

THE LAST OBSTACLE TO EVIL

by

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An Unsettled Hero

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. MARINE HUMVEE (MOVING) - IRAQI DESERT - DAYBREAK

SGT. TRAVIS COLT (22) rugged handsome Native American, veers off the road as an eagle smacks the windshield. Flies ahead.

He kisses a photo of his girlfriend in a bikini. Pockets it. Stomps on the gas. Weaves through the desert after the bird.

CPL. CLAY MOORE (22) red-neck Texan. Rides shotgun. Reads a map on a laptop screen. Plugs green then red wires into a remote control detonator.

TRAVIS

Quit playing with that detonator,
Clay. I'll take care of that. You
just find out where the fuck we are
on that map.

Clay tosses the detonator on the dashboard and smirks:

CLAY

Boom! Sure, Sarge.

KYLE (19) Venice Beach muscle-head jock. Climbs down and out of the turret. Steps on a piece of board labeled "C-4 plastic explosives."

KYLE

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

Back seat. OZONE (19) Mexican girl, not much English and BARRY (21) Afro-American geek. Rifles aimed out the windows.

OZONE

¿en qué la cogida va?

CLAY

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

OZONE

Remember the Alamo, ya puto redneck
Texan. We're taking it back.

CLAY

Yeah, one dirty dish at a time.

OZONE

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

Everyone but Clay laughs. Then Clay joins them laughing.

TRAVIS

That bird was a goddamn golden eagle! Wasn't it, Barry?

BARRY

The scientific name is Aquila Chrysaetos, Sarge. It must have come down from the mountains to defend its land from our invasion.

TRAVIS

Get down here and drive, Kyle. I'm going in the turret.

Kyle bounces behind the wheel. Travis ducks into the turret:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

CLAY

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

BARRY

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

Clay turns to Barry:

CLAY

Hey, Barry. Forget about scaring our Hajji-loving, college-boy, sergeant Travis. He's been this way since James Bowie and William Travis grammar school. When his Apache wannabe brain takes over.

(shakes his head)

He ain't seen any action today. And all the no-doze and red bull ain't gonna quench his adrenalin thirsty heroic warrior soul.

KYLE

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

He drives through a village. The sky is red with fiery embers and black smoke. Houses reduced to smoldering rubble.

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

TRAVIS

Your souls are mine. The devil's
gotta go through me to get 'em.
Slow-up, Kyle!

Kyle slows the vehicle to a crawl. Everyone stares out the windows...

EXT. MARINE HUMVEE (MOVING) - IRAQI DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Travis lets go of the machine gun. Sees the eagle fly in circles above a house. Flames shoot out the windows.

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

TRAVIS

Pull along the side of that house,
Kyle!

Clay pokes his head out of the turret from below:

CLAY

We're killing these people, not
saving them. These people are the
enemy, Travis.

TRAVIS

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

Kyle pulls alongside the house. Flames, smoke, and burning cinders blast the Humvee.

Travis waves at the flames and reaches up...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Qafz ely bsre! Gafz ely bsre!

The Man tosses a Child at a time. Then the Woman. Travis catches them. Drops them in the Humvee. Catches the Man.

The Humvee pulls away from the house covered in burning cinders of debris. Stops outside of the burning village.

Everyone gets out. Throws sand on the Humvee. Extinguish the fiery cinders covering the vehicle.

Travis and the Man jump down from the turret. Travis picks up an eagle feather in the sand. The Family group-hugs Travis.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE (MOVING) - DAY

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

Clay shakes his head in the shotgun seat.

Ozone and Barry cheer from the back seat.

Tony's cheers from the turret. Slowly concern washes over his face as they go over the top and down the dune:

KYLE

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

A hail of bullets smacks the singed vehicle.

Travis swerves. Kicks-up sand around them. As Kyle fires...

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - RIVER BANK - DAY - MINUTES LATER

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

Above the river bank. Twelve Iraqi SOLDIERS fire AKs at the Humvee from behind scaffolding around an excavated ancient temple.

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

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

A marine gunship lands before the bridge. The machine GUNNER blasts the Iraqis.

Travis, eagle feather on his helmet. Carries Clay to the gunship. Clay's bloody face ripped open from ear to ear. Across his face. His bloody mangled legs dangle over Travis' arms.

TRAVIS

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

CLAY

Put me down, Travis! I want to die!
If you save me.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

I swear to you and to all hell, by
the devil himself. I'll sell my
soul to take your legs and send you
to hell in my place!

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

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

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

Travis turns to leave. The Gunner grabs him. Waves him in.

TRAVIS

Wait till I get the rest of my men!

He smacks the Gunner's hand away. Steps toward the Humvee. An
incoming RPG flies over the Humvee toward the helicopter.

Travis fires his rifle. Hits the RPG in midair. The blast
twists Travis around. Throws him to his knees.

Shrapnel claws through the gunship fuselage.

The Gunner grabs his throat. Blood sprays through his
fingers. He falls out. Hangs by his safety harness.

Travis drops his shrapnel-chewed rifle. It hisses in the mud.

He shakes his shrapnel-filled hands. They sizzle in the rain.

Marines Kyle, Barry and Ozone duck behind the Humvee as two
RPGs explode into it.

Fiery pieces of the Humvee and body-parts knock Travis'
helmet off. Rip into his knees. Slams him into the gunship.

Travis screams. Covered in the flesh of his dead friends.
Grabs the dead Gunner as his mangled knees give out.

The gunship rises. Fires two missiles. One blasts the Abaddon
statue. The other destroys the temple.

Clay laughs madly in the helicopter. Wide-eyes. Blazing red.

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

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Travis lies on an old threadbare mattress. Pops five pain pills in his mouth. Grunts, teary-eyed as he slowly opens and closes his hands. Pitted with purple shrapnel scars.

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

SUPER: A FEW YEAR LATER

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

He jams a .45 auto in his mouth. Closes his eyes. Racks the slide. Chambers a cartridge. Finger grips the trigger...

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

TRAVIS

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

He fires. Blasts the book across the floor. Knocks three cans of spray-paint over.

He shoots seven empty whiskey bottles and five empty prescription bottles by his bed.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Out, you fucking demons!

He slams the .45 upside his head and fires bullets into the ceiling. Until it clicks on an empty clip.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You can't have me.

He punches the .45 through the wall. Leaves it. Grabs a spray-paint can. Blood runs down his face. He shakes the can...

He limps through torn newspapers on the floor. Poems were written and scratched-out with a felt pen on the pages over the printed words.

He draws on the girlfriend photo taped to the wall. Makes her look like the devil, leathery wings and a snake tail. Sings:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

"Since my baby left me, I found a
new place to dwell, It's down at
the end of Lonely Street, At
Heartbreak Motel, I get so lonely,
baby, I could die."

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

He shakes his head as he spray-paints under the faces:

"I live by." Then writes: "the grace." Then sprays wavy lines across the wall... "We are bound in." Wavy lines... "They died for me." Wavy lines... "I am." Wavy lines across all the walls. Grinds the spray-paint can into his forehead and sobs.

He spray-paints "HELP" across the totem pole. Drops the paint can. Flops onto his back on the mattress.

He sneers at the ceiling fan. Squeezes his eyes shut.

NIGHTMARE

Travis tosses and turns on the mattress. Eyes squeezed shut. Blood sprays his face. He shakes his head and stares up...

ANGLE

Clay lies over spinning ceiling fan blades. Laughs. Eyes blazing red. Ripped-face and mangled-legs spit blood.

CLAY (O.S.)

Lost your ma. Your girlfriend.
Homeless. Hooked on painkillers.
And I ain't even started on ya yet!

O.S. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

NIGHTMARE ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Travis shakes awake, prone on the old mattress. O.S. CRACKLE.

TRAVIS

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

Cracks split the plaster across the opposing side walls. A wrecking ball crashes through plywood over the front windows.

Travis watches the ball swing just over his nose. Suspended from the boom cable as it chews a path across the ceiling. Until the ball smashes through the back wall.

Chunks of ceiling hit the mattress. As Travis hoists it over his head. Races the ball toward the boarded-up front door.

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

A crane, backhoe, dump truck of dirt, in a fenced-in boarded-up two-story desert roadside motel. Nothing but sand and mud around it. Two stairways to a balcony for the rooms.

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

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

The wrecking ball smashes the extended roof over his head.

Concrete chunks and shingles crash onto the balcony.

Travis slides face down on the mattress, over the plywood, down the stairs.

He skids across the sidewalk toward the crane's caterpillar tracks.

TRAVIS

Shh-shit!

He rolls off the plywood/mattress into the mud before it slams into the caterpillar tracks.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Who the...

JAMIE JANE (19) sexy freckled redhead. Tits stuffed in a sundress. Hums "Beethoven's 5th" and kisses the cabin window.

She squirms as she works the joysticks between her legs.

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

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The boom drops the cable. Swings the wrecking ball.

Travis ducks and rolls on his shoulder. The wrecking ball just misses him. Smacks a section of the fence down.

He trips over the fallen fence. Crashes into a trench.

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

Travis lies in the trench and closes his eyes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Get this over with, so I can get to sleep. My nightmares are the punishment I deserve.

Clay sits on the edge. Purple jagged-scars across his face. From ear to ear. Legs hung over the edge into the hole.

CLAY

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

TRAVIS

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

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

CLAY

Don't matter to me, either way. But you just might wanna be prepared. For when you're gonna be seeing Ozone, Barry, and Kyle, in the next night or so. In their putrid flesh.

Travis looks at the photo of Ozone, Kyle, and Barry in bloody ripped-uniforms. Putrid faces and hands jigsaw puzzles of torn flesh. With blazing-red, peering-eyes.

Travis climbs to his feet.

TRAVIS

What in hell? Where did you get this photo?

Jamie clicks an instant camera photo of Travis:

JAMIE

Smile, asshole. I'm taking your soul.

She rips the photo out as it pops out.

CLAY

Jamie here took that pic two nights ago. They're asking for you, Travis. They wanna tear you apart.

TRAVIS

Get the fuck outta here.

CLAY

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

Travis kneels. Claws a hole in the mud. Buries the photo.

TRAVIS

You are completely out of your
bugging mind.

Clay flings another photo on the filled-in hole.

INSERT PHOTO

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

INSERT PHOTO ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

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

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

CLAY

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

(beat)

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

TRAVIS

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

He rips the photo to pieces.

CLAY

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

He pulls a hip flask of Tequila from his pocket. Sips from the flask. Throws the flask off Travis' chest.

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

He squeezes his teary-eyes shut.

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

TRAVIS

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

Clay shakes his head and smirks:

CLAY

Shock n' awe. Surgical strikes my ass. We run over a pile of legs, arms, and heads in the streets over there! And none of them were ever on any TV news.

Travis stands. Bends his knees. Loosens them up.

TRAVIS

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

Clay marches around the hole. Double salutes with left and right "fuck you" fingers.

CLAY

Suppose they think they're gonna shower us with praise by parading us through the streets. Wash away our sins with all temp-a-cheers. But we brought the devil home in all of us.

Jamie sets her chin on Clay's shoulder. Whisper to him. He scoffs. Pets her head.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Travis, meet beauty and-the-beast.
Kick-boxing regiment champ "Little
home-wrecker". US Air Force Tech.
My Aryan doll, Jamie Jane! A
trained opera singer too.

Travis yanks Clay's artificial legs off of him. Sits. Holding them.

Jamie hugs Clay under his arms. Supports him on the edge of the hole. Kisses his ear.

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

JAMIE

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

CLAY

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

Jamie hands him a .44 revolver.

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

TRAVIS

Just shoot me!

Clay spins the bullet chamber. Aims at Travis.

CLAY

I'm gonna need to get my legs from
you first.

Travis raises the legs toward Jamie. She grabs them.

JAMIE

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

Travis pulls her to the edge. She lets the legs go. He sits on his ass. Tosses the legs down. Clay nods to Jamie.

CLAY

The first dance is yours, baby
doll.

She jumps in the trench. Spin-kicks Travis. He crashes
against the wall.

She spins again. Scrapes her toenails along his chin. As he
jumps back and yanks her foot over his shoulder.

She kicks her other leg upside his head. Links her feet
around his neck. Leg-throws him down. He lands unconscious.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - OPEN WARD (WET DREAM) - DAY

Travis walks and gazes down the center aisle between the bays
to either side.

CLAY (O.S.)

Just imagine grown men and women
needing their mommies and daddies
to bath them?

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

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

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

She wraps one arm around him. The other hand splashes up and
down in sudsy bath water between his thighs. Masturbates him.

Clay double "fuck you" salutes Travis and grunts:

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

Jamie kisses his nose. Pours bath water over his head.

WET DREAM ENDS

EXT./INT. OLD SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Travis sits shotgun. Peers out the window. Groggy-eyed...

As he's driven past a line of cars on a street leading to
kids exiting school buses in front of a building with...

"James Bowie and William Travis Grammar School" on it.

TRAVIS

(mumbles)

We both graduated from that school.

Jamie in the back seat. A professional full-head silicon Muslim woman mask on. Head-scarf. Kevlar vest. Camo pants. Army boots.

She pulls Travis' seat back. Pours the flask of Tequila down his throat.

JAMIE

Teacher says, open wide.

Clay drives. A professional full head silicon bearded Muslim man mask, baseball cap. Camo pants. Army boots.

CLAY

Ya know, VA gimme 2500 monthly for my legs. Zero for mental anguish!

He whips a corner. Zooms down a small town street. Punches his head.

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

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

JAMIE

You will take your medicine.

Clay jerks the wheel right. Bumps the curb. Drops it in "P". Sips the flask of tequila.

CLAY

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

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

CLAY (CONT'D)

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

He hops out. Jamie bounces out the shotgun side.

Travis squeals his forehead against the window. Blinks at a

EXT. SOUTHWEST SAVINGS BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Clay and Jamie enter the one-story small town bank through a revolving door. Blast their guns at the ceiling.

Travis falls out the door. Face down on the curb. Slurring...

TRAVIS

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

He climbs the door to his feet. Stumbles to an ATM in the wall next to the revolving door.

He pulls a debit card out. Teeters. Shoves the flask in his back pocket. Flattens his forehead against the ATM window.

He slides his card through the reader. Punches Abaddon's smiling cobra-face as it flashes on the ATM screen.

He stumbles back to the car door. Drops his ass on the curb.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Another evil bank...

He climbs the car door. Sits shotgun. Climbs out using the door. Reels face-first into the blank ATM screen.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What's the holdup!

O.S. AN ALARM RINGS.

He raises his hands. Backpedals. Looks left to right.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Don't shoot!

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

Travis staggers over. Shoves his raised hands in her face.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I give up!

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

Travis hobbles in a circle back to the revolving door.

Clay stops halfway out of the revolving door. Travis in his way. Clay aims the .44 in Travis' face.

CLAY
Get outta the my way!

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

He yanks his foot out. Falls palms down on the pavement. The .44 scrapes along the sidewalk away from him.

Travis trips onto one knee. Grabs the .44. Raises the gun toward Clay. Clay grabs it from him. Knocks him on his ass.

CLAY (CONT'D)
I'll take that, Sergeant.

DEPUTY FRANK WHIT (30) muscular, in a Kevlar vest. Exits the revolving door. Handgun raised. Fires.

The bullet whizzes by Clay. Zaps a light-post behind him.

Travis kicks Clay. He fires as he stumbles back. Fires again.

One bullet blasts Whit in the vest. The second tears into his throat. He fires in midair as he falls in the revolving door.

Jamie rolls the sedan forward. Opens the shotgun door. Clay backs into the front seat. Slams the door.

The car squeals away. Fishtails around the next corner.

O.S. SIRENS WAIL CLOSER...

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

TRAVIS
Frank Whit! It's me, Travis!

He breathes life into Frank's lungs.

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

Frank blinks his eyes open. Gurgles blood.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Listen to the sirens, Frank!

O.S. TIRES SQUEAL UP. A POLICE-BAND RADIO SQUAWKS.

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

O.S. ONCOMING TIRES SQUEAL. THUMP OVER A CURB.

INT. SHERIFF POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

DEPUTY WADE MOORE (55) wireless headset, cowboy hat, black combat boots. Sneers with extreme prejudice at everyone. Sits behind a police command radio and a desktop computer.

He watches SHERIFF COLT (66) Native American, Kevlar vest, steely-eyes. Ushers Travis, handcuffed, into his office.

WADE
(mumbles to himself)
Fucking heathen mongoloids.

COLT
Mind your business, Wade.

WADE
Yes sir, Sheriff.

He talks inaudibly on his headset. Walks away. Eyeballs Colt.

Colt shuts the door. "SHERIFF COLT" stenciled on the front of the glass.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

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

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

Travis shakes as he leans against the wall. His cuffs rattle. Sweating profusely from alcohol and drugs withdrawal.

COLT
Go-on. Sit down there, son.

TRAVIS
Yes, sir. Sheriff Colt.

Colt sits at the desk. Removes a ring of keys from a clip on his belt.

He takes the cuffs off Travis. Hangs them on his belt. Takes the flask from Travis' pocket. Weighs it in his hand.

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

He offers the flask to Travis.

TRAVIS

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

COLT

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

He lays the flask in front of Travis. He looks at the flask. Licks his lips. Shakes his head:

TRAVIS

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

COLT

Keep fighting till you beat him.

TRAVIS

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

COLT

Your past regrets are stealing your spirit. Master your fear and your free.

TRAVIS

That's what I'm going to do.

Colt slaps his shoulder. Salutes him:

COLT

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

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

TRAVIS

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

COLT

I will always believe in you, son.

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

TRAVIS

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

COLT

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

TRAVIS

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

COLT

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

Travis rubs his forehead. Shakes his head.

TRAVIS

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

COLT

Lucky I got to the bank right after deputies Derek and Stevens got there, or you'd be shot dead.

Travis bursts into tears and stammers:

TRAVIS

I'm lost in my own head.

COLT

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

Travis lowers his head:

TRAVIS

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

He punches the desk over and over.

COLT

Go on now, son. Get that all out.

TRAVIS

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

He sits on the desk. Bursts into tears:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

She shouldn't have died on that road. Alone. I'm ashamed. Then I think... if I die, she won't be alone. But I'm afraid to die with all my sins and regrets.

O.S. AK-47 GUNFIRE OUTSIDE THE ROOM. COPS YELL INDISTINCTLY.

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

O.S. AK-47 GUNFIRE ERUPTS JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

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

Travis skids on his knees next to Colt. Gives him mouth to mouth. Colt gasps. Opens his eyes. Gives his gun to Travis.

Clay and Jamie burst in the door with AK-47s. Wearing the Muslim masks.

Deputies Derek and Stevens dead and bloody on the floor near the radio. Guns in their hands.

Travis raises Colt's gun. Clay's AK-47 butt cracks him in the head.

INT./EXT. OLD SEDAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Travis coughs himself awake behind the wheel. Blood down his face from his head wound. Smoke pours in the vents.

The whole front end of the car is on fire.

He kicks the door open. Falls out into the

ALLEY

He climbs to his feet. Stumbles past the rear doors of closed businesses.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU BAY - MIDNIGHT.

Travis steps through the curtain. Bandages on his head.

Frank lies in bed wired to gadgets that bleep. Blood/saline intravenous. A pump wisps oxygen through a tube to his lungs.

JUDY WHIT (22) pretty, disheveled, dark-circled teary-eyes. Army uniform. Ranger patch. Sits. A GIRL (2) on her lap.

JUDY

How did you get in here?

TRAVIS

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

JUDY

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

She stroke his hand. Leans her head to his chest. Weeps...

TRAVIS

I had to come.

JUDY

Do ya know my Frank from Iraq? Or Afghanistan?

TRAVIS

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

She scratches his hand as she stands. She hugs her Girl to her chest as she backs away. Spits words at him:

JUDY

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

He steps toward her. Tears-up as he stares in her eyes:

TRAVIS

I came to say I'm sorry.

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

JUDY

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

(breathes deep, speaks forgivingly)

Frank ain't spoken.

(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)

I gonna believe you because you're here. And it's what Jesus would do.

TRAVIS

What's done I can't undo!

She looks to Frank. Grits her teeth. Turns to Travis.

JUDY

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

TRAVIS

I can and I will. Thank you...

She grabs him. Head-butts his chest. He hugs her and her Girl. Everyone weeps...

INT. HOSPITAL ICU BAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

O.S. THEIR SOBBING MORPHS INTO SQUEALING SEMI TIRES.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - REST STOP - DAYBREAK

Sparse flat arid shrub amid miles of sand. Grassy patches give way to small scattered mountain ranges in the distance.

Travis jumps out of an idling semi cab shotgun door.

The TRUCKER makes the sign of the cross across the steering wheel.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)

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

Travis slams the door. Vomits. Wipes tears off his cheeks.

The semi fishtails down the road.

Travis pinches snot from his nose. Walks toward a clapboard building with a "MENS" and "LADIES" room door.

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

SKY EAGLE FEATHER (18) Native American, bangs, pigtails. Two black-eyes. Fat-lip. Sleeps on the last picnic table's seat.

Travis brushes her on the way to the "MENS" room.

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

She shudders. Bolts up. Tips sideways. Falls.

Travis catches her. She shakes. Bugs her eyes out at him.

TRAVIS

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

SKY

Shame on you!

He sits her upright. Peers sideways at her.

The radio light goes off. Static sound is gone.

TRAVIS

I stopped you from falling. That's all. I didn't molest you or anything.

She leans toward him. Smiles:

SKY

Thank you, Travis.

TRAVIS

Do I know you?

SKY

Sky. My name is Sky. It sees all.

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

TRAVIS

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

He turns the tuner knob on the radio.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

SKY

This radio doesn't work. Clay broke it.

TRAVIS

Clay Moore broke it?

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

SKY

Whenever people like you come near
me.

He sits with her. She faces him. The radio light goes off.

TRAVIS

You mean people like me and Clay,
huh?

SKY

You and Clay are very different
kinds of people. I'm ain't running
from you. But I'd run away from
Clay. But either way, I've been
warned.

TRAVIS

What kind of person am I, Sky?

SKY

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

He stretches his legs. Shakes one...

TRAVIS

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

She grabs his leg. Stops it shaking. Leans toward him:

SKY

Actually, it's more like... you're
a wanted man.

TRAVIS

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

SKY

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

He jumps up. Gets in her face:

TRAVIS

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

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

He peers sideways at her:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

SKY

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

He looks her in the eyes and shakes his head.

TRAVIS

I didn't know what to say to such
an injured soul. I thought, "This
girl's got to run away. Like her Ma
did." But you stuck. You took care
of him, and his house. Why did you
do that?

SKY

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

She looks at her crotch. Bites her lips.

SKY (CONT'D)

Besides. Not many choices on the
res'.

TRAVIS

Not many choices outside the res'
for our kind.

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

SKY

This radio lets out a warning when danger approaches. It's always by my bed. Used to play music. Now just static. But either way, I'd just run over here and sleep.

TRAVIS

I ain't dangerous.

SKY

No, but evil follows you everywhere.

TRAVIS

Yeah well. It's hard to escape our past.

SKY

It's the only way to our future.

He shakes his head at her.

TRAVIS

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

He brushes past her. Opens the "MENS" room door.

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

SKY

You're wrong about not being a hero. The last obstacles to evil in this world are heroic souls. If ya learned more of your heritage...

TRAVIS

All I need is a guide, right? Then the sky's the limit. You snuck in my motel room. Left that "Spirit Animal Guides" book.

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

SKY

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

O.S. A GOLDEN EAGLE SHRIEK ECHOES...

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

SKY (CONT'D)

Perhaps they're already here.

Travis steps into the

INT. MENS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sky follows Travis in. He gets in her face:

TRAVIS

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

He leans over. Hands on knees. Pale-face, sweaty. Dry-heaves.

SKY

Saying your dead friend's names keeps them from their journey.

(MORE)

SKY (CONT'D)

When you keep them here they get mad. 'Cause evil gets hold of 'em.

TRAVIS

How can I help them?

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

He falls to the floor. Convulses in a fetal position.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - NIGHT

A freight train chugs across tracks near a rock formation in the distance.

Sky blows on an ash-covered campfire. Hot embers ignite and strip the ash from the blackened tinder.

Travis shakes. Eyes squeezed shut. In a fetal position on an open sleeping bag.

TRAVIS

He killed my Mother. And I have to...

He tries to sit up. Clutches his belly. Lies face down. Kicks his legs. Sobs and grunts...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I am going to stop Clay.

SKY

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

She strokes her fingers through his sweaty hair.

TRAVIS

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

Sky zips him up in the sleeping bag. Digs a shallow rut. Kicks the fiery wood into the rut. Fills it in.

She drags the sleeping bag over the filled-rut.

O.S. THE TRANSISTOR RADIO STATIC COMES ON LOUD, BUT MUFFLED.

O.S. A PACK OF WOLVES GROWL NEARBY THEN YELP IN DISTRESS.

She opens the backpack. The transistor radio glows inside.

She grabs a bottle of isopropyl alcohol behind the radio.

SKY

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

She stares into the darkness. Three pairs of blazing red eyes approach her out of the darkness.

SKY (CONT'D)

You won't get to him while I'm in your way. You'll never get through me. Come on, try me.

She quickly drags her heel in the sand. Makes a circle around Travis and her. Sings a Native American spiritual song.

The blazing red eyes follow her around. She sips and spits alcohol out of the circle. Once she closes it. They vanish.

SKY (CONT'D)

Ha-ha-ha. Told ya. Yeah. I beat you guys, huh? Didn't I? You can't touch us!

She leans outside the circle. Sips and spits the alcohol...

Suddenly, the fluid fireballs around Ozone, Barry, and Kyle. Blazing red eyes. Bloody uniforms.

Their faces and hands jigsaw puzzles of torn putrid flesh. Grab her. Scratch her face.

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

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

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

Sky and Travis crouch behind the shrubs. Hands over their faces. Getting blasted by sand from the freight cars:

TRAVIS

I am so damn tired of this fucking sand!

SKY

Well, we can't chance hitching a ride with your face always on the news.

TRAVIS

You sure this train's going the right way?

SKY

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

She points ahead of the train. Stands. Puts her backpack on.

He struggles onto one knee:

TRAVIS

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

SKY

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

She yanks him to his feet. Shoves him toward the train.

Travis stumbles to a halt. Dry-heaves. Dripping sweat.

She comes back to him.

TRAVIS

Gimme a couple seconds. And I'll be okay.

SKY

I can help you.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry...

SKY

I'll run down the tracks. Toward the back of the train. Get on there. I'll help you get on when I go by, okay?

He straightens up. Breathes deep. Nods at her:

TRAVIS

All right.

She runs to the cars farther back. Grabs a ladder. Jumps on.

He runs to the cars ahead. Struggles to keep up with them.

She reaches for him. He reaches for her. Stumbles. They slap hands as she passes.

SKY

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

He struggles to catch up to her.

TRAVIS

I thought it was supposed to slow
down.

The freight car hitches clunk together. The train slows.

She grabs his hand...

EXT. FREIGHT CAR ROOF (MOVING) - MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - DAY

Travis and Sky sit. Backpack between them. His hands shake as he sips from the canteen. Spills it on his shirt.

SKY

Don't drink too much.

TRAVIS

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

SKY

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

He gives the canteen to her and points ahead across the sand:

TRAVIS

Looks like you were right about
that news report.

They see three police cars. Lights ablaze. Chase a pickup truck down a dusty road in the distance.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY

Ziggy drives down a country road bordered by hedges. The Bible rides shotgun. Jesus on the dash. Ziggy puts on his Fedora.

He tears a wrapper off a candy bar. Stuffs it in his mouth. Balls the wrapper. Roll it from his hand onto the floor.

A likeness of the Abaddon statue branded on his hand.

He drives across the road. Halts on the roadside behind a pickup.

He sneers out the windshield at Jamie Jane's exposed butt in extreme cutoffs. As she works under the raised pickup hood.

ZIGGY

Lord of damnation! I've found my children.

He slips the bible into his back pocket. Climbs out, laughing.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy steps behind Jamie.

She fiddles around under the hood and wiggles her ass.

He fans himself with his hat.

ZIGGY

Can I be of any assistance to you, my dear?

Jamie backs into his crotch. Half-turns. Smiles from behind a cheap Halloween mask. Tits overflowing a bikini top.

JAMIE

We're gonna be needing a new vehicle.

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

Clay cocks the gun behind him. In a cheap Halloween mask.

CLAY

Do me a favor, preacher. Fondle the ladies tits. Pay homage to my Gods.

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

JAMIE

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

He lays his hands on her breasts. She licks his lips.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Now you better be a nice preacher
boy or I'll...

She tosses the bible and the photo into the pickup bed. Knees
him in the balls:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll give you a licking.

He drops to his knees. She skips around him.

ZIGGY

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

Clay searches him. Pulls a wallet out. Reads it:

CLAY

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

ZIGGY

I am also known as a gatherer of
lost sheep.

CLAY

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

ZIGGY

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

The wind swirls the sand in the pickup rear bed. The bible pages flip. Showing a revolver nestled in the cut-out pages.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

Freight cars chug along a sandy knoll. The desert on one side. A hedgerow leads to a wooded area on the other side.

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

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

She jumps out. Skids to a halt before the hedges.

Travis leaps off. Overshoots the sandy knoll. Rolls through the hedges downhill into a

EXT. GULLY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He slides feet first through weeds. Under the pickup. Grabs the bumper. Stops himself.

He gets to his feet. Sees a Ziggy standing naked. His briefs over his head.

Travis steps behind him.

ZIGGY

Who's that? Who's there? Speak up?
Will-ya?

The driver side window raised under his elbows. Hands taped to the wheel.

TRAVIS

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

Ziggy jerks his head side-to-side. Unable to see him.

ZIGGY

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

Travis squeezes his arm through the window. Feels for the door handle.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
Hurry it up a might, friend, will ya?

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

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

Travis grabs a box-cutter from the glove box by a roll of tape. He cuts the tape off Ziggy. Searches the pickup.

He opens the passenger door. Sticks his head out. Vomits.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
Friend, are you okay?

TRAVIS
I'm sorry. I'm just under the weather a bit.

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

He offers a hand to Travis. He shrugs and shakes his head.

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

He slowly climbs out. Gets to his feet.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
It's a reaction to the lies I was brought up believing about being the good guys. Pay no attention to the mass of innocents we kill till we get to the bad guys.

ZIGGY
Our world leaders have us invested in the war machine.

TRAVIS
We invade a country, turn it upside down. Offer to put it all back together, only better.
(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

After we've sacrificed our young,
we're simpatico, yes. Then we start
anew.

ZIGGY

You got to leave that all behind,
friend. It's kill or be killed when
war is what you're in. After that,
it's live and let live.

TRAVIS

Well ya see, the dead follow me.
Their souls cast shadows over me.
And through the darkness accusing
fire in their eyes blinds me.

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

ZIGGY

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

TRAVIS

Amen to that.

ZIGGY

You a believer, friend?

TRAVIS

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

Ziggy offers to shake his hand.

ZIGGY

I'm Reverend Ziggy Starr.
Pentecostal.

Travis shakes his hand.

TRAVIS

What happened to your clothes,
Ziggy?

ZIGGY

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

Travis lifts the pickup hood. Fiddles with the engine.

TRAVIS

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

ZIGGY

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

TRAVIS

How did this bushwack happen?

ZIGGY

A man and a woman had this...

He slaps the pickup.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

On the roadside. Hood up. Looked to be in need of a Samaritan.

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

Travis smiles and turns from under the hood toward her:

TRAVIS

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

Ziggy grabs the bible from the rear pickup bed. Smiles at her. She sneers sideways at him:

SKY

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

She backs away from Ziggy. Jingles the car keys in one hand. Wipes the hand he shook off on the back of her pants.

TRAVIS

Good. I think I got this fixed.

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

INT./EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

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

CLAY

Come on now, my baby girl, inspire me.

Jamie sits shotgun in the Muslim women mask and VR glasses. Uses a car remote controller on an open laptop on her lap.

JAMIE

(sings beautifully)

For none but the brave, be he king
or a slave. With a pounding heart
in his chest. Will be worthy to
rise and with the Valkyries fly...

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

O.S. BULLETS POP THE REAR OF THE SUV. BUST THE SIDE MIRRORS.

INT - PICKUP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Travis drives on a desert road. Sky seat-belts him. Then her in the middle.

She eyes Ziggy seated with no belt shotgun. Puts a bottle of alcohol on the floor between the seat and transmission hump.

ZIGGY

Power animals, incantations, and
firewater, huh?

SKY

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

Ziggy lifts the Bible.

ZIGGY

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

SKY

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

TRAVIS

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

SKY

You accept death.

TRAVIS

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

ZIGGY

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

TRAVIS

They cut my clothes off in the
medivac helicopter. I woke up
screaming: "What happened to my
clothes! Kyle, Barry, and Ozone!

He tears up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

SKY

Travis, please don't say the names.

TRAVIS

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

ZIGGY

God and country. In that order.

SKY

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

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

O.S. THUNDER RUMBLES. Drowns-out the radio static sound.

TRAVIS

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

ZIGGY

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

TRAVIS

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

ZIGGY

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

TRAVIS

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

He looks in the rearview mirror. He sees Kyle, Barry, Ozone,
bang on the back window. Blazing red eyes against the glass.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

He veers toward an oncoming box truck. Its headlights shine
on...

Kyle, Barry, Ozone, crash through the glass. Bang Travis'
head off the wheel. Tear his clothes. Rip his skin...

O.S. HORN AND TIRES SCREECH. The box truck fishtails at them.

ZIGGY

The Lord surely works in mysterious
ways!

Sky jerks the wheel. The pickup veers left. Skids sideways.

The box truck swats the pickup's rear. Windows shatter. It flips onto the roof. Spins on the road. O.S. ENGINE REVS.

The box truck slams on its side. Skids down the road...

Kyle, Barry, Ozone, rip into Travis. Fights them. But they're behind him as he and Sky hang upside down in seat-belts.

Sky sings the spiritual song. Stretches her arm. Her fingers claw the front of the seat. To get to the bottle of alcohol.

Ziggy kicks his legs back out of a face down crouch on the floor. Boots the bottle under the seat. Speaks Latin...

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

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

Kyle, Barry, Ozone, crumble to dust. Swirls around the cab. Out the windows. A dust-storm engulfs the pickup and box truck.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

O.S. RADIO STATIC IN THE BACKPACK MIXES WITH DUST-STORM WIND.

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

The box truck DRIVER's arm lies still on the fragments of the windshield. A dragon tattoo on his hand.

Travis reaches in. Checks the Driver's pulse. Six C-4 cakes and remote control detonator under the dash. Red light winks.

TRAVIS

This guy's cold as a cadaver.

He grabs an automotive camera mounted on the bumper:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's an automotive camera module...

Ziggy kneels. Says a silent prayer.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's my fault. Again.

Sky kisses the tears streaming down his cheek.

SKY

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

O.S. POUNDING AND INDISTINCT VOICES INSIDE THE TRAILER...

Sky grabs the keys through the broken windshield. Tosses them to Travis.

She splashes her shoe in gasoline puddling around her feet.

SKY (CONT'D)

Gas tank's leaking! Better hurry!

Travis beats her around the tire side to the rear trailer door. Unlocks it. Flips the hasp. Grabs the lock bar.

TRAVIS

The doors out of line. Jammed. Stay back. It's gonna spring up.

She backs up. He opens the rear box overhead door.

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

Three bearded Iraqi Muslim MEN (25). Kufi prayer-caps. Three and Muslim WOMEN (25) head-scarves. Hold a CHILD (4) each. Hobble out the door. They're all wrapped in prayer blankets.

The Women bow to Ziggy:

WOMEN

Shukraan, lakum, muqir.

They Men bow to Travis and Sky. Shake his hand.

MEN

Salaam Alaikum. Water, please.

TRAVIS

It was in the pickup bed.

He runs toward the pickup.

SKY

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

She runs in a puddle of gas across the road to the glowing backpack on the roof side. Peers into the headlights as...

The bullet-riddled luxury sedan roars out of the dust-storm. Runs over the backpack. Halts shy of Sky. Her back against the box truck roof.

Clay and Jamie hop out. In Kevlar vests. Toss the Muslim Masks into the vehicle. Aim AK-47s at her.

JAMIE

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

CLAY

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

Travis jumps off the upward side of the box truck. Thumps. Boots down on the sedan hood. They aim their AK-47s at him...

He grabs and yanks both barrels. Clay and Jamie blast each other in the chest. Crash on their backs.

CLAY AND JAMIE

Fuck...

Travis jumps off the hood. Grabs Sky. They disappear in the dust-storm as they run around the box truck.

Clay and Jamie climb to their feet. Face each other with gritted teeth. Peel pancaked-bullets off the vests.

CLAY

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

Jamie unsheathes a large serrated knife from in her boot.

JAMIE

I'm gonna filet miss mayhem.

Two cop SUVs fishtail out of the storm. Slam into the sedan.

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

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

Jamie pops a wheelie on the motorcycle from box truck toward him.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - NIGHT

Sky and Travis join Ziggy as he tramps through the dust-storm.

The Men, Women, and Children in front of them.

Everyone stops as flashes appear in the distance. Then...

O.S. EXPLOSIONS...

SKY
What's that?

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

O.S. AK-47 GUNFIRE IN THE NEAR DISTANCE... THEN BOOM.

They turn. See the box truck explode in a mushroom fireball.

Suddenly, the two bullet-riddled cop SUVs roar from opposite sides. One of them halts in front of Sky and Travis. The other behind them.

The Muslim masks face the windshield on the SUV dashboard.

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

Clay and Jamie hop out of the SUVs. Aim Ak-47s at Travis and Sky. Pay no attention to the Muslim Men, Women, and Children.

CLAY
Who's following who, here?

TRAVIS
I'm gonna take you and Jamie in,
Clay. I hope not, but I'm afraid
I'll just have to kill you both to
do it.

Jamie and Clay smile sideways at each. Laugh.

CLAY
Tell me what do you think about
that, Jamie?

She hums "The Ride Of The Valkyries". Pokes the AK-47 in Sky's face. Sky shakes visibly. Jamie sings the opera:

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

She laughs and continues to hum the opera...

CLAY

We don't mind dying. As long as we
take all you people with us when we
go.

Ziggy approaches them. Aims the bible at Jamie. Then Clay.

ZIGGY

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

CLAY

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

JAMIE

Where in hell is Jesus?

O.S. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP...

Golf-ball-sized hail smacks Jamie. She fires. Blasts Ziggy.
He spins. Lands face-first in the sand. Hail covers him.

Travis and Sky dodge hail toward Ziggy. Fallen. Not moving.

TRAVIS

Ziggy...

CLAY (O.S.)

Don't ever fucking forget about me.

He rifle-butts Travis. Travis takes a knee. Shakes it off.

TRAVIS

Fuck you.

Jamie and Clay drag Sky backward.

CLAY

You'll gonna have to catch me to
fuck me.

Hail intensifies as Travis stumbles after them.

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

Clay fires. Strafes the hail on the ground to Travis' feet.

TRAVIS

Shh-shit...

He dives sideways. Sees his bloody toes wiggle through the bullet-holes in his boots.

O.S. CLAY FIRES A BURST...

Travis sees the bullets pop holes in the other SUV gas tank.

CLAY (O.S.)
Come on, Sarge. See how far ya get!

Travis hobbles toward the other SUV on bloody boots.

TRAVIS
I'll get to you!

Ski hangs her chin over the busted rear window's frame of the one SUV.

Clay smiles next to her. His rifle muzzle dimples her cheek.

CLAY
I got what I wanted! Another piece
of you! Ya know about me and her...

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

The SUV fishtails away. Clay punches Sky upside the head.

Travis opens the driver door of the other SUV:

TRAVIS
Don't tell him that.

He gets behind the wheel. Starts it. Puts on the seat belt:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I love you too...

He spins the wheel. Fishtails after them.

INT./EXT. COP SUV - NIGHT

Travis steers through the desert dust-storm blasting the windshield. Wipers on high.

He jerks the wheel left to right. Taps the fuel gauge. The needle bounces across "E".

TRAVIS
Where the fuck are they? Shh-shit.
Where the fuck am I? Lost...

He looks up. Barry and his blazing red eyes dead ahead.

He jerks the wheel. Slams into Barry. He flips over the hood. Smacks onto the roof.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

God. Damn.

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

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

He drives over a grassy hill.

Suddenly, Kyle and his blazing red eyes rise out of the sand ahead.

Travis twirls the wheel.

The SUV tailspins. The rear side fender plows into Kyle. He claws his way onto the trunk.

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

Ozone and his blazing red eyes drop out of the storm in front of him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

He runs Ozone over with a jarring thump.

Barry slides down the windshield face-first from the roof.

He rips the wipers off. Smears bloody torn flesh across the glass.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I've got to save Sky.

Kyle bursts through the rear window. Drops in the back seat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I've just got to have some more
time.

Barry smashes through the windshield. Grabs the wheel.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry that I got you all
 killed.

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

Tony's hands rip through the back of Travis' seat. Claws at Travis' neck.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 What in the hell is it you all want
 from me?

O.S. ENGINE SPUTTERS.

The vehicle sputters half over the top of the monster hill.

O.S. ENGINE DIES THEN INCOMING MISSILES WHISTLE.

Travis struggles out of Barry's grip. Shoves Ozone aside. Leans over the steering wheel and halts as...

The vehicle tips over the top. Lurches down the hill.

Travis stares down at a razor-wire fence.

Beyond it. A flat area as the missiles explode into a few of several tanks, adobe villages and armored vehicles.

Ozone tears through the floor at Travis's feet. Climbs his pants. Grabs him by the throat. The wheel spins on its own.

The SUV rolls over sideways down the hill into the

EXT. MCGREGOR MISSILE RANGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The SUV bowls the razor-wire fence over. The connected fence pops off the posts. But holds.

The razors bite into the shotgun side of the roof. Grab hold of the SUV as it slides downhill upside down...

The razors tear across the ceiling toward Travis. Seat belted. Upside down.

Ozone, Barry, and Kyle force Travis's head against the ceiling. The razors about to cut into his head.

O.S. INCOMING MISSILES WHISTLE.

The missiles explode into the tanks, the adobe villages and the armored vehicles just below.

He yanks the seat belt off. Flails out of their grasps.
Slides feet first across the ceiling. Out the window.

The razors slice through the roof edge. The vehicle rolls
sideways down the hill toward...

Travis slides to the bottom of the hill by an adobe village.
Sees the SUV tumble at him. Gets to his feet. No time.

He dives through the doorway into an adobe home.

The SUV slams into the doorway upside down. The walls crack.

The roof crumbles around the SUV.

O.S. INCOMING MISSILES WHISTLE. TRAVIS GRUNTS. METAL CLINKS.

The bent door squeaks partially open. Travis fights off
Barry, Ozone, and Kyle inside as he crawls out. Kicks it
shut.

He runs up the hill. Over the fence.

Multiple hellfire missiles destroy the adobe village.

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

FLASH DREAM

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

TRAVIS

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

He touches the pole. The owl shrieks to life. Flies off it.

FLASH DREAM ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

O.S. THE OWL SHRIEK ECHOES...

Travis shudders awake on his back. Feet facing down the hill.

The owl screeches. Flies over his face. He flips. Face down.

The owl flies close to his head. Smacks him with its talons.

He rolls on his chest. Jumps to his feet. Ducks. The owl
hovers over him.

TRAVIS

What the...

The owl shrieks. As it circles him.

He lowers himself to sit. The owl swoops down. Grabs him. Drags him a few feet. Lets him go.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

This is crazier then I've ever
been.

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

O.S. THE ONCOMING OWL SHRIEKS BEHIND HIM.

As he turns back. The low flying owl screeches as it swoops up toward his face. Talons extended.

He turns back and runs.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

O.S. OWL HOOTS IN THE DISTANCE...

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

O.S. ONCOMING MOTORCYCLE ENGINE...

The headlight flashes across the headstones toward Travis.

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

Ziggy rides the motorcycle away. Shovel on the handlebars. A deer rifle with a scope on a strap slung across his back.

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

TRAVIS

No-oh... Please.

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

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

He spits out the whiskey. Smashes the bottle over the pills on the headstone. Stumbles back from the headstone.

He collapses face down in the loose dirt. Digs a small hole.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

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

He claws to the bottom of the hole with both hands. Pulls the truck Driver's arm from the dirt. Dragon tattoo on his hand.

FLASH NIGHTMARE

O.S. A DESERT COBRA HISSES...

Travis shudders awake face down in the dirt.

He turns his head toward a coiled black desert-cobra. It hisses. Fangs out. Wisp. It bites his face.

He screams...

FLASH NIGHTMARE ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Travis awakes. Seated on the backside of a headstone.

He gets on his feet. Feels his face. No snakebite marks.

He staggers around headstones. Checks the names. Halts.

TRAVIS

What the fuck?

He stares at "SHERIFF COLT" on the headstone. The grave covered in grass.

He staggers away.

The cobra slithers out from under the edge of the loose grass near the "SHERIFF COLT" headstone.

It scoots between the headstones facing Sheriff Colt's grave across the way.

It coils under the black fedora on the shovel laying behind a double-sized headstone. Half the grass torn-off the graves.

INT. GAS TANKER CAB (IDLING) - NIGHT

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

TRAVIS

Thanks a lot for stopping for me.

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

LADY TRUCKER
I was getting kind of lonely
anyway.

TRAVIS
I've been there.

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

She drops it into gear. Pulls off the roadside. Drives down
the two-lane blacktop.

TRAVIS
Oh yeah, well, ya know, it's hell
out there.

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

Travis bobs his head. Fights off nodding to sleep. Yawns...

TRAVIS
So ah, what's your destination
gonna be?

LADY TRUCKER
I'm going to a refinery in Baton
Rouge.

TRAVIS
I'll go all the way, if it's okay
with you?

LADY TRUCKER
You look like you really need some
rest.

He falls asleep:

TRAVIS
Yea...

DREAM VISION

O.S. SCREECHING CAR AND SEMI TIRES...

Lady Trucker hits the brakes. Swerves.

LADY TRUCKER
Hold on...

Travis peers out the windshield.

TRAVIS
What is it?

An armadillo on the other side of the road ahead leaps onto an oncoming car hood.

LADY TRUCKER
Why did the armadillo cross the road?

They look out the driver window as the car skids by. See the armadillo roll off the hood and under the semi-trailer as they pass:

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Why stop when you're on a roll?

He looks in his side mirror reflecting the Armadillo as it rolls from under the trailer. Safely into the sand:

TRAVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stop!!!

O.S. EAGLE SCREECHING MORPHS INTO SKIDDING SEMI TIRES.

DREAM VISION ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Lady Trucker swerves onto the side of the road. Skids to a halt.

Travis bangs his head into his side window. Awakes. Startled.

TRAVIS
What the fuck. Why the hell did ya pull over?

LADY TRUCKER
Hey. You're the one that yelled "stop".

TRAVIS
Yeah. Sorry. I just realized... I gotta go the other way.

LADY TRUCKER
I understand. Rough night, huh? Left some business to attend to back there, did yeah?

TRAVIS
Yeah. You're right. I definitely do. Thanks for understanding.

She reaches under his seat. Feels around.

She pulls a Tequila bottle and prescription bottle of pills out. Offers the Tequila. Rattles the pills at Travis:

LADY TRUCKER

Hair of the dog to wake you up. Or
painkillers to help you get some
sleep.

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS

I'm going back all right. But not
back to my old ways. I've defeated
my demons. I'm smarter. No more
regrets. I've been alone in bottles
too long.

TRUCKER

That's the spirit. Good luck to
you.

Travis opens the door. They shake hands.

TRAVIS

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

LADY TRUCKER

You asking because you heard about
the cadaver stolen from the funeral
home back there a couple nights
ago.

TRAVIS

No. I was just wondering what it
means to you.

LADY TRUCKER

Dragons bring fire.

TRAVIS

I've been thinking... more like,
hell's fire.

He climbs onto the

EXT. DESERT - ROADSIDE - SUNRISE

Travis crosses the road.

The tanker zooms away on the other side.

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

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

Ziggy kneels facing the side of the motorcycle on top of a sand dune. Looks in the scope of the deer rifle aimed across the seat at the...

EXT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - DAY

The building. Same condition as last time. With the crane, dump truck, backhoe. Only now a red pickup is parked there.

Five Mexican WORKERS set-up concrete-forms in the trench. Fenced-in with the building.

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

Travis leans against a new sign "Future site of the Nation of Islam Mosque" under the old motel sign. He watches...

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

Someone hangs a "MEXICAN WORKERS" in a bulls-eye sign on the fence. Raises a bullhorn. Turns toward Travis. It's Clay!

CLAY (ON BULLHORN)

This is a Christian land. We will not tolerate false Muslim Gods.

PROTESTERS

Hell no!

The Protesters attack an oncoming four-door car. Tinted-glass. "Muslim" written in stars and stripes, bumper sticker.

Barely visible. The three Muslim Men in front. The three head-scarfed Muslim Women in back. Children on their laps.

The car stops. Clay kicks the door...

CLAY (ON BULLHORN)

We will burn this mosque down with you all in...

Travis grabs the bullhorn. Then grabs Clay by the neck.

TRAVIS

Where is she, huh? Where the hell is Sky?

Clay laughs. Nods toward the car. Whispers to Travis...

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

The Mexican Workers stand nervously behind the fence and watch...

Travis throws Clay down.

Everyone beats on Travis with the signs. He fights them. But they knock him down. Punch him.

PROTESTERS
 You don't fucking belong here,
 Geronimo!

O.S. ONCOMING SIREN BLURTS THREE TIMES...

A sheriff police car pulls-up. Judy Whit, now a DEPUTY, and Deputy Wade, now SHERIFF WADE, jump out.

They shove through the Protesters. Travis lies there. Smiles.

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

JUDY
 Hello there, Travis.

TRAVIS
 Hey, Judy. Hey there, Sheriff Wade.

Wade stomps on Travis' chest. Tasers him.

They flip Travis on his face. Handcuff him behind his back.

JUDY
 Welcome back, Travis.

SHERIFF WADE
 You're going back to hell, soldier.

TRAVIS
 I. Never. Left.

They pick Travis up. He breaks away from them. Stumbles face-first into the stopped four-door car driver side door.

Wade Tasers him in the back of the head.

SHERIFF WADE
 Don't ever forget about me, fucker.

JUDY

That is not necessary, Wade.

O.S. THE PROTESTERS CHEER. CLAY WHOOPS ON THE BULLHORN.

Travis peers through the car's tinted side windows as he slides sideways across them, convulsing...

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

O.S. MUFFLED THUMPS AND SKY'S VOICE INSIDE THE TRUNK UNTIL...

WADE

Get the fuck off there, mongoloid!

He throws Travis to the ground. Travis peers at an automotive camera module mounted on the front bumper.

O.S. THREE GUNSHOTS RING-OUT.

Three bullets rip into the "MEXICAN LABORERS" bulls-eye sign.

The Workers jump in the red pickup. Crash through the backside of the fence. Fishtail in the sand onto the road.

INT. SHERIFF STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Travis crashes sideways on the floor.

O.S. THE METAL CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT.

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (FLASH DREAM) - DAY

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

The three Muslim Men in front. Three head-scarfed Muslim Women and Children in back. Shrink-wrapped mouths and bodies.

O.S. ONCOMING WATER SPURTS...

INT. SHERIFF STATION - HOLDING CELL (FLASH DREAM ENDS) - DAY

Travis awakes. Lies wet in a puddle on the floor. No cuffs.

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

SHERIFF WADE

Fucking Judy. She wasn't supposed to remove your cuffs. Ya see... hell's gonna be freezing over before you get any rest.

TRAVIS

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

He squirms under a metal cot welded to the wall. Shivers.

Wade soaks the mattress. Water drips off the frame around Travis.

SHERIFF WADE

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

TRAVIS

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

The force of the water shoves him against the wall.

SHERIFF WADE

I should call the FBI. But I'll keep ya to myself. All my deputies are gonna be at the Nazi protest across town at the school. Along with Judy. They'll be back after.

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

TRAVIS

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

SHERIFF WADE

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

He puts his face through the bars and spits words:

SHERIFF WADE (CONT'D)

Killing God-less inferior heathens should of made ya a proud American. But you're just a drunken Injun.

He drops the hose. Stomps away.

TRAVIS

I think most Americans have an innate sense of justice. It kicks in when we see extreme prejudice. Then we root for the underdog.

SHERIFF WADE (O.S.)
See how ya feel when my Taser kicks
in when you're wet, so-called hero.

O.S. A METAL DOOR SHUTS NEARBY.

Travis rolls onto his back. Lifts his shirt tail. Wipes his face with it.

He sits up. Removes his shirt. Looks at a muddy imprint of the sole of Wade's boot on his shirt. A Swastika on the heel.

He shivers as he twists the water from his shirt through the bars. It drips down the door. Puddles under it.

O.S. A METAL DOOR OPENS NEARBY. AN ARCING TASER APPROACHES.

Travis holds the bars with shaky hands.

Wade smiles as he steps toward Travis. Arcs the Taser.

Travis backs up. Turns away from him. Head down. Sneaks a look at...

Wade's boots short of the wet bars that drip into the puddle.

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

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

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

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

He grabs a bar. Face between them. Raises the Taser...

He hops back from the bars. Feels his wet fingers. Looks at his boot as he taps it in the puddle. Pulls his pistol.

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

Wade steps sideways from the puddle. A foot from the bars. Arcs the Taser. Aims the gun at Travis' back:

SHERIFF WADE

Face me. Put your arms through the bars. I'm not fucking around. Now!

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

TRAVIS

Please. Please don't kill me.

Wade gets pissed. Jams the gun and Taser through the bars:

SHERIFF WADE

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

He cocks the gun. Tries to reach Travis' back with the Taser arcing. His face between the bars. He spits his words out:

SHERIFF WADE (CONT'D)

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

Suddenly, Travis spins toward Wade and extends his arms...

Before Wade can back away. Travis grabs his gun and Taser. Shoves Wade's arms up against the bars. Alongside his face between them. The Taser arcs. As Wade fires at the ceiling.

Travis convulses as he pisses from his half-down zipper into Wade's face. Now Wade shakes with him from the Taser current.

Wade hits the floor outside the cell. Travis drops inside it. The Taser and pistol in his hands.

Wade foams at the mouth. Shakes his head. Crawls away...

His forehead smacks into the floor. He slides backward.

Travis yanks Wade by the ankles through the bars. Slams his balls into the bars. Wade yelps. Travis grabs his keys.

Travis opens the cell. Wade gets on his hands and knees.

WADE

You fucking mongoloid.

Travis boots him in the head. Knocks Wade out. Drags him into the cell. Takes his handcuffs off his belt. Puts Wade's legs through the bars.

Travis steps out. Cuffs Wade's ankles through the bars.

TRAVIS

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

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

INT. SHERIFF STATION - ARMORY VAULT - DAY

Travis opens a cage marked "Weapons/Evidence. Inside, a rack of guns, gear, storage boxes with case numbers, and dates.

He looks in a storage box. Laughs at the unseen contents.

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

He grabs the rifle bag handle. Tucks the storage box under his arm. Walks out the heavy metal door.

INT. SHERIFF POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Wade awakes naked. Ankles cuffed through the bars. Rising off his ass. Pulled by ropes tied around his wrists.

As he rises he sees several prank photos duct-taped to the bars of uniformed deputies asleep in police cars and at their desks. With a black monster dildo poked against their lips.

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

WADE

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

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

TRAVIS

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

Wade watches Travis enter the cell. Carries an open laptop:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Stay off these hate mongering, social media sites. They stoke both sides with fake news. Got this town. Country. The world. They'll have us all killing each other.

Smack the black dildo onto its suction-cupped end to the floor just under his butt.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

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

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

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

WADE

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

TRAVIS

Where the fuck is that son of yours hiding?

WADE

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

TRAVIS

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

Travis spins a red-ball gag by its leather belt buckle. Hums "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" until he sings...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

"For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out, at the old ball game."

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

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

Wade swings one side to the other as Travis forces the ball into his mouth. He bites the ball. Yells around it...

WADE
He's not hiding. He's at the Nazi
protest...

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

Wade spits the red-ball out...

WADE (CONT'D)
Ah, shh-shit!

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

Travis exits the cell with the laptop. Calls back...

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

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

EXT. SHERIFF POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

He gets in. Starts it. Drives to the exit. The open laptop duct-taped on the front bumper facing forward...

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

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

EXT. JAMES BOWIE AND WILLIAM TRAVIS GRAMMAR SCHOOL - DAY

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

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

The line of cars ahead creep toward stopped busses dropping KIDS OF ALL COLORS off at the front of the school.

Deputies stand at barricades along the curbs to both sides.

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

White, African, Native American, Mexican, Muslim, PROTESTORS wave "No to Islamophobes and anti-Semites, Refugees welcome here, Don't scapegoat migrants," signs on the other side.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER THAT DAY

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

He gets out. Squats at the front of the car a few seconds.

He gets in. Hits the siren. Goes around the cars and busses.

ANGLE

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

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (MOVING) - SECONDS LATER

Travis drives slow to the front of the school from a block down, toward the Protestors, deputies, busses, and cars.

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

As he turns onto another street he looks back and sees...

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (PARKED) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamie, Muslim Woman mask, head-scarf on, at the wheel of the four-door car near the corner. In clear view of the protestors.

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

She waves her arm out the window and watches...

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

Jamie peers at Clay as he creeps into the intersection...

Travis reaches from behind Jamie. She turns. He Tasers her neck:

TRAVIS
Smile, asshole.

He opens the door. Throws her out. Flips the trunk latch.

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (PARKED) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamie lies on the street. Shakes her head. Shocked. Whispers:

JAMIE
"I'm waiting for you to take my
soul, to Valhalla of old."

Travis opens the trunk. Sky lies inside. Sweat-soaked. Ankles and wrists cuffed.

He removes her cuffs. Helps her out. They kiss. Teary-eyed.

TRAVIS

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

She holds his face in her hands:

SKY

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

O.S. TIRES SCREECH. ALL THE PROTESTORS SCREAM INDISTINCTLY...

Travis shuts the trunk. They watch...

The luxury sedan plows into the backs of the Nazi Protestors. Races back across the intersection. Slams into the four-door.

Sky shoves Travis sideways. He screams as he falls onto the sidewalk:

TRAVIS

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

The luxury sedan rams the four-door backward. Runs Sky down. The car rocks as it rolls over her.

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

Both groups of Protestors clash in the street. The Deputies fight them all off. Trapped between them and the cars.

Travis crawls under the four-door. No Sky! He sees a shadowy figure come out from under the rear of the vehicle.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Sky...

He slides out. Stands. Faces the yellow eyes of a golden eagle. It screeches, leaps off the roof, and flies away.

A tail feather lands on the roof. He grabs it.

Several Deputies surround the sedan. Guns aimed at Travis.

Travis reaches for the gun in the holster. They cock their guns.

JUDY (O.S.)
Let's not do this now, Travis,
please.

Judy steps behind him. Slaps her hand over his hand on his gun. Pushes him onto his knees.

INT. SHERIFF POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Travis lies cuffed to the cot. Teary-eyed:

TRAVIS
I'm not gonna make it this time. I
can't survive. I'm lost without
you, Sky.

Wade faces the bars. Teary-eyes lost in past regrets:

WADE
I told her I'd get her father some
help if she'd keep quiet about it.
If she'd just let me take care of
Clay myself. But all she did was
nod and cry about Clay breaking her
radio. That's all she said.

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

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

TRAVIS
What was she supposed to keep quiet
about?

Wade turns away from Travis.

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

TRAVIS
You had her keep quiet about Clay
raping her.

Wade nods and bites his lips as he speaks:

WADE

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

TRAVIS

He beat her up.

WADE

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

He breaks down. Grabs the bars. Weeps:

WADE (CONT'D)

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

He bangs his forehead off the bars:

WADE (CONT'D)

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

TRAVIS

I'm sure you did the best that you could. You gave her comfort. At least she wasn't alone.

WADE

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

(shakes his head)

"It's Clay's fault. He broke my radio." That's all she said, over and over and over... till she was dead. Clay didn't even show up at her funeral.

TRAVIS

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

WADE

Sky visits *me* too. I can't see her. But I hear the radio static when she's here. She gives *me* comfort.

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

I can hear it now. Listen. It's all around you.

TRAVIS

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

WADE

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

TRAVIS

Clay's not gonna stop till everyone in this country is at each other's throats. He will start here though. Let me out. I'll stop him. All I need from you is some gear.

Wade enters the cell. Removes Travis' cuffs. Helps him up...

WADE

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

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT

Travis lies on top of a sand dune in black camo and a Kevlar vest. He looks through thermal imaging binoculars at...

EXT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL (THERMAL IMAGING VIEW) - NIGHT

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

Jamie appears holding the backside of the plywood as she spins with it. Puts it back over the doorway.

She climbs the stairs to the second-floor balcony. Thermal imaging goggles on. Surveys the desert terrain toward...

THERMAL IMAGING VIEW CONTINUES

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

THERMAL IMAGING VIEW ENDS

Travis rolls down the backside of the sand dune.

EXT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - NIGHT

Jamie opens the plywood over the room doorway. Backs into the room. Seals the doorway.

Travis crawls to the fence. Cuts a hole with wire-cutters.

He scoots through the hole. A cut piece of fence snatches his vest. The fence shakes.

He stops. Looks back. Grabs the fence. Listens to...

O.S. THE FOUR WHIRLING BLADES OF A QUAD-COPTER DRONE.

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

He holds the fence and scurries through it as he sees...

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

An owl shrieks as it dives out of the sky. Snaps the copter in half. Flies off.

The copter thrashes into the ground.

Jamie scoots from the back of the roof and looks over the front edge with her thermal imaging goggles at...

THERMAL IMAGING VIEW BEGINS

The drone crumpled to the ground. The view zooms onto a glowing trail of Travis crawling toward the building.

Travis appears over the edge of the roof as he grabs her and drags her off of it.

THERMAL IMAGING VIEW ENDS

Travis lands on his feet. Slams Jamie head-first onto the balcony.

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

He stomps on her. Zip-ties her legs and wrists. Puts on her goggles.

He goes downstairs. Quietly removes the plywood. Enters the

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL (THERMAL IMAGE VIEW) - ROOM - NIGHT

Travis puts the plywood over the door. Approaches a four-door car trunk in the dark. Windows showing thermal light inside.

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

CLAY (O.S.)
Your soul is gonna be mine now,
Sarge.

Travis slams face down. Scoots halfway under the trunk.

Clay, thermal imaging goggles on, jams an AK-47 muzzle into Travis' back. Clicks the safety off.

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

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - NIGHT

The front wall of a triple-sized room busted-out and covered in plywood with a small boarded-up window on the back wall.

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

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

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle, in a corner. Typing on a laptop on the handlebars.

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

Jamie kneels in front of the car. Mounts an automotive camera module on the bumper.

Travis shudders awake. Shrink-wrapped in a chair facing a corner of the room across from the car. His mouth free.

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

ZIGGY
Jamie's teaching me about the net.
She's the wiz behind the curtain.
But I'm an accelerated learner.
I'll bring hellfire to the
apocalypse.

JAMIE

I learned in the Army from; "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em," North Korean, Russian, Chinese hackers that help politicians here, and all over the world get elected.

ZIGGY

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

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

CLAY

Ya got some questions for me too?
I'm your clear and present danger.
Come on. Ask me...

TRAVIS

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

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

CLAY

Got me all figured out, huh, Sarge?
Mind sharing it?

TRAVIS

You're gonna blow up kids and their parents. Jamie gonna drive the car by remote. Just like she drove that box truck that crashed into us out on that desert road that night.
With the cadaver driver.

Jamie smiles, waves her arms and hands like a game show model, presenting the car to Travis.

CLAY

Yeah. So you figured out our a little funeral home body snatching. But ya ain't saying much about me. Come on, Sarge. You love hearing yourself talk. Be my superior, Sarge. Analyze me.

TRAVIS

You're just a envious little boy. Wanna tear everyone apart like you are.

CLAY

You were responsible for us out in that desert. You lost three men their lives and me my legs for nothing but a fucking feather in your cap.

TRAVIS

You're right, and I'm sorry. But please, take it out on me. I'll pay for my mistakes. Right here. Right now.

CLAY

You're gonna be in this trunk just like your girlfriend Sky was.
(laughs in Travis' face)
And you're gonna pay, with other people's lives, again. By being one of the terrorists delivering a bomb to a school full of children.

Jamie puts on the VR glasses, grabs the remote car controller off the laptop under the hood as she sings:

JAMIE

"Take warning, Father, look to thyself; storm and strife must thou withstand".

She turns the remote knob. The car wheels move as she sings:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Fricka comes to thee here, drawn hither in her car by her rams.

She puts the glasses under the hood.

Travis licks a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth as she drags him to the rear of the car and sings:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

"Hei! how she swings the golden scourge! The wretched beasts are groaning with fear; wheels furiously rattle; fierce she fares to the fray."

She opens the trunk. Sings as a game show model presenter:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

"In strife like this, I take no delight, sweet though to me are the fights of men;
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

then take now thy stand for the
storm: I leave thee with mirth to
thy fate."

The floor covered in C-4 connected to detonating cord, a cell phone, and blasting caps. Thousand ball bearings in plastic bags on each side.

TRAVIS.

I'm gonna stop you, Clay. You'll
see...

He turns his face and licks more blood from the corner of his mouth, but Clay doesn't notice as he shuts the trunk.

Jamie opens the car door. Game show presenting...

Three Muslim Men in front. Three Muslim Women and Children in back. Shrink-wrapped heads and bodies. Holes for nostrils.

Clay and Jamie turn and smirk from the smell of them...

Travis turns away. Tearful. Licks more blood from his lips:

TRAVIS

Haven't these poor people suffered
enough at our hands, Clay?

Jamie nods as she presents the Man behind the wheel's foot shrink-wrapped onto the gas pedal wired to the floor.

She taps a remote button and the gas pedal goes up and down.

CLAY

Gonna be two detonators. Driver's
foot is gonna be on a pressure
release detonator pad glued to the
top of the gas pedal.

(Laughs with pride)

He lifts his foot. All hellfire is
gonna bust loose.

He waves a cell phone at Travis:

CLAY (CONT'D)

In case I gotta do the honors.
That's "innovation; born from the
mother of all fuck-ups... personal
interests." Being self-survival.
You were so right about that,
Sarge.

Travis twists his neck and peers at Ziggy:

TRAVIS

I thought you're supposed to be a man of God. Why are you helping them?

Ziggy holds the bible upside down as he approaches Travis:

ZIGGY

I am the great deceiver. The great dragon that was thrown down. The serpent of old... The Lord and I are not that different. We must both be ever vigilant. Ready to strike down the unworthy. But...

He pulls the pistol from the dug-out bible pages. Puts it to Travis's forehead:

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

I owe you my gratitude. You refused to get on that helicopter.

(beat)

That blunder of yours caused the pilot to fire the missiles that freed me from my stone sarcophagi on that temple archway.

TRAVIS

Whatever happened to the priest that was there?

Ziggy puts the gun in the dug-out pages of the bible.

ZIGGY

He is just like this gun inside this bible. Only *I* am *his* sarcophagi.

TRAVIS

You've been Clay's and Jamie guide all along, Abaddon. Fucking Demon.

Ziggy sits back on the motorcycle. Lays back. Feet on the handlebars. Covers his face with the open upside down bible:

ZIGGY

Just as Sky's been your guide. I saved them through all the robberies. Car chases. Sheriff station attack. You got Clay on that helicopter in Iraq. He sold me his soul to me. Yes Abaddon. But I kept him from dying...

He grabs the bible off his face. Sits up on the motorcycle. With blazing red serpent eyes and a serpent tongue wagging from his mouth. He points at Travis:

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

I did it to get *your soul*, Travis!

TRAVIS

And Clay's been thanking me all along. Better start thanking him, Clay.

CLAY

Haw-haw...

He smirks sideways at Travis as he approaches him:

CLAY (CONT'D)

Welcome to hell, dead man.

He slams Travis backward in his chair to the floor.

Jamie kicks Travis upside the head. Knocks him out.

EXT. JAMES BOWIE AND WILLIAM TRAVIS GRAMMAR SCHOOL - DAY

Deputies guard the barricades on both sides of the street as both groups of Protestors wave flags and signs at each other.

A line of cars creeps toward stopped busses dropping Kids Of All Colors off at the front of the school.

EXT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - DAY

Clay shuts the fence as the four-door car exits to the road.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Three Muslim men in front. Three Muslim Women and Children in back. Noses running through nostril holes. Pleading eyes.

O.S. MUFFLED PRAYERS IN UNISON FROM ALL...

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

O.S. MUFFLED PRAYERS FROM THE PASSENGERS CONTINUES...

Travis shakes his head and opens his eyes. He's shrink-wrapped head to toe in the chair on its side.

The shrink-wrap bulges around his mouth...

Suddenly, a razor blade edge rips a hole in the plastic.

He coughs a mouth full of blood out of the hole around the box-cutter blade as he extends it through his clenched teeth.

He twists his neck to his side. Head down. Cuts a hole in the shrink-wrap down his arm. Pops his shoulder from the plastic.

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - DAY

O.S. PLASTIC SHRINK-WRAP TEARS, CRINKLES, THEN RIPS...

Clay paces back and forth. The remote detonator in his hand.

CLAY

How goddamn fucking close to the
goddamn school are they, Jamie?

Jamie sits at the table in the VR glasses and uses the car remote controller in front of the open laptop.

JAMIE

We're coming up on... oh about six
minutes from getting to the school
still.

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle behind her. Watches the laptop:

ZIGGY

Those on both sides of this great
divide will know the price of
gaining their place in the eternal
flames.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

The vehicle goes down a desert road in sparse traffic...

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The desert passes by outside the tinted glass along with a car now and then on both sides of the road.

Three Muslim Men in front. Three Muslim Women. Children in back. Noses running through nostril holes. Pleading eyes.

O.S. MUFFLED PRAYERS IN UNISON FROM ALL CONTINUES UNTIL...

Women push the Children against the back side doors as a box-cutter blade rips down the center of the back seat.

Travis reaches through the seat from inside the trunk. Tears it open. Squirms through:

TRAVIS
Please excuse me for interrupting
your prayers.

He slits a hole between the arms and bodies of the two Men
next to the one in the driver seat. Then all the Women:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
But I hope I'll be the answer to
them.

Women and Men free each other and the Children. Everyone hugs
and praises Travis:

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN
(Speaking in Arabic)
Shukraan jazilaan... Shukraan
jazilaan...

He points from them to himself:

TRAVIS
Sae...saeiduni? Me...

WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Nem fiela! Nem fiela! Nem fiela!
Nem fiela!

They nod to him, move and help him pull the back seat down.

He rips the plastic off the driver-seat Man's head. Waves the
box-cutter blade. Shakes his head. Points to the gas pedal:

TRAVIS
Don't. Move. La tata...harak... La
tata...harak... Boom-boom!

The Man nods with tearful eyes.

Travis reaches from the back, pulls several feet of wire out
of the air vent until it's taut. The other end's connected
to the moving steering wheel.

He flips the trunk release, crawls into the trunk and calls
back:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
'Amsik saqi min fadlik?

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - REAR END - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Travis lifts the lid from inside the trunk...

He clenches the box-cutter blade in his teeth. Crawls over the rear panel. Then the bumper face-first.

TRAVIS

Okay.

Women, two Men, and Children crawl from behind him. Then grab his legs.

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Okay...

He bends under the car. Twists his neck as the road scrapes his head.

He reaches under the bumper toward the Sheriff's laptop and the collapsible baton duct-taped to the gas tank.

The road chews his elbows:

TRAVIS

Ow. Ya mother!

He grabs the blade from his mouth. Rips the baton off. Sticks it in his mouth. Cuts the tape on the side of the laptop:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Come on. Shit. Come on. Come on.
Shh-shit!

The car hits a bumpy patch...

The road smacks his head. Elbows. Knocks the blade from his hand.

As he shakes his head:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Shh-shit!

The laptop bounces. Tearing the tape off the gas tank...

The road scrapes and tears his outstretched arms bloody as catches the laptop. Yells with the baton in his teeth:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay...

The Men, Women, and Children pull him over the bumper...

The laptop slips from his grip, but his bloody hands grab it against the bumper.

INT. FOUR DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Women and Children kiss and hug in the back seat.

Two Men in the back watch from over the seats. The driver-seated Man from behind the wheel...

As Travis sits in the shotgun seat. Laptop on his lap. Pants down to his ankles. His metal knee braces off.

He sets the laptop in a metal bracket made from his knee braces. Duct-taped together with the overlapping tape off the laptop. Pulls his pants up:

TRAVIS

Alwaqt lileamal fi baladay alsahr.
Okay. Magic time. Alakazam is...
(slaps his chest)
Travis...

He turns toward the Men, Women and Children in the back seat:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Yumkinuk bad' salatak maratan
'ukhraa. Okay. Pray now, okay?

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Okay...

They nod. Put their hands over their fearful faces...

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Travis busts all the side windows with the baton:

TRAVIS

Hasanana ya shababa. kun jahazana.
Okay?

The car turns onto a street. Passes parked cars to both sides.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay...

He climbs out the shotgun side onto the roof.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Now.

Muslim Man hands Travis the open laptop taped in the bracket:

MUSLIM MAN

Majik... Sahir... Alakazam, okay,
Travis?

OTHER MUSLIM MAN (O.S.)

Okay, Travis?

Travis scoots down the windshield onto the hood. The bracketed-laptop cradled in his bloody arms.

TRAVIS

Okay.

A Man on each side reaches out the busted side windows. Grabs Travis' ankles.

BOTH MEN

Okay, Travis.

They slide Travis to the front of the car.

Travis keys the laptop with his nose.

O.S. EVERYONE IN THE CAR SHOUTS THE SAME PRAYER INDISTINCTLY.

The earlier real-time recording from the camera on the laptop, duct-taped to the Sheriff's car bumper as it turns onto the street past parked cars on both sides is the POV playing on the bracketed-laptop screen.

Travis reaches down. Covers the automotive camera with tape:

TRAVIS

ALAKZAM!

He slides the bracketed-laptop around the camera as the front of the car rises and drops over a buckle in the street.

The bracketed-laptop slips out of his hands. Tips forward. Falls over the bumper...

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - DAY

Jamie leans in a chair in VR glasses toward the laptop on the table as the car turns on the street and the screen blackens.

JAMIE

Hey, Clay!

CLAY

I see. I see.

Ziggy and Clay lean over her back at the blackened-screen...

Clay raises the cell phone. Thumb nearing the "call" icon.

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING)

Travis grabs the back of the bracket. Slips the laptop around the camera. Slaps the overlapping tape onto the bumper...

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - DAY

Jamie slides the VR glasses onto her forehead. Hands on the remote controller. Leans in a chair toward the dark laptop screen:

JAMIE

What the hell is this? It must be a glitch.

Ziggy and Clay peer over her back at the darkened-screen.

ZIGGY

What's happening?

CLAY

You got three seconds to fix this glitch, Jamie.

Jamie reaches over the table and types frantically on the laptop...

JAMIE

No. Wait-wait. Come on. Be brave, Clay. The screen's gonna come back on!

Ziggy smiles at Clay's thumb shaking just above the cell phone "call" icon:

CLAY

Three, two...

The screen brightens as the real-time recording of the car going down the street past parked cars on both sides returns.

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle:

ZIGGY

Non but the faint of hearts
accepted any result short of death
on a massive scale.

Jamie puts the glasses on. Grabs the controller. Sings:

JAMIE

"For none but the brave, be he king
or a slave, With a pounding heart
in his chest, Will be worthy to
rise and with the Valkyries fly..."

Clay smiles as he pockets the cell phone:

CLAY

"And ride to Valhalla of old."

EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Travis sits on the shotgun side window, feet on the front seat and smiles skyward as a shadow passes over his face:

TRAVIS

The sky's no limit.

A golden eagle shrieks as it flies across the morning sun.

INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Two Muslim Men, Women and Children watch from the backseat.

Travis scoots next to the driver-seated Muslim Man. Cuts the shrink-wrap around his foot on the gas pedal. Nods to him:

TRAVIS

Sa'ueti kla sarur hayati min ajl
kli malikik. Gladly. Now, okay?

He slides his foot on the gas pedal in place of the Man's.

The Man climbs in back. Hugs and kisses his wife and child.

Travis rips out the wire connected to the steering column. Pulls the other end out of the air vent. And yanks the wire to the gas pedal out.

He pulls over at the corner in clear view of...

ANGLE

A line of cars in the next street creep toward stopped busses dropping Kids Of All Colors off at the front of the school.

Deputies guard the barricades. Both groups of Protestors wave signs and flags at each other.

ANGLE

Everyone reaches from the back seat. Hugs and kisses Travis:

MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN
 Adhhab mae Allah. Barak Allah fik.
 Tusahibuk alsalama. Okay...

The Men put the Women and Children out the busted backside windows and climb out themselves onto the sidewalk.

A Deputy cocks a gun through the busted driver window at Travis.

A DEPUTY
 We got you. You fucking Hajji
 lover.

Four Deputies. Guns drawn. Surround Everyone on the sidewalk.

Deputy Judy runs up. Stops short of A Deputy:

JUDY
 Put your goddamn gun down, right
 now, deputy!

A DEPUTY
 Fuck you, goddamn, Judy, I out-rank
 you.

Wade walks over...

WADE
 Holster your weapons, and get your
 asses back behind those barricades,
 deputies, now! These people have
 suffered enough.

The Deputies hesitantly jog toward the barricades...

TRAVIS
 (to Wade and Judy)
 Thank you both for helping, but I'm
 not done yet.

WADE
 Is there anything that we can do
 for you, soldier?

TRAVIS
 I don't have much time. I gotta
 finish this.

Judy kisses his cheek. Steps back.

Wade salutes him.

Travis fishtails into a U-turn.

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - DAY

Ziggy sits on the motorcycle and keys the laptop on the handlebars.

Jamie sits at the table in VR glasses, manipulates the remote controller in front of the laptop.

Clay steps behind her. The cell phone in his hand:

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

The line of cars ahead creep toward the stopped busses dropping Kids Off All Colors in front of the school.

Deputies stand at barricades along the curbs and hold back the Protestors on both sides.

JAMIE (O.S.)

"Take warning, Father, look to thyself; storm and strife must thou withstand".

(beat)

"Fricka comes to thee here... drawn hither in her car by her rams... Storm and strife."

CLAY (O.S.)

How the hell can these stupid people get in the same line every damn day?

ZIGGY (O.S.)

They're sheep to the slaughter. That's what they are. God's doomed flock.

EXT./INT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Travis swerves in and out of traffic and squeezes between the cars.

He weaves the car in and out through a convoy of box trucks and semis.

He screeches left to right stuck behind more semis and box trucks.

He veers off the road around them.

He fishtails in the sand as he passes them and cuts them off as he veers back onto the road.

He looks in the rearview mirror. He sees TRUCKERS honk their horns and flash him the finger through their windshields.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
I'm not fucked yet.

ANGLE

The golden eagle above flies down the road, scouting ahead.

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - DAY

O.S. THE ROAR OF A MOTORIZED-MIXER CHURNING CEMENT OUTSIDE.

Ziggy stops typing on the laptop across the handlebars and gets off the motorcycle:

ZIGGY
(to himself)
Who's out there?

He takes the board off the small window on the back wall. He sees the five Mexican Workers in the trench outside. One Worker dumps concrete from the mixer into the hole.

ANGLE

Jamie works the remote controller in the VR glasses and faces the laptop screen.

Ziggy steps next to her and gazes at the laptop screen:

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
Hellfire's coming, my children.
There's flesh to render. You will
be the first of the apocalypse. Do
it now, Clay!

Clay paces back and forth behind her. Watches the screen. Cell phone in hand. Thumb cocked above the "call" icon.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

Several cars left ahead creep toward the stopped buses in front of the school with Children playing.

CLAY (O.S.)
Let the children play.

INT./EXT. FOUR-DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Travis zooms in, out, and around several cars.

TRAVIS

Come-on come-on. I'm trying to save
you!

The tires kicks-up a sandstorm as he roars off the side of
the road around two box trucks.

He swerves back on the road. Veers left around two semis into
the oncoming lane.

A semi roars dead-ahead toward him.

He fishtails right and floors-it, only halfway to the front
of the lead semi.

The oncoming semi closes on him:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

No way... Not yet!

ANGLE

The golden eagle swoops down in a dive from above. Its claws
smack the windshield. The eagle veers left off the road.

INT./EXT. FOUR DOOR CAR (MOVING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Travis zooms left after the bird. Inches from the oncoming
semi grill.

The semi front bumper swats the right corner of the four-door
front end.

Travis fights the wheel as he fishtails through a tailspin in
the sand. He wrestles the wheel straight and pulls out of it.

He barrels through the sand. Chases the eagle as it leads him
across the desert.

INT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR MANAGER ROOMS - DAY

Jamie slams the VR glasses onto the table. Leans toward the
laptop screen. She jerks around in her chair as she pushes
buttons and twists knobs on the remote controller.

JAMIE

This ain't right. What the goddamn?

This is not...

(spits out the words)

Why isn't this fucking thing
working!

Clay stops in mid-step and looks over her shoulder at the
laptop screen:

CLAY

Goddamn it. I want the front of
that fucking school and the asshole
kids playing.

Ziggy leaves his laptop on the handlebars, gets off the
motorcycle and leans toward the laptop screen on the table:

ZIGGY

God will not win again. Not this
time. I will not let this happen.
I've got the goddamn internet this
time!

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

Space opens in the street as the screen's POV doesn't creep
along with the last two cars ahead behind the stopped buses
at the front of the school and Children playing.

The black monster dildo creeps across the screen...

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Jamie backs away from the table and sings:

JAMIE

"Oh Warfather on high, Listen to my
prayer, I lived my life by your
rules, Oh let death cover me now."

Clay presses the "call" icon on the cell phone:

CLAY

Thank you for fucking saving me,
Ziggy.

He shoves Ziggy. Ziggy flops onto the table. His nose presses
against the dildo on the screen.

ANGLE

The four-door car smashes through the plywood covering the
front wall.

Jamie and Clay duck out of the oncoming car's way.

Ziggy backs off of the table away from the dildo on the
laptop screen.

The car shoves the table into him. He backpedals as the car
pins him against the back wall.

ANGLE

Clay grabs the driver door. Jamie grabs the shotgun side.

They see the Mexican Workers seated in the red pickup rear bed as it zooms away over the busted-in fence outside the smashed-in plywood covering.

Jamie and Clay open the car doors and see the cell phone detonator from the trunk duct-taped to the rearview mirror:

CLAY AND JAMIE
Goddamn it!

ANGLE

The wire from the steering column tied to the door handles, through the steering wheel, pulls the baton jammed between the seat and gas pedal off the pressure detonator pad.

EXT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The building explodes. The motorcycle rockets out of the blossoming fireball. Jamie the rider and Clay behind her.

The red pickup slams the motorcycle head-on and plows Jamie and Clay back into the cloud of smoke and debris.

A fire starts under the front half of the red pickup inside the motel. The rear window cracks. Travis dives through the shattering glass onto the rear bed. Leaps into the sand.

The red pickup explodes in a ball of fire and the building collapses into smoldering rubble.

Travis rolls in the sand and extinguishes his fiery clothes.

The cobra slithers out of the rubble closing on Travis.

He flips onto his knees. Sees the motorized-mixer churning cement above the end of the trench behind him.

The cobra coils upright in striking distance of him. Cocks its head. Hisses. Tongue wagging. Venom drips from its fangs.

TRAVIS
What in hell?

He quickly turns toward the sound...

The cobra strikes at him. He leaps sideways. It strikes the side of his boots. He sweep-kicks it away.

The cobra slithers at him. He crawls backward, to the edge of the trench. Kicks and misses as it coils back. Leaps at him.

The cobra hisses just short of his face as he falls into the trench.

ANGLE

Travis hits the bottom. His upper chest impaled by one of several nine-inch pieces of rebar sticking out of the concrete along the hole.

TRAVIS

You fuck...

The cobra dives at Travis. He grabs the snake. It strikes and strikes at his face. Fangs an inch from his nose.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're going back where you came from.

He grunts as he sits-up. Pops his bloody shoulder free from the rebar. Blood pours from his wound. The cobra struggles and hisses in his grasp as he stands...

He throws the cobra in the corner. It coils ready to strike him...

He pulls the cement-mixer barrel down. Leaps out of the trench as a barrel-full of cement piles over the cobra.

ANGLE

He rolls away from the trench. Takes a deep breath. Exhales:

TRAVIS

I've got to know!

He hesitantly rolls back to the edge on his chest. His wound bleeds into the sand. He sees the pile of cement settling. No cobra.

HOURS LATER

He still lies at the edge of the trench on his chest. His sunburnt skin blistered. Fresh blood from his wound spreads across the dried-blood in the sand.

He sees the cement baked dry in the sun.

O.S. THE SHRIEK OF A GOLDEN EAGLE IN THE SKY...

Travis rolls on his back and smiles skyward...

A golden eagle dips its one wing and circles overhead.

EXT. HEARTBREAK MOTEL/NATION OF ISLAM MOSQUE - NIGHT

The motel is gone. In its place a well lit bright-white mosque surrounded by sprinklers watering fresh green grass.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

An American flag over a Texas Lone Star flag flies high in the starry sky on a well light flagpole.

The Muslim Men, Women and Children join other families walking from the parking lot to the arched mosque entrance.

The cement sarcophagi of Abaddon as the slithering black cobra carved from the concrete at the top of the archway.

A MAN faces a roadside marquee sign mounted on a square brick frame at the lot entrance with "Welcome To All - Nation of Islam Mosque" the header across the top.

The Man puts the last letters of a poem on the sign reading:

"I live by the grace of my brothers,

We are bound in my ribbons and medals,

They died for me in that place,

I am neither here nor there.

But in service to their sacrifice, I have become...

The Last Obstacle to Evil."

He closes the glass door on the sign and salutes the American Flag. The Man is Travis. His medals pinned to his chest.

He grabs a backpack behind the sign. Puts it on. Pulls a wide brim slouch hat with the golden eagle feather in the band from the backpack.

He puts the hat on and smiles as he walks away with a slight limp into the desert.

A golden eagle shrieks in-flight overhead leading Travis to the middle of nowhere...

FADE OUT.

THE END