

WELCOME

Written by

Kevin Doy Burton

:

110 Corrina Blvd.Apt.177

Waukesha Wisconsin

53186

Kevindoyburton4@gmail.com

FADE IN

EXT.ROUTE 66.DAY

Twenty-five cyclist were cruising down route 66.They all wore leather jackets with the name Rockets on their backs.They pulled into a gas station.

INT.GAS STATION.DAY

The gas station attendant was in the bathroom on the toilet reading a newspaper.He was the only one working there.He was a young black man around twenty years old. Wearing blue jeans,yellow short sleeve shirt,and a blue vest with the name of the gas station on a patch on the top right upper part of his vest.He was slim looking with a short Afro hair style.He looked up at the sound of motorcycles roaring in.The sound was like thunder.One by one they filled up their tanks while their leader walked into the station.

JERROD

Hey, is anyone here?

The leader was dirty from riding in the desert.Muscular looking.He wore a tatoo on his arm.He has a short blond beard on his face.His blond hair was long.It hung down to his shoulders.The attendant came out from the back room.

ATTENDENT

Yes sir

JERROD

Look, little man. Do you  
sale any beer here?

ATTENDENT

(nervous)

Yes Sir. Over in the far  
refrigerator.

Jerrod walked over to the refrigerator and opened the door. He took out two cases. One of the other cyclist came inside of the store.His name is Bobby.He was dirty as well.His hair

was short like a military hair style.He was a big man.Around thirty years old.He also wore a beard but his was black.

BOBBY

Hey Jerrod. Where are you?

JERROD

Jerrod stood up and turned around.

I'm over here Bobby. Get some of the boys in here to help carry this beer.

BOBBY

Ok. I'll be right back.

JERROD

Hey. Put this on my tab.

You have any maps?

ATTENDENT

Yes. They're on the stand, over there.

Jerrod opened up the map to see where they were at. He pointed to a spot where they could hold up.The attendant stepped back up against the wall.He was sweating.

JERROD

Ok, I'll take this map. Tab me.

Jerrod left the store.The attendant look out a small rag he had in his back pocket and began wiping the sweat from his face.

JERROD

Let's go.

They all started up their bikes and like a roar of thunder they rode off. Several miles down the road, Jerrod, who was in front had slowed down to a stop.The others did the same.Jerrod looked around.He saw a canyon where they could camp.He turn off the road and drove towards the rocky canyon.The rest followed.They all arrived at the canyon.They

parked their bikes and set up camp. One of the girls turned on their boombox and started playing music. The girls began dancing. They all grabbed beers and began drinking. Jerrod opened up the map.

JERROD

Bobby. Come over here.

Bobby was Jerrod's right hand man.

JERROD

Look at this map. According to it, L.A. is about 100 miles away. This is going to be a straight shot from here. So, party up. We leave at eight in the morning.

BOBBY

I noticed on the map that there are no more towns to visit. That sun is sure going to be hot on us.

JERROD

We've done this many times, Bobby. Do you remember the last town we visited? I know they will remember us. Especially the women.

BOBBY

I believe that some of them will be carrying babies by us in nine months.

JERROD

(laughing)

Hey Bobby. Who's your  
daddy?

As they both laughed, they each had grabbed a girl and  
started dancing. Seven hours had gone by.

JERROD

Ok get up.

They all rose from a drunken slumber. They staggered, but  
finally they had pulled themselves together. Once the girls  
were comfortably seated, they headed for the road. They  
roared down route 66. About thirty miles down the road  
Jerrod had pulled off. The rest had followed. He finally had  
stopped. After he had gotten off of his bike he stared off  
into the distance.

BOBBY

Hey Jerrod. What gives?

JERROD

Look over there. What do  
you see?

Massie got off her bike. She is a large white woman, looking  
like a wrestler. Her hair is braided down her back. She's  
thirty two years old and wore tatoos all over her body.

MASSIE

Why did we stop and what  
are you two looking at?

The rest of the crew got off of their bikes and walked over  
to where Jerrod was standing.

CRANK

What gives, Boss?

Crank is fifty years old and wears a thick moustache. His  
hair is brown. He's wearing a cowboy hat that hangs down his  
back over his leather jacket.

JERROD

Everyone. Look over there.  
What do you see?

They all looked.

TONY

Is that a mirage?

Tony is the only black man in the bunch. He wears long braids on his head. He wears a leather jacket as well.

JERROD

Why? What do you see?

TONY

I don't know about you  
but to me it looks like  
a town.

JERROD

Do the rest of you see  
that too?

MASSIE

I can see it.

Jerrodd took out the map to look at it again.

BOBBY

What's the matter?

JERROD

That town is not on this  
map.

BOBBY

How old is the map?

JERROD

Five years old.

BOBBY

Then that explains it.

JERROD

Explains what?

BOBBY

With our technology, a town  
can be built in less time  
than that.

JERROD

A whole town?

BOBBY

I believe so.

JERROD

Ok. Then that's where we're  
going.

They all got back on their motorcycles and drove off. About  
thirty minutes later they slowed down to read the sign.  
"Welcome". There was a broken half of the sign lying face  
down in the sand. They didn't bother to turn it over.

JERROD

Is that the name of this  
town?

BOBBY

It sounds like an  
invitation.

JERROD

Well, lets not let them  
down.

They all drove off towards Welcome. The people in the town  
were going on with their daily lives. They all stopped to  
look in the direction of the thunderous sound. They all saw  
machines coming their way. They went on with their daily  
routine. The Rockets road through the town doing wheelies  
and racing with each other. They parked their bikes near a  
bar. They stormed inside.

INT.THE BAR.DAY

JERROD

Bartender.Set-em up for  
my boys.

The bartender was a very fat man with scruffy hair.He was wearing an apron around his stomach.He wore a t-shirt under the apron.The rest of the Rockets were pushing people out of their chairs.

PATRON

There was a patron sitting down.He was young,about in his thirties.He was a native American Indian.His black hair was long.He was pushed out of his chair.He fell down on the floor.

You don't have to be so  
rough. I would've given up  
my chair to you if you had  
just asked.

BOBBY

But I didn't.

Bobby grabbed the stranger by his collar. Showing his tattoos on both sides of his arms. Bobby's tattoos had a hoola girl on both arms with rings on their bellies.

PATRON

Look mister. I'm just a  
blacksmith. I don't want  
no trouble.

BOBBY

Then get out of here.

The blacksmith ran out of the bar while the Rockets all laughed. The rest of the customers had left the bar also. Only the Rockets were left enjoying themselves.

BARTENDER

Are you going to pay the  
bill?

JERROD



Put it on my tab.

Bobby reached over the bar and grabbed the bartender.

BOBBY

You don't ask my friend  
here if he's going to pay.  
You just keep pouring.

Bobby showed his silver grilled teeth. The bartender grinned also showing his missing front teeth.

BOBBY

Why are you grinning?  
What's so funny? Do you  
think I'm funny?

The bartender just kept on grinning. Bobby poured some beer over the bartender's head and popped him on top of it.

BOBBY

Go on. Get out of here.

The bartender ran out of the bar. They all dranked until they had passed out. Soon it was dark and all of the lights went out.

JERROD

Hey, what gives?

They all left the bar and went out into the street.

INT/EXT.THE STREET.NIGHT

BOBBY

There's no lights on  
anywhere.

JERROD

Anyone have a flashlight?

MASSIE

I have one on my bike. If  
only I could see where my

bike is.

JERROD

There's no moon out  
tonight. Let's go back  
into the bar and crash  
until daylight. I believe  
the bar is over here.

They started walking. They kept on bumping into each other.

JERROD

I can't find the door.  
Can anyone find the door?

BOBBY

I can't see my hands in  
front of my face.

JERROD

Ok, listen up. Are we all  
up against the wall?

THE WHOLE GANG

Yea.

JERROD

Then we crash here until  
daylight. Up against the  
wall.

They all sat down on the ground, up against the wall and  
fell asleep. Several hours later daylight had come. They all  
woke up kind of groggy. The door was ten feet away from  
them. They got up and went inside. There was the bartender  
serving drinks to the blacksmith and some of the other  
customers.

EXT/INT.THE BAR.DAY

JERROD

Hey Bobby. Where are you?

MASSIE

I don't see Bobby either.

They all looked around. Bobby was missing.

JERROD

Someone go outside and find  
them. Tell them that we are  
back inside of the bar.

CRANK

I'll go.

Jerrod looked at the bartender.

JERROD

Pour everyone a drink and  
put it on my tab.

The bartender grinned at Jerrod while pouring the drinks  
into the glasses. Jerrod looked at the bartender's teeth and  
saw that they had been grilled.

JERROD

I could've sworn that you  
didn't have any front  
teeth.

BARTENDER

I've always had my teeth.

Jerrod turned his head to see that the blacksmith was  
sitting next to him having himself a drink. The blacksmith  
was wearing a short sleeve shirt exposing his tattooed arms.  
On his arms were hoola girls with rings on their belly  
buttons. Jerrod grabbed the blacksmith's arm.

JERROD

Where did you get those  
tattoos?

BLACKSMITH

I've always had these  
tattoos.

Crank ran back inside of the bar.

CRANK

Hey Boss. I called out to  
Bobby and he didn't answer.  
What do you want me to do?

JERROD

Ok everyone. Bobby is  
missing. I want you  
to go outside and asked  
everyone if they had seen  
him. Check the stores.  
The hotels. The restaurants.  
Look everywhere. We're not  
leaving here until we find  
them.

Everyone left the bar and scattered around town. Massie had  
a black patch on her right eye from a fight she was in  
before. She went inside of a donut shop.

EXT/INT.DONUT SHOP.DAY

MASSIE

Hey you. Have you seen  
a guy wearing a leather  
jacket come in here?

There was a young nineteen year old cashier standing next to  
the cash register. She had long red hair that came down to  
her waist. She wore a mini dress. It was candy striped.

CASHIER

No. Would you like some

donuts?

Massie grabbed the cashier by her neck.

MASSIE

If I wanted any donuts I  
would take them.

Massie was three hundred pounds of all woman and she could hold her own. The cashier was one hundred pounds. Massie pushed her backwards. The young cashier didn't show any expression on her face. She just grinned. Massie looked at her with an angry expression on her face and left the donut shop. Massie went back to the bar.

EXT/INT. THE BAR. DAY

MASSIE

Hey Boss. I went over to  
the donut shop down the  
street and the cashier  
said no one came inside.

JERROD

You wait here until the  
rest of the gang show up.  
When they get here tell  
them I said to wait here  
until I get back.

MASSIE

Ok Boss.

Jerrod left the bar to search on his own. He went down the street. He went around the corners. He knocked on doors and finally he decided to go to the donut shop on his way back. He went inside.

EXT/INT. DONUT SHOP. DAY

There was a cashier wiping the counters.

CASHIER

Would you like some

donuts?

He looked at her and saw that she was wearing a black patch over her right eye.

JERROD

No. I don't want any  
donuts.

He left the shop. Ran down the street and back into the bar.

EXT/INT. THE BAR. DAY

JERROD

(shouting)

Massie! Massie!

The rest of the gang looked around.

CRANK

Massie's not here.

JERROD

I told her not to go  
anywhere until I get  
back. Now I'm missing  
another person. Go out  
there and search for them  
and as soon as you find  
them we're leaving this  
God forsaken town.  
There's something wrong  
here. Be back here before  
dark or you'll get lost  
out there.

THE GANG

Ok Boss.

JERROD

I'll wait right here  
until you all come back  
just in case it gets dark  
out there. You will be  
able to follow my voice.  
You hear?

THE GANG

We hear you Boss.

They all left the bar. The bartender and Jerrod were the only ones in the bar.

JERROD

Pour me a drink and put  
it on my tab.

The bartender poured Jerrod a drink and another and another. Soon Jerrod was passed out. Darkness came and then daylight. Jerrod woke up to see that the bar was full of patrons. Everyone were nonchalant while drinking.

JERROD

Hey bartender. Did you see  
my boys?

Jerrod had a long scar on the side of his face from a knife fight he was in. He had killed the other person.

JERROD

I'm going out to find my  
boys. Pour me a drink and  
put it on my tab.

BARTENDER

Your tab had run out.

JERROD

Are you crazy?

Everyone started standing up from their tables and turning towards Jerrod. They started removing their garments, showing parts of the Rockets bodies. They blocked the door

so Jerrod could not run out. He ran around the bar, but they had closed in on him. He screamed. They were on top of him. He made the most horrible sound.

Darkness fell and then daylight had come around. The bartender was serving drinks as usual. Everyone was having a drink, casually. The bartender started grinning with his grilled teeth and a long scar on the side of his face.

As we move away from the town you can see that there was a large crater next to it. Inside of the crater were thousands of motorcycles and trailerhomes piled on top of each other. Next to them partly buried into the wall of the crater was a ship that was not of this earth. As the camera move further away, you can see a sign that reads, "Welcome", but there was the other half of the sign, laying on the ground. The wind had turned it over. It read "To Hell."

THE END

FADE OUT