

WELCOME

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT.ROUTE 66.DAY

Twenty-five cyclist are 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, and was the only one working there. He is young. African American. He's twenty years old and wearing blue jeans and a yellow short sleeve shirt. He wore a blue vest. The name of the gas station on a patch, on the top right upper part of it. He was slim-looking with a short Afro hairstyle. 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 tattoo on his arm and wore a short blond beard on his face. His blond hair was long and hung down to his shoulders. The attendant came out from the back room.

ATTENDENT

Yes sir

JERROD

Look, little man. Do you have 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 cyclists came inside the store. His name is Bobby, and he was dirty as well. His hair was short, like a military hairstyle. He was a big man. Around thirty years old. He's wearing a thick long black beard.

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. 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 took out a small rag that he was carrying 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 road several miles down the road. Jerrod, who was in front, had slowed down to a stop. The others did the same. Jerrod looked around and saw a canyon where they could camp. He pulled off the road. 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 and 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, 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 has a white female wrestler's body, and her red hair is down her back. She's thirty-two years old and wore tattoos 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 mustache. 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, and 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.

Jerrod 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," Half of it is laying 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, let's 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 sound coming their way. They all saw machines coming. They went on with their daily routine. The Rockets rode 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.

A fat man with scruffy hair and wearing an apron around his stomach is the bartender. He wore a t-shirt under the apron. The rest of the Rockets were pushing people out of their chairs.A patron is sitting down, and he is young. In his thirties.A native American Indian with long black hair. He fell out of his chair and onto the floor.

PATRON

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 while showing his tattoos on both sides of his arms. His tattoos had a hula girl on both arms with rings on their bellies.

PATRON

Look, mister. I'm just a
blacksmith. I don't want
any 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

What did you say?

Bobby reached over the bar and grabbed the bartender.

BOBBY

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

Bobby showed his silver grilled teeth. The bartender grinned, 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 drank 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

JERROD

Does anyone have a
flashlight?

MASSIE

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

JERROD

There is 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 and 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 here 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 and confused. 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 him. Tell him that
we are back inside of the
bar.

CRANK

I'll go.

Jerrod looked at the bartender.

JERROD

Pour everyone a drink.

The bartender grinned at Jerrod while pouring the drinks into the glasses. Jerrod looked at the bartender's grilled teeth.

JERROD

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

BARTENDER

I always had my teeth.

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

JERROD

Where did you get those
tattoos?

BLACKSMITH

I always had these
tattoos.

Crank ran back inside of the bar.

CRANK

Hey Boss. I called out to
Bobby. What do you want me
to do?

JERROD

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

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 a donut shop.

EXT/INT.DONUT SHOP.DAY

MASSIE

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

A young nineteen-year-old cashier was 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, and Massie pushed her backward. 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 knocked on doors and walked towards 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 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. Do 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 is 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 had killed the other person.

JERROD

I am going out to find my
boys. Pour me a drink.

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 Rocket's bodies. They blocked the door, so Jerrod could not run out. He ran around the bar, but they had closed in on him as he was screaming. 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 is drinking. 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 a large crater next to it. Inside of it are hundreds of motorcycles and trailer homes piled on top of each other. Next to them, partly buried into the wall of the crater, is a ship that is not of this earth, and further away, you can see a sign that reads, "Welcome." The other half of it is on the ground. The wind had turned it over. It read "To Hell."

THE END

FADE OUT