward the car:

CLAY

Do you have questions for me too?
I'm your clear and present danger.
Come on. Ask me...

TRAVIS

I know what. Why and how? All about
you. And all about your plans.

Jamie keys a laptop under the hood. Holds VR glasses to her eyes. Smiles. Set them down.

CLAY

Got me all figured out, huh, Sarge?
Mind sharing it?

TRAVIS

You're gonna blow up kids and their
parents. Jamie is going to drive
the car by remote control.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Like the box truck that she crashed into us on the desert road with a cadaver as the driver.

Jamie smiles, and waves her arms and hands like a game show model, presenting the car to Travis.

CLAY

So you figured out our a little funeral home body snatching. But ya ain't said much about me. Come on, Sarge. You love listening to yourself. Go ahead. Analyze me.

TRAVIS

You're an envious little boy, that wants to tear everyone apart like you are.

CLAY

You were responsible for us out in that desert. You lost three men their lives and my legs for nothing but a fucking feather in your cap.

TRAVIS

You're right. I'm sorry. But please take it out on me. I'll pay for my mistakes. Right here. Right now.

CLAY

You're gonna be in this trunk just like your girlfriend Sky was.
(laughs in Travis' face)
And you're gonna pay, with other people's lives, again. By being one of the terrorists delivering a bomb to a school full of children.

Jamie puts on the VR glasses, grabs the remote car controller off the laptop under the hood as she sings:

JAMIE

*Take warning, Father/ Look to
thyself/ Storm and strife must thou
withstand.*

She turns the remote knob. The car wheels move as she sings:

JAMIE

*Fricka comes to thee here/ Drawn
hither in her car by her rams.*

She puts the VR glasses under the hood.

Travis licks a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth as she drags him to the rear of the car, singing:

JAMIE

*Hey! How she swings the golden
scourge/ The wretched beasts are
groaning with fear/ Wheels
furiously rattle/ Fierce she fares
to the fray.*

She opens the trunk, singing as a game show model presenter using her hands and body language to show off her work...

JAMIE

*In strife like this/ I take no
delight/ Sweet though to me are the
fights of men/ Then take now thy
stand for the storm/ I leave thee
with mirth to thy fate.*

The floor is covered in C-4 connected to a detonating cord, a cell phone, and blasting caps. A thousand ball bearings in plastic bags on each side.

TRAVIS.

I'm gonna stop you, Clay. You'll
see...

He turns his face and licks more blood from the corner of his mouth, but Clay doesn't notice as he shuts the trunk.

Jamie opens the car door and continues as a game show model presenter...

Three Muslim Men in front, three Muslim Women and Children in back, shrink-wrapped heads and bodies, holes for nostrils.

Clay and Jamie turn and smirk from the smell of them.

Travis turns away, tearful, licks more blood from his lips:

TRAVIS

Haven't these poor people suffered
enough at our hands, Clay?

Jamie nods as she presents the Man behind the wheel's foot shrink-wrapped onto the gas pedal wired to the floor.

As she taps a remote button, the gas pedal moves up and down.

CLAY

There are two detonators. The driver's foot is on a pressure-release detonator pad glued to the top of the gas pedal.

(laughs with pride)

He lifts his foot. All hellfire is gonna bust loose.

He waves a cell phone at Travis:

CLAY

In case I gotta do the honors. That's "innovation; born from the mother of all fuck-ups... personal interests." Being self-survival. You were right about that, Sarge.

Travis twists his neck and peers at Ziggy:

TRAVIS

I thought you were supposed to be a man of God. Why are you helping them?

Ziggy holds the bible upside down as he approaches Travis:

ZIGGY

I am the great deceiver. The great dragon that was thrown down. The serpent of old... The Lord and I are not that different. We must both be ever vigilant. Ready to strike down the unworthy. But...

He pulls the pistol from the dug-out bible pages and pokes it against Travis's forehead:

ZIGGY

I owe you my gratitude. You refused to get on that helicopter.

(beat)

That blunder of yours caused the pilot to fire the missiles that freed me from my stone sarcophagi on that temple archway.

TRAVIS

Whatever happened to the priest that was there?

Ziggy puts the gun in the dug-out pages of the bible.

ZIGGY

He is just like this gun inside
this bible. Only *I* am *his*
sarcophagi.

TRAVIS

You've been Clay's and Jamie's
guide all along, Abaddon. Fucking
Demon.

Ziggy sits back on the motorcycle, feet on the handlebars:

ZIGGY

Just as Sky has been your guide. I
saved them through all the
robberies. Car chases. Sheriff
station attack.

He covers his face with the open upside down bible:

ZIGGY

You got Clay on that helicopter in
Iraq. He sold his soul to me. Yes
Abaddon. But I kept him from
dying...

He grabs the bible off his face, blazing red serpent eyes and
serpent tongue wagging as he points at Travis:

ZIGGY

I did it to get your soul, Travis!

TRAVIS

And Clay's been thanking me. Better
start thanking him, Clay.

CLAY

Haw-haw...

He smirks sideways at Travis as he approaches him:

CLAY

Welcome to hell, dead man.

He slams Travis backward in his chair to the floor.

Jamie kicks Travis upside the head, knocking him out cold.

EXT. "JAMES BOWIE & WILLIAM TRAVIS GRAMMAR SCHOOL" - DAY

Deputies guard barricades on both sides of the main street,
and both groups of Protesters wave flags and signs at each
other.

A line of cars creeps toward school buses dropping Kids Of all colors off at the front of the building.

EXT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - DAY

Clay shuts the fence as the four-door car exits to the road.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Three Muslim men sit in the front seat. Three Muslim Women sit with their Children on their laps in the back seat all of them shrink-wrapped. Noses running through nostril holes. Their eyes pleading.

Muffled sounds of a PRAYER in unison from everyone.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Muffled sounds of a PRAYER in unison from everyone continue.

Travis shakes his head and opens his eyes. He's shrink-wrapped head to toe in the chair on its side.

The shrink-wrap bulges around his mouth.

Suddenly, a box-cutter blade edge rips a hole in the plastic.

He coughs a mouth full of blood out of the hole around the box-cutter blade as he extends it through his clenched teeth.

He twists his neck to his side. Head down. Cuts a hole in the shrink-wrap down his arm. Pops his shoulder from the plastic.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - DAY

The sounds of plastic shrink-wrap CRINKLING and TEARING.

Clay paces back and forth. The remote detonator is in his hand.

CLAY

How goddamn fucking close to the
goddamn school are they, Jamie?

Jamie sits at the table in the VR glasses and uses the car remote controller in front of the open laptop.

JAMIE

We're coming up on... oh about six
minutes from getting to the school
still.

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle behind her, watching the laptop:

ZIGGY

Both sides of this great divide
will know the price of gaining
their place in the eternal flames.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

The vehicle goes down a desert road in sparse traffic.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

The desert passes by outside the tinted glass along with a
car now and then on both sides of the road.

Three Muslim Men in front. Three Muslim Women and Children in
the back. Noses running through nostril holes. Pleading eyes.

Muffled sounds of a PRAYER in unison from everyone until.

The Women push the Children against the back side doors as a
box-cutter blade rips down the center of the back seat.

Travis reaches through the seat from inside the trunk. Tears
it open. Squirms through:

TRAVIS

Please excuse me for interrupting
your prayers.

He slits a hole down between the arms and bodies of the two
Men next to the one in the driver's seat. Then all the Women:

TRAVIS

But I hope I'll be the answer to
them.

Women and Men free each other and the Children. Everyone hugs
and praises Travis:

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(Speaking in Arabic)

Shukraan jazilaan... Shukraan
jazilaan...

He points from them to himself:

TRAVIS

Sae...saeiduni? Me...

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Nem fiela! Nem fiela! Nem fiela!
Nem fiela!

They nod to him and move up, helping him pull the back seat down.

He rips the plastic off the driver-seat Man's head. Waves the box-cutter blade. Shakes his head. Points to the gas pedal:

TRAVIS

Don't. Move. La tata...harak... La
tata...harak... Boom-boom!

The Man nods with tearful eyes.

Travis reaches from the back and pulls several feet of wire out of the air vent until it's taunt. The other end is connected to the moving steering wheel.

He flips the trunk release, crawls into the trunk, and calls back:

TRAVIS

'Amsik saqi min fadlik?

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - REAR END - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Travis raises the lid from inside the trunk.

He clenches the box cutter blade in his teeth. Crawls over the rear panel. Then over the bumper face-first.

TRAVIS

Okay.

Women, two Men, and Children crawl into the trunk and squeeze in from behind Travis onto his legs and hug them.

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Okay...

TRAVIS

Bends down over the bumper and goes under the car. Twists his neck as the road scrapes his head.

He reaches under the bumper toward the Sheriff's laptop and the collapsible baton duct-taped to the gas tank.

The road chews his elbows:

TRAVIS

Ow. Ya mother!

He peels the tape from the baton. Clenches it in his bloody teeth. Peels the tape on the side of the laptop:

TRAVIS
Come on. Shit. Come on. Come on.
Shh-shit!

The car hits a bumpy patch.

The road smacks his head. The baton slips from his teeth:

TRAVIS
Shh-shit!

He grabs it in two hands. Jams it back in his teeth. The laptop bounces. Tearing the tape off the gas tank.

The road scrapes his outstretched arms bloody as catches the laptop. Spits blood through gritted teeth around the baton:

TRAVIS
Okay...

THE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

Pull him up over the bumper toward the trunk.

The laptop slips from his grip as he comes up, but his bloody hands pin it against the bumper.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

The two Men, Women, and Children in the back seat lean over the front seat, and join the driver-seated Man, staring at

Travis seated shotgun. The laptop is on his lap. Pants down to his ankles. His metal knee braces are off.

He sets the laptop in a metal bracket made from his knee braces. Duct-taped together with the overlapping tape off the laptop. Pulls his pants up:

TRAVIS
Alwaqt lileamal fi baladay alsahr.
Okay. Magic time. Alakazam is...
(slaps his chest)
Travis...

He turns toward the Men, Women, and Children in the back seat:

TRAVIS
Yumkinuk bad' salatak maratan
'ukhraa. Okay. Pray now, okay?

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Okay...

They nod. Put their hands over their fearful faces.

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis busts all the side windows with the baton:

TRAVIS
Hasanana ya shababa. kun jahazana.
Okay?

The car turns onto a street past parked cars to both sides.

TRAVIS
Okay...

He climbs out the shotgun side onto the roof.

TRAVIS
Now.

One Man hands Travis the open laptop taped in the bracket:

ONE MAN
Majik... Sahir... Alakazam, okay,
Travis?

ANOTHER MAN (O.S.)
Okay, Travis?

Travis scoots down the windshield onto the hood with the bracketed laptop in his bloody arms.

TRAVIS
Okay.

A Man on each side reaches out the busted side windows. Grabs Travis' ankles.

BOTH MEN
Okay, Travis.

They slide Travis over the grill to the front of the car.

TRAVIS

Keys the laptop with his nose.

Everyone in the car says a prayer in unison indistinctly.

The earlier recording from the laptop duct-taped to the Sheriff's car bumper plays on the bracketed laptop screen as the car turns onto the street past parked cars on both sides.

Travis reaches down. Unplugs the USB from the webcam, snaps it off the bumper, and tosses it:

TRAVIS
ALAKZAM!

He slides the bracketed laptop onto the front of the car bumper as it thumps into a pothole.

The bracketed laptop slips out of his hands. Tips forward. Falls over the bumper.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - DAY

Jamie leans in a chair in VR glasses toward the laptop on the table as the car turns on the street and the screen blackens.

JAMIE
Hey, Clay!

CLAY
I see. I see.

Ziggy and Clay lean over her back at the blackened screen as

Clay raises the cell phone. Thumb nearing the "call" icon.

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Travis plugs the USB wire into the laptop and presses the overlapping tape onto the bumper.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - DAY

Jamie slides the VR glasses onto her head. Hands on the remote controller. Leans her chair toward the dark laptop screen:

JAMIE
What the hell is this? Must be a glitch.

Ziggy and Clay peer over her back at the darkened screen.

ZIGGY
What's happening?

CLAY
You got three seconds to fix this glitch, Jamie.

Jamie reaches over the table and frantically keys the laptop.

JAMIE

No. Wait-wait. Come on. Be brave,
Clay. The screen's gonna come back
on!

Ziggy smiles at Clay's thumb shaking just above the cell
phone "call" icon:

CLAY

Three, two, one...

The screen brightens as the real-time recording of the car
going down the street past parked cars on both sides returns.

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle:

ZIGGY

None but the faint of hearts
accepted any result short of death
on a massive scale.

Jamie puts the glasses back on. Grabs the controller. Sings:

JAMIE

*For none but the brave/ Be he king
or a slave/ With a pounding heart
in his chest/ Will be worthy to
rise and with the Valkyries fly.*

Clay smiles as he pockets the cell phone:

CLAY

"And ride to Valhalla of old."

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis sits on the shotgun side window, feet on the front
seat, and smiles skyward as a shadow passes over his face:

TRAVIS

The sky's no limit.

A golden eagle shrieks as it flies across the morning sun.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Two Men, Women, and Children watch from the backseat.

Travis scoots next to the driver-seated Man. Cuts the shrink-
wrap around his foot on the gas pedal. Nods to him:

TRAVIS

Sa'ueti kla sarur hayati min ajl
kli malikik. Gladly. Now, okay?

He slides his foot on the gas pedal in place of the Man's.

The Man climbs in back. Hugs and kisses his wife and child.

Travis rips out the wire connected to the steering column. Pulls the other end out of the air vent. Yanks the wire to the gas pedal out.

He pulls over at the corner to watch a

Line of cars on the main street creeping toward school buses dropping Kids Of All Colors off in front of the building.

Deputies guard the barricades. Both groups of Protesters wave signs and flags at each other.

Everyone from the backseat hugging and kissing Travis:

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Adhhab mae Allah. Barak Allah fik.
Tusahibuk alsalama. Okay...

The Men put the Women and Children out of the busted backside windows, and climb out onto the sidewalk.

A Deputy cocks a gun through the busted driver window at Travis:

A DEPUTY
We got you. Fucking Hajji lover.

Four Deputies. Guns drawn. Surround Everyone on the sidewalk.

Deputy Judy runs up. Stops short of A Deputy:

JUDY
Put your goddamn guns down, right now! Deputy!

A DEPUTY
Fuck you too, Judy, you know I out-rank you.

Wade walks over:

WADE
Holster your weapons, and get your asses back behind those barricades, deputies, now! These people have suffered enough.

The Deputies hesitantly jog toward the barricades.

TRAVIS
 (to Wade and Judy)
 Thank you both for helping, but I'm
 not done yet.

WADE
 Is there anything that we can do
 for you, soldier?

TRAVIS
 I don't have much time. I gotta
 finish this.

Judy kisses his cheek. Steps back.

Wade salutes him.

Travis fishtails into a U-turn.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - DAY

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle and keys the laptop on the
 handlebars.

Jamie sits at the table in VR glasses and manipulates the
 remote controller in front of the laptop.

Clay steps behind her. The cell phone in his hand:

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - MAIN STREET

The line of cars ahead creeps toward the school buses
 dropping Kids Off All Colors in front of the building.

Deputies guard barricades along the curbs and hold back the
 Protesters on both sides.

JAMIE (O.S.)
 (sings)
*Take warning, Father/ Look to
 thyself/ Storm and strife must thou
 withstand.*
 (beat)
*Fricka comes to thee here/ Drawn
 hither in her car by her rams/
 Storm and strife.*

CLAY (O.S.)
 How the hell can these stupid
 people get in the same line every
 damn day?

ZIGGY (O.S.)
They're sheep to the slaughter.
That's what they are. God's doomed
flock.

EXT./INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis swerves in and out of traffic and squeezes between the cars.

He weaves the car in and out through a convoy of box trucks and semis.

He screeches left to right stuck behind more semis and box trucks.

He veers off the road around them.

He fishtails in the sand as he passes them and cuts them off as he veers back onto the road.

He looks in the rearview mirror as TRUCKERS flash him the finger through their windshields, BLASTING their horns.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
I'm not fucked yet.

The golden eagle rises above the highway, scouting ahead.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - DAY

Motorized mixer SLOSHING cement outside.

Ziggy sets the laptop on the seat, gets off the motorcycle, and takes the board off the small window on the back wall:

ZIGGY
(to himself)
Who's out there?

He sees the five Mexican Workers in the trench outside dumping concrete from the mixer into the hole.

Jamie works the remote controller in the VR glasses and faces the laptop screen.

Ziggy steps next to her and gazes at the laptop screen:

ZIGGY
Hellfire's coming, my children.
There's flesh to render. You will
be the first of the apocalypse. Do
it now, Clay!

Clay paces back and forth behind her, watching the screen, cell phone in hand, thumb cocked over the "call" icon.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - MAIN STREET

Several cars left ahead creeping toward school buses in front of the building and Children playing outside the doors.

CLAY (O.S.)
Let the children play.

INT./EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY - TRAVELING

Travis zooms in, out, and around several cars.

TRAVIS
Come-on. I'm trying to save you!

The tires kick up a sandstorm as he roars off the side of the highway around two box trucks.

He swerves back on the highway, veers left around two semis into the oncoming lane.

A semi roars dead ahead toward him.

He fishtails right and floors it, only halfway to the front of the lead semi.

The oncoming semi closes on him:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
No way... Not yet!

The golden eagle swoops down in a dive from above, claws smacking the windshield, veering left off the road.

Travis zooms left after the bird, inches from the oncoming semi-grill.

The semi-front bumper swats the right corner of the four-door front end.

Travis fights the wheel as he fishtails through a tailspin in the sand. He wrestles the wheel straight and pulls out of it.

He barrels through the sand, chasing the eagle across the desert.

INT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - FIRST-FLOOR MANAGER'S ROOMS - DAY

Jamie slams the VR glasses onto the table and leans toward the laptop screen.

She jerks around in her chair as she pushes buttons and twists knobs on the remote controller.

JAMIE

This ain't right. What the goddamn?
This is not...
(spits out the words)
Why isn't this fucking thing
working!

Clay stops in mid-step and looks over Jamie's shoulder at the laptop screen:

CLAY

Goddamn it. I want the front of
that fucking school and the asshole
kids playing.

Ziggy leaves his laptop on the seat, gets off the motorcycle, and leans around Jamie toward the laptop screen on the table:

ZIGGY

God will not win again. Not this
time. I will not let this happen.
I've got the goddamn internet this
time!

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - MAIN STREET

Space opens in the street as the screen's POV stops creeping along with the last two cars ahead behind the school buses at the front of the building. Children playing on the sidewalk.

The black monster dildo creeps across the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

JAMIE

Backs away from the table and sings:

JAMIE

*Oh, Warfather on high/ Listen to my
prayer/ I lived my life by your
rules/ Oh let death cover me now.*

CLAY

Taps the "call" icon on the cell phone and shoves Ziggy onto:

CLAY

Thanks for fucking saving me,
Ziggy.

THE TABLE

Smashing Ziggy's nose against the dildo on the screen as

THE FOUR-DOOR CAR

Smashes through the plywood on the front wall.

JAMIE AND CLAY

Duck out of the oncoming car's way.

ZIGGY

Backs off the table away from the dildo on the laptop screen.

THE FOUR-DOOR CAR

Plows the table into Ziggy, and pins him against the back wall.

CLAY AND JAMIE

Slowly open one of the car's front doors on opposite sides as they peer out through the smashed-in plywood at the

MEXICAN WORKERS

In the red pickup's rear bed, looking back at the motel as it fishtails away, plowing through the fence.

JAMIE AND CLAY

Back away from the open car doors, staring wide-eyed at

THE CELL PHONE DETONATOR

From the trunk duct-taped to the rearview mirror reflecting their astonished faces:

CLAY AND JAMIE (O.S.)
Goddamn it!

THE WIRE FROM THE STEERING COLUMN IS

Tied to the door handles with the baton jammed between the front seat and gas pedal off the pressure detonator pad.

EXT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - CONSTRUCTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The building explodes. The motorcycle rockets out of the blossoming fireball. Jamie the rider, and Clay behind her.

The red pickup slams the motorcycle head-on and plows Jamie and Clay back into the cloud of smoke and debris.

A fire starts under the front half of the red pickup inside the motel. The rear window cracks...

Travis dives through the shattering glass onto the rear bed and leaps into the sand.

The red pickup explodes in a ball of fire and the building collapses into smoldering rubble.

Travis rolls in the sand, extinguishing his fiery clothes.

The cobra slithers out of the rubble closing on Travis.

He flips onto his knees and sees the motorized mixer churning cement above the end of the trench behind him.

The cobra coils upright, in striking distance of him, head cocked, hissing, tongue wagging, fangs dripping venom.

TRAVIS

What in hell?

He quickly turns toward the sound of

The cobra as it strikes at him. He leaps sideways. The cobra sinks its fangs into the side of his boots. He sweep-kicks it away.

The cobra slithers at him. He crawls backward to the edge of the trench, kicks and misses it as it coils back, and leaps at him.

The cobra hisses just short of his face as he falls into

THE TRENCH

He lands, impaling his upper chest on one of several rebar stakes sticking out of the concrete footing along the hole.

TRAVIS

You fuck...

The cobra dives at Travis. He grabs the snake. It strikes and strikes at his face, fangs less than an inch from his nose.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're going back where you came from.

He sits up, grunting as he tears his bloody shoulder free of the rebar. The cobra hissing in his grasp as he stands.

He throws the cobra into the corner of the trench, it coils ready to strike him.

He pulls the cement mixer barrel down and leaps out of the trench as a barrel full of cement piles on top of the cobra.

CONSTRUCTION AREA

He rolls away from the trench, and exhales a shuddering breath:

TRAVIS
I've got to know!

He rolls to the edge of the trench on his chest, bleeding into the sand as he watches the pile of cement settling around the cobra.

LATER

Travis lies chest down at the edge of the trench. Sun-blistered skin. Fresh blood spreads across the dried blood in the sand.

He smirks at the pile of cement in the trench sunbaked dry, trapping the cobra inside.

Golden eagle SHRIEKING intensifies.

Travis rolls on his back and smiles

SKYWARD

A golden eagle dips one wing, circling overhead.

EXT. "HEARTBREAK MOTEL" - "NATION OF ISLAM MOSQUE" - NIGHT

The motel's gone, in its place a well-lit bright-white mosque surrounded by sprinklers watering fresh green grass.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

An American flag and a Texas Lone Star flag fly high in the starry sky on a well-light flagpole.

The Muslim Men, Women, and Children join other families walking from the parking lot to the arched mosque entrance.

Abaddon is trapped in a cement sarcophagus carved into a slithering black cobra mounted at the top of the mosque archway.

PARKING LOT ROADSIDE ENTRANCE

A MAN faces a marque sign on a brick frame with "Welcome To All - Nation of Islam Mosque" as the header across the top.

The Man puts the last letters of a poem on the sign reading:

"I live by the grace of my brothers,

We are bound in my ribbons and medals,

They died for me in that place,

I am neither here nor there.

But in service to their sacrifice, I have become...

The Last Obstacle To Evil."

He closes the glass door on the sign and salutes the American Flag. The Man is Travis, his medals pinned to his chest.

He grabs a backpack behind the sign and pulls a wide-brim slouch hat from the backpack with a golden eagle feather in the hat band.

He puts the hat and the backpack on and smiles as he walks with a slight limp away into the desert.

A golden eagle shrieks in-flight overhead leading Travis to the middle of nowhere.

FADE OUT.

THE END