

Blood Highway

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Along a winding stretch of asphalt a huge hunters moon illuminates the road.

A beat-up 1970s blue Cutlass convertible races down Interstate highway 1.

INT. 1970S BLUE CUTLASS CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Disposable cups and empty packs of smokes litter the passenger's side.

TRACE WILLIAM, 35, haggard and exhausted, pushes through the night chain smoking furiously to keep awake.

THUD!

TRACE WILLIAM

Damn it!

Trace abruptly stops along the side of the empty road.

Car door opens.

A Camel cigarette flicks out.

A pair of grungy dirty cowboy boots step out noisily and walk to the trunk of the car.

A black auto loader custom grip shotgun is gripped tightly in Trace's hands.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Trace slams three times on the back of the trunk with the butt of the gun.

Stops.

Nothing.

No sound.

Moments pass.

Still nothing.

Trace takes a step back.

THUMP.

Trace whips open the trunk.

Inside, a man, hands bound and gagged.

Middle aged, with slight gray in the temples and dressed in a black suit and tie.

JOHN DOE annoyed but calm looks his captor in the face.

He motions to the gag in his mouth.

Trace, angry, pulls out the gag.

TRACE WILLIAM
Your pissing me off lil piggie.

JOHN DOE
My name is---

Trace presses the auto loader shotgun into John Doe face.
Presses hard.

TRACE WILLIAM
I didn't ask.

JOHN DOE
I see, well would you like to know?

TRACE WILLIAM
I don't.

John Doe calmly nudges the shot gun barrel away from his face.

JOHN DOE
I guess now that we don't know each others -

TRACE WILLIAM
(angrily)
Sit back in the trunk!

JOHN DOE
(composed)
Listen, you have the gun. I know you're in charge.

TRACE WILLIAM
God, your a polite fucker aren't you (beat) fuck this -

JOHN DOE
No, wait please.

Touching the Gun Barrel.

TRACE WILLIAM
What!

JOHN DOE
(calmly)
I just need a smoke. Just one.
(beat) A smoke and a sit.

TRACE WILLIAM
A sit?

JOHN DOE
Passenger side, just a bit then
I'll go back in the trunk promise.

TRACE WILLIAM
You fucking crazy?

JOHN DOE
I'm many things, but crazy no.

An annoyed look crosses Trace's face.

He pushes the barrel of the shotgun back into John doe's face.

Trace attempts to corral John Doe back into the trunk of the car.

Again John Doe nudges the shotgun barrel away from his face.

JOHN DOE
We're halfway there aren't we?

TRACE WILLIAM
(menacingly)
I'm about to shoot you.

JOHN DOE
You can,... but I think you need me
alive and I'm not resisting. It'll
be faster if I ride with you.

John Doe gives his captor a weak smile.

JOHN DOE
Look I know my fate, I'm not
resisting but I have a bum leg and

JOHN DOE
it kicks. I can't help it, bad
circulation.

Trace pauses. John Doe gingerly pats his left leg then
motions for a smoke.

JOHN DOE
Please, just one. I won't resist.

Extends his hands out.

Trace, annoyed, pops a blade out and cuts his bonds.

Then hands him a smoke.

JOHN DOE
Got a light?

TRACE WILLIAM
Fucker.

Lights John Doe's cigarette.

John Doe inhales deeply with pleasure and smiles.

JOHN DOE
Vices, you know.

Eyes Trace with no hesitation.

JOHN DOE
So can we get going?

TRACE WILLIAM
You that sure I won't just shoot
you right now?

JOHN DOE
No, but I have faith you won't.

TRACE WILLIAM
That's a stupid thing to have.

Shoves the shotgun barrel right at John Doe's right leg

TRACE WILLIAM
(menacingly)
You even think of running or trying
to call anyone for help I will
kneecap you and gut shot you just
for shits and giggles, understand
me?

JOHN DOE

I do.

John Doe follows Trace into the car.

INT. 1970S BLUE CUTLASS CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

John Doe pushes aside all the empty packs of smokes and coffee cups, sits passenger side and takes a deep pull on his smoke.

The engine blares a loud roar. The black auto loader custom grip shotgun sits between them.

Trace gives a quick side glance then looks ahead.

The beat-up 1970's blue Cutlass convertible takes off.

JOHN DOE

I'm worth a lot, aren't I?

Trace looks over.

TRACE WILLIAM

What's it to you, you're dead.

JOHN DOE

Like to think I'm worth more in death than life.

TRACE WILLIAM

You're worth your sins, no more or less.

JOHN DOE

So you do this for money, yes?

TRACE WILLIAM

I do it for money,... lots of money, and I'll do it again for that kind of cash over and over.

John Doe leans into the backseat, relaxes and stares out of the car window at the stars. Cigarette smoke fills the car.

JOHN DOE

A Beautiful night isn't it!?

TRACE WILLIAM

You don't shut up do you?

JOHN DOE
What's so wrong with a condemned
man talking?

TRACE WILLIAM
You had your whole life to talk,
time to shut up and die.

Trace looks over to John Doe in disgust.

JOHN DOE
(smiling)
Tell me, are you afraid of God?

TRACE WILLIAM
What the fuck are you talking
about?

John Doe stares at Trace and smiles.

JOHN DOE
God and country.

TRACE WILLIAM
Say that again?

JOHN DOE
God and country.

Trace slams the break abruptly then shoves his black auto loader custom grip shotgun back in John Doe's face.

TRACE WILLIAM
I'm so close to killing you here.

JOHN DOE
You'd make quite the mess you know
blowing my head off like that, not
to mention the blow back and
potential shrapnel.

Trace holds presses the shotgun even harder against John Doe's face as eyes meet.

Trace scrutinizes John Doe as he takes a deep pull from his cigarette then puts it out his shoe.

JOHN DOE
I was military, long ago, in
another time.

TRACE WILLIAM
Sure you were.

JOHN DOE
Mad dog.

TRACE WILLIAM
Who?

JOHN DOE
Mad Dog. We were good.

Trace backs up a bit.

JOHN DOE
Spies, spooks, soldiers, dirty
senators. whoever/whomever stepped
out of favor.

TRACE WILLIAM
God, you can spin a yarn can't ya.
You gonna bore me?

JOHN DOE
No, I hope to entertain you before
I die.

TRACE WILLIAM
Five minutes.

JOHN DOE
Nineteen ninety-four, the world's a
battlefield and government's
respond. We had carte blanche.

Trace lowers the shotgun back between the seats, Leans back
and pulls out a cigarette.

Smokes.

JOHN DOE
We were in the Congo, a warlord
refused to listen to the right
people.

TRACE WILLIAM
The Congo wars.

JOHN DOE
We killed everyone.

TRACE WILLIAM
Even the uganda warlords?

JOHN DOE
(smiling)
We owned them, most of them.

JOHN DOE
We wanted to keep fighting. Strife
is very profitable.

TRACE WILLIAM
Fuckers died on all side of the
conflict. They died in shit and
mud.

JOHN DOE
You have limits?

TRACE WILLIAM
Buddy, I'm glad I get the honor of
bringing you in. You really deserve
what's coming to you. Get to your
fucking point!

JOHN DOE
(Smiling)
Of course.

JOHN DOE
The last years of the Rwandan
conflict, We entered Kinshasa and
killed the leader course it wasn't
us.

TRACE WILLIAM
Of Course.

TRACE WILLIAM
If what your saying is true, why
haven't you taken my gun away and
killed me, for that matter you
never even put up a fight when I
got ya.

JOHN DOE
(smiling)
I'm getting to it!

TRACE WILLIAM
Please fucking do.

Trace takes a deep pull on his cigarette. Then tosses the
cherry out of the car window.

TRACE WILLIAM

So?

JOHN DOE

I saw it, through the burning, the
carnage, the blood, It rose,
blossomed before me. Truly I was
beholden.

TRACE WILLIAM

Beholden?

JOHN DOE

To God, the one true God!

JOHN DOE

In that hellhole that was Uganda, I
found my salvation!

Trace rubs his forehead in irritation and disbelief.

JOHN DOE

I know what your thinking.

TRACE WILLIAM

Buddy you have no clue, cause if
you did you would be trying to get
the fuck out of here.

John Doe leans, inches from Traces face.

JOHN DOE

It killed everyone, all my men, all
of their men, all those outside the
palace, dead. Then "It" blessed me.

Trace looks up at John Doe, face inches away. Stares for a
moment then shrinks back.

JOHN DOE

After that, I knew.

Trace turns away, hand on the steering wheel, gritting his
teeth.

JOHN DOE

God chose me, nothing else matters.

TRACE WILLIAM

You're bluffing me, what you're
trying to bluff I don't know or get
but I just wanna kill you right
now.

JOHN DOE
No bluff, I found my God that's
all.

Trace stares in disbelief and disgust.

JOHN DOE
(Smiling)
Well, that's that. Can I get
another smoke?

Trace throws John Doe a cigarette.

TRACE WILLIAM
Here, your death is gonna pay for a
lotta packs, so enjoy.

John Doe leans back and lights his smoke.

Trace starts the car and off they drive again.

A dirt gravel path is revealed by the bend in the road.

Trace slows the car to a halt.

TRACE WILLIAM
We're here.

Moments later several lights appear from the darkness
surrounding the car.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

A deep voice rings out.

VOICE IN SHADOWS
Come out.

Trace looks over.

TRACE WILLIAM
Think that's for you asshole.

JOHN DOE
I think it is.

John Doe gets out.

Stretches out, calm and relaxed, cigarette in mouth.

JOHN DOE
Gentleman.

VOICE IN SHADOWS
On your knees.

JOHN DOE
Sure.

John Doe gets down on his knees, flicks his cigarette away.

VOICE IN SHADOWS
Are you ready?

JOHN DOE
Yes.

Trace watches, waits, nervously for a moment then walks out
shotgun in hand.

TRACE WILLIAM
Where's my money?

VOICE IN SHADOWS
You did a splendid job Trace.

TRACE WILLIAM
Excuse me whoever you are, our
contact Michael, right?

VOICE IN SHADOWS
Yes, Michael.

TRACE WILLIAM
Good, well that prick told me the
when's and the where's and also the
how's. Like how I was going to be
paid hundred grand for this fucker.

Turns to John Doe.

John Doe looks up and smiles.

TRACE WILLIAM
Fuck you.

Then looks over to the source of the voice.

TRACE WILLIAM
I can't believe this guy is worth a
hundred grand!

TRACE WILLIAM
What the hell did he do?

Moments pass no words are spoken. The voice in shadows does not answer.

Trace looks anxious.

TRACE WILLIAM
Do I have shoot this fucking place
up, talk to me!

From the darkness, a large book bag is thrown into the light.

The bag lands at Trace's feet.

Relief and surprise spreads across Trace's face.

Trace cautiously approaches the bag, kneels over and inspects it.

Looks over one last time at John Doe.

TRACE WILLIAM
Nice knowing you, dick head.

John Doe smiles a very broad grin then slowly pulls a pack of Camel cigarettes from his suit jacket.

Lights a smoke grinning all the way.

JOHN DOE
Same to you Trace.

Trace see's John light the Camel. A look of surprise crosses his face as trace opens the bag.

A huge dust cloud envelopes Trace.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

Muffled sounds of talking.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A large cavernous altar is carved from rock.

Several statues hewn from rock meant to be saints are deformed grotesque version of saints.

In the center, Trace is strung down on a stone slab.

He opens his eyes.

Bats, visible hang along the cave ceiling, bloated, hairy creatures leer down.

A Sudden echo of footsteps, Trace turns and see's a large mob dressed in suits.

At the head of the group is John Doe.

Smiling.

John Doe bends down and eyes Trace.

JOHN DOE
Hello, little piggie.

Intense fear creeps into Trace's face.

TRACE WILLIAM
What the fuck! Look I was doing my
job.

JOHN DOE
You did!

TRACE WILLIAM
Look, LOOK! I just want to be paid,
I'll leave no problems just give me
my money and I'll -

JOHN DOE
You are getting paid Trace.

John Doe leans in.

JOHN DOE
You're getting eternal payment with
our lord Trace. We are.

John Doe stands up arms stretched out in praise.

JOHN DOE
Welcome! Tonight with the
approval of our midnight
society I give praise and
worship to our eternal lord
with this humble sacrifice!

John doe looks down at Trace smiling. Pulls out a camel
slowly lights it and inhales deeply.

JOHN DOE
For us God-fearing folk tonight's a
very special night Trace. we needed
a two very bad men on short notice.
You Trace. You did a great job
bringing yourself here on the time
frame we gave you.

The group in suits approaches John Doe and help take off his
suit top and shirt and tie.

TRACE WILLIAM
What are you doing!

JOHN DOE
Calling our Lord, Trace.

TRACE WILLIAM
What are you talking about? Let me
go now!

JOHN DOE
Watch very carefully Trace.

John Doe leans over and pulls a huge knife strapped to his
leg. It is huge and curved, the size of an arm.

John Doe put the tip to his chest and with great exertion
pushes the blade slowly into his chest.

A crimson spurt shoots out and covers Trace's face in blood.
Trace screams. And screams. The sound of ripping cartilage
echoes through the cavern.

Another sound of bone breaking sharply echoes, followed by a
ripping tearing sound.

Trace screams for his life, his face drenched in blood.
Trace opens his eyes.

Before him is John Doe heart in hand and smiling.

Trace starts to gag and choke on blood and his own bile.

John Doe stands up and faces the crowd who are now on their
knees praying, chanting. One in the crowd takes the heart
from John Doe's gore-filled hands.

JOHN DOE
(arms raised)
Our God will soon be here, rejoice!

Then turns to Trace.

JOHN DOE
Here's your payment Trace!

John Doe slams the knife into Trace's chest and proceeds to cut him open.

FADE OUT

THE END