EXT. NEWCOMER FARM- DUSK

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

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

He spots something and sits up. Curious.

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

BERT
What the frickin' hell is that?

Bert approaches, shotgun at the ready.

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

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

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

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

SWISH! A sword whips off his head.

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

INT. SALOON- NIGHT

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

ON THE STAGE

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

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

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

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

    DOGGLEBE
    On the house.

    HELIO
    Wow! Much thanks!

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

    HELIO
    Hey, amigo! I got you a drink!

The figure slowly turns around. It's WESLEY.

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

Helio slams his down and immediately pours two more.

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

Helio sadly shakes his head.

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

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

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

Wesley looks at him, stony faced.

WESLEY
Kill the other guy and bring his heart to me.

Helio is shocked.

HELIO
You tell me to kill him?

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

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

Helio slams another tequila and belches.

ON THE STAGE

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

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

Applause and yee-has from the crowd.

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

She grabs a guitar and sits.

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

She begins to play. The crowd is captivated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON- LATER

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

The crowd goes WILD.

BREANNE
Thank you.

She walks to the bar.

BREANNE
Whiskey.

DOGGLEBE
Comin' right up.

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

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

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

GREG
Two fingers of soda.

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

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

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

DOGGLEBE
Come again?

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

He turns to Breanne and smiles.

She rolls her eyes.

GREG
(to Dogglebe)
Hell, just gimme a beer. I'm chokin' here.

DOGGLEBE
What kind?

Greg looks at him in disbelief.

GREG

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

DOGGLEBE
(to camera)
You're describing things we can't possibly see.

Sorry.

Dogglebe pours a beer and slides it over to Greg.

Greg takes a mighty swig and looks over at Breanne.

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

Breanne ignores him, looks away.

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

BREANNE
I don't associate ma'self with gunslingers.

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

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

She splashes whiskey in his face.

GREG
Argh! My eyes!

Breanne turns and leaves the bar.

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

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

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

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

CINDY
Time for bed, little man.

GRANDSON
Goodnight, baby doll.

CINDY
Goodnight, sweetie. Run along now.
GRANDSON
I love you, grandma.

CINDY
I love you too. Now skedaddle.

The kid scampers off into the house.

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

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

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

HIGGS
What the...

SWISH! The sword lops off his head too.

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

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

INT. BEDROOM— DAY

Sunlight creeps through the shutters.

Helio lies in bed. Unshaven. Disheveled.

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

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

HOOKER (O.S.)
You're not the only one, big boy.

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

She moves away bashfully.

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

He takes her hand, looks into her eyes.

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

She swoons into his arms.

HOOKER
Oh, Helio.

They kiss passionately.

The door SMASHES OPEN.

Helio looks up in terror.

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

HELIO
Oh God! It's a nightmare!

The Ninja somersaults towards them, swords flailing.

ZIP! ZIP! ZIP!

The hooker's head tumbles to the floor.

HELIO
Noooo!

The Ninja stands before him, swords dripping with fresh blood.
HELIO
That's it, Ninja! You struck a nerve there, bud!

Helio grabs the tequila bottle.

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

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

HELIO
Never!!

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

Helio dashes over and looks outside.

The Ninja somersaults away in a cloud of dust.

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

HELIO
I'll always love you, My Dear Loo.

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

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM- DAY

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

She drops the trunk and locks the door.

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

She sighs. Checks the door again.

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

She chuckles to herself then... as she turns...

...the Ninja stands before her, swords raised.

**ANDY**

**Bloody hell!**

**SWISH!** Andy ducks as the blade slices thin air.

She frantically struggles to unlock the door.

**ANDY**

Help! Somebody help me!

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

He picks himself up and dusts himself down.

**MIKE**

Swingin'!

**ANDY**

Mike, you came to save me!

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

**NINJA**

Don't ya just love them Disposable Heroes.

Andy is speechless, rooted to the spot.

The Ninja raises a sword.

**NINJA**

Pucker up, buttercup.

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

**EXT. SALOON- DAY**
Greg gallops up on his horse, a cloud of dust in his wake.

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

INT. SALOON- DAY

An eerie SILENCE greets him.

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

    GREG
    Well I'll be damned.

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

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

EXT. SALOON- DAY

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

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

Out of nowhere, three horsemen appear.

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

Wesley levels a revolver at Greg.

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

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

Wesley swings his gun towards the liquor bottle.

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

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

GREG
I might be. Who's askin'?

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

Greg squints at him, takes another swig of liquor.

GREG
Where can I find the sheriff?

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

Zavier and Andrew exchange nods.

GREG
And who might you be?

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

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

Greg swigs his liquor.

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

WESLEY
Lemme guess. The heads were missin'.
Greg squints at him, confused.

    GREG
    Yeah, that's right.

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

EXT. HELIO'S HOUSE- DAY

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

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

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

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

EXT. TOWN- DAY

Deserted, dusty, oppressively hot.

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

The wind whips up a cloud of dust.

A tumbleweed rolls past.

Then... through the haze... he sees something.
EXT. SALOON- DAY

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

Vultures circle ominously overhead.

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

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

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

HELIO

Now you really struck a nerve!

The wind HOWLS as a sandstorm blows in.

A door RATTLES on its hinges.

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

He approaches.

INT. GENERAL STORE- DAY

It's deserted.

The door CREAKS open and Helio enters, gun drawn.

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

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

INT. STOREROOM

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

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

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

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

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

    NINJA
    Excellent... the circle is almost complete.

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

The Ninja approaches George Wilson's head.

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

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

    HELIO
    No fucking move!

The Ninja spins on its heels.

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

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

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

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

It's Breanne.

Helio's hand shakes as he grips the pistol.

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

Breanne smiles and raises her sword.

BREANNE
No, you're out of your mind!

She swings the sword.

Helio ducks out of the way and fires.

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

Breanne slips and falls.

Greg's head rolls along the floor towards her.

GREG'S HEAD
Nyuk! Nyuk! Nyuk!

Breanne stabs Greg's head with her sword.

Helio towers over her, smoking pistol in hand.

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

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

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

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

Breanne gets to her feet.

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

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

Breanne's face flushes.

Don raises the axe.

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

Rage burns in his eyes.

DON
Somebody didn't follow the rules!

THWAK! He brings down the axe.

INT. STOREROOM—LATER

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

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

He pulls a lever and the machine WHIRRS into life.

Liquid pumps through the tubes, as the creative juices drain from the severed heads.
A printing press stutters then spews out page after page of perfectly formatted screenplays.

Don picks up a page and reads.

He LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

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

He puts down the screenplay and walks over to it.

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

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

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

Don steps back in terror as the Tanuki bounces around.

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

Wiggle. Wiggle.

DON

Wow!

Wiggle. Wiggle.

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

EXT. TOWN- AERIAL VIEW

KABOOM! The entire town explodes!

FADE OUT.