

EXT. NEWCOMER FARM- DUSK

A lonely, isolated farmhouse. Nothin' but desert and cattle for miles around.

BERT sits in a rocking chair on the porch. He swigs a bottle of beer and nurses a shotgun on his lap.

He spots something and sits up. Curious.

A horse trots along the plains, its rider hunched over the reigns- dead.

BERT

What the frickin' hell is that?

Bert approaches, shotgun at the ready.

The horse stops. Bert grabs at the reigns, looks at the body.

It's headless, nothing but a bloody stump of a neck.

The body clutches something in its hand. Bert tears it away and reads: 'The Last Script Heretic Ever Wrote'.

The horse bucks and gallops away, leaving Bert completely alone until...

SWISH! A sword whips off his head.

A fountain of blood sprays from his neck. His legs buckle and his twitching body falls to the ground.

INT. SALOON- NIGHT

A bustling saloon bar, chock-full of cowboys and girls. Some dance, some play cards, everybody drinks.

ON THE STAGE

GEORGE 'HONKY TONK' WILLSON bashes out a rockin' PIANO RIFF, greeted by CHEERS and YELLS from the excitable crowd.

AT THE BAR

HELIO 'HOUND DOG' CORDEIRO drunkenly leans over to the barman, a loose grin on his face.

HELIO  
(to barman)  
Tequila, my friend! Lots of  
them!

The barman, DOGGLEBE, forties with platinum hair, slides a bottle of tequila across the bar and slams down two glasses.

DOGGLEBE  
On the house.

HELIO  
Wow! Much thanks!

Helio eagerly grabs the bottle and pours two measures. He turns to the figure on the stool next to him and taps his shoulder.

HELIO  
Hey, amigo! I got you a drink!

The figure slowly turns around. It's WESLEY.

He grabs the tequila and downs it, grimacing at the taste.

Helio slams his down and immediately pours two more.

WESLEY  
So, what's the deal with you and  
that broad?

Helio sadly shakes his head.

HELIO  
Well, my friend. I fear she is  
unfaithful with another man!

WESLEY  
What do you expect? She's a  
prostitute.

HELIO  
I know, I know, but I love her.  
What can I do?.

Wesley looks at him, stony faced.

WESLEY

Kill the other guy and bring his  
heart to me.

Helio is shocked.

HELIO

You tell me to kill him?

WESLEY

What kinda deputy would I be if  
I said that? Life is a never  
ending drama, Helio. Take what  
you can. Tell her you're in love  
with her. If she doesn't feel  
the same way, move on with your  
life.

HELIO

Wow! You are a genius! I will  
make great strength to take your  
advice!

Helio slams another tequila and BELCHES.

ON THE STAGE

George finishes playing and the crowd ERUPTS. He stands  
and takes a bow.

GEORGE

Thank you. Thank you very much.  
Now, I'd like to introduce ya'll  
to a friend o' mine, all the way  
from Portland, Oregon. Ladies  
and gentlemen, give it up for  
Breanne 'Hoedown' Holifield!

APPLAUSE and YEE-HAS from the crowd.

BREANNE, a tall, lanky blonde in her early thirties,  
sleeks onto the stage.

She grabs a guitar and sits.

BREANNE

I'm gonna play a little ditty I  
like to call, 'Devil in D  
Minor'. Hope y'all like it.

She begins to play. The crowd is captivated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON- LATER

Breanne strums the last few chords. A tear escapes her  
eye.

The crowd goes WILD.

BREANNE

Thank you.

She walks to the bar.

BREANNE

Whiskey.

DOGGLEBE

Comin' right up.

Behind her, the saloon doors swing open. The place falls  
SILENT.

A young gunslinger, GREG 'BIRD MAN' BALDWIN, stands in  
the doorway, a parakeet perched on his shoulder.

He swaggers over to the bar with a jingle of spurs.

GREG

Two fingers of soda.

Dogglebe eyes him curiously, grabs a bottle of soda and  
pours a glass.

GREG

Whoa. No, no, no. Blueberry pie  
flavor.

Dogglebe looks at him like something he just scraped off  
his boot.

DOGGLEBE

Come again?

GREG

I said, blueberry pie. What are ya, simple or somethin'?

He turns to Breanne and smiles.

She rolls her eyes.

GREG

(to Dogglebe)

Hell, just gimme a beer. I'm chokin' here.

DOGGLEBE

What kind?

Greg looks at him in disbelief.

GREG

What kind? Would ya look at the balls on this guy. What kind? Jeez, whatever you recommend, padre. Just make it quick.

Dogglebe frowns. He looks like a man who's sampled every beer known to man. A real connoisseur. He takes his beer very seriously.

DOGGLEBE

(to camera)

You're describing things we can't possibly see.

Sorry.

Dogglebe pours a beer and slides it over to Greg.

Greg takes a mighty swig and looks over at Breanne.

GREG

My, my. You're a pretty little thing, aintcha?

Breanne ignores him, looks away.

GREG

You listenin' to me? I done paid  
you a compliment.

BREANNE

I don't associate ma'self with  
gunslingers.

GREG

Is that so? Well, what if I told  
you I was the fastest gun this  
side o' Mexico.

BREANNE

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!  
Congratulations, you're the  
five-hundredth cowboy to use  
that line on me. Now get the  
hell outta ma' face.

She splashes whiskey in his face.

GREG

Argh! My eyes!

Breanne turns and leaves the bar.

EXT. CAMPFIRE- NIGHT

A few late-night revelers illuminated by the dancing  
firelight.

HIGGS, a fresh-faced cowboy, plays a lively tune on the  
banjo.

CINDY, an auburn-haired woman, dances merrily around the  
fire with her GRANDSON.

She picks him up, twirls him round, gives him a big hug.

CINDY

Time for bed, little man.

GRANDSON

Goodnight, baby doll.

CINDY

Goodnight, sweetie. Run along  
now.

GRANDSON

I love you, grandma.

CINDY

I love you too. Now skedaddle.

The kid scampers off into the house.

Cindy smiles as she watches him go. She fails to see the sliver of razor-sharp steel rising up behind her.

SWISH! The sword takes her head right off. Blood explodes from her gaping neck as she falls forward into the fire.

Her head rolls across the dirt and comes to rest by Higgs' feet.

HIGGS

What the...

SWISH! The sword lops off his head too.

In the firelight, his contorted death-snarl looks a lot like Jack Black.

A GLOVED HAND reaches down, picks up the severed heads and drops them into a sack.

INT. BEDROOM- DAY

Sunlight creeps through the shutters.

Helio lies in bed. Unshaven. Disheveled.

He sits up, grabs a bottle of tequila and gulps it down.

HELIO

Urgh... I feel like I was sodomized by the ten angels of hell.

HOOKER (O.S.)

You're not the only one, big boy.

Helio turns to the beautiful naked HOOKER in his bed. He grins, leans in and kisses her.

HELIO

Marry me, baby.

She moves away bashfully.

HOOKER

Aww, Helio, you know I can't do that. You're real sweet 'n' all, but...

He takes her hand, looks into her eyes.

HELIO

Love is like a fruit, you can't eat it green. You have to wait for it to grow up. There is a time to plant; there is a time to pick. Our love may not be ripe, but it's juicy, and that's all that matters to me.

She swoons into his arms.

HOOKER

Oh, Helio.

They kiss passionately.

The door SMASHES OPEN.

Helio looks up in terror.

A masked NINJA, dressed all in black, sneaks into the room, two samurai swords held aloft.

HELIO

Oh God! It's a nightmare!

The Ninja somersaults towards them, swords flailing.

ZIP! ZIP! ZIP!

The hooker's head tumbles to the floor.

HELIO

Noooo!

The Ninja stands before him, swords dripping with fresh blood.

HELIO

That's it, Ninja! You struck a  
nerve there, bud!

Helio grabs the tequila bottle.

NINJA

Get out of here you Spanish  
bastard! Go back to writing  
funeral advertisements.

Helio's blood boils, the veins rise up in his neck.

HELIO

Never!!!

He lunges forward and swings the bottle, SMASH! The Ninja  
staggers back and tumbles out of the window.

Helio dashes over and looks outside.

The Ninja somersaults away in a cloud of dust.

Helio turns back to the hooker, picks up her severed  
head.

HELIO

I'll always love you, My Dear  
Loo.

He kisses her as the blood drains from her face and slops  
onto his bare feet.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM- DAY

ANDY PETROU, a pretty brunette with wide hazel eyes,  
enters the room. She drags a large wooden trunk behind  
her.

She drops the trunk and locks the door.

ANDY

Handle up, handle down, is it  
locked? Yes it is.

She sighs. Checks the door again.

ANDY

Damn it! Will I ever get over  
this thing? I'm such a Goonie.

She chuckles to herself then... as she turns...  
...the Ninja stands before her, swords raised.

ANDY  
Bloody hell!

SWISH! Andy ducks as the blade slices thin air.  
She frantically struggles to unlock the door.

ANDY  
Help! Somebody help me!

The window SMASHES as MIKE SHELTON swings into the room  
and SLAMS into the wall.

He picks himself up and dusts himself down.

MIKE  
Swingin'!

ANDY  
Mike, you came to save me!

The Ninja spins like a tornado and, SWISH, lops off  
Mike's head. He crumples to the floor, still twitching as  
blood sprays from his neck.

NINJA  
Don't ya just love them  
Disposable Heroes.

Andy is speechless, rooted to the spot.

The Ninja raises a sword.

NINJA  
Pucker up, buttercup.

SWISH! The Ninja slices off her head and catches it mid-  
air.

EXT. SALOON- DAY

Greg gallops up on his horse, a cloud of dust in his wake.

He dismounts and ties his trusty steed to a post then enters the saloon.

INT. SALOON- DAY

An eerie SILENCE greets him.

His face pales when he sees Dogglebe's headless body slumped over the bar, blood pouring from his open neck.

GREG

Well I'll be damned.

He looks around and spots George Willson's decapitated corpse propped up on the piano stool.

Gulping back a dry heave, Greg maneuvers around the bar, empties the cash register and grabs a bottle of liquor.

EXT. SALOON- DAY

Greg steps out through the doors, his face turning green. He spits a wad of tobacco and wipes the sweat from his brow.

He takes a deep swig of liquor then vomits all over his boots.

Out of nowhere, three horsemen appear.

Greg draws his pistol in a FLASH. But he's surrounded.

Wesley levels a revolver at Greg.

His companions: two fresh-face cowboys, ANDREW ROMANCE and ZAVIER, each armed with shotguns.

GREG

Keep on ridin' fellas. Ain't nothin' in there you wanna see.

Wesley swings his gun towards the liquor bottle.

WESLEY

That's a hell of an Addiction  
you got there, son. Say... ain't  
you the one they call the Bird  
Man?

A budgie flutters down and lands on Greg's shoulder.

GREG

I might be. Who's askin'?

WESLEY

I go by the name o' Wesley. I'm  
the deputy of this here town.

Greg squints at him, takes another swig of liquor.

GREG

Where can I find the sheriff?

WESLEY

Sheriff's outta town. We're  
takin' care o' things while he's  
gone. Ain't we, boys?

Zavier and Andrew exchange nods.

GREG

And who might you be?

ZAVIER

We're moderators. We moderate  
any stealin' of this property.  
We're damn good too.

ANDREW

But you can't be no geek off the  
street. Gotta be handy with the  
steel if you know what I mean,  
earn your keep.

Greg swigs his liquor.

GREG

Well, I need to report a murder.  
Matter o' fact, make that two.

WESLEY

Lemme guess. The heads were  
missin'.

Greg squints at him, confused.

GREG

Yeah, that's right.

WESLEY

Figures. They ain't the first  
and sure as hell won't be the  
last. Somethin' fishy's goin on  
round here. Sheriff Don's gonna  
be mighty pissed when he gets  
back.

EXT. HELIO'S HOUSE- DAY

Helio sits on the porch, drowning his sorrows in a fresh  
bottle of tequila.

HELIO

(sighs)

What a Day! The Daily Life of a  
Dead Man. One minute I was on  
Happiness Road... now I'm at  
Hell's Last Station... Where did  
it all go wrong?

He goes to take another swig but the bottle slips from  
his hand and spills into the dirt.

He curses, rises unsteadily to his feet and begins to  
walk.

EXT. TOWN- DAY

Deserted, dusty, oppressively hot.

Helio staggers along the main street, past the empty  
casinos and brothels.

The wind whips up a cloud of dust.

A tumbleweed rolls past.

Then... through the haze... he sees something.

EXT. SALOON- DAY

Greg, Wesley, Andrew and Zavier lie spread-eagled on the ground. Decapitated. The dirt stained dark with pools of blood.

Vultures circle ominously overhead.

Helio approaches as the wind intensifies, whipping up dust all around him.

He crouches next to Wesley, plucks off his deputy's badge and pins it to his own chest.

He then takes a revolver from Wesley's hand, spins the chamber, slaps it back in place.

HELIO

Now you *really* struck a nerve!

The wind HOWLS as a sandstorm blows in.

A door RATTLES on its hinges.

Helio looks up at the General Store. The sign says 'closed' but the door swings ajar.

He approaches.

INT. GENERAL STORE- DAY

It's deserted.

The door CREAKS open and Helio enters, gun drawn.

The shelves are crammed with assorted items. Baskets of fruit on the floor, boxes of cigars on the counter.

Helio stumbles onward towards a door at the back of the store.

INT. STOREROOM

A vast storeroom, the walls lined with shelves. Each shelf is filled with large glass jars connected by tubes leading down to a strange contraption of cogs and levers in the center of the room.

Each jar contains a severed human head submerged in formaldehyde.

Bert, Cindy, Higgs, Mike, Andy, George, Dogglebe, Wesley, Andrew, Zavier, Heretic and dozens more. All of them with eyes wide and alert, somehow still alive.

A furnace roars in the corner. Steam blasts through the pipes and turns the cogs of the bizarre mechanism.

The Ninja pulls Greg's head out of a sack and plunges it into a jar of formaldehyde.

A tube is connected and Greg's eyes SPRING OPEN.

NINJA

Excellent... the circle is almost complete.

Greg's jar is given pride of place on the shelf with the others.

The Ninja approaches George Wilson's head.

NINJA

The Perfect Plan, you might say... If you could say anything! Ahahahahaha!

The door SLAMS OPEN and Helio storms into the room, pistol raised.

HELIO

No fucking move!

The Ninja spins on its heels.

NINJA

Helio, you're right on time. I was wondering how long it'd take a creative mind like yours to figure it all out.

Helio looks around at the severed heads. His jaw drops, aghast.

HELIO

I am simply muddled! I did a  
great strength to understand,  
but my English is not very well.

The Ninja laughs and pulls off the mask to reveal a mop  
of wavy blonde hair.

It's Breanne.

Helio's hand shakes as he grips the pistol.

HELIO

Oh my God! You're out of your  
mind!

Breanne smiles and raises her sword.

BREANNE

No, *you're* out of your mind!

She swings the sword.

Helio ducks out of the way and fires.

BOOM! The shot misses but smashes one of the jars,  
spilling formaldehyde across the floor.

Breanne slips and falls.

Greg's head rolls along the floor towards her.

GREG'S HEAD

Nyuk! Nyuk! Nyuk!

Breanne stabs Greg's head with her sword.

Helio towers over her, smoking pistol in hand.

HELIO

You are a dear friend, Brea. But  
now you must die!

THWAK! An axe lodges in Helio's neck. He keels over.

SHERIFF DON stands behind him, axe in hand. He wears a  
cowboy hat and a few day's stubble.

He looks at the smashed jar, Greg's (now dead) head on  
the floor. He scowls at Breanne.

DON  
What the heck happened?

Breanne gets to her feet.

BREANNE  
It's just one head, Don. No big deal. We've got hundreds. Soon, the Breannites will rule the world.

DON  
But he was one of our best. You know the rules. Wait... what did you just say?

Breanne's face flushes.

Don raises the axe.

BREANNE  
Nothing... Don, please... I didn't mean it. You can't kill me... we're a team!

Rage burns in his eyes.

DON  
Somebody didn't follow the **rules!**

THWAK! He brings down the axe.

INT. STOREROOM- LATER

Don tinkers with the machinery. Everything is in place. Helio and Breanne's heads are now in jars along with the others.

DON  
Now then. Let's get those creative juices flowing.

He pulls a lever and the machine WHIRS into life.

Liquid pumps through the tubes, as the creative juices drain from the severed heads.

A printing press stutters then spews out page after page of perfectly formatted screenplays.

Don picks up a page and reads.

He LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

Then... he spots something. A large wooden trunk: Andy Petrou's large wooden trunk.

He puts down the screenplay and walks over to it.

A note is attached, scrawled in a child's handwriting:  
'DO NOT OPUN'

Of course, Don can't resist. He fiddles with the latch and pops it open.

A large TANUKI springs out and hops around the room. It looks like a giant raccoon with huge, pendulous testicles.

Don steps back in terror as the Tanuki bounces around.

Its testicles begin to swell as it dances a merry dance.

Wiggle. Wiggle.

DON

Wow!

Wiggle. Wiggle.

The testicles swell to monstrous proportions, bigger, and bigger, and bigger...until...

EXT. TOWN- AERIAL VIEW

KABOOM! The entire town explodes!

FADE OUT.