

SHOULD I DIE BEFORE I WAKE...

By

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SUPER OVER BLACK:

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

Paradise Lost by John Milton

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - TWILIGHT

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

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

He puts the papers in his jacket. Kick-starts his motorcycle.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY JUNCTION - NIGHT

The Helmeted Rider roars down a road. Nods off. Chin down.

The tires thump into a pothole. The letters flap halfway out of his jacket. He shudders awake. Startled.

HELMETED RIDER

Whoa! Shit!

He stuffs them back in. Headlights glare in his visor.

Suddenly, a ragtop jeep with tinted windows crashes head-on into the bike.

The motorcycle explodes off the reinforced bumper.

The Helmeted Rider flies over the jeep. Smacks face down on the road. Skids past a *"WELCOME TO DEATH VALLEY"* sign.

The jeep screeches backward to a halt alongside the body.

BRUTUS (20) goatee, smirk, emerges from the shotgun door. Whistles *"Here Comes the Bride"*.

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

The Helmeted Rider crawls. Leaves a trail of urine on the road. Brutus stomps on his helmet.

BRUTUS

You pissed?!

He raises the Helmeted Rider's arms. Smiles at his burn-scarred hands. Shows them to Mavis.

MAVIS

Told ya, didn't I, Brutus?

O.S. AN ALARM RINGS. Brutus looks at midnight on the Helmeted Rider's watch. Feels for his pulse.

BRUTUS

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

Mavis laughs as she kicks the nonresponsive Helmeted Rider.

MAVIS

He died right on time.

BRUTUS

(to Helmeted Rider)

We knew you'd crash the wedding.

He unzips the Helmeted Rider's jacket. Rips the pages from his jacket. "*High Desert State Prison*" on Helmeted Rider's shirt.

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

BRUTUS

So we invited you to your own ruin.

He tears the letters to pieces. Tosses them.

The driver window opens. A WOMAN reaches her hand out. Waves her rhinestone-encrusted gold-painted fingernails at Brutus.

BRUTUS

Gold diggers! That's what them are.

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

BRUTUS

Wave bye-bye.

LATER THAT NIGHT

O.S. HYDRAULIC MACHINERY WHINING.

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

The Helmeted Rider rises, wrapped in chains to the underside of the cross. It halts upright against the rear of the truck.

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

CHARLIE

Told ya not to go out there, Tommy?

He rips the helmet off. Sparks flicker in the eyes of TOMMY MATHEWS (20) Native American, brawny, chiseled face, rock-a-billy hair, aka Helmeted Rider. He spits. Shakes his head.

CHARLIE

I'm the only one cares for you.

He tosses the helmet in the truck cab. Gets in.

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

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

A red sun rises above the mountains surrounded by desert.

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

Brutus steers in a gold tux. "*Mavis is HURTING*" on a rattlesnake picture postcard under his thumb on the wheel.

The postcard flies out the window into the "*WELCOME TO DEATH VALLEY*" sign with red spray-paint covering the TO and VALLEY.

PREACHER (ON RADIO)

Vengeance *is* Mine saith the--

Brutus switches the radio off. Sneers at a rearview image of two bearded, long-haired BIKERS on choppers right behind him.

He stomps on the gas pedal. Whistles "*Here Comes the Bride*".

The Bikers roar alongside Brutus. Fire pistols at the jeep.

Brutus jerks the wheel away from the Bikers.

The jeep tailspins into the sand.

INT. ABANDONED SPANISH MISSION - DAY

"*THE DEVIL IS MY SAVIOR*" spray-painted in red on the wall over an outline of a missing cross above the cobwebbed altar.

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

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

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

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

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

Tommy smashes his burn-scarred hands through the lattice  
 divider. Drags Brutus through the broken lattice by the neck.

TOMMY  
 Say the name!

EXT. VFW HALL - NIGHT

Floodlights in the sand shine onto Old Glory above a brick  
 building. O.S. BRUTUS' SCREAM ECHOES IN THE DESERT STARLIGHT.

BRUTUS (O.S.)  
 Lucy!

The side doors open. O.S. COUNTRY MUSIC. PEOPLE CHATTER.

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

EZEKIEL (25) burly, shaved face and head, gold tux, holds the  
 other door open. Always chews a wad of bubble-gum.

FLOYD AND EZEKIEL  
 Right this way, little Lucy.

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

LUCY  
 You're first, Floyd.

She kisses him hard, against the door.

LUCY  
 I ain't gonna forget you, Ezekiel.

Ezekiel grabs her. She kisses him.

EZEKIEL  
 Owe! You bit me!

He wipes his bloody lip. Smiles.

She shows them her big diamond ring between gold rhinestone encrusted nails. She's the WOMAN rammed the jeep into Tommy!

LUCY

I'm Mrs. Wendell Welch now.

WENDELL WELCH (29) dumpy, gold tux, carries a plate of cake and a bulging gold satin rhinestone encrusted money bag. He squints through smudged trifocals as he bumps into Lucy.

She trips over the door threshold into the

PARKING LOT

Wendell follows her. Floyd and Ezekiel lean outside. Laugh.

Lucy takes the cake from Wendell. Shove him away.

LUCY

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

She turns to SHERIFF LA DUKE (50) big man, steely eyes, west Texas accent, tips his cowboy hat to her. Walks away.

LA DUKE

Your tits are coming out.

Lucy claps her heels down. Tucks her breasts into the dress.

La Duke leans on a police car in the aisle.

Lucy sashays over. Offers La Duke the platted cake.

LUCY

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

LA DUKE

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

She waves her big diamond ring in his face.

LUCY

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

LA DUKE

No, they go to hell in a limo.

LUCY

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

He pushes her away. She cocks her arm to toss the cake in La Duke's face.

LA DUKE

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

Lucy drags Wendell down the next aisle to a horse tied to a camper's bumper. She feeds the horse cake. Kisses him.

LUCY

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

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

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

REV. BIG DADDY

One last twirl for my little girl!

He sweeps Lucy off her feet. Tosses her in the air. Catches her. Uptight Wife yanks on his arm.

UPTIGHT WIFE

Don't you hurt her!

Rev. Big Daddy waltzes away with Lucy. She looks back at mom.

REV. BIG DADDY

Don't have to look back anymore. Ya got yourself a rich husband.

He kisses her neck. Spins her blindly.

REV. BIG DADDY

Nothing gonna tear that asunder.

They crash into a car. Rev. Big Daddy sits. Lucy plops in his lap. Uptight Wife drags Wendell over.

UPTIGHT WIFE

My Lord, she's yours, take charge!

Lucy raises her arms. Offers herself to Wendell.

LUCY

Yours for the taking!



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

UPTIGHT WIFE  
One more thing...

Rev. Big Daddy bear-hugs her.

REV. BIG DADDY  
Let her go on her honeymoon.

UPTIGHT WIFE  
But... she never said goodbye.

Wendell enters the limo. Pulls Lucy inside. Slams the door.

INT. LIMO BACK SEAT (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shadows envelop Wendell as he sits in the far corner. Drags Lucy toward him. O.S. THE SOUND OF VELCRO TEARING.

LUCY  
Got something for ya, Wendell...

She reaches for Wendell. Gold flashes across light coming in the back window. O.S. A SCREAM MORPHS INTO GURGLING.

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

LUCY  
Goddamn it!

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

Lucy sucks the blood off her nails. Leans forward off the seat.

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

She gawks at Mavis' and Brutus' pleading eyes behind blood smeared plastic. Their shrink-wrapped bodies squirm on the floor.

Tommy pops halfway out of the open partition window. Grabs Lucy by the hair. Presses a straight razor to her cheek.

LUCY  
We'll split his insurance money.

She opens the satchel. Offers him the bag full of cash.

TOMMY

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

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

EXT. LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

Uptight Wife and Rev. Big Daddy smile. Wave back at Lucy.

REV. BIG DADDY

There, she said goodbye.

UPTIGHT WIFE

Goodbye, Lucy.

EXT. DESERT MESA - NIGHT

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

Tommy leaps out the driver door just before the limo goes  
over the ledge onto a

STEEP ROCKY INCLINE

The limo careens down. Bashes into a boulder. Flips over it.  
Smacks upsidedown onto a two-lane valley road.

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

DESERT MESA

Tommy sits on the incline's edge. Checks his watch. Looks  
down at the road.

A bus with "PHOENIX" on its overhead window fishtails into  
the limo. Whoosh-boom. They burst into flames.

Tommy pulls a photo from his back pocket. Smiles at ROB  
MATHEWS (18) muscular Native American, ponytail, devilish  
smile, seated on a pickup truck hood in the photo.

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

TOMMY

Hey, Rob. I'm coming home, Brother.

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

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PHYSICS 101 CLASSROOM - DAY

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

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

STUDENTS file in. Point and laugh at the sex doll.

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

A group of boys high-five Rob. Rob is the boy in the photo!!!

ROB

I had to pay for *her* blowjob.

The group laughs as they take their seats.

MISS APPLE (30) glasses, lab coat, pocket protector, enters. She pulls her chair out. The sex doll floats to the ceiling.

MISS APPLE

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

Rob grabs the sex doll. Bows as he backs out the door and gets a standing ovation from the class.

INT. OLD BEATER (MOVING) - DAY

The powerful old beater engine rumbles as LEE MATHEWS (42) Native American, burn-scarred face. He drives down a country road between tall waving cornfields.

Lee swigs from a whiskey bottle. Turns to Rob seated shotgun.

LEE

I'm done with you, boy.

ROB

Praise the Lord.

Lee thumps the bottle off Rob's chest.

A police car pulls behind them. Siren blaring.

LEE

I can't seem to do right by you.

ROB  
You got my gratitude.

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

LEE  
You watch what you say now, boy.

La Duke gets out. Approaches Lee's door. The sex doll seated in the back seat of his police car. Faces the rear window.

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

LEE  
You son of a bitch.

ROB  
We always hurt the ones we love.

LEE  
Remember, hurt me, I hurt your ma.

La Duke opens Lee's door. Looks inside.

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

LEE  
My boy here modified the engine.

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

ROB  
Little here. Little there.

LA DUKE  
So, how you doing otherwise, Rob?

ROB  
I've actually never been better.

Rob stares in his side mirror. Shuts his eyes.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

KITCHEN

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

Lee grabs the phone from her. Tosses it in a garbage can. Grabs her ponytail. Forces her face over the steaming pot.

FLOSSY  
Please don't?

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

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

BOYS ROOM

TOMMY MATHEWS (16) slams the door closed from behind it. Finger combs his long hair back as he stomps toward Rob.

TOMMY  
Time for your lesson, sweet little  
boy.

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

TOMMY  
Watch, or I pound your whiny ass!

He opens the door. Charges into the

KITCHEN

Rob watches Flossy grab Tommy.

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

Tommy breaks her hold. Wipes the blood from her nose.

TOMMY  
And over and over.

Lee sits at a table. Gulps a glass of whiskey. Smiles.

LEE  
Get out of his way, woman.

FLOSSY  
Don't give in to evil, Tommy.

He kisses her cheek.

TOMMY  
I'm in a giving mood.

FLOSSY  
Please get on your bike and go.

Tommy stares at his thick burn-scarred knuckles.

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

He grabs the pot off the stove. Flings the boiling water and potatoes in Lee's face. Lee screams as he jumps up.

Tommy leaps on the table. Bashes the pot in Lee's face. Lee crashes backward with his chair. Blood spews from his nose.

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

La Duke busts through the screen door. His colt pistol drawn.

Flossy kneels. Hugs Rob. Her forehead pressed against his.

FLOSSY  
My sweet little boy. Don't look.

Tommy raises the pot over his head to batter Lee.

La Duke roundhouses the pistol. Smack upside Tommy's head.

Tommy slams face down. The pot flies. Bongs off the stove.

La Duke stomps on Tommy's back. Cocks his leg to kick Tommy.

FLOSSY (O.S.)  
No, Rob!

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

FLASHBACK ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

INT. OLD BEATER (IDLING) - DAY

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

Rob opens his eyes. Stares at himself in the side mirror.

LEE  
Go-on and get, La Duke...

Lee drops the car in "D". Feels under the seat.

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

ROB

This is the right thing by me.

Lee reaches to grab him. The car rolls. He hits the brakes.

Rob zigzags through the cornfield.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rob darts through a CROWD of students ahead of him.

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

ROB (O.S.)

Anna!

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

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

Rob spins her. The bike roars-past inches from Rob's back. Anna's books skid across the asphalt.

ANNA

Let... go!

She shoves Rob away. Collects her books.

Rob picks up the farthest book. Offers it to her. She removes her earbuds. Pop music blares out of them.

ROB

The one that got away.

ANNA

Why are you here?

ROB

I came to save you.

ANNA

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

ROB

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

ANNA

You came for... shh-shit!

She drops all her books. He tosses the book he picked up with the others on the ground. Raises his hands. Surrenders.

ROB

I'm sorry. You're right.

ANNA

You're sorry I'm right?

ROB

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

ANNA

Just tell me why?

ROB

Why what?

ANNA

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

He smiles wide. She kicks him.

ROB

What?

ANNA

You do realize every time you do something stupid like this they call my Dad. You do remember him. He's the sheriff that hates you.

ROB

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

She plants her foot behind his. Shoves him on his ass.

ANNA

How's this angle?

ROB

Menacing.

He frowns at her. She fights off a smile.

ANNA

Much better. Got something to say?

The Crowd gathers behind Anna. Watches them.



ROB  
You sure are something.

ANNA  
Anything else?

ROB  
There's a crowd watching us.

She turns to the Crowd. They wave. She kicks Rob repeatedly.

ANNA  
Why are you always wasting my time?

She steps away. He grabs her leg.

ROB  
Don't leave me alone down here.

ANNA  
Will you let go?

She drags him toward her books on the ground.

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

She rolls her eyes. Helps him up. Brushes him off.

ROB  
This school can't win without its  
star mascot. And believe it or not.  
(sotto)  
They think I'm an Indian.

He shakes a feather upright behind his head. Smirks at her.

ANNA  
You're more like a sty than a star  
when you act like a clown.

ROB  
Chief Bozo, please.

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

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

ANNA  
All right, Chief Bozo.

She busts out laughing. Hugs and kisses him.

EXT. LA DUKE HOUSE - DAY

Rob jogs around the pickup in a driveway of a big beautifully kept house. Flower-lined paths lead to a large front porch.

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

Anna, twin braids, cheerleader uniform. She hops off the porch. Kisses an Orange cat in her arms. Sets it down.

She runs to Rob. Smiles at him. He ushers her into the

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (IDLING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She sits shotgun. Shakes her head. Flashes a smile. As Rob rolls over the hood. Gets behind the wheel. Leans toward her.

ROB  
You do love me.

ANNA  
I just need a ride to practice.

ROB  
Do you normally drool on yourself?

She wipes her mouth. Sees nothing on her hand. Scoffs.

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

ROB  
What's with you?

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

He pulls onto the road. She faces her window. Arms folded. He flicks her ear. The pickup drifts across the center line.

O.S. AN ONCOMING CAR HORN BLARES. Rob veers back to the right. Helmeted Tommy roars his motorcycle around them.

ROB  
I say skip cheer-leading. Go to the woods and watch the lunar eclipse.

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

ROB  
Now you're talking my language.

ANNA

Shut up. Before I change my mind.

He U-turns. Races back the way they came. The orange cat darts in front of the pickup.

ANNA

Watch out!

Rob fishtails to a halt. She hops out.

Anna reenters. Cradles the bloody cat against her uniform.

Rob peels-out. She cries. Kisses the cat.

ROB

Will he make it to the Vet?

ANNA

He's dead.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

Rob leads Anna under a half-fallen petrified tree. Snaps their way through the dense dry overgrown hedgerow into a

CIRCULAR MEADOW

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

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

She follows Rob to the giant fir tree. Circled by a dirt mound of wildflowers. Bordered by head-sized stones.

ROB

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

ANNA

What's that sweet smell?

ROB

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

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

ROB

I'll bury him with all the others.

She warmly kisses the cat goodbye. Hands it to Rob.

ANNA

"The others"? You mean pets?

ROB

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

He sets the cat on the dirt.

ROB

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

He leans toward her. Whispers.

ROB

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

ANNA

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

ROB

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

ANNA

Why do you play the fool?

ROB

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

He touches his forehead.

ROB

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

ANNA

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

ROB  
Why didn't she take you with her?

ANNA  
My Dad...

She snuffles. Her eyes tear up. She takes a breath.

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

Rob holds her hand. She shakes her head. Breaks down. Weeps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He looks down. Weeping. She lifts his chin. Kisses him.

ANNA  
Did they all die?

ROB  
Not exactly.

ANNA

What happened to them?

He lies under the tree. Pulls her next to him.

ROB

This is what happened to them.

He shines the flashlight under the tree. Illuminates Monarch butterflies hanging under every branch. Wings barely moving.

ANNA

Are they sleeping?

ROB

They're dreaming.

ANNA

What do the dead dream of?

ROB

Saving their loved ones from evil.

ANNA

Nightmares?

ROB

Nightmares are warnings.

ANNIE

Do you have nightmares about Tommy?

ROB

We're missing it.

He aims the light on the butterflies. Their wings hum as they flutter wildly.

ROB

Concentrate on them. You'll see.

ANNA'S AND ROB'S VISION BEGINS

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY

Annie and Rob stand under the giant fir tree.

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

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

SHAMAN

Chinday!

The Tribe kneels. The Shaman and the Tribe sing a ceremonial song.

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

O.S. A BUGLER BLOWS THE CAVALRY'S CALL TO CHARGE.

A CAVALRY TROOP on horseback leap through the hedges. Thunder into the meadow. They raise their sabers and attack.

The butterflies fly off the Tribe as they scream in pain.

Charlie rears his pony back. Covers his ears. Scowls.

CHARLIE

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

Sabers-whoosh. Flash through the sunlight. As the Cavalry cuts everyone down. Blood splatters the grass.

Anna cowers. Rob reaches for her.

ANNA

They're coming for us.

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

ROB

Focus on the butterflies, Anna!

The butterflies fly off of the Shaman. Spiral into the sky.

ANNA'S AND ROB'S VISION ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY

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

O.S. A MOTORCYCLE ROARS CLOSER.

ANNA

There's something cold in the wind.

ROB

The future is near.

ANNA  
Is this a nightmare?

ROB  
We're safe here.

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

ROB  
What's this?

ANNA  
Let *me* keep *you* safe.

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

She presses her nose to his.

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

They nod. Smile at each other. Lie down together.

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

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

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rob kisses Anna against the pickup hood.

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

La Duke spins Rob around. Slams him against the fender.

LA DUKE  
You trying to fuck my daughter?

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

The Players surround them.

LA DUKE  
You stay the hell away from Anna!



He grabs Anna's arm. Drags her away.

ANNA

No! Let go of me!

She slaps his arm. He sniffs her clothes. She slaps his face.

LA DUKE

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

He stares at Rob. Twists her arm. She backs away.

ANNA

You're hurting me!

LA DUKE

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

The Players mock Native Americans dancing. Smack their hands over their mouths as they whoop. Rob gets in La Duke's face.

ROB

You handcuff your own daughter to keep her at home.

La Duke sneers at Anna in his grasp. Releases her.

He grabs Rob. Slams him into a car side mirror. Busts it in half. Tosses Rob on the hood. Strangles him.

ROB

Why didn't you ever stop my father?

Rob slams his knee up under La Duke's chin. La Duke reels back. Rob slams his fist into La Duke's nose. Crack.

La Duke's nose spews blood. Rob cocks his arm to sock him. Anna grabs his sleeve. He elbows her. Smack in the mouth.

She grabs her jaw. Falls sideways. Smashes her face into the busted car side mirror.

Rob turns. Sees Anna hit the ground. He steps toward her. Two Players grab Rob. Drag him backward.

ROB

Let me help. I didn't see ya, Anna!

La Duke presses his hands to his nose. Blood down his neck.

He notices Anna. She shivers on the ground. Her hand over her mouth. A gash through her eyebrow oozes blood.

ANNA

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

Rob struggles against the two Players' grips.

ROB

Anna! Let me go. Anna!

La Duke lifts Anna in his arms. Looks at Rob.

LA DUKE

You're just like your old man.

He carries Anna to his car.

LA DUKE

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

He sets her in the shotgun seat. Gets behind the wheel.

Rob breaks out of the Players' grasps. Runs to Anna's car window. She turns from him. The police car squeals away.

Rob drops to his knees. Punches the sides of his head.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Unlit. Broken down furniture within drab wood-paneled walls.

Rob sits on the bare floor in the corner. Knees to his chest. Flossy stands in the shadows over him. Rubs his head.

FLOSSY

They don't know enough about you.

ROB

What if it's the truth?

FLOSSY

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

He twists her skirt in his shaky grasp.

ROB

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

She presses her hand to his lips. Stifles his words.

FLOSSY

You just lost your temper.

ROB

I wanted to *kill him!*

She shudders. Startled. Backs up. He rips her skirt in his grasp.

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

He bolts up. In a wide-eyed rage. Gets in her face.

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

FLOSSY  
Your heart is broken.

He wraps his arms around himself. Tears run down his cheeks.

ROB  
My heart is *ripping me apart!*

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

EXT./INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

The police car halts in the driveway. La Duke, black-eyes, swelled nose, bandaged, puts his cowboy hat on. Gets out.

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

He climbs the steps. The door opens. Flossy peeks out.

LA DUKE  
Flossy, I need to see Rob.

FLOSSY  
He isn't here, sheriff.

She tries to shut the door. He holds it open. Enters the

FRONT HALLWAY

La Duke leaves Flossy behind. Steps into the darkness.

LA DUKE  
Rob Mathews!

Rob darts out of the bedroom ahead into the

KITCHEN

Rob races out the rear screen door. Lee sits. Forehead on the table. Whiskey bottle. Beer bottles. Around him.

EXT. REAR PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rob jumps off the steps. Lands. Deputy Floyd six feet ahead.

FLOYD  
Come on, dude.

Deputy Ezekiel steps around the corner of the house behind Rob. Pops a large bubble of gum.

La Duke exits the house. Eases the screen door shut.

Rob jerks around. Glances at the deputies closing in.

Floyd draws his revolver. Fires. La Duke ducks. The bullet splinters the screen door frame behind him.

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

Rob grabs Floyd's revolver. Twists it behind his back.

ROB  
On your knees, Floyd!

FLOYD  
Come on, Rob.

ROB  
Now, Floyd!

Floyd kneels. Rob pokes the revolver to the back of his head.

FLOYD  
Don't shoot me, please.

Ezekiel creeps forward. Unsnaps an automatic in his holster.

ROB  
Stop where you are, Ezekiel!

Ezekiel halts. His automatic just out of the holster. La Duke slowly descends the steps.

LA DUKE  
Holster your gun, Ezekiel!

Ezekiel holsters it.

LA DUKE  
You all right there, Rob?

He creeps toward Rob.

ROB  
That's close enough, sheriff.

La Duke halts. Ezekiel and Floyd nod to each other.

LA DUKE  
Just take a breath, everyone.

EZEKIEL  
I'll take Rob's.

ROB  
I'll get Floyd's first.

Ezekiel edges closer to Rob.

LA DUKE  
Ezekiel, stand down! Now!

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

FLOSSY  
Please don't hurt my son.

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

ROB  
Ma. Go...

Floyd grabs the revolver. Jerks Rob over his shoulder.

Lee shoves Flossy. She stumbles out the screen door.

Ezekiel slaps his automatic upside Rob's head. The gun fires.

La Duke's cowboy hat flies off. Flossy gasps as the bullet drills a hole in the screen door. Punches her in the chest.

Flossy tumbles down the steps. Rob drops the gun. Runs to her. Picks her up in his arms. She shakes. The wound a bloody mess.

ROB  
Don't leave me.

She peers fondly at him. Smiles. Accepts her fate. Rob cries.

FLOSSY  
You were always my joy.

She puts her forehead against his. Shuts her eyes.

FLOSSY  
Dream of me...

She dies. Goes limp in his arms. He kisses her head.

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

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

La Duke, nose swelled and purple. Leans on a table against the wall. Holds two gun-belts. Stares into a cell.

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

LA DUKE

Ya know I love my sister so much...

He tosses the holsters to Dante.

LA DUKE

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

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

LA DUKE

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

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

DANTE

I could take care of that.

La Duke adjusts his hat. Opens the door to the office.

LA DUKE

I gotta sort this here... mess out.

DANTE

What do you want me to do with 'em?

LA DUKE

Shooting's too good. Scalp them.

He steps out. Dante shuts the door. Peers at the deputies.

DANTE

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

He tosses the gun-belts on the table.

FLOYD  
I ain't the cheap one.

He kicks Ezekiel.

FLOYD  
He is.

DANTE  
Ezekiel, it is.

EZEKIEL  
Get the fuck...

Dante pulls out his bowie knife. Yanks the chain between their cuffs. Clunks their heads against the bars.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

La Duke exits the police car. Parked on a service road among the old beater. A hearse. A few cars. The camper.

He opens the rear door. Helps Rob out.

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

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

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

LA DUKE  
I want this to end here.

Rob walks toward several tall headstones. La Duke follows.

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

He steps between two tall headstones. Walks up to a

GRAVESIDE

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

La Duke joins Anna. Her cut bruised eyebrow stitched.

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

LEE

Doc Casper, everyone.

He grabs wild-flowers in his back pocket. Spins half around. Falls against the casket. Skews it on its perch.

Doc Casper helps Lee up.

REV. BIG DADDY

In the name of The...

O.S. AN ONCOMING MOTORCYCLE ROARS. Can't hear Rev. Big Daddy.

Everyone makes the sign of the cross.

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

Rev. Big Daddy makes the sign of the cross. Hollers.

REV. BIG DADDY

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

O.S. THE MOTORCYCLE REVS CLOSE BY THEN DIES.

REV. BIG DADDY

...Holy Ghost!

O.S. APPROACHING KEYS JINGLE.

Everyone makes the sign of the cross. Stares down a row of graves. On the other side of a

TALL MONUMENT

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

TOMMY

Now, who's pissed?

GRAVESIDE

O.S. A FART AND A SIGH OF RELIEF AS FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

Everyone furrows their eyebrows. Glances at each other.

REV. BIG DADDY

Shall we sing?



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

Everyone sings Amazing Grace with anxious trepidation.

Tommy approaches the casket. Sings along. Waves his arms. He kisses the casket. Then turns. Stomps toward Doc Casper.

Doc Casper leans stiffly on his heels. Feels his lips with trembling fingers. Tommy gooses him as he passes.

Everyone continues singing Amazing Grace with trepidation.

Tommy smiles at Rob. Lays his hands on his shoulders.

ROB  
You a Jesus freak now, Brother?

TOMMY  
The *devil* is *my* savior.

He nods toward La Duke and Anna.

TOMMY  
(sotto)  
Vengeance fuels *my* soul. Sweet  
little boy.

He grabs Rob. Puckers his lips to kiss Rob's head.

Rob plants an uppercut. Smack under Tommy's chin. He backs into a headstone. Plops on his ass. Rubs his chin. Smirks.

TOMMY  
Now ya got the spirit, Brother!

The Mourners scurry away. La Duke hugs Anna. She squirms out of his arms. Runs toward the cars. Uptight Wife follows her.

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

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

A sudden wind kicks-up a dust devil amongst them.

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

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

LA DUKE

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

ROB

All right.

He grabs Lee's arm. Leads him away. Lee rips his arm from  
Rob's grip. Stumbles forward. Rob races ahead of him.

La Duke snugs his hat on his head. Steps over to Tommy.

TOMMY

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

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

LA DUKE

Quite the contrary.

They kick the plywood covering off a freshly dug grave.

TOMMY

Fuck you!

La Duke and Rev. Big Daddy heave Tommy in the hole.

LA DUKE

This is a perfect fit for you.

Rev. Big Daddy reaches out to La Duke.

REV. BIG DADDY

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

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

LA DUKE

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

REV. BIG DADDY

Yessiree, but...

He jumps in the hole. Lifts Tommy by the throat.

REV. BIG DADDY

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

TOMMY

Already been killed. Waste-of-time.

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

LA DUKE

Go on now, take your wife home.

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

TOMMY

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

Rev. Big Daddy drops Tommy. Climbs from the hole. Leaves.

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

LA DUKE

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

He holsters his gun. Tips his hat brim down.

LA DUKE

I'm just gonna boot your ass outta  
my town. But, Flossy being your  
mom, ya get two hours grace.

He kicks dirt on Tommy. Walks away.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

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

LEE

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

ROB

What are you talking about?

LEE

Your ma saw it that night.

ROB

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

Lee smirks. Swigs from the bottle. Rob looks away.

LEE

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

ROB

No bigger fool than old drunken fools.

LEE

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

ROB

Go on.

Lee smiles. Stares through the bottle at him.

LEE

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

Rob looks back through the bottle at him. A few seconds pass.

ROB

I said, "go on."

LEE

Hell, you broke my concentration.

ROB

This is ridiculous.

LEE

Let me finish. We clear on that?

ROB

Crystal.

LEE

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

He looks around the bottle. Smirks at Rob.

LEE

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

Rob chews on his lip. Squeezes the steering wheel.

LEE

Your ma saw it in your eyes.

He eyeballs Rob through the bottle.

LEE

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

Rob jerks the wheel. Jumps the car off the road. Guns-it down a grassy knoll straight for a large tree. Lee smiles at Rob.

LEE

We're going to hell together.

Rob fishtails the car around the tree at the last second.

INT. CHARLIE NITRO'S GAS STATION - DAY

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

CHARLIE

Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

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

Charlie spins around. Sees Tommy through the front window.

CHARLIE

Tommy! Tommy! Tommy!

EXT. CHARLIE NITRO'S GAS STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A small gas station at the base of a bridge across a rushing river.

Tommy kickstands his motorcycle. Leans over the driver side of the convertible.

TOMMY

Sexy Sadie!

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

SEXY SADIE

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

TOMMY

They got me here all right.

SEXY SADIE  
You gonna stay grounded for long?

TOMMY  
Long enough to bury the dead.

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

She pulls the sucker from her mouth.

SEXY SADIE  
I'm really sorry. She was nice.

He takes the sucker. Flips her glasses on her head.

SEXY SADIE  
Anything I can do for you, Tommy?

He rubs the sucker across her pouting lips.

TOMMY  
Where's Floyd?

SEXY SADIE  
Got *his* wings clipped.

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

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

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

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

TOMMY  
Well, time's a wasting.

Charlie whistles from the front of the station for Tommy.

Sexy Sadie and Peggy slap each other over the windshield.

Tommy smiles as he turns from them. Approaches the station.

CHARLIE  
You were born to raise hell, Tommy.

TOMMY

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

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

CHARLIE

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

TOMMY

I got no money for gas, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Didn't you keep any wedding money?

TOMMY

Watch me pull a rabbit out of my  
pants.

He pulls his pants pockets out. Charlie walks away.

CHARLIE

Your credit's always good with me.

Tommy salutes him. Sexy Sadie grabs Tommy. Gets in his face.

SEXY SADIE

We're headed...

She points back to her car. Peggy fans herself with her hand.

SEXY SADIE

...back to my pool, you wanna come?

Tommy grabs her arm and her ass. Steers her to the car.

TOMMY

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

He opens the car door. Shoves her behind the wheel. Slams it.

TOMMY

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

Sexy Sadie gives him the finger as the convertible peels-out  
of the station. Peggy moons him from the back seat.

Tommy walks toward Charlie in front of the station.

CHARLIE  
Things sure have been quiet around  
here without you.

TOMMY  
Ain't you gonna tell me?

CHARLIE  
Put your pockets back in.

Tommy stuffs his pockets in his pants.

TOMMY  
What is it you want?

Charlie looks up. Raises his arms.

CHARLIE  
"The garden of eternal dreams."

He smiles. Wiggles his fingers.

CHARLIE  
Burning like hell!

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

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

Ezekiel leans over the dashboard. Barely sitting shotgun.

EZEKIEL  
Can you see? 'Cause I can't.

Floyd pulls Ezekiel back into his seat.

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

He turns onto a side road.

EZEKIEL  
The lightning must have knocked out  
the corner streetlight.

Floyd shakes his head. Ezekiel points to the windshield.

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



EZEKIEL  
Something's coming...

An oncoming motorcycle headlight glares in their eyes.

EZEKIEL  
Look out!

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

FLOYD  
Where?!

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

EZEKIEL  
Hell of a rider.

They watch the bike roar away through the rear window.

FLOYD  
The devil on wheels.

EZEKIEL  
Where the hell do-ya suppose...?

Floyd skids into a right turn. Splashes on bumpy asphalt.

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

FLOYD  
I'll kill that bitch!

EZEKIEL  
Floyd, take it easy.

Floyd mashes the brakes. Slams the car in park. Leaps out.

He sloshes across the muddy grass to the house. Peers through a rain-streaked window into

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

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

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

Lee sits at the table. Chugs the rest of a whiskey bottle.  
Rob steps in. Slings a stuffed duffel bag over his shoulder.

LEE

Boy!

He stands. Whiskey bottle at his side.

LEE

You just stop right there.

Rob slams the bag down. Points at Lee.

ROB

No way you're stopping me.

LEE

You talkin' big now.

ROB

Damn-right I am.

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

LEE

Dead right!

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

LEE

You kilt your ma, boy!

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

LEE

Now I kill you.

Tommy grabs Lee's bottle-arm from behind. Clamps his forearm round Lee's throat.

TOMMY

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

LEE

Pony up.

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

LEE

This time you stay put.

He stabs the jagged bottle in Tommy's thigh. Grinds the jagged bottle deeper in Tommy's thigh.

TOMMY

Ah! You fucker!

LEE

Taste your medicine, boy.

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

TOMMY

Fuck!

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

LEE

Firstborn, first to die.

TOMMY

The time is now.

O.S. THWACK. Lee straightens up. Coughs-up blood. Turns from Tommy. Blood spews from the carving knife deep in his back.

LEE

You...

He reaches over. Under his shoulder. Unable to grab the knife. He lunges at Rob. Swings the jagged bottle.

LEE

You little...

Rob leaps back. Smack into the stove. Lee slashes the jagged bottle across Rob's chin. Rob's gashed chin spews blood.

Rob leans back. Slaps the pots and pans off the stove. Knocks the carving fork onto a rear burner. Reaches for it.

Lee grabs him by the throat. Raises the jagged bottle.

LEE

Time to carve the sweet little boy!

Rob jams the carving fork deep in Lee's groin. Lee crashes on his back. The bloody knife blade bursts from his chest.

ROB

I didn't want this...

He turns away. Gags. Vomits.

Tommy drags his wounded leg. Follows Lee. As he squirms across the floor. Slathers blood in his wake.

TOMMY  
The mighty have fallen. Fucking slug.

LEE  
See you in hell.

He stiffens. Spits blood. Enters hell.

Rob squats in a corner. Shakes his head. Eyes squeezed shut.

ROB  
There ain't no turning back.

Tommy rips cabinets open. Swats jars out. They shatter on the floor. He grabs a tin of bandages in a drawer.

TOMMY  
Pick up your shit. We're going.

Rob sits on the table. Pinches his bloody chin cut closed.

ROB  
Where would we go?

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

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

TOMMY  
You with me?

ROB  
I haven't got anybody else.

TOMMY  
There any money around here?

ROB  
Just what's owed.

Tommy leans on the table next to Rob. Smirks. Proudly.

TOMMY  
Cracking jokes, huh? That's cold.

Rob pounds his fists upside his own head.

ROB  
I hated him, but... But I didn't...  
I never wanted... Not this. Never!

TOMMY  
All right, killer.

Rob leans over the sink.

ROB  
Please don't call me that.

Tommy tears more cabinets open. Exposes a dozen prescription bottles. A duct tape roll. A half-full whiskey bottle.

He reads the prescription bottle labels. Grabs one. Opens it.

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

He flips the faucet on. Gulps a few Percocets. Sips water.

ROB  
Let's keep the Doc that way?

Rob dry heaves. Tommy shoves Rob's head under the faucet. Pours whiskey on his leg wound. Grunts.

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

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

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BARN - TWILIGHT

Rusty farm tools. A .38 pistol. Pump shotgun. A set of car keys on nails in the walls. Broken equipment all around.

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

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

Tommy offers Rob a beer. As he slips a set of car keys off the wall behind him. Without Rob seeing.

TOMMY  
Are you stalling?

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

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

He takes five more dirty plugs from a workbench. Lobs them  
into a garbage can. Opens a six-pack of new spark plugs.

TOMMY  
Heal, Brother. These 'ill help.

He slaps two Percocets in Rob's hand.

ROB  
Never had a pill ma didn't give me.

TOMMY  
It's time to grow up, Brother.

Rob sets the ratchet on the workbench. Pops the pills. Sips  
the beer. Sets the beer next to the ratchet.

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

ROB  
What do we do?

Tommy steps by Rob. Spits on a sandstone on the workbench.

TOMMY  
Get some quick cash and go.

He sharpens the sickle on the sandstone.

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

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

TOMMY  
I got some unfinished business with  
Doc Casper.

Rob yanks his arm. Pulls the sickle off the sandstone.

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

Tommy mumbles to himself as he spits on the sandstone.

TOMMY

Two birds with one stone.

ROB

What's going on in that head?

TOMMY

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

ROB

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

TOMMY

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

ROB

You don't have to worry about that.

TOMMY

What do you mean?

ROB

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

TOMMY

Ya wanna go to prison?

ROB

He attacked me. I defended myself.

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

TOMMY

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

ROB

This was self-defense.

TOMMY

You'll go to prison for twenty-five years with grown men.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

They'll drug ya and take pictures  
as they gang-bang your ass and  
mouth.

ROB

That happened to you in prison?

TOMMY

Happened to me right here in this  
town before I went to prison?

ROB

Did ya tell anyone here?

TOMMY

I told everyone. No one listened.

ROB

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

Tommy waves the glistening sharp sickle upright at Rob.

TOMMY

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

Rob grabs the sickle handle. Tommy seizes his wrist. Punches  
him in the head. Rob sprawls face down. Unconscious.

Tommy pockets the new six-pack of plugs. Grabs the .38 off  
the wall. Waistbands it. Grabs Rob by the shirt.

Tommy swings the sickle blade. Easily cuts Rob's shirt down  
the back. Tommy feels around Rob's neck. Pats his chest.

TOMMY

Where are Doc's keys?!

He grabs the shotgun on the wall. Ammo boxes on the  
workbench. Shakes the gas can on his way out. It's empty.

He sets the gas can in the old beater. Hops in. Starts-it.  
Calls to Rob as he revs the engine.

TOMMY

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

EXT. NITRO'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

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



CHARLIE

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

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

TOMMY

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

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BARN - NIGHT

Rob pulls the old plugs out of the garbage can. Grabs the ratchet.

He ducks under the pickup hood. Cleans an old plug on his shirt. Blows on the contacts. Ratchets in the plug.

INT./EXT. OLD BEATER (MOVING) - NIGHT

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

INT./EXT. PICKUP (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

Tommy veers head-on at Rob. Flicks the high-beams on.

The high-beams glare in Rob's eyes. He jerks the wheel right just before impact.

The pickup spins off the road. Rolls-over into the cornfield.

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

Tommy leans out the driver side window. Pounds a classic drum beat on the door. Cackles.

TOMMY

Wipeout!

INT./EXT. OLD BEATER (IDLING) - NIGHT

Rock-a-billy blares from the speakers. Rob, bruised face, shudders awake. Prone on the back seat.

He opens his eyes. Stares into the .38 muzzle. Tommy smiles down the barrel. Rob pushes the gun aside.

ROB

Fuck you!

Tommy smacks the .38 across Rob's face.

TOMMY

You're a tough guy now, huh?

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

ROB

Have you been to Doc's yet?

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

TOMMY

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

ROB

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

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY

He gave me one too.

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

TOMMY

You jealous? I am.

He pistol-whips Rob across the cheek. Busts it wide open. Rob shakes it off. Blood runs down his face.

ROB

What's that smell?

TOMMY

I'm burning nitro-fuel.

ROB

What's your hurry?

TOMMY

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

Rob gets in Tommy's face.

ROB  
I'll fucking kill you!

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

Rob dives through the shattering glass. Rolls over the trunk onto the

GRAVEL ROAD

Deep wide drainage ditches on both sides. Mud fields beyond.

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

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

ROB  
Where did you go?!

Tommy burns-rubber into a U-turn. Fishtails toward Rob.

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

TOMMY  
I'm not done with you!

Rob shields his eyes. The old beater closes. He aims the .38.

ROB  
Keep talking.

He fires. The windshield shatters. The car tailspins.

The front-end misses Rob. But the rear fender swats him down. The .38 skips across the road.

Old beater skids to a halt. Tommy hops out. Opens the trunk.

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

TOMMY  
I'll take that, boy!

Rob tosses the .38 into the ditch. Tommy stomps on Rob. Mashes his face to the road. Blood pulses from Rob's wounds.

ROB  
Please don't hurt Anna.

TOMMY

Give me a reason not to shoot you?

ROB

Some light on the subject?

Tommy glances at oncoming headlights rising over the hill.

Rob leaps in the ditch. Tommy blasts the shotgun at Rob. Blood mists the air before Rob drops over the ditch's edge.

Tommy aims down the muddy slope. Squints. Headlights from the road brighten the air. Casts the ditch into shadows.

He shakes his head. Mutters to himself. Drops his pants. Turns to the car on the road. An OLD COUPLE inside.

TOMMY

You here for the rain dance?

The Old Couple shakes their heads. Race-away.

Tommy pulls the old beater to the ditch's edge. Headlights brighten the darkness. Tommy aims the shotgun down the ditch.

TOMMY

Where the fuck did you go, boy?

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

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

Furnished impeccably with antiques and collectibles.

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

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

O.S. A DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN THEN FOOTSTEPS APPROACH QUICKLY.

Doc shuts the laptop. Pulls a derringer from his pocket. Slips it under the laptop. Stares down the shadowy hallway.

Tommy rushes out of the shadows toward him. The shotgun aimed at him.

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY

Nod if ya hear me?

DOC CASPER

I'm sorry, but, I...

He squeezes his eyes shut. Shakes his head.

DOC CASPER

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

TOMMY

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

DOC CASPER

Just shoot. I deserve it.

Tommy rubs the muzzle along Doc's jaw.

TOMMY

I won't shoot ya. I see the death  
in your eyes. I'll just hurt ya.  
(points to Native American  
artifacts on the wall)  
That and take back what ya stole  
from my people, and *your drugs*.

Doc sneaks his hand under the laptop. Grabs the derringer.

DOC CASPER

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

TOMMY

You used to drop everything for me.

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

Doc sits-up rigid in the chair. Cocks the hidden derringer.

TOMMY

Least I can do is return one favor.

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

Tommy smashes the urn to the floor. Ashes cloud the air.

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

He tilts the cabinet over. Chokes back tears as it crashes.

TOMMY  
Feel broken, Doc?

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

DOC CASPER  
I'll see you in the end.

Doc fires the derringer in his own eye. The back of his head explodes. Blood and brain matter spackles Tommy's smirk.

TOMMY  
I take pleasure in knowing that.

EXT. DOC CASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rob, covered in mud, sits on the old beater hood. Blood drips from his torn ear. Coagulates over his cheek wound.

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

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

The garage door across the driveway opens onto a luxury sedan. The alarm beeps. Engine starts. Headlights blink on.

Rob aims at the garage. Squints at the headlights.

ROB  
Come on out, Brother!

The luxury sedan keys and alarm fob drop in his lap. He glances down.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Over here.

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

The bullet dimples one of the three triangular panes of glass in the door. Pee-shew. Ricochets off the brick wall.

Tommy throws Rob down. Rips the gun out of Rob's hand. Taps the barrel on the triangular windows in the door. Smiles.

TOMMY

Bulletproof glass windows. Nice.

ROB

Ya said you wouldn't kill him.

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

TOMMY

Peace, Brother. He shot himself.

ROB

Why would he do that?

Tommy opens the laptop. Hands it to him.

TOMMY

Hit enter and watch the show.

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

ROB

Why didn't you tell someone?

TOMMY

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

Rob shuts the laptop.

TOMMY

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

He smashes the laptop against the wall. Stomps on it.

ROB

Why do that? That was your proof!

TOMMY

Ya ain't listening. The system only  
works for white's in power or the  
rich people that own us all.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Our old man knew I's right about La Duke. But he wanted me gone.

ROB

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

Tommy enters the bungalow side entry door. Tosses a stuffed pillowcase onto the driveway. A mix of pills spills-out.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Brutus pimped Lucy, Mavis and himself around town when I's gone. They blackmailed everyone they sucked in. Brutus had La Duke by the balls. That closet cocksucker!

He exits the door. The tomahawk and pistol in his waistband. The bow and arrows in his hand. Hand drum under his arm. He tosses everything in the old beater.

TOMMY

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

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

Tommy hops into the old beater. Burns-rubber after him.

INT./EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rob swerves off the driveway onto the road.

Tommy fishtails onto the road. Chases the luxury sedan.

Rob twirls the wheel. Drifts around a turn. Tommy bumps the sedan rear bumper. The sedan tires skip sideways.

The sedan tailspins wide around another turn. Tommy cuts the corner. Scrapes the old beater alongside Rob's door.

Tommy spins the wheel. Slams the sedan sideways off the road.

The sedan shimmies along the edge of the drainage ditch. And rolls-over into the

DRAINAGE DITCH

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

The old beater pulls slightly over the edge. Head-lamps on.



O.S. THE OLD BEATER DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN THEN SLAMS SHUT.

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

TOMMY

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

He blasts the shotgun. The pellets-rip the fuel tank open. Gas sloshes out.

TOMMY

Next one blows that tank. Shh-shit!

He turns to the road. The police car skids around the old beater. Smacks into Tommy. Knocks him on his ass.

Ezekiel hops out of the shotgun side. Trains his gun on Tommy. As Tommy raises the shotgun. Ezekiel cocks his gun.

EZEKIEL

Put it the fuck down!

Tommy drops the shotgun. Floyd jumps out of the driver side. Grabs the shotgun.

FLOYD

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

He puts the shotgun in the driver seat. Shuts the door.

Ezekiel drags Tommy by the front of his shirt to the car. Slams Tommy backward against the trunk.

EZEKIEL

Where is that brother of yours?

TOMMY

Probably fucking your cousin Anna.

FLOYD

Sheriff's gonna put an end to that.

TOMMY

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

EZEKIEL

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

TOMMY

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

Ezekiel pops a bubble of gum. Snickers. Floyd grimaces.

TOMMY

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

Ezekiel grabs Tommy by the throat. Spits tobacco.

EZEKIEL

You son of a bitch.

Floyd leans back. Looks up. Laughs his ass off.

FLOYD

We gonna gut you, jailbird.

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

Rain pours. O.S. LIGHTNING CRACKLES.

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

Floyd flops over Ezekiel. Blood and rain gush over the trunk.

Rob slams the driver seat door. Aims the shotgun at Tommy.

ROB

This ends here.

TOMMY

It ain't half over.

ROB

Your half first.

Tommy slide-steps toward Rob. Waves the tomahawk.

TOMMY

You ain't got the balls.

Rob lowers his aim onto Tommy's crotch.

ROB

One twitch and I got yours.

Tommy lowers the tomahawk to his side. Smiles.

TOMMY  
This is fun, ain't it?

ROB  
Starting with you.

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

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

Tommy flings the bloody tomahawk over the car. Kneels.

TOMMY  
Fuck you...

Rob racks the shotgun.

ROB  
Lay down!

Tommy flops face down. Rob grabs Floyd's and Ezekiel's guns.

TOMMY  
Fun time's over, huh?

ROB  
Go on and get up.

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

ROB  
You use a damn lot of words too.

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

Rob opens the police car back door. Steps around Tommy.

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

TOMMY  
This is shit, Brother. We're all  
the family we each got.

He lifts bloody Floyd against his chest.

ROB  
We'll visit on holidays.

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

TOMMY  
Shoot already!

Rob blasts Floyd in the chest. Tommy shoves Floyd into Rob and grabs the shotgun as Rob and Floyd fall backward into the

DRAINAGE DITCH

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

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

O.S. THE ONCOMING POLICE CAR ENGINE ROARS OVERHEAD.

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

The car flips over the edge. Rob yanks one foot free. But Ezekiel grips the other.

The car slams the deputies into the mud. Rob's leg is buried under them. He claws the mud. But he's stuck.

Tommy aims the shotgun over the edge. Blasts the sedan. It bursts into flames. Fire spreads along the ditch.

Tommy jumps in the old beater. Peels-out.

Shh-boom. A fireball mushrooms over the road behind him.

EXT. LA DUKE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Lightning blinks. Rain pours.

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

Anna looks out the screen door. Handset phone to her ear.

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

She bursts through the door. Dives to her knees. Rob lays his face on her thigh. Grunts in pain.

ANNA  
Stay still.

O.S. La Duke yells through the phone in her hand.

LA DUKE (V.O.)  
Anna?!

She clears the phone line. Punches 911.

EXT. DOC CASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy skids the old beater up to the side entry door. Jumps out. Flings the tomahawk. Thump into the door.

EXT. LA DUKE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Two PARAMEDICS load Rob in a gurney onto an ambulance.

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

Anna steps between the Paramedics. Teary-eyed. Calls inside.

ANNA  
I'm here with you, Rob!

PARAMEDIC 1  
You can ride with him if you like?

ANNA  
Thank you.

Rob shakes his head at her. Mumbles "no".

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

LA DUKE  
(to Paramedic 1)  
How is he?

PARAMEDIC 1  
He should be all right.

LA DUKE  
What's his damage?

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

LA DUKE  
How?

PARAMEDIC 2

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

PARAMEDIC 1

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

La Duke looks at Anna. She turns away.

LA DUKE

There's no quit in this boy.

PARAMEDIC 2

Sheriff, we've got to move.

LA DUKE

Go on.

PARAMEDIC 2

I'll drive.

PARAMEDIC 1

You got it.

Paramedic 1 climbs inside. Anna steps up behind him.

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

ANNA

Wait!

Paramedic 2 grabs a water bottle off the bumper. Steps by Rob. Gets behind the wheel. Paramedic 1 shuts the doors.

The ambulance drives away. Lights and siren blaring.

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

ANNA

Why couldn't I ride with him?!

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

Tell me what's happening?

LA DUKE

It's Tommy. And, maybe Rob?

ANNA

I don't believe that.

She kicks a dent in the police car fender.

LA DUKE

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

She looks wide-eyed at him. Wipes away her tears.

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

Okay.

LA DUKE

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

INT./EXT. OLD BEATER - NIGHT

Tommy floors-it down a country road past cornfields along  
both sides. Licks his lips. As he gains on the ambulance.

TOMMY

I'll race you to the bridge.

He leans over the steering wheel. The speedometer sweeps past  
"65 mph". He pulls alongside the ambulance.

TOMMY

This way to hell.

He jerks the wheel right. Bashes the ambulance's left side.

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

TOMMY

And tell 'em I sent ya!

O.S. THUNDER BOOMS AND HAIL PITTEPATTERS ON THE ROOF.

Tommy smiles. Jerks the wheel left. A thin gap opens between  
the side-by-side vehicles. He guns-it.

TOMMY

This is as far as I go.

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

Tommy and Paramedic 2 jerk their wheels. As both vehicles shimmy in each other's grips. Slam-sideways together.

They veer. Screech off the road. Barrel through Nitro's gas station. Charlie leaps out of both vehicles way.

Both vehicles smash the "*SS 1000 High Octane Fuel*" pump to pieces. Swerve away together through the station.

Charlie runs from the pumps. They explode. Flames engulf him.

Both vehicles rocket out of the blossoming fireball onto the

BRIDGE

Both vehicles careen around a railing up the bridge. The old beater spins left. Kicks the ambulance to the right.

The old beater spins left. Tommy slams his shoulder into the door. Again and again. But it's stuck.

TOMMY

See ya around!

The ambulance rolls-over the right side railing. Skips across the water. Sinks.

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

The old beater blasts-off over the rail. Hits the water. Sinks in a ring of fire.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle sinks into the murky river.

Water pours in around the rear doors. Fills the compartment.

Paramedic 1 breathes from an air bubble under the ceiling.

Rob swims out of the gurney. Breathes from the oxygen mask.

Paramedic 2 jerks on his seat-belt. Squeezes the buckle release. It's stuck. Sucks air from the empty water bottle.

Rob offers him the oxygen mask. He breathes from the mask. Rob squeezes the buckle. Paramedic 2 yanks the belt free.

Rob gives the Paramedics oxygen. Takes some. Thumps the tank into the doors again and again. They open. He drops the tank.

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



INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

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

ANNA

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

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

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

LA DUKE

Just how deep are you with Rob?

She bangs on the dash.

ANNA

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

She sobs. Tears streak her cheeks.

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

You can't take love by force.

LA DUKE

Everything I do is for you...

She presses her hand over his mouth.

ANNA

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

LA DUKE

That's just because you're so unreasonable.

ANNA

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

LA DUKE

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

He tears up. His voice breaks. He clears his throat.

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

That's how deep I am with Rob.

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

LA DUKE

I see it in your eyes.

ANNA

So tell me, what's your damage?

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

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

LA DUKE

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

He chokes the wheel. Kisses her cheek. She feels her cheek.

EXT. MATHEWS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

O.S. CICADAS BUZZ. No lights inside or outside the house. A  
police car parked out front.

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

LA DUKE

This is far enough for you.

He knocks on the door. It opens onto darkness. Not a soul.

ANNA

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

LA DUKE

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

ANNA

I don't think so.

La Duke calls through the door.

LA DUKE

Lee! I'm coming in!

He steps halfway in. Anna grabs him.

ANNA

Dad, I want you to love me.

He smiles at her. Enters. Disappears in the dark house.

LA DUKE (O.S.)

None of this was ever your fault.

O.S. STAIRS CREAK. Anna turns. Opens her mouth. Rob, still wet, puts his hand over her mouth from behind her. Whispers.

ROB

Meet me in the meadow.

He releases her. Hops the railing. Runs toward the backyard.

INT. MATHEWS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

A cicada on the screen door whirs its wings.

La Duke creeps out of the darkness into the room.

LA DUKE

Lee, that you?

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

LA DUKE

Lee? Smells like... rubbing alcohol? You outta the good stuff?

He leans over the table. Stretches across.

LA DUKE  
Where's that light?

He reaches up. Waves his arm.

LA DUKE  
Got ya.

He grabs the light pull string.

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

LA DUKE  
What the hell?

He holds the string. Turns to Rob outside the screen door.

ROB  
It's a trap, don't!

LA DUKE  
Damn it!

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

He lands on the table. Stares wide-eyed into Lee bulging dead eyes. Lee duct taped to the chair.

LA DUKE  
Oh, my fucking God!

He pushes himself up from the table.

ROB O.S.  
Get out! Tommy rigged the fan...

The light bowl bursts into flames. The fan blades spin. Fling fiery-alcohol-droplets across the room.

LA DUKE  
Shit!

He jumps back. Slips on the floor. Crashes on his back. Just clear of the spreading fire. His cowboy hat falls off.

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

EXT. MATHEWS HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The screen door slaps shut. The kitchen engulfed in flames.

Rob sets La Duke on the porch. Puts the cowboy hat on him.

ROB

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

LA DUKE

What can I do?

Rob jumps the railing. Lands eye to eye with Anna.

ROB

Too late for me. Keep Anna safe.

ANNA

Why can't you stay with us, Rob?

He kisses her. Shakes his head. Whispers.

ROB

I killed my dad. I gotta get away.

He runs from the house. Disappears into the shadows.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - NIGHT

O.S. ONCOMING DOGS HOWL IN THE DISTANCE.

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

EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Rob flails his way through tangled weeds and tall grass.

Jittery flashlight beams swarm like bees on and around him.

O.S. ONCOMING PURSUERS SHOUT NEARBY.

He jumps over the edge of the woods into a

RAVINE

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

The Troopers tumble down behind him. Lose the leashes. The  
dogs jump on Rob. Tear into him as plunges into the

RUSHING RIVER

The dogs bite Rob's back and legs. He dives under a half-  
submerged fallen tree. Blood streaks the water.

He surfaces tangled in branches. Gasps for air. Out of gas.

The dogs surface. He kicks them back into branches.

They paddle in circles. Bark and growl. Teeth an inch away from him. Leashes snagged in the branches behind them.

ROB

Sticks fetch dogs. Yes.

He snaps-off branches. Frees himself. Dives back underwater.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

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

LA DUKE

I need this.

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

BADASSE

Sir, are ya having a war flashback?

LA DUKE

Son, I'm sorry!

He rips the door open. Flings Badasse to the grass. Gets in.

LA DUKE

I just don't have time for this.

BADASSE

What the hell, sir?!

LA DUKE

You can have the collar.

He slams the door. Fishtails-away. The tires spew grass in Badasse's face.

INT./EXT. STATE TROOPER CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

La Duke steers along the ridge. Stares out the window at Rob swimming with the current in the rushing river below.

LA DUKE

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

He snugs his hat down. Guns-it past Rob. Tailspins away from the ledge into a U-turn. Then floors-it over the

RIDGE

The car nosedives. Engine-revving toward the

## RUSHING RIVER

The grill slams into the shallow bank across the water. The wheels splashdown. The car blocking the falls.

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

Rob swims into the rear door. La Duke flops chest down over the trunk. Revolver trained on Rob.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

La Duke drags Rob out of the woods in handcuffs.

LA DUKE

Do yourself a favor, Rob, sit in a cell till we catch your brother.

Badasse follows them. Points a 9mm at La Duke.

BADASSE

You're both under arrest.

O.S. ONCOMING STATE TROOPER DOGS YELP AND GROWL NEARBY.

LA DUKE

You best put that gun down, bad-ass, or you'll confound the dogs when they get here.

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

BADASSE

Sir, don't make me...

LA DUKE

The safety's on, son.

BADASSE

Old trick, sir.

He backs up. As La Duke edges toward him.

LA DUKE

Well, I tried.

BADASSE

Sir, don't make me take him!

He backs into the police car rear bumper.

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

LA DUKE  
Now ya did it. Bluffed yourself  
into a real bad-ass's bumper.

BADASSE  
We had a deal, sir?

Dante climbs out the driver door. Catches Badasse's eye.

La Duke takes the 9mm from Badasse. Shoves him over the hood.  
Holds him down.

LA DUKE  
The deal's off.

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

BADASSE  
You owe me something, sir.

LA DUKE  
Here's a new deal.

He takes the clip from the 9mm. Pockets it. Helps Badasse up.

LA DUKE  
Go home, bad-ass.

La Duke steps away. Tosses the gun at Badasse. Badasse  
fumbles the catch. Drops the gun.

BADASSE  
Sir, my name's Bad-days!

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

Dante glances off-screen at La Duke. Then smiles at Badasse.

DANTE  
So you're definitely not a bad-ass.

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

DANTE  
It's the vest.

BADASSE  
And a whole lot more, sir.



Dante pins him against the car with his belly.

DANTE

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

Badasse raises his hands. Shakes his head.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

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

The dome light goes on. Illuminates Anna in the back seat. She presses her nose to her side window. Waves to Rob.

ROB

Light of my life.

They breathe fog on their windows. Write "SORRY" onto them.

NIGHTMARE BEGINS

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Tommy wades ashore in a deluge. Smoke and steam rise from his singed clothes.

Lightning flashes illuminate his face. A jigsaw puzzle of charred flesh.

TOMMY

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

He points his finger ahead. Fire reflects in his eyes.

TOMMY

I'm coming to get you, Brother!

NIGHTMARE ENDS

INT. SHERIFF'S LOCKUP - CELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rob springs-up in his metal cot in a cell. Drenched in sweat. Dante leans his face between the bars.

DANTE

Bad dreams, Rob?

ROB

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

DANTE

Let him come.

He steps out into the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Dante sits at a desk. Leans back. Sets his feet on the desk. Sings the ceremonial Native American song the Tribe sang.

DANTE

I'll be waiting.

He opens a crossword puzzle book. Pulls a pen out.

DANTE

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

A flaming arrow punches through the book. Skewers-it through Dante's throat. He springs back. Grasps the arrow.

LOCKUP - CONTINUOUS

Rob jumps off his cot. Grabs the bars. Sniffs the air.

ROB

Dante?! Dante!

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

TOMMY

Happy Halloween, Brother...

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

ROB

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

Tommy takes a theatrical bow. Arm extended toward Rob.

TOMMY

I am your anything but a civil servant.

ROB

That face suits you.

Tommy snaps his fingers as he points at Rob.

TOMMY

This face is your fucking fault!

ROB  
Vengeance has left its ugly mark on  
you.

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

Rob flops back on his cot.

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

TOMMY  
I came to give you one last chance.

ROB  
Okay. For the last time, fuck off!

TOMMY  
Then it's time you served my  
purpose.

ROB  
Vengeance with a purpose. Get on  
with it.

Tommy steps out. Beat... He reenters. Pours a trail of nitro-  
fuel from the gas can. Plunks the can down near the cell.

TOMMY  
Don't wait up.

He walks out the door. Calls back.

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

O.S. A SMOKE ALARM RINGS.

ROB  
Shh-shit.

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

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

ROB  
Dante!

Dante grabs the bars. Holds himself up. Gurgles words.

DANTE  
Take my keys.

ROB  
Dante...

He seizes the keys from Dante belt.

ROB  
What can I do?

DANTE  
Save yourself...

He passes-away. Hangs from the bars in his death-grip.

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

ROB  
I'm sorry, Dante.

Rob unlocks the cell. Tries to open it. It rattles. But Dante death-grip bridges the door frame. Holds it shut.

ROB  
Damn.

Flames whoosh across the room. Rob peels Dante fingers off the cell door one at a time. Shoves the door half open.

Dante corpse swings inside. Knocks Rob to the floor. Crashes over Rob. Rob grunts. Squirms. Pinned under Dante.

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

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

ROB  
I'm sorry, Dante.

He kneels. Barely able to shove Dante against the front of the cot. Rob slides under the cot at one end.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

Flames explode through the roof. Shatter the windows.

La Duke slams the brakes. Dives over Anna. Shields her. As debris pummels the windshield.

LA DUKE  
You all right?

ANNA  
Yeah, Dad.

LA DUKE  
Just stay here, it safer.

She grasps the door handle.

ANNA  
No way I'm staying in the car.

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

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

Anna kisses his nose. He hops out. Anna clicks the mike.

ANNA  
Hey, you two idiots...

O.S. THE DRIVER DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS. She turns to the sound.

ANNA  
So, you...

Tommy bounces behind the wheel. Smiles in her face.

TOMMY  
Horrrifying, isn't it?

He grabs the back of her hair.

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

He jams the car into "D". Peels-out. Rips the mike cord out of the radio.

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

He punches her in the head. She slumps in the seat. KO'd.

EXT. SHERIFF OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

La Duke rounds the front corner. Gun ready. Rob kneels over Dante's body. Sings the Tribe's ceremonial song Dante sang.

ROB  
He saved my life.

LA DUKE  
That don't surprise me.

Rob stares up at him. Tears streak his soot-covered face.

ROB  
Go on, La Duke, shoot me dead now.  
'Cause I'm a killer. Ya ain't gonna  
catch me any other way. Till I'm  
done killing that brother of mine.

LA DUKE  
Anna...

Rob leaps up. Gets in his face.

ROB  
Anna's with you, where?!

The police car fishtails around the corner of the building past them. La Duke aims at the vehicle.

ROB  
Take the fucking shot!

LA DUKE  
I can't, she...

He lowers his gun. The car screeches in reverse. Skids to a halt fifty yards from La Duke and Rob.

Rob runs toward Anna's unconscious face in the rear glass. Her body is crammed on the back window ledge.

Tommy waves out the driver window to him. Rockets-away.

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

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The police car wanes into the night ahead. As Rob and La Duke pass storefronts to each side of the small town thoroughfare.

ROB  
Where's Dante's police car?

LA DUKE

It's at the repair shop. Come on!

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

LA DUKE

How in hell we gonna find 'em?

ROB

Tommy won't leave without his bike.

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

The police car skids to a halt. Behind the house. The red motorcycle on its kickstand against the back porch.

Tommy gets out. Drags Anna across the back seat by her wrists. Tied in the mike cord.

ANNA

Let go of me.

He drops her to the gravel. She rocks to her feet. He slams her down. Pins her arms with his knees. She squirms.

TOMMY

By the way, your dog's lost.

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

She grabs his nuts. Squeezes them. He drops to his knees.

TOMMY

You fucker.

ANNA

Shocking, isn't it?

She leaps up. Sprints for the back porch. Dragging the leash.

INT. LA DUKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - SECONDS LATER

Beautifully decorated country style. Oak table in the center.

Anna bursts in the back door. Skids across the floor. Jumps through an open door. Lands on the

BASEMENT STAIRS

She shuts the door. Clunks a dead-bolt lock into the door-frame.

ANNA

Think fast.

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

The leash goes taut under the door. She slams backward on the steps. Drops the gun. Stops it sliding down with her leg.

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

Shotgun shells jump from the box. She grabs the collar.

KITCHEN

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

TOMMY

Hang on girl, the end is coming.

He fires twice into the door. Splinters cloud the air. He waistbands the gun. Tears the door open.

TOMMY

Shit!

He jumps to the side. A bowling bag flies through the door. Attached to the dog leash and collar.

TOMMY

Bitch!

Anna jumps off the steps into the room. Aims the shotgun at Tommy. Barely holding it up with tied hands.

ANNA

Take two of these and die.

Tommy lifts a chair. She fires. Blasts holes in the chair. The chair smacks into Tommy's head. He slams over the table.

She snaps the breach open on her leg. Shakes the shells out. Pulls new shells from her pocket. Fumbles putting them in.

Tommy gets up. Shakes the cobwebs from his head. Peers through the back of the chair spindles. Approaches her.

TOMMY

Better run!

She snaps the breach shut. He swings the chair. Smack into the shotgun. Both barrels blast holes in the basement door.

He grabs Floyd's pistol in his waistband.



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

TOMMY

Damn you!

She swings the shotgun. Smack into the floor. Misses him as he rolls over. Fires at her. As she runs toward the

HALLWAY STAIRCASE

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

She crawls up the steps. Sees Tommy through the railing uprights. He steps toward her. Fires.

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

Tommy raises the pistol over the railing. Point blank at her.

TOMMY

Should've run when ya had a chance.

Anna spin-kicks the gun from his hand. It smacks the railing. Fires. The bullet wisps between them.

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

Knocks him back into the banister. She runs up the steps.

He dives. Grabs her leg. Tackles her. She donkey-kicks his face. Yanks her leg free. Stumbles onto the landing.

He chases her to a

BEDROOM

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

She spins around. He slams her face first over a dresser. She knocks several cologne bottles off the top.

Tommy spins her around. Tries to kiss her.

TOMMY

Miss me?

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

## HALLWAY

She shoves him backward across the landing. Shoves him over the steps. He tumbles backward. Grabs her shirt.

They crash-land on the steps. She rides his chest. He bumps headfirst down the stairs. Squeezes her breasts. Laughs.

TOMMY

I've never had this much fun, ever.

ANNA

Fuck you!

They hit the floor. She grabs his wrists. Head-butts his nose. Crack. He turns his bloody face.

TOMMY

I'm gonna peel your fucking skin!

She leaps a few steps up. Jumps. Springs off his stomach. Over the railing. Dashes into the

## KITCHEN

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

She ducks out the back door onto the

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

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

Tommy leaps the railing. Gets the sickle from his motorcycle.

She yanks on the stuck gate latch. Unable to open it. She looks back. He steps behind her. Raises the sickle.

TOMMY

You're out of tricks.

She jumps back into the gate. Backpedals as it opens. He swings the sickle. Just misses her nose.

ANNA

Whoa no-oh...

She flings the gate. Smack into his nuts. He doubles over.

TOMMY

Goddamn you, girl.

She sprints for the cornfield. Tommy chases her down.

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

TOMMY

I don't think so.

He climbs the beehives. Raises the sickle above her head. She shoves them over. They crash on top of him.

Anna runs through the cornstalks. Disappears in them.

A swarm of enraged bees stings Tommy as he runs toward the house. Waves the sickle at them.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Anna drops face down in the darkness between rows of corn.

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

TOMMY

This ain't over yet.

He roars down the corn row into the shadows.

O.S. A CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT CLOSE BY.

Anna jumps to her feet.

ANNA

Rob-boy!

EXT. MATHEWS DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

La Duke and Rob step away from the police car.

ROB

Anna!

ANNA (O.S.)

I'm here in the corn!

Rob takes-off for the cornfield.

La Duke reaches for his gun as he runs around the car. His knee clips the fender. He falls in the grass.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O.S. CORNSTALKS RUSTLE AS ROB NEARS.

ROB (O.S.)  
Anna! Keep calling me.

Anna opens her mouth to yell for Rob.

Tommy grabs her from behind. Presses the sickle blade around her neck. Drags her backward through the corn.

TOMMY  
Now play dead.

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

O.S. CORNSTALKS RUSTLE NEARBY.

ROB (O.S.)  
Anna!

Tommy turns to the voice. Cocks his sickle bearing arm. Rob steps through the cornstalks ahead.

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

ROB  
No!!!

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

ROB  
Shh-shit!

Tommy flips La Duke off Rob. Raises the sickle over Rob.

Rob fires La Duke's gun. Blasts Tommy in the kneecap.

TOMMY  
Motherfuck, Brother!

He squeezes his tattered knee. Blood spews between his fingers. He waves the sickle at Rob.

Rob aims the gun in his face.

ROB  
Drop it or I fix your face for good!

TOMMY  
You know, you're pretty damn funny.

ROB  
The joke's over.

He fires. The bullet explodes into Tommy's upper arm.

TOMMY  
All-fucking-right!

He drops the sickle.

TOMMY  
Boy, this is the last fucking time.

ROB  
Okay.

He rapid-fires. Blasts Tommy three times across the chest. Tommy flies backward. Thumps to the dirt. Motionless.

ROB  
Last time.

He kneels over Anna.

ROB  
Anna!

She doesn't respond. He pulls her hair back. Exposes a deep purple bruise on her forehead.

ROB  
Anna, please. Come back to me.

He lifts her eyelids. Looks in her rolled-back eyes.

ROB  
Anna, you have to know how much I  
love you.

He kisses her. Unties her hands.

ROB  
Anna, you gotta stay here with me.  
We'll live together in the garden.

He lifts her in his arms. Carries her

DEEPER INTO THE CORNFIELD

Rob walks. Watches the clouds swallow the full moon.

ROB  
Are you abandoning me now?

The full moon reappears. Reflects in his upturned eyes.

ROB

You're the only man in my life now.

The moon darts in and out of the clouds. Rob halts. Aims the gun at a gloved hand. As it swats the cornstalks ahead.

ROB

Who's there?

He creeps forward. A shadow of a man overtakes him. Rob stares at the outstretched arms of a scarecrow.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Oh, Rob! It's your fucking brother!

EXT. CORNFIELD- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy lies next to La Duke's torso. Kicks La Duke's head out of his way. Slowly stands over La Duke.

TOMMY

This sure is some heavy shit.

He unbuttons his baggy shirt.

TOMMY

Thanks again Doc...

He watches three flat slugs thump to the ground at his feet.

TOMMY

...for the bulletproof glass.

He opens his shirt. Three pitted panes of the glass from Doc Casper's door duct taped across his chest.

TOMMY

Good shootin', Rob.

Cornstalks snap-apart in front of him.

BADASSE (O.S.)

Don't move, schizo.

Badasse steps between the corn. Stares down his 9mm at Tommy. Doesn't see La Duke's head in front of him.

TOMMY

Thank God you're here.

BADASSE

Is that the sheriff?

TOMMY

Used to be.

Badasse cocks his gun. Waves it in Tommy's face.

BADASSE

Back way off.

He takes a step. Trips over the head. Kicks it ahead of him as he falls. Tommy jumps aside.

Badasse crashes face down. Cracks his skull off La Duke's head. Knocks himself out.

INT. MATHEWS BARN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Flames finish the last remains of the collapsed house.

The firelight dances in the open barn doors. Reflects on the red motorcycle. The leather jacket on the handlebars.

Tommy leans on the wall. Wraps duct tape around his arm wound. His shot knee duct taped over his pants.

TOMMY

And now a word from our sponsors.

He tears the tape. Tosses the roll.

TOMMY

I'd like to thank the makers of...

He reaches into the stuffed pillowcase on the floor. Pulls a plastic jug of pills out. Uncaps it.

TOMMY

...duct tape and painkillers...

He pours several pills in his mouth. Chews them.

TOMMY

...for their continuing support.

He tosses the jug in the pillowcase.

TOMMY

And last but not least...

He kicks a five-gallon gas can. O.S. FUEL SLOSHES INSIDE.

TOMMY

The refiners of nitro-fuel, for giving me the energy to burn.

He sits on the bike. Puts his jacket on.

TOMMY

We now return to the murder and  
mutilation show.

He kick-starts the motorcycle. Roars out of the barn.

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - NIGHT

Rob carries Anna's limp body through the hedgerow into the meadow.

ROB

Anna, stay here, you'll be safe.

He drops to his knees. Sits in the tall grass a few yards from the dirt mound. Cradles her in his arms. Cries.

ROB

Anna, you have to come back to me.

He sets her in the grass. Kisses her forehead.

ANNA'S VISION BEGINS

EXT. CIRCULAR MEADOW - DAY

The sunshine streaks through the trees. Monarch butterflies fill the air. Their wings flash in and out of the sunlight.

ANNA (O.S.)

So many voices.

She stands in the waving tall grass. Watches the butterflies spiral around her.

The stitches in her eyebrow and the deep purple bruise on her forehead is gone!!!

ANNA

I... I can't understand all of you  
at once. Is that you, Flossy?

A butterfly lands on her forehead.

ROB (O.S.)

(sotto)

Anna...

She closes her eyes. Smiles wide.

ANNA

Where am I?



ROB (O.S.)  
(sotto)  
Anna, I'm here.

She nods. Then smiles. Tears roll down her cheeks.

ANNA  
(sotto)  
I won't be afraid.

ANNA'S VISION ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Rob sits in the tall grass. Sobs. Anna asleep in his arms.

The stitches on her eyebrow and the deep purple bruise on her forehead are back!!!

ROB  
We're out of time.

Tommy's red motorcycle explodes through the hedges at the other end.

Rob lays Anna in the grass. Kisses her.

Tommy fishtails to a halt. Fifty yards from Rob.

TOMMY  
Ya just can't get rid of me.

Rob steps in front of Anna toward Tommy.

ROB  
Why don't you stay dead?

TOMMY  
I'm fucking stubborn that way.

ROB  
I'll just have to keep killing you.

TOMMY  
Where's the love, Brother?

Rob aims his revolver at Tommy. Runs toward him.

ROB  
Come and get your share.

TOMMY  
My share is Anna's ass.

ROB  
You gotta go through me.

Tommy roars toward him. Aims Badasse's 9mm. Fires.

The bullet rips into Rob's thigh. He drops to his knees.

TOMMY

We're just about through.

Rob looks down. Keeps his devilish smile to himself.

Tommy closes on him. Fires. Blasts Rob in the shoulder. Tommy roars past him.

TOMMY

You're pitiful.

Tommy circles back. Rob switches the gun to his other hand. Raises it.

ROB

Come again.

Tommy pops a wheelie. Closes on Rob. Rob fires. Tommy passes. Drops onto both tires. Skids to a halt.

TOMMY

You're down to one round.

ROB

Stay put.

He rumbles past Rob. Shouts back.

TOMMY

Can't! Gotta hot date!

He swerves to a halt. Sniffs the air. Looks down. Groans.

TOMMY

Ah, fucking shit on me!

He lifts his wet pants leg. Sees gas pour out of a bullet hole in the tank. Spews nitro-fuel onto the rear wheel.

Rob points the gun barrel to the grass. Fires.

ROB

Let me light your way.

A flame bursts from the muzzle. Torches a trail of nitro-fuel through the grass toward Tommy.

Tommy stares back as the line of flames closes on him.

He guns-it. Fishtails away. The front tire spits flaming nitro-fuel as he pops a wheelie.

TOMMY

Fuck!

The back tire slams into the head-sized stones. Launches the bike in the air. The engine revs. The wheels whine.

Tommy smashes the bike head-on into the giant fir tree. The bike and Tommy crumble. Crash onto the dirt mound.

The blaze rages across the mound. Touches-off the tall grass. Flames roar up the giant fir tree's trunk.

Rob climbs to his feet. Stumbles away from the fire.

ROB

"Dante's Inferno" is "Paradise Lost".

Smoke and ambers fill the air. Rob waves his way through the smoke. Chokes on his words.

ROB

Wake-up, Anna. I can't see you.

Tommy leaps from the dirt mound fire. Lands behind Rob.

TOMMY

I'm here.

Rob turns. Tommy aims the 9mm in Rob's face.

Rob chops off Tommy's gun-toting hand with the sickle.

Tommy lifts Rob with one hand. Slams him to the ground. The sickle flies from Rob's hand.

Tommy flips him over. Raises the straight razor to slash Rob.

TOMMY

To hell with you!

Rob aims the 9mm at Tommy. The gun's in Tommy's severed hand!

Rob rapid-fires. Blasts Tommy in the chest. Tommy stumbles backward to the edge of the dirt mound flames.

ROB

Come on, one more step.

He steps inches from Tommy. Pulls the trigger. Clicks on empty chambers.

Tommy spits blood in Rob's face and grabs the 9mm barrel.

TOMMY

Every angel in heaven couldn't stop me.

He smiles through his bloody teeth.

TOMMY

Now gimme my fucking hand back!

Thousands of Monarch butterflies. Wings ablaze. Fly out of the fir tree flames. Envelop Tommy. He drops in a fiery heap.

ROB

Here.

He flips Tommy's hand with the 9mm in the heap. Turns away.

ROB

Anna...

He drops to his knees. Crawls over Anna on her back. The flames rise. Trapping them in a blazing circle.

ROB

Anna, what? No!

She sits-up. Stares wide-eyed at him. Presses the sickle blade around her own neck.

ANNA

Nightmares are warning.

ROB

Anna, give me the blade.

ANNA

Don't be afraid. It's the only way.

He grabs her hand holding the sickle. She tightens her grip.

ANNA

Now I lay me down to sleep.

ROB

Please let go?

Hot embers land on them. Their clothes smoke and burn.

ANNA

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

She forces her neck against the blade.

ANNA

Should I die before I wake...

She slides the blade across her neck. Blood gushes from the slit. She drops in the tall burning grass.

Rob clutches the sickle.

ROB

I pray the Lord our souls to take.

He cuts his throat. Blood spews. He falls next to Anna.

The smoke and flames rise into the starry sky.

Two Monarch butterflies fly side by side out of the inferno. Spiral into the sky. Flutter across the full moon.

SUPER OVER THE MOON:

*"Remember tonight, for it is the beginning of always."*

Dante's Inferno by Dante Alighieri

FADE OUT.

THE END