

RAYS OF DARKNESS

- The Pilot -

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TEASER

1 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

COMPLETE DARKNESS. We hear sounds of crickets and trees swaying back and forth in the light wind. A loon wails.

HEADLIGHTS flash over a distant hill as a classic 1930 Duesenberg Dual-Cowl Phaeton LeBaron *ZOOMS* by on a black top road, lighting only the surrounding woods. A lone DEER is lit for a split second, but quickly cast back into darkness.

2 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Now off the beaten path, the LeBaron makes it's way into a vacant lot in the middle of nowhere. The car abruptly *STOPS*, as a TALL AND SLENDER FIGURE wearing an ELK HEAD MASK and tuxedo is lit in the distance by the car headlights. This is CERVIDAE, who does nothing but stare at the car.

3 **EXT. CAR FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

The DRIVER, early 40's nervously opens the door for his passenger, THE GUEST, a man in a suit wearing a realistic FOX HEAD MASK. As he exits the LeBaron, we faintly see thru the eyeholes of the mask as he walks toward Cervidae. The Driver is PETRIFIED as he slowly looks over towards Cervidae.

4 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

The Guest now stands close to Cervidae. No words said, but he extends an envelope to Cervidae as the LeBaron drives off behind them. Cervidae reads the invitation, then picks up a lantern and walks into the dark woods -- The Guest follows.

A MAN, *SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER* is heard close by. He is being pursued by a mob of WOMEN, dressed in red cloaks with torches, aggressively walking toward him. He frantically runs past The Guest and Cervidae, who ignore the group.

KING LEAR

Help!!! Help me--please! Don't
you see them??

5 **EXT. OLD MANSION - NIGHT**

Cervidae and The Guest arrive at the base of an old, yet EXTRAVAGANT HOUSE. All of the windows -- blacked out. Cervidae pulls out an ANTIQUE KEY, and places it nearby.

He walks back into the darkness of the woods. The Guest ponders the key -- stows it -- then walks up to the giant front doors. He ENTERS.

6 **INT. OLD MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

The Guest enters into a strange scene full of CREEPY ANTHROPOMORPHIC masked patrons. HORSES -- WOLVES -- SWINE, and towering above him: STILT WALKERS that mimic giant VULTURES. -- A dramatic immersive THEATER PLAY is in full swing. Beautiful women and men act out scenes of power, sex, and betrayal throughout the house, while MASKED PATRONS watch and live MUSICIANS play a tragic soundtrack to it all.

7 **INT. OLD MANSION - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS**

The Guest walks through the house towards a large STAIRCASE. He ignores a drink tray of colorful cocktails and pills offered. A group of 3, wearing WILD BOAR head masks sit next to a fireplace. Each turn and STARE as The Guest makes his way up the stairs.

On the 2nd floor, The Guest walks past the temptation of male and female actors trying to seduce him... not interested. On an adjacent staircase, two more actors faux GOUGE OUT the eyes of another actor as he SCREAMS. The Guest continues UP.

Now on the 3rd floor, the climax of the live theatre show draws everyone's attention. It's BOMBASTIC and WEIRD. A slow motion BATTLE is taking place surrounding King Lear. He carries a young woman, PRINCESS in his arms with a noose around her neck. Two WOMEN, young with cloven hooved feet lay dead at his footstool. POISON, KNIVES, and an entire cast of actors all FALL TO THE GROUND DEAD. King Lear keels over in ANGUISH, then DIES on top of Princess. SILENCE. The LIGHTS DIM -- the show is over.

Beat. Masked patrons and actors begin to lock arms and make their way to various DOORS throughout the estate. Each have unique KEYS that allow them into specific doors. The Guest heads toward a DARK HALLWAY lined with ivy and tree branches.

8 **INT. MANSION DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Now completely alone, The Guest walks down the hallway observing different ANIMAL SYMBOLS painted on each door. He walks to the furthest door. It has the symbol of an OWL.

He pulls out the ANTIQUE KEY from earlier. We see it up close as it *also* bears the symbol of an owl -- *CLICK*.

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. ZIOR - NIGHT**

SNAP! BOLT CUTTERS cut through a CHAIN LINKED FENCE.

A PRIVATE SECURITY VEHICLE drives past a strange facility.

TWO THIEVES, dressed in black with masks and backpacks pry through the fence and run towards the facility. THIEF 1 looks out of shape and having a hard time keeping up with THIEF 2, who is more athletic and runs ahead. **BACK TO:**

10 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

The Guest sits down in a CHAIR made completely of CARVED WOODEN SNAKES. He sits across a desk from HOST, masked with an eerie OWL MASK, suit and gloves. Finally, The Guest *SPEAKS* -- in a very weird and overly poetic tone.

THE GUEST

At last... I've anticipated our meeting for quite some time. You are the one?

HOST

Welcome.

11 **EXT. ZIOR - NIGHT**

A modified PAINTBALL GUN drops to the ground. We see a SECURITY CAMERA covered in GREEN PAINT as Thief 2 PARKOURS up onto the roof from a nearby truck. He throws a ROPE down for Thief 1; now drifting off into his own world. Thief 2 snaps his fingers at him and he comes back to reality.

12 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

The Guest is completely enthralled with the wooden SNAKES on the chair armrest. He begins PETTING THEM.

THE GUEST

The Perch; delightfully intriguing.

Host slides OLD INK PEN AND PAPER towards The Guest on the table. The Guest doesn't flinch. He continues to fondle the snake armrest, needing a little more foreplay.

THE GUEST (CONT'D)

I find it amusing, the commonplace saying, "*To cut off the head of the snake*". As if addressing the root cause of a dilemma...

13 **EXT. ZIOR - ROOF - NIGHT**

Thief 1 is BREATHING HARD. He now has bi-focal glasses on over his mask. He crudely CUTS wires from a small electric box with his pocket knife.

THE GUEST (V.O.)

...is the key to solving it. A cruel jest for the unversed. Shan't they never learn?

Thief 2 finishes cutting a HOLE in the roof and STOMPS a large piece through.

14 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

The Guest is enthralled with the curves of the SNAKE ARMREST, running his fingers along it's course.

THE GUEST

Did you know that if you actually cut off the head of a snake, even hours later it can still bite and inject it's venom into your veins?

15 **INT. PRIVATE SECURITY VEHICLE - NIGHT**

SECURITY GUARD, mid 40's mumbles along to a song playing on the radio. He reaches for his cellphone, but it's not there.

SECURITY GUARD

Ah man...

16 **INT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Thief 2 REPELS down a rope from the hole in the roof. As he lands, we see a black CELLPHONE on a nearby desk.

Thief 2 DASHES down a long hallway. Framed black and white photos of people hang on each side. Thief 1 TRUDGES behind and accidentally bumps one of the framed pictures with his backpack. It falls and breaks -- SMASH! A black and white photo of a MAN is seen through the broken glass around it.

THE GUEST (V.O.)
 Throughout my endeavors, I've dealt
 with a serpent -- creating chaos.
 Someone who happily led me to
 destroy myself.

17 **INT. ZIOR - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Thief 2 keeps a look out, whilst Thief 1 LOCK PICKS a large DOOR with a strange symbol that reads: "*THE ANTECHAMBER*". Thief 1 is out of breath, but cracks the lock in seconds. He pushes the door open to reveal... a LARGE METALLIC ROOM.

THE GUEST (V.O.)
 Call it an obsession, but I...
 wanted to be him -- own him. Alas,
 the snake has shed his skin and
 slithered away once again. *This,*
 is a problem for me.

18 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

THE GUEST
 Ouroboros.

HOST
 -- The Eternal Return.

19 **INT. ZIOR - THE ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT**

Frosty smoke billows out from a large metallic cylinder now open. Thief 1 holds an empty silver bucket in his hands.

THIEF 2
 Where is it!?

THIEF 1
 ... Damn.

Thief 1 drops the bucket and sinks to the ground with his hand on his chest.

20 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

The Guest now WRITES with the old ink pen and paper.

THE GUEST
 You see, lest you be a fool... tis
 not enough to take the head of the
 snake. You must take it *all*.

21 **INT. ZIOR - THE ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT**

 THIEF 1
 I think I'm done. Is this all
 you're gonna remember me for?

 THIEF 2
 The hell are you talking about!?

CLANK... a *NOISE*. Thief 2 pulls a GUN, now paranoid.

22 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

 THE GUEST
 (writing)
 I have a very... unique request.

23 **INT. ZIOR - THE ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT**

SECURITY GUARD RUNS INTO THE ROOM WITH GUN DRAWN. Thief 1
 now sits ALONE -- lifeless and unfazed by his presence.

 SECURITY GUARD
 HANDS UP! DON'T MOVE!

 THIEF 1
 Well... which is it?

24 **INT. MANSION OWL ROOM - NIGHT**

The Guest *slides* the paper back to Host, who doesn't flinch.

 HOST
 I offer a very unique service.

25 **INT. ZIOR - ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT**

Security Guard's GUN *SHAKES* in his hand as we closely see the
 barrel... *BANG!* -- IT GOES OFF AS THIEF 2 *PISTOL WHIPS* HIM.

A LOUD ALARM *SOUNDS* AND LIGHTS *FLASH* -- THIEF 2 STANDS OVER
 SECURITY GUARD NOW OUT COLD ON THE FLOOR BLEEDING -- HE LOOKS
 OVER TOWARDS THIEF 1 TO MAKE SURE HE'S OK.

 THIEF 2
 ...Dad?

END TEASER

ACT ONE

26

EXT. FARMLAND - SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY - AFTERNOON

The landscape looks like a beautiful giant quilt from above. GREEN GRAPE VINEYARDS AND YELLOW CORNFIELDS make up giant circles and rectangles with small dirt roads weaving in between them. There is a calming silence to this world.

An IRRIGATION SPRINKLER in a vineyard sprays water. Some of it splashes onto a sign that reads: "BAKERSFIELD 13 MILES."

LUSCIOUS GRAPES. Fully ripe and ready to be plucked. Then nearby -- not so luscious grapes. These are *infested*. Disgusting CREEPY LARVAE crawl out of the destroyed berries.

A TRACTOR chugs alongside the road. All of a sudden -- *WHOOOSH!* A 602 Yellow Air-Tractor plane *ZOOMS* by right in front of the tractor UNDER THE TELEPHONE WIRES AT 160 MPH. TRACTOR GUY, mid 50's is taken by surprise.

TRACTOR GUY
JESUS, MARY AND--

Whoever this Ag Pilot is, he's a DAREDEVIL. His face is covered by his helmet, but we *do see* a mischievous SMIRK. He pulls 3G's and turns around FAST. Two big puffs of SMOKE blow out from the exhaust saying "*hello*" to the Tractor.

TRACTOR GUY (CONT'D)
Mother Fu...

The plane NOSEDIVES back down into another swath and SOARS under the telephone wires again, spraying insecticide 6 inches off the top of the vineyard grapes. As The plane flies close to a big TREE, a large BIRD abruptly FLIES OUT OF THE TREE... THE PILOT *CAN'T AVOID...* *SMASH!*

27

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - AFTERNOON

A small AIRFIELD in the middle of BumFuck, Nowhere. Multiple white tin HANGERS rusted out from decades of weather sit next to each other. *BWAAAAAAP!* A loud duck sounding phone horn is ringing somewhere.

A faded sign covered in bird shit reads "Ryan Aerial. Bakersfield, CA. Since 1977". *BWAAAAAAP!*

A small MOTOCROSS TRACK covered in weeds along with a junkyard of VEHICLES -- TOOLS -- MACHINERY and SPARE PARTS covers a few acres adjacent to the hangers and runway. It's a total redneck playground. *BWAAAAAAP!*

28

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

A sad torn WINDSOCK flaps in the wind in the scorching heat,
Below it, a large ANT HILL sits next to a broken runway
light. Ants *scramble* for their lives as it begins FLOODING!

We reveal a young guy pissing into the wind and onto the ant
hill. This is ERIC RYAN, mid twenties. He shakes once --
twice -- *fifteen times*, then snatches a nearby golf club.

ERIC

(whispering)

Eric Ryan has a tight par one
here... He's only about four beers
deep and seems to be struggling to
maintain an even pace... let's see
how he handles the pressure.

WHACK! A pink golf ball sails down the runway -- It strikes
one of many pigeons on a sign post and they all fly off.

ERIC (CONT'D)

OH IT'S A BIRDIE!!

A TWO-WAY RADIO garbles nearby as two people communicate.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Base to one Greg --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

-- Go ahead?

Eric walks toward the radio and grabs a final sip of his
Miller High-Life next to it. An old, rusted out, orange
FORKLIFT holds a MINI FRIDGE on it's forks. The fridge has
an extension cord that runs over 100 feet to the hangar.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Tom just called about his cotton
again -- are you doing that now?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Negative don't have the right wind.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ten-four -- It's eighty-seven --
are you going to continue?

ERIC

Please no, please no, please no...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Uh, yeah... I'm inbound now -- ...Dammit.
Might have to fix something.

ERIC (CONT'D)

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
K, I'll tell Eric -- We got lunch.

ERIC
(on the radio)
Ten-fuckin-four, over it and out.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hey -- watch your mouth--

BLRRRRR! Eric fires up the forklift, chucks his beer, then *peels out* towards the hangar, honking the dumb sounding horn.

29

EXT. CHEMICAL LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Eric reaches the dock, and jumps off the forklift with it ghost riding forward; it SMASHES into an empty Atrazine shuttle behind him. He hops up onto a large, custom-made chemical mix station equipped with LARGE METAL TANKS, VACUUM TUBES, PALLETS OF VARIOUS CHEMICALS and a JET-A FUEL PUMP.

The plane lands and taxis in -- it's *LOUD*. Eric awaits, now holding the fuel hose. He notices something *off*.

ERIC
The hell...?

A BLOODY MESS is sticking out of the left wing.

The plane finally parks and continues to idle loud. The PILOT, still wearing his helmet, lowers the cockpit door. He attempts to light a cigarette, but his lighter won't spark.

Eric takes a closer look at the BLOOD AND GUTS lodged into the wing. He taps on the bird's talons sticking out.

The pilot hops out of the cockpit leaving his helmet behind. He jumps down to the ground and stands UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO THE SPINNING PROPELLER. He lights up his cigarette on the JET EXHAUST *inches* from the blades as it blows off his maroon trucker hat. He finally turns around -- *not Tom Cruise* -- a gut... prescription aviators... and a balding head with scattered white hair. *This* is GREG RYAN, late 50's. He takes a big drag, then snatches up his dirty hat from the ground. A large worn patch on his hat reads "RYAN AERIAL". Eric looks at the dead bird and talks *LOUD* over the plane.

ERIC (CONT'D)
DAMN DAD! THINK HE'S OK?!

Greg torques his face in dismay at the new hole in his wing. He reaches in with his bare hands and attempts to remove the dead bird. It's a messy challenge, but Greg prevails.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 WHOA, IT'S A FREAKIN OWL!

Greg studies the owl and has a weird moment with it. He mutters to himself and walks off, handing Eric the dead owl.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Sick, what do you want me to do,
 frame it?

Eric drops the owl in disgust. Greg shuts down the plane.

DEBBIE
 Hey! Food's getting cold!

DEBBIE RYAN, mid 50's red head walks toward the Hangar with tin foiled lunch followed by TRIXIE, an old German Sheppard.

ERIC
 Call PETA, Mom... Dad's a MURDERER.

Eric picks up the dead owl by it's talons and tosses it HIGH.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 You're FREEEE!

BANG. The owl hits a nearby trash can but doesn't go in; splattering RED CHUNKY BLOOD AND GUTS all over.

30

INT. HANGAR OFFICE - DAY

RED CHUNKY SALSA -- Drenched all over oven fried chicken.

The Ryan trio sits together at a table for four and dig in to a meal cooked by Debbie. Nothing is said. Each family member scarfs their food down in less than 30 seconds. *Then:*

DEBBIE
 Alright... back to work.

GREG
 Thank you.

ERIC
 Oh yah, thanks Mom.

Debbie hands Greg freshly organized field maps to look over. The air between them seems a little tense.

GREG
 And... how are you?

DEBBIE
 Jim's cattle are in the field next to this so watch your drift; Eric are you wearing gloves and goggles?

ERIC
 Hey I may be from California, but
 I'm no pussy... right Dad?

Eric offers a HIGH-FIVE to Dad. Dad gives a faint smile and an awkward shoulder tap to Eric as he studies the field maps.

DEBBIE
 I don't like that word.

ERIC
 Sorry... I may be from the WEST
 COAST, but I'm no pussy RIGHT DAD!?

Eric offers a HIGHER-FIVE to Dad, who says nothing.

DEBBIE
 Fine, you get poisoned -- take
 yourself to the doctor.

ERIC
 Love you more.

Greg exits with head hanging. Debbie looks to Eric.

DEBBIE
 Ok -- what's the deal? He's been
 sulking around for three days now.

ERIC
 E.D.? I dunno; just getting old.

Debbie pulls out a blank CHEMICAL LOAD TICKET and writes.

DEBBIE
 I'm assuming everything went fine?

Beat. Eric surprised at the question.

ERIC
 Thought you didn't want to know?

DEBBIE
 I don't -- but I'm your mother; I
 worry. Your Father's... not what
 he used to be.

ERIC
 More than you know.

Debbie raises her eyebrows with a sarcastic look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 We didn't pull off the job; Dad--

Debbie drops her pen -- not expecting this news.

DEBBIE
Are you shittin me?

ERIC
He didn't say anything??

DEBBIE
No more. You're not doing this--

ERIC
Mom I'm 26... and I *have* to do this. No freakin way he can go out by himself. I love him to death; he's insane at what he does, but shit he's an old man trying to do a young man's job. I'm scared might really fuck something up soon.

Debbie sinks into her chair and sees Greg outside working.

DEBBIE
... Stop cussing.

ERIC
Ya know, if he would just plan the jobs... I could go by myself or--

DEBBIE
NO.

ERIC
WHY?

DEBBIE
Why do you think? It's illegal...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
...it's immoral-- AND...

ERIC
Yet, you don't stop it... AND
WHAT?

Debbie dodges the obvious question.

DEBBIE
... You're *not* your Father. Nor should you be.

ERIC
Jeeze... harsh. I mean yeah he's definitely not like Father of the year or anything, I'm not stupid... but he's a badass! -- And hell, you married him!

DEBBIE

No you're not stupid, that's my point. Like your Father, you're too smart for this... and like all smart ones tend to do, they waste their life and talents on the wrong things and become nothings.

ERIC

Wow, thanks for the reality check Mom. So Dad wasted his life on us?

DEBBIE

NO; I just wish he would have... done things different.

Debbie goes back to writing.

ERIC

So why'd you stick with him?

DEBBIE

You're Father has done and endured more than you know to give us all a life. May not be the best Husband or Father, but he is a good man.

ERIC

What's the difference?

She looks out at Greg again now working on the wing.

DEBBIE

I don't think he'll ever know. He loves us; but he just... does things his own way.

31

EXT. LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

ERGHHHHH! DUCT TAPE. Greg puts the finishing touches on an aluminum sheet crafted into a quick patch for the wing.

ERIC

Oklahoma chrome... She's a BEAUT.

GREG

Good nuff. Alright, back to it.

ERIC

From Mom, with love.

Eric hands over a new CHEMICAL INGREDIENT LOAD TICKET. Greg looks at it for a moment -- then does a double take.

GREG

Hold up.

32 **INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS**

POISON -- DANGER -- HIGHLY TOXIC -- ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARD.
Old BARREL DRUMS, JUGS, and CANISTERS are scattered about.

Greg kicks a dead rat out of his way and looks for something.
Also nearby: VINTAGE SUITCASES, CLOTHING, CREEPY MANNEQUINS,
GREEN MILITARY CRATES -- and an old STATION WAGON.

33 **EXT. LOADING DOCK. - MOMENTS LATER**

Greg walks out to the mix station with an OLD RUSTED OUT
BLACK CANISTER, white latex GLOVES, and two RESPIRATORS.

GREG

Put these on, I wanna to get rid
of this.

ERIC

The hell's that?

GREG

Do NOT get any of this on you.

Both start putting on the protection gear. Greg starts
opening the canister. Eric can't make out the old LABEL.

ERIC

Methyl... Parathon? -- Parthinian?

GREG

Parathion. Bad shit -- Was
originally designed to kill people
in world war 2 as a nerve agent.
Get even a little bit on your
skin... and you're gonna have a
helluva day. Highly illegal now.

THIS pulls Eric's attention. Both have protection gear on.

ERIC

Hell yeah it is. What, like...
agent orange or something??

GREG

Well, that uh... that was
herbicide. This is straight
insecticide. Kill ya a lot faster.
Been banned probably ten years now.

ERIC
Jeeze... still potent?

Greg CAREFULLY pours the brown chemical into the mixing tank.

GREG
Oh yeah. They don't lose their
potency. Kill bout anything it
comes in contact with. Germans
called it Schwiegermuttergift...

Eric clueless as Greg takes WAY TOO long with the punchline.

ERIC
I'll bet you're gonna tell me what that...
GREG (CONT'D)
...Mother-in-law poison.

Greg has a hearty laugh, Eric gives a courtesy laugh.

ERIC
It's amazing I wasn't born with two
heads Dad. What else you got
stashed back there that's gonna
give me cancer later?

Greg backs away from the tank and removes his mask.

GREG
You're lucky we don't flag anymore.
That was a real fun job before
SatLoc when we'd spray Parathion or
Furadan. Ask your Mom bout that.

Greg hits a BUTTON. The pump activates and *STIRS* the tank.

ERIC
You been poisoned right?

Greg shuts the tank lid and removes his mask.

GREG
You don't get into this business
without getting poisoned.

ERIC
What we puttin it on?

GREG
Cotton. Never seen bugs this bad
in years. This farmers' had
weevil... aphids *and* mites...

ERIC
OH MY!

Greg doesn't get the joke. He takes off his gloves.

GREG

...Gettin resistance so we're gonna do him a favor, and kill em all for good. Save his yield hopefully. *Damn* -- I gotta change my nozzles. We're gonna switch to one gallon work since this shit's potent.

ERIC

You love this don't you?

GREG

Wouldn't be doing it if I didn't.

ERIC

And how long you think you can keep doing... everything?

GREG

I dunno... I guess until I can't.

ERIC

... I'll git the nozzles.

Eric walks over to the SPRAY BOOMS on the plane. Trixie starts *BARKING* at something. Eric looks up and sees THREE BLACK ESCALADES driving straight towards the airfield.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Dad... are we expecting Obama?

Greg drops the Parathion canister, a little splashes out.

GREG

Get inside right now... NOW!

ERIC (CONT'D)

I thought you said... *shit*.

34 **EXT. RYAN AERIAL - DAY**

The vehicles slowly *CREEP* up onto the property and drive towards a DIFFERENT HANGAR in the distance with it's bi-fold door open. The entourage circles the wagons in front of it.

35 **EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS**

Greg stares out at the vehicles as a few THUGS exit. They have GUNS. One tosses a SHOVEL to another. Greg removes his hat for a second and wipes the sweat from his balding head. *Time to face the music...* he starts walking toward them.

36 **EXT. HANGAR 2 - MOMENTS LATER - DAY**

The SUN beats down hard -- MIRAGE on the runway. Greg reaches for his cigarettes; all out -- *damn*. He finally reaches the vehicles and -- A DOOR OPENS and TALL MAN, mid 40s in suit and sunglasses greets Greg.

TALL MAN
Lift your arms.

He quickly pats him down then leads him into the OPEN HANGAR.

37 **INT. HANGAR 2 - CONTINUOUS**

A MAN with his back turned to us, is looking up and marveling at a dusty 802F YELLOW AIRPLANE parked inside. This plane is a bit larger than the other, with red stripes and large amphibious landing gear. Greg saunters up behind the man.

FELIX
Mi ganso dorado. (My golden goose)
...You still have it.

GREG
Haven't used it much... since.
Been trying to sell it, figure it--

The man lights up a CUBAN. We see BURN SCARS on his hand.

FELIX
Don't... It's a good reminder.

The man finally turns around to reveal FELIX CASTILLO, mid 50's Mexican man and extremely well dressed. We see a few peeking TATTOOS on his collar. His presence is palpable. He sizes up Greg for a second, then goes back checking out the plane. He runs his fingers across the logo: "*FIRE BOSS*".

FELIX (CONT'D)
What are you spraying these days?

GREG
Cotton mostly... few vineyards.
One or two by your old place.

FELIX
When are you going to stop?

GREG
You stop... I'll stop.

Felix finally averts his attention from the plane to Greg.

FELIX
What went wrong?

GREG
Got old... Not young men anymore.

FELIX
No-one can do what we do.

GREG
My run is over; find somebody else.

FELIX
... Like I said.

GREG
I don't want this anymore. I want
my family.

FELIX
You can have both.

GREG
You couldn't.

Beat. -- *This* strikes a nerve. He gets uncomfortably close.

FELIX
Family destroys. -- Did you
sabotage this on purpose?

GREG
I'd never do that.

FELIX
I've paid for both our sins... It
will not be in vain. You don't
realize the price of all this.

Felix see Eric in the distance trying to spy what's going on.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Do you know what it feels like to
lose a son?

Beat. -- *This* strikes a nerve. Greg also sees Eric spying.

GREG
No... Not like you do.

FELIX
Pray we never share that feeling.

GREG
 (incredulous)
 That's my son. Remember? The one
 you held as a baby--

FELIX
 Tell me, in all of our exploits,
 what *have* you lost?

Trixie walks over. Greg bites his tongue and pets her.

GREG
 ... A friend.

Beat. Felix considers.

FELIX
 You don't understand. I'm not your
 enemy, I'm your ally. Too much is
 in motion. We *can't* stop now.

GREG
 And if I do?

Felix looks over at Eric again; still spying.

FELIX
 No mates al ganso que pone huevos
 de oro (Kill not the goose that
 lays the golden eggs).

GREG
 Te salvé la vida. (I saved your
 life.)

FELIX
 There was nothing left to save...
 But a debt is still owed.

Felix *reaches* into his jacket.

38 **INT. RYAN HOME KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Debbie sees Felix reach for his jacket. She cocks a .38

39 **INT. HANGAR 2 - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

FELIX PULLS OUT... an *ENVELOPE*, with a red wax seal and
 extends it to Greg. Greg takes a deep and tired breath.

GREG
 Give me a number; something.

FELIX

You'll know when we're done.

Greg reluctantly takes it and reads the contents -- *not happy*. Felix takes it back and burns it with his cigar.

FELIX (CONT'D)

A client we will not disappoint.

GREG

Why did we really start up again?

FELIX

Continue playing your part, and you can go back to your life. You have my word. You *also* have my word that I will burn down *everything* I have to, to take this all the way.

GREG

You already lost everything -- what do you have to gain by taking us down with you?

The paper smolders on the ground; blackening to ash.

FELIX

Castigo. (punishment)

THUGS appear from a nearby cellar with BLACK BAGS in tote.

FELIX (CONT'D)

It's too late for men like us. We've made our choices; now we live or die with them. This time the Devils' coming for all of us... and he has a very familiar face. Don't make me come back out here again.

Stonewalled with riddles; Greg gets no answers today. Felix exits the hangar as Thug 1 walks past Greg and Trixie.

THUG 1

You're short -- pick up the slack.

A SCARY GUY, late 40s appears BEHIND Greg and hands him a NEW BLACK BAG. Greg takes hold, but Scary Guy won't let go -- he just STARES at Greg. *Finally* -- he releases.

The entourage drives off, leaving behind two beat down dogs.

40 **INT. RYAN HOME KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Debbie uncocks the .38 and sinks onto the kitchen floor.

41 **INT. ESCALADE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

As the car drives, Felix sits in the back seat and buries his face in his hand for a second. He has a look of sadness, if not... *regret* -- and *someone notices*... SCARY GUY.

42 **EXT. LOADING DOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Eric runs to Greg now walking back from Hanger 2 with a BAG.

ERIC

The hell was that?! Was that--

GREG

Everything's fine... Work just got a little busier. Here, I need you to help with some of this.

He hands Eric the bag. Eric chases after Greg to the office.

43 **INT. HANGAR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

ERIC

Shit that was fast... Well that's good news *right?* -- What's the job?

SLAM! Mom enters the office FUMING.

DEBBIE

(to Eric)

GO.

ERIC

Copy that.

Eric quickly ducks out knowing Mom's about to unleash hell.

DEBBIE

I was *this* close...

Debbie throws the .38 on the desk towards Greg and paces.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Why the hell didn't you tell me?

Greg sighs -- cat's out of the bag.

GREG
I didn't want you to worry.

DEBBIE
Gee thanks. Just what was that?

GREG
Just... *another*.

DEBBIE
WHEN is this going to end? You honestly think when your little bullshit contract is up, you two are gonna shake hands and we'll all wave him off into the sunset!?

Greg shakes his head -- he's got no answers for her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You obviously can't do it anymore!
So what happens to us when you cease to be useful?

GREG
You were right; he's not the same.

DEBBIE
And neither are you. -- I want my family back.

GREG
No matter what you think, I'm on your side... but we can't stop now.

Debbie finally sits and thinks hard.

DEBBIE
I'm more afraid now of you stopping than continuing.

This response surprises Greg.

GREG
So what are you're telling me?

DEBBIE
Buy us as much time as we need to find a more permanent solution.

GREG
What's a more permanent solution?

DEBBIE
Kill him.

Greg looks her in the eye, now very shocked at the notion.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Without him, the machine stops.

GREG
Think thats what God's telling you?

DEBBIE
After all we've done... what's one more sin?

Debbie gets up and paces again; more frustrated.

GREG
We can't do that... might just be the beginning of our problems--

DEBBIE
Then we leave! We pack it up and-

Something catches Debbie's eye: a FRAMED PICTURE of a YOUNG DEBBIE, GREG AND FELIX standing in front of the airfield with planes behind them: Greg and Felix smiling and shaking hands.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Why do you still have this up?

GREG
Just -- never took it down I guess.

Debbie looks again at Greg, now with distrustful eyes.

DEBBIE
You didn't owe *him*... you felt sorry for him.

GREG
I did -- But now I don't.

DEBBIE
Good, then *do* something; or I will.

Debbie looks out the window at Eric, driving the forklift.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You're not his hero you know -- he told me. You already ran out one son; don't lose this one too.

She exits. Greg hurt by the thought, drowns in silence as a CHICKEN-THEMED CLOCK on the wall ticks: TICK...TICK...TICK...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO44 **INT. DARK METAL FACILITY - EVENING**

A DARK FIGURE pulls a tool from his pocket and manipulates it into a metal machine in ambient light. The figure is HYPER-FOCUSED and COVERT, not forcing the tool. He finds the sweet spot and EEEEEHHHHHHH! A WASHING MACHINE activates.

Suddenly, a door opens and a sensor light comes on. It's a LAUNDRY ROOM. The dark figure, CJ RYAN, Mid 20's and unconventionally attractive, startles GORGEOUS GIRL, early 20's carrying laundry. She smiles at him, embarrassed, as he discreetly tucks the tool into his pocket. She checks him out while digging for quarters through her intimates. CJ sees her struggle and makes a move... by walking past her and out.

45 **EXT. SEDONA SPRINGS APARTMENTS - EVENING**

CJ walks through the courtyard of a run down apartment complex. The fluorescent sign reads "Sedona Springs Apartments", with a few letters burnt out. In the distance we see the red rocks of the Sedona, Arizona desert.

46 **INT. CJ'S APT. - EVENING**

An empty studio apartment with no furniture. This place is a dump -- no woman lives here. Motorcycle parts are laid out in the living room, CJ walks in and sees his phone illuminated on the counter. It reads "1 new voicemail".

BRADY (V.O.)

CJ, got the lineup for the season.
It was a pass on you, sorry bro.
You're a talented rider, just not
enough buzz. Sucks man, gotta grind
it out. If you wanna WATCH the rac-

CJ hangs up. Beat. He PUNCHES a hole in the drywall.

47 **EXT. BAKERSFIELD - EVENING**

LOUD ROCK MUSIC. A lifted truck punches the throttle as it drives into town under a large sign that reads: BAKERSFIELD.

48 **EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOSPITAL - EVENING**

The truck pulls up to the Emergency Room staff parking sideways -- covering two spots; truck nuts dangling.

49 **INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - EVENING**

Eric struts past the main counter of a small hospital. An older, heavy set receptionist DORIS, mid 40s calls out.

DORIS
She's giving a physical.

Eric doesn't miss a beat and keeps walking.

ERIC
I give the physicals round here, D.

DORIS
You can give me a physical anytime.

Eric grabs himself, turns his head and coughs. Doris smiles.

50 **INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EVENING**

Eric whistles while he struts down a long hallway of rooms. He passes an open door with a paraplegic man asleep, with a nice flower bouquet next to his bed. Eric backs up to look.

51 **INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EVENING**

Whistling continues as Eric walks, now with flowers. A blonde NURSE exits a patient room. Eric quickly catches up, dips her, and steals a smooch. He presents the flowers.

VEGAS
Put em' back.

VEGAS, early 20's. Pretty, but rough around the edges.

ERIC
What?!?

VEGAS
You GO DARK on me for a week, then just show up here like we're cool. JUST GO, I'm working.

Eric tries to play cute. He blocks her from leaving.

ERIC
We're in the busy season, SORRY... and I had the day off so I CHOSE to come here to see you. I mean, you said you wanted us to spend more time together... c'mon, let's play good doc bad doc with your patient.

Vegas grabs a blood pressure cuff. Eric blocks her pathway.

VEGAS
Anything else I can help you with?

Beat. Eric gets serious, a new tactic of sincerity.

ERIC
Can we just stop, ok... I love you.

Vegas flustered, but *wants* to believe it. Beat.

VEGAS
That all?

Eric smirks. He tries to hold her, Vegas rejects him.

ERIC
Well, since you asked... I do actually need a favor, and you're honestly the only one who can help.

VEGAS
Of course you do. Couldn't have just stopped at I love you. *What?*

ERIC
So, I need something for work, and it's WEIRD so don't freak out... Are there any extra bone-saws in the morgue? -- They can be old.

Beat. Vegas mind is blown.

VEGAS
What?! No. What for??

ERIC
I gotta cut a bunch of hoses and no one around here sells a really sharp handsaw. You'll get it back.

Vegas reads Eric. She's unimpressed; arms crossed.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Alright, fair enough. 0 for 1. Also, remember those pills you gave me awhile back, that Dexter shit...

Vegas pulls him into an empty patient room.

VEGAS
Shhh... Eric no.

ERIC (CONT'D)
...What? Yes you do.

VEGAS

(softly) Hey, I'm not your speed dealer. Drink a damn red bull!

ERIC

That pussy shit's for kids.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

Eric, I can get fired...

ERIC

No, you won't. You know me and my *issues*, its legit... we're pulling 18 hour days and I can't focus. I mean, those helped A TON last time, and I'm losing my mind here with all these damn chemicals and pesti--

VEGAS

--Ya... I got it.

ERIC

Yeah you get it. I won't ask for a refill every week, Scout's honor...

Eric throws up the "shocker" hand sign.

VEGAS

Can you be serious for ONE second?

ERIC

I mean, you said you liked me less A.D.D. anyway, right? Win-win.

VEGAS

No, I know you. You're the same since high school, it's gonna--

ERIC

No it's not -- It's not that big of deal... you've done it before!?

VEGAS (CONT'D)

Eric... stop -- yes it *IS*, I can lose my license. Why don't you see a doctor--

ERIC

What the fuck dude, this isn't *fun* for me; it's embarrassing to even--

Vegas stands her ground. Eric frustrated and anxious.

ERIC (CONT'D)

After all the shit I've done for you? You wouldn't even be a nurse if I didn't pay for your fucking schooling... Unbelievable.

He walks back into the hallway, Vegas trailing behind.

VEGAS
Don't do that please...

ERIC (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'll get it
myself. See you whenever.

Eric storms off. Vegas sinks down into a chair frustrated.
A male nurse enters, NICK early 20's, attractive.

NICK
Hey, you okay? -- Want a Mocha?

52 SCREEN

An old VHS video plays with shoddy quality. A typical corporate promo complete with narration from a creepy older guy in a suit, LES LESTER, stock footage of a couple having a picnic; a runner sprinting through a finish line; a family holds hands walking on the beach; and a clock spinning fast.

LES LESTER (V.O.)
Time. Humankind's ticking clock to
life's finish line. The
progression of time is man's
greatest dilemma. Ancient
Egyptians believed that in the
afterlife you could eat, sleep, and
play, and as man transitions from
consciousness to his next phase of
life, many questions remain
unanswered. Hi, I'm Les Lester CEO
and President. Welcome to Zior.

53 INT. ZIOR - WAITING ROOM - DAY

CLICK! The tape distorts, stops, and replays it's loop.
Below the TV we see a LARGE PAINTING of the INFINITY SYMBOL.

Greg fidgets in a chair amongst a group of people waiting.
An odd, overly nice CONSULTANT, who never blinks, walks over.

CONSULTANT
Welcome. Thank you for your
curiosity in our work here at Zior.
Follow me, the tour will now begin.

54 INT. ZIOR - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The group stands in a metal room full of control panels,
monitors, and sounds. Greg, aloof to the Consultant, looks
around the room thoroughly as the tour continues.

CONSULTANT

Our founding members believed in the emerging science of nanotechnology. And from our research, it's the vitrification process that begins and determines the best probability of success. Timing is everything.

OLD MAN

What happened there?

He points to a hole in the roof, poorly patched. Greg blank.

CONSULTANT

Just a little upkeep on our state of the art facility.

55

INT. ZIOR - MAIN LAB - DAY

The group continues touring the facility as we vaguely see giant metal containers in the background and strange medical-science equipment. Next to a particular CONTAINER is an orange hazard cone, where a janky spot-welded patch on the container is covered with a Zior logo. Greg studies it.

OLDER GUY

Heard y'all had a break-in?

CONSULTANT

A lot of concerned people don't fully understand or respect what it is we do here. We've had minor incidents with a few individuals, but nothing to be concerned about.

OLD WOMAN

Protest groups or something?

CONSULTANT

Most likely, there's no shortage of crazy people out there!

She does a weird laugh.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)

And purely as a precaution, we're upgrading to a new state of the art security system early next week.

OLDER GUY

Who makes em? The tanks...?

CONSULTANT

Our *Dewars*? We have a custom fabricator, who's also a member here! Marty works remotely with our R&D department and also handles our transport and inventory. Now if you'll follow me this way...

Greg is focused. He observes and absorbs EVERYTHING.

56 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE SUPPLY - NIGHT

Vegas hovers over a professional desk biting her nails. We see two doctor scripts side by side. One fully filled out with a professional signature -- the other blank. Sigh. She nervously *FORGES* the same signature onto her blank script -- IDENTICAL. *Then suddenly*, a hand reaches and grasps her back. She jumps and covers the evidence instantly.

DOCTOR MCGORTY

We all set?

VEGAS

Ya, sorry. Ready with stitches...

DOCTOR MCGORTY

Everything okay-- whatcha writing?

VEGAS

Um... was just making some notes.

DOCTOR MCGORTY

Was one of the notes, *get stitches*?

He puts his hand on her shoulder... a little too long.

VEGAS

Haha... *yeah*.

57 EXT. RED ROCK INDIAN CASINO - SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

A group of young guys wait anxiously at a side door alley next to dumpsters as Eric finishes a deal with SHADY GUY. He hands him cash, then walks over and passes out pills, they all down 'em; around the horn. Eric's in his alpha-male zone as commanding the troops, a best-friend group around his age.

ERIC

Alright bitches huddle up! LUKE, *THE NEWB*, welcome to Red Rock, the first of many we're taking down. I'm your host Chief Stake-horse...

Eric hands out stacks of cash to Levi, Luke... skips Harjo.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Now, you lose it, you owe me. Make more it's yours. Don't get greedy; bet too much. And no reparations if you're already Indian... Harjo.

HARJO

Fuck you, gimme my money. I'm only a quarter Cherokee dumbass.

Eric throws a stack of cash at Harjo -- he doesn't catch it.

ERIC

Yah, but you're 3 quarters piece of shit. Alright! It's gonna be a long weekend... First we take their land, now their dignity! *Party!!*

Eric leads a racist war cry with hand to mouth yelling. Everyone but Harjo joins in.

ERIC (CONT'D)

WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!

58 **EXT. RED ROCK INDIAN CASINO - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

THE MOTLEY CREW ENTERS THE CASINO LIKE THEY OWN THE PLACE -- It's dead, old folks, smoke, low life's, *not* Caesar's Palace.

59 **INT. RYAN AERIAL - HANGAR OFFICE - DAY**

Debbie writes in an accounting journal and feeds stacks of cash into a counting machine, all while on a phone between her ear and shoulder. Greg looks over mechanical blueprints.

DEBBIE

--I understand Tom, but if we drift and kill that corn on the East we're liable. Soon as we get an East wind Greg will be in the air.

Debbie hangs up the phone, irritated.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(mutters) Asshole. -- I'm scared he's gonna call Mad Max; he'll spray in a hurricane if it pays.

GREG

That's why he has 10 lawsuits.

DEBBIE

These farmers don't give a shit about chemical drift. We're losing clients Greg. If Max goes out and sprays, and gets away with it, Tom'll keep hiring him. We've already lost work over these damn heists, we sure as hell can't lose our best clients. I can't cook the books if there's nothing to cook.

GREG

Any luck on another pilot yet?

DEBBIE

NO. Everyone's booked up like we are; you should be out there right now. Can you *help me* for a switch?

GREG

I might have a guy... I'll make a call. Eric's out right now pulling a little extra weight on the cook.

60

INT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO - CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT

Eric blows on his hands, then PRETENDS to throw dice on the table due to local Indian casino rules. The lifeless dealer CARL, mid 50's turns over two cards for a winning hand.

ERIC

WINNER WINNER CHICKEN DINNER!!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- A) INT. RYAN HOME - Debbie pulls out LAUNDRY from the dryer.
- B) INT. LITTLE CREEK CASINO - CASHIER CAGE - Levi pushes in his chips and gets handed CASH.
- C) EXT. ZIOR - Greg stakes out the facility through binoculars, watching an EMPLOYEE. Greg writes in a note pad.
- D) INT. CHURCH - Debbie at a BIBLE STUDY; blank stare.
- E) INT. SHADOW WOLF CASINO - CASHIER CAGE - Luke pushes in his chips and gets handed CASH.
- F) INT. RYAN HANGAR - OFFICE - Greg crumples up papers, frustrated. Back to the drawing board.
- G) INT. RYAN AERIAL HANGAR - Debbie places organized stacks of CASH into a black bag.

H) INT. TEEPEE CASINO - CASHIER CAGE - Harjo pushes in a small amount of chips and shakes his head. He's handed cash.

I) EXT. TRAILER PARK - Greg exchanges CASH for CAR KEYS.

J) INT. RYAN HOME - KITCHEN - Debbie pulls a TV DINNER from the microwave then sits at the dinner table *alone*.

K) INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - Vegas takes an old BONE SAW.

L) INT. DIFFERENT CASINO 3 - CASHIER CAGE - Eric pushes in his chips and yawns. Cashier gives him CASH.

END MONTAGE. FADE TO:

61

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - HARJO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The group hovers around Harjo's semi-truck. Each friend divvies their cash winnings or losses from smurfing the casinos and gives the difference to Eric.

ERIC

Whoa! Luke's the big dick tonight.
Keep the change ya filthy animal!
Harjo... you're short.

HARJO

Eat me; beginners luck, ya fag.

ERIC

Have fun driving this rig through
the night thinking about all the
money you lost. How many sparklers
will that buy for your tribe--

LUKE

So, what are we doing here with the
money? Nobodies walking with much?

The group goes silent. Everyone stares at Luke.

ERIC

... Should I show him?

HARJO

Show him what? Oh, the... *yeah*.

Eric leads Luke over to Levi's car. Levi pops the trunk.

ERIC

Check this out, you see that?

LUKE

...what?

ERIC VIOLENTLY PUSHES LUKE INTO THE TRUNK AND HARJO HELPS.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(inside the trunk)

HEY! WHAT THE HELL!?! STOP!

62 **INT. LEVI'S TRUNK - NIGHT**

Luke bangs on the inside of the trunk and yells. The car *PEELS OUT* as MUFFLED ARGUING ENSUES.

ERIC (O.S.)

HE'S FUCKIN COP I KNEW IT!

LEVI (O.S.)

NO HE'S COOL! HE'S MY GUY!!

HARJO (O.S.)

I'M GONNA BLOW HIS NUTS OFF!

THE CAR ABRUPTLY STOPS. DOORS OPEN, SLAM.

ERIC (O.S.)

WE DO HIM RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!

LEVI (O.S.)

YOU WANNA BE A MANIAC, THEN DO IT!!

A PUMP SHOT GUN is heard *COCKED...* THE TRUNK IS POPPED.

LUKE

NO DON'T!!

ERIC POINTS THE SHOTGUN AT LUKE -- *lowers it...* LAUGHTER.

ERIC

I'm gonna blow his nuts off?? Fag!

63 **INT. CJ'S APT. - EVENING**

CJ pulls a racing jersey from a pile on the floor -- RYAN #88 He takes his t-shirt off and tosses it next to a photo of him with Greg, Debbie, Eric, and CJ looking like a normal family. On his back we see *SCRATCHES*, and *SCARS*. He puts on the jersey, grabs a racing bag, then exits; lights off -- DARK.

64 **INT. FELIX BEDROOM - EVENING**

LIGHT. A bulb switches on as a shirtless Felix, pulls a suit from his closet. As he turns, we see deep *BURN SCARS* on the right side of his arms, chest, waistline and beyond.

Gang and prison TATTOOS cover his body; *even over the scars.* On the dresser, Felix stares at a photo of himself with his beautiful wife and son.

65 **INT. RYAN AERIAL HANGAR - AFTERNOON**

A TAPE RECORDER. We hear a familiar, yet muffled voice.

CONSULTANT (V.O.)
*There's no shortage of crazy people
 out there! Harharharhaha...*

Greg sits at his desk: PLANS, BLUEPRINTS, PHOTOS... it's a huge mess. He looks bad. Another idea crumpled and tossed. He leans back and looks out to the loading station, lost in thought. Eric is pressure washing the inside of the chemical tank with his body leaning into it. The recording rolls on.

CONSULTANT (V.O.)
*...Our Dewars? We have a custom
 fabricator, who's also a member
 here! Marty works remotely with
 our R&D department and also handl-*

Greg stops the tape. -- His wheels are turning -- he flips his notepad. He starts drawing a cylinder with dimensions.

66 **INT. RYAN AERIAL - OFFICE - LATER**

Debbie sits at the table going through the books. A knock at the door... it's Vegas, as Debbie signals for her to come in. Vegas enters wearing a backpack. She gives a friendly wave.

VEGAS
 Hey Deb, how are you?

DEBBIE
 Hi, Eric's taking a nap; they've been at it all morning. I can go kick him up if you want?

VEGAS
 Oh, that's okay, I just washed some of his stuff; told him I'd drop by.

DEBBIE
 Oh thanks; well you can just leave 'em here. I'll take 'em over.

Vegas, sets it down. Debbie smells something off with her.

VEGAS

Well... yeah okay, cool. Um, I actually gotta run to work.

DEBBIE

Everything ok?

VEGAS

Oh yeah, dreading graveyard shift.

DEBBIE

Don't let him take advantage of you.

VEGAS

Huh?

Shit... CAUGHT.

DEBBIE

Make him do his own damn laundry.

VEGAS

Oh, (nervous laugh) See ya.

Vegas exits -- Debbie rifles through the bag and finds some clothes covering a BONE SAW, and a PRESCRIPTION for DESOXYN.

67 **INT. RYAN HOME - EVENING**

Debbie peeks into Eric's room -- EMPTY.

68 **EXT. HANGAR 2 - EVENING**

Debbie walks toward a tin building connected to Hangar 2.

69 **INT. BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Debbie walks into THE BAND ROOM. A cozy little rebellion chamber for teenagers. PUNK ROCK POSTERS, STOLEN ROAD SIGNS, and GUITARS line the walls. Eric is passed out in a hammock.

DEBBIE

HEY. Turn on the AC if you're gonna smoke in here.

Eric kicks awake and wipes the drool from his mouth.

ERIC

Hey. -- What? -- I'm not.

Debbie tosses the bone saw over towards Eric.

DEBBIE
What in the hell is *this* for?

ERIC
Cuttin hoses; what? You know how--

DEBBIE
-- Fine. *This* too?

Debbie pulls out the forged medical script.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You using again? What's Desoxyn?

ERIC
What? *NO*. It's for... migraines.
Keeps me healthy when I'm *WORKING*
FOR THE FAMILY all day all night.

Eric tosses a black bag full of casino money towards her.

DEBBIE
-- I need to show you something.

Debbie pulls out: DRIVERS LICENSE, PASSPORT, BIRTH
CERTIFICATE -- Eric's face on them, but a different name.

ERIC
What... Mom what is all this?

DEBBIE
I should have showed you a long
time ago. This is our insurance.

ERIC
For what... how'd you get this??

DEBBIE
Doesn't matter. The way things are
going with your Father... I don't
have faith in him. He's gonna--

ERIC
MOM, it was seriously just a minor
hangup, he's fine; I was just joki--

DEBBIE
He's not fine Eric! He's an old
man and he's put all of us in a
spot that we're not going to get
out from unless we're prepared.

ERIC

Mom, calm down look we don't need to disappear or whatever you're planning ok stop. We're fine, Dad's fixed his mistakes this time.

DEBBIE

Your Dad can't fix anything anymore. He'll never be the Father or Husband he needs to be, and that is what it is; but if we don't take care of each other, then who's gonna?

Beat. Eric stays silent just so he can let Mom finish.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Don't say anything. I know you're both going to do whatever you're going to do but... *just tell me*, you understand what I'm saying to you IF things go bad.

ERIC

Fine, yeah... ok.

As Mom leaves we focus on a stolen STOP SIGN on the wall. Next to that sign is an AIR-CONDITIONER. We push through the air conditioner... and into the connecting room.

70

INT. HANGAR 2 - CONTINUOUS

The connecting room is HANGAR 2; where Greg douses his cigarette and leans against an acetylene cylinder clutching his chest, breathing heavy. *BWAAAAAAP!* -- Phone horn blasts.

ERIC (O.S.)

(muffled)

It was just a hick-up! We're fine!

71

EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK - NIGHT

CJ picks a LOCKED DOOR in a lone facility nearby. He quickly finds a BREAKER BOX and flips switches. LIGHTS BOOM to life.

A DIRT-BIKE pulls up to the STARTING GATE. CJ hits a stopwatch on his phone. GATE DROPS -- THROTTLE MAXED...

REEEEEEEEEEEE!! CJ POPS THE CLUTCH and blasts off into a dimly lit track. He's FAST. FEARLESS. ANGRY. He skids into the finish line and takes his helmet off. He grabs his phone to check his time -- *Not happy* -- Helmet back on -- *REEEEEEEEEEEE!*

72 **INT. FELIX'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT**

DING DONG. An OMINOUS door bell. Felix stands in front of a mirror. In a ritualistic fashion, he puts on a pair of gloves, then the infamous *OWL MASK*. He opens the front door, and a vehicle awaits with a chauffeur. Lights off. Black.

73 **INT. RYAN AERIAL HANGAR OFFICE - NIGHT**

Greg walks into the office; Debbie is stressed on the phone.

DEBBIE

(on the phone)

Tom, I uh, don't know what to tell ya. You're our first priority once-

GREG

Tell him I'm doing it right now.

He grabs an Ag map from her and abruptly *kisses her*. She looks at him -- surprised as he exits; breathing heavy.

74 **EXT. RYAN AERIAL RUNWAY - NIGHT**

The sound of a JET ENGINE slowly *fires up*. It gets LOUD.

LIGHTS. High powered plane lights BOOM to life and blind Eric as he disconnects the FUEL HOSE from the plane.

ERIC

You sure?

Greg doesn't answer. Now with helmet on, he lowers something onto his face -- NIGHT-VISION goggles. He looks confident; almost *angry*. Eric looks uneasy, but backs away. Greg pulls up the hatch, *but drops it suddenly* -- He shakes out a bad cramp in his left arm, then finally pulls the hatch shut.

He THROTTLES UP and blasts off towards the end of the runway, LOUDER -- FASTER -- THEN *SCREAMING OFF INTO THE SKY*.

Eric starts cleaning up until... a LOUD, THUNDEROUS *BOOOOM!!*

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oh my god... DAD!!

DEBBIE RUNS OUT ON THE PORCH. ERIC JUMPS ON AN OLD DIRT BIKE AND TRIES TO KICK START ONCE... TWICE... *FIFTEEN TIMES*.

ERIC (CONT'D)

COME ON YOU PIECE OF SHIT!!

THE BIKE FIRES UP -- *REEEEEEEEEEEEEE!* ERIC *PEELS OUT* AND RACES TOWARDS THE CRASH IN A PANIC. DEBBIE FALLS TO HER KNEES.

75 **EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK - NIGHT**

REEEEEEEE! CJ blasts off from the starting gate again and *PLOWS* down the straightaway into a dark turn.

76 **INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

A GURNEY carrying Greg, *PLOWS* through ER doors.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CJ AND GREG.

CJ turns a CORNER *HARD*, then *FLIES* through a whoop section.

Greg's GURNEY turns a CORNER *HARD*, then *FLIES THROUGH SURGERY ROOM DOORS*. *BEEP -- BEEP --* A HEART RATE MONITOR SPEEDS UP.

CJ *SCREAMS* THROUGH HIS HELMET AND HITS THE FINISH LINE JUMP.

CJ
ARGHHHHHHH!!

BEEEEEEEP! We hear a *FLATLINE* AS CJ *OVERSHOOTS* HIS LANDING AND *CRASHES* INTO A LIGHT POLE, *DISABLING* IT. CJ *BLOWS UP*. HE *KICKS, CURSES AND STOMPS THE BIKE*, until finally falling on the dirt... and then laying flat.

STARS. CJ stares up at the sky as a small *PLANE*, with its lights slowly flashing catches his eye. He sheds his helmet. His phone *DINGS* nearby in the dirt. He crawls over to it.

TEXT MESSAGE: ERIC: "*Dad's dead. -- Got a flight for you tonight, need you home. Mom is inconsolable.*" CJ sits in darkness, reacting to the news in shock. He looks back towards the small plane flying away... *but it's gone*.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE77 **INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT**

CJ sits in the aisle seat with a look of anxiety as the drink cart goes by. He's on his phone scrolling through old photos of his Dad and the Spraying business.

His phone beeps LOW BATTERY -- Fasten seatbelt sign goes off.

78 **INT. AIRPLANE LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS**

VICODIN. CJ pops a pill and washes it down with sink water. He stares at himself in the mirror not knowing how to feel -- Words won't come out -- tears won't flow... So instead, he just *PUNCHES* the vanity light -- breaking it.

79 **INT. BAKERSFIELD AIRPORT - NIGHT**

CJ glides down the escalator past a sign that reads "*Welcome To Bakersfield Airport*"; no bags. He pulls out his phone -- 1% battery life. He starts texting *MOM*... but deletes it halfway through. He spots a RENTAL CAR BOOTH.

80 **INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT**

CJ drives down a long road up to the Ryan Home. SOMEONE is standing outside waiting. The headlights illuminate... ERIC.

81 **EXT. RYAN HOME - NIGHT**

CJ gets out and shuts the door. Eric seems a little fidgety.

ERIC

Yo--

CJ takes a long look around his old home and Ryan Aerial.

CJ

How'd he die?

ERIC

-- Here's the thing...

A door opens. Debbie walks out onto the porch.

DEBBIE

CJ? What are you doing here?

ERIC
I called him, give us a sec--

CJ
What am I *doing* here?

The hangar office door creaks open in the distance.

GREG
Hey bud.

GREG RYAN -- NOT DEAD, rolls out of the office in a wheelchair smoking a joint.

CJ
WHAT THE FUCK.

ERIC
Shit... (to Greg) Told you to wait!

CJ
You fucking lied to me!?

ERIC
Listen... he almost did die, but--

CJ
Almost!? ALMOST!?

CJ goes after Eric throwing wild punches, landing a few sloppy blows. *RUFF! RUFF! RUFF!* Trixie barks in the house.

ERIC
Calm down we need to talk!

CJ (CONT'D)
Think you're funny!?

DEBBIE
Hey! Hey! Break it up! Stop it!!

Eric manages to dance around enough for CJ to give up.

CJ
(breathing heavy)
DID YOU GET YOUR LAUGH!? HUH!?

ERIC
NO -- JUST LISTEN THOUGH--

CJ (CONT'D)
NOTHING'S CHANGED HAS IT?
JUST AS TOXIC AS WHEN I LEFT!

DEBBIE
ERIC WHAT DID YOU DO!?

ERIC
I'M TRYING TO SOLVE THE
SITUATION!

CJ storms back to his car as Greg gives one last plead.

CJ
EXACTLY WHY I LEFT!

GREG
 CJ wait! We need you here, there's
 a crisis happening!

CJ
 FUCK YOU! *I WISH YOU WERE DEAD!*

CJ PEELS OUT of site and RUNS OVER THE RYAN MAILBOX.

GREG
 You told him I was dead??

ERIC
 (unapologetic)
 It's the only way he would have
 come home! It's what you guys
 wanted! I'm trying to help!

DEBBIE
 What the hell is wrong with you!?

ERIC
 Everybody wins here! Now we can
 all run away as a family, *OR* we can
 sack up and do this job!

DEBBIE
 We would have picked him up! --
 HAVE YOU TWO BEEN PLANNING THIS!?

GREG
 Get him home Eric, we're leaving...
 ALL of us!

ERIC
 Just give him a minute to have his
 little tantrum, he's not going
 anywhere, no more flights tonight.

Eric lights up a cigarette to calm down. Then... HEADLIGHTS.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 SEE!? Got over that fast- *Ah shit.*

The headlights pull in -- it's VEGAS. Debbie storms off.

VEGAS
 Hey.

ERIC
 Not a good time alright?

VEGAS

Why aren't you answering your phone? How is he?

ERIC

Dealing with a little bit of a crisis right now ok, can you please go? We'll talk later.

VEGAS

What's wrong??

ERIC

NOTHING. *Family shit.* Can you go?

VEGAS

Fuck you! I helped save your Dad's life you asshole! I came to check on him!

ERIC (CONT'D)

...That's not helping ok? -- Stop...

ERIC (CONT'D)

...HE'S GOOD. THANK YOU.

Vegas throws up her hands and gets back in her car.

VEGAS

Fucking unbelievable.

82 **INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT**

CJ is *livid* -- talking to himself as he drives past his old HIGH SCHOOL -- LOCAL DINER -- WATER TOWER --

CJ

Nothin's changed has it... still the same shit family... shit town... shit water tower... shit--

Nearing the edge of town, he sees *something* and hesitates.

83 **EXT. RUSTY NAIL TAVERN - NIGHT - LATER**

CJ's rental car is parked outside a dank, sort-of saloon themed bar. A DIFFERENT CAR pulls in and parks.

84 **INT. RUSTY NAIL TAVERN - POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

KERPLUNK! CJ sinks a pool ball and continues to play -- He's good. He sips his beer and feels someone behind him spying.

CJ
How'd you know I'd be here?

DEBBIE
Wasn't too hard. When I'd have to come drag you and Eric out of here he'd be drunk in the front with all his idiot friends, and you'd be back here by yourself... brooding.

CJ
Yeah well, not much has changed has it? He's still an asshole and my family still lies to me.

DEBBIE
It's good to finally see you.

WHACK! CJ hits in another shot and chalks up for the next.

CJ
What kind of person tells his own brother that his Dad is dead as a joke? It's just *SICK*...

CRACK!! Another ball sinks. The tip of the cue breaks off.

DEBBIE
Wasn't a joke, he came close.

CJ
Yeah nice wheelchair, what he break his ankle hopping out the plane?

DEBBIE
Crashed the plane.

CJ stops playing -- *didn't know this small detail.*

CJ
What? ... how'd he do that?

Debbie takes an unsure breath, then a big drink of CJ's beer.

DEBBIE
I don't know to be honest. But it doesn't matter; everything's done. You need to come home.

CJ
Why? ... I'm not wanted, remember?

DEBBIE
That's *NOT* true...

CJ
Yes it is...

DEBBIE
That's NEVER BEEN TRUE. Your Father pushed you out for a good reason... He--

CJ (CONT'D)
Eric was his little protege and I was a complication to that relationship--

DEBBIE
Oh that's BULLSHIT and *you bought it...* you were *always* his favorite!

The BARTENDER, haggard 30's female comes in to check on them.

BARTENDER
We doin okay in here? Need any--

DEBBIE
Leave.

Bartender about-faces with eyebrows up and exits.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You were always the more capable one. Think that's what scared him.

She pulls out her .38 PISTOL and lays it on the bar table.

CJ
What are you doing with *that*?

DEBBIE
You keep this, for now. Something's happened.

CJ
Little late to involve me now Mom.

DEBBIE
You already are. I'm sorry.

She finishes CJ's beer and hangs her head.

CJ
What don't I know?

DEBBIE
-- A lot. And no matter what you might come to know about us... *know* that we love you. And I'm *not* leaving without you.

CJ thinks hard. He sees Mom's not budging. He scratches the cue ball, leaving only the EIGHT BALL behind on the table.

85 **INT. RYAN AERIAL - WORKSHOP - NIGHT**

Eric smokes a joint as he's trying to concentrate on something -- A PRACTICE TURN-KEY LOCK. He works... and twists... and turns... all while mumbling to himself.

ERIC

You're gonna run away your whole life, and no-one is gonna care CJ you know why, cause you're a little bitch -- maybe grow some balls for once in your life and-OW! *FUCK ME!*

Eric slips the pick and cuts himself. *SMACK!* He clears the table in frustration. He sits and feels it... *powerless.*

86 **INT. RYAN AERIAL - OFFICE - NIGHT**

Eric enters the office now carrying an old dusty box into the hangar office... bitter -- *pouting.* Greg sits in his wheelchair at his desk writing something.

ERIC

Where you want this crap?

GREG

Desk is fine.

ERIC

Dad listen... if CJ does come back then...

GREG (CONT'D)

...We're done, pack your things.

ERIC

You *know* it's a better idea.

Greg stops writing for a sec. -- Eric walks away.

ERIC (CONT'D)

... The weed they gave you sucks.

Greg now alone, continues writing in his PILOT LOGBOOK. In the REMARKS section written in blue ink: "*Final Flight 6-30 -- Crash -- Heart.*" He turns the page and starts writing something else: "*To my family...*"

As he writes, we see various items in the box: Memorable keepsakes from cropdusting -- OLD PHOTOS -- NEWS PAPER ARTICLES -- DESIGN PATENTS in Greg's name -- An old bottle of MEZCAL TEQUILA; worm still preserved. -- *RIP.* Greg tears out a page and closes the book. *Then,* a pair of HEADLIGHTS.

87 **EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

CJ and Mom pull up to the hangar. As CJ hops out, Trixie is now outside and immediately goes nuts happy to seem him. CJ's glad to see her too. -- Greg peeks out.

DEBBIE

I'll give you two a minute.

CJ sees his Dad at the office door, but doesn't walk over to him. Instead, he goes straight for the main hangar door.

88 **INT. HANGAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

CJ flips a LIGHT SWITCH: a plastic cartoon drawing of a pilot with his pants down, the switch is his dick.

Slowly, lights hanging from the rafters glow and illuminate the large flatbed trailer with a large tarp covering it. CJ walks over and removes the tarp to reveal a COMPLETELY MANGLED 602 AIR TRACTOR hiding underneath.

CJ

Jesus. -- What happened?

Greg rolls up in his wheelchair, face beat up from the crash.

GREG

Heart gave out -- crashed.

CJ

Are you... You gonna live?

GREG

Roll cage probably saved me. Eric pulled me out, Doc gave me a stent--

CJ

So this is real?

GREG

... Yeah.

CJ becomes upset and grieved with the now clear reality.

CJ

Damn. That it then, you're done?

GREG

Don't know.

CJ

Can you walk?

GREG
Not very well.

CJ runs his fingers across the yellow wreckage.

GREG (CONT'D) CJ
How's your motocross been go-- ...Why didn't you just tell
me... OR CALL... ANYTHING??

GREG
Eric took the initiative on this.
I didn't want you to come back.

Beat. CJ shakes his head.

CJ
Good to see you too.

GREG
I mean... I didn't want you to come
back to where we are right now.

CJ
And where is that?

GREG
... I don't know where to begin.

CJ
You're a thief, and we're in
trouble, that the gist?

GREG
What I do... what I've done, is
hard to explain.

CJ
Robbing banks, flying drugs over
the border, running guns... Crime
isn't that complicated Dad.

GREG
You'd be surprised. But you're
right... we are in trouble, and I'm
sorry to put you in the middle of
it. Wasn't my plan.

CJ's never seen his Dad this vulnerable before, but he's
still skeptical. He looks back at the destroyed plane.

CJ
What was?

Greg rolls a little closer.

GREG

I didn't want you to become me.
You're better than that. I'm
sorry... for everything, but it's
done. We're leaving it all behind.

He takes a long nostalgic look around inside the hangar.
It's the end of an era for this Pilot and CJ knows it.

CJ

Why do you have to leave?

Maybe it's the beer and vicodin mixing, but deep emotions
start taking over. CJ realizes he *did almost lose his Dad*.

GREG

I need you to understand something--

Out of no-where, CJ *EMBRACES HIM* -- It's a total SHOCK.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey... I'm good -- It's...
it's fine.

CJ

I'm sorry -- I know you loved
it. Glad you're ok.

As they both lose themselves in an awkward Father-Son
moment... *SNIP* -- Eric lights up a cigarette in the shadows,
watching the moment taking place. Mom enters the hangar door
behind him -- suitcases in hand.

GREG

Shit...

RUFF!! RUFF!! Trixie barks at something: HEADLIGHTS in the
distance -- *PANIC* -- MOM DITCHES HER SUITCASES AND GOES FOR A
NEARBY CONCEALED GUN.

GREG (CONT'D)

DON'T.

DEBBIE STOPS. ERIC *SCRAMBLES* TO COVER UP THE PLANE WRECKAGE.

GREG (CONT'D)

(to CJ)

HIDE.

CJ

What?

GREG

They can't know you're here.

CJ

WHO?

89

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

WAHHHHH! GROANING METAL as the giant bifold door SLOWLY CLOSES. A small, but scary looking entourage is now inside the hangar. Leader of the pack, SCARY GUY enters last.

Greg's is now STANDING ON HIS OWN by leaning on a workbench, His wheelchair has disappeared. He grimaces as he tries to hide his injury and pain behind a weathered pokerface.

Scary Guy walks about and scans the messy hangar.

SCARY GUY
Fucking Rednecks.

GREG
How can I help you?

Scary Guy checks his watch as Eric reaches for the BLACK BAG.

SCARY GUY
You can wait here for... twenty six more hours and I'll never have to drive out to this shit hole again.

Scary Guy snoops around the hangar looking at Greg's work: SKETCHES -- PHOTOS -- SCHEMATICS -- TOOLS -- BONE-SAW.

SCARY GUY (CONT'D)
All alone out here... no-one for miles to know what you're up to... What you're building... scheming...

Scary Guy passes Debbie holding Trixie as she *growls* -- then Eric, standing in front of the concealed crashed plane. He GRABS Eric's jaw, eyeing him hard, as he takes the BLACK BAG.

SCARY GUY (CONT'D)
No-one to even hear you scream. -- Not too smart if you ask me.

GREG
I didn't.

SCARY GUY grabs the bone-saw and DRAGS it on the table.

SCARY GUY
I can't wait until you fuck up Ryan. I'm going to *cut you up*...

SCARY GUY STARTS TO LOOK UNDER THE TARP, We see CJ HIDDEN.

GREG
...but you can't, *can you?*

Scary Guy drops the tarp. He can't believe what he's hearing; neither can the Ryan family. He creeps up to Greg and *PRESSES* the bone saw to his chest. Greg starts to *bleed*.

GREG (CONT'D)

So if there's nothing else, kindly fuck off... we've got work to do.

Scary Guy *THROWS* the bone-saw against the wall behind him, *BANG!* He then cocks his GUN *INCHES FROM GREG'S FOREHEAD*.

SCARY GUY

Yes you do. But maybe I tell Felix you tried to do something *stupid*.

Greg unfazed, *LEANS IN THAT EXTRA INCH* to touch the barrel.

GREG

I know him better than you do.

Greg and Scary Guy have a *STARE OFF* in equal dis-admiration. *RUFF!!* Trixie barks loud. Scary Guy snickers -- drops gun.

SCARY GUY

Vamonos!

The pack starts to exit. Greg isn't done yet.

GREG

He even know you're here?

Scary Guy doesn't answer. He just taps his watch on his way out. Greg continues to stand as they all leave.

ERIC

Dad...

Greg comes back to *REALITY*. He grimaces and collapses.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Get his wheelchair!

CJ pops out of hiding and runs to grab the wheel chair.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jesus Dad... what's with that guy?

GREG

He thinks I murdered the last crew.

CJ rolls in the wheel chair. Greg hoists himself up.

ERIC

... *What last crew?*

Greg rolls away without giving an answer. *SNIP*. Debbie lights up a cigarette from Eric's pack and takes a big drag.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Thought you quit?

DEBBIE
So did I.

CJ
The hell are you guys involved in?

ERIC
Hey way to hide. -- Anybody hungry?

90 **INT. RYAN HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The Ryans sit at the dinner table. Debbie is mid-PRAYER. She holds Greg's hand. Eric holds Mom's hand and eats with his other. CJ holds no-ones hand and stares at everyone.

DEBBIE
...We've fallen so far and just
pray that you would forgive us, and
keep us safe as we uproot and leave
this home for good. We ask in
Jesus name...

ERIC
AMEN.

CJ subtly shakes his head.

DEBBIE
Now... we're a family, and you boys
will always have a say in family--

Greg interrupts and takes over, shocking everyone.

GREG
We have a decision to make tonight.
We're in this mess because I put us
here. Nothing I can do can forgive
that. -- *I've never been the
Father, or the Husband that I
needed to be...*

Eric gives a "we're caught" gesture towards Debbie.

GREG (CONT'D)
... But we have to come together as
a family right now and decide what
we're going to do; together.

Eric smacks the table.

ERIC
Let's do the job, we can do this!

DEBBIE
We're LEAVING, *that's* what we're--

ERIC
We can't leave now! *Lieutenant
Psychopath* is on the loose now.

DEBBIE
You'd rather us stay here and try
to fend them off!?

ERIC
What are we gonna be on the run for
the rest of our lives!?

ERIC (CONT'D)
Mom... Everything is set up
on the job, it's an easy
score. It'd be stupid not to
do the job now!

DEBBIE
CJ does not know anything
about what this is and you're
not just gonna thrust him
into a dangerous situation!

GREG
We're gonna vote...

DEBBIE
NO WE'RE NOT! I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU'RE DOING THIS...
THIS IS NOT A DEMOCRACY,
WE'RE YOU'RE PARENTS.

ERIC
I VOTE DO THE JOB. IT'S THE
BEST COURSE OF ACTION... MOM
I'M 26, I'M A GROWN ASS MAN
AND SO IS CJ... SORT OF.

DEBBIE
YOU'RE IN A WHEELCHAIR FOR CHRIST--

CJ
ENOUGH!! JESUS, what is this job??

Debbie stares at Greg who's not backing down. She can't take it anymore, she abruptly leaves the table. Greg looks to CJ.

GREG
You still pick a lock?

Long beat. Eric and Greg both stare at CJ anxiously awaiting an answer. Debbie steps back into view with arms crossed.

CJ
... What are we stealing?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

91 **INT. HANGAR - DAY (MONTAGE)**

SMACK. What appears to be BLUEPRINTS are laid on the table. Greg sits in his wheelchair with both sons at his side.

GREG

Ok... here's what we're gonna do.

SPARKS. Greg WELDS something LARGE.

CJ (V.O.)

How many times have you done this?

BSHHH! Eric buffers a shiny and large METAL CYLINDER.

ERIC (V.O.)

Enough to know what it takes.

Greg has an ELECTRICAL BOX explaining something to both sons.

ERIC (V.O.)

You're not gonna puss out halfway through right? This is serious.

REEEER! Eric scans something on an OLD COPIER while MOM sits nearby despondent. Eric gets a text message -- Ignores it.

CJ (V.O.)

Well it doesn't exactly sound like we're knocking over a K-MART here.

Greg watches as Eric mimes actions and bosses CJ around.

ERIC (V.O.)

Go do a fucking heel-clicker. I'm running the show on this.

Greg, Eric and CJ all work together in sync for a moment while Debbie watches - bitter. Maybe even... *jealous?*

CJ (V.O.)

You can't open a door.

CLICK. CJ easily lock picks a practice turnkey for Greg. Eric watches unimpressed. Another text -- ignores it again.

ERIC (V.O.)

Lots' changed since you been gone. I just need to know if you have the balls to do what needs to be done.

CJ (V.O.)
 You lied to get me here... and you
 don't trust *me*.

PSHHH! An oxygen tank knob TURNS. Greg puts on his oxygen mask and takes a breather. Trixie happily checks on him.

ERIC (V.O.)
 I trust Dad; but if shit hits the fan can you take this all the way?

CA-CHINK! Eric cocks a handgun and CJ looks over at him.

BLING! Eric's phone AGAIN. He steps out and looks: missed texts from VEGAS with the last: "*Will you just talk to me??*" Eric texts back: "*Jesus leave it alone I DONT NEED UR HELP.*"

Eric tosses his phone and opens up a bottle of DESOXYN PILLS.

END MONTAGE.

Greg has a moment alone with CJ who is contemplating the plan and nodding his head with a subtle admiration for his Dad.

CJ
 So this is what you do.

GREG
 Not my best, but we're outta time.

CJ
 Makes sense I guess -- you always could build or fix anything. How did you... get into--

Greg dodges the question by interrupting.

GREG
 Listen, I know you can do this, but I still don't want you part of it.

CJ
 Not doing this for you. I don't even know who you are anymore.

GREG
 You can still say no. Why are you doing it?

Now CJ dodges. He wipes his hands with a rag and walks away.

CJ
 Little late to back out now Dad.

92

EXT. ZIOR - LOADING DOCK - SUNSET

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A telescopic FORKLIFT backs up and raises an EMPTY SILVER DEWAR into the air.

A lone ZIOR EMPLOYEE, late 40's with a gaunt face, thick glasses and thin stringy hair is on his cellphone.

ZIOR EMPLOYEE

Yeah well it's here, they pulling it out now, just gonna have em put it in the dock for now -- alright.

He hangs up and walks over to the truck trailer with a clipboard of paperwork waiting and starts signing. The delivery truck driver approaches.

ZIOR EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

You boys weren't supposed to come till Monday. Lucky I's still here!

HARJO

Well I ain't taking the shit back.

93

INT. HANGAR - SUNSET

Greg rolls his wheelchair around the hangar, his gears are turning as he preps various items into a BROWN CAR.

GREG

They're gonna meet me close to midnight... I'll call you when we know; the phone on the south wall. We'll be five minutes from you, but *don't* leave until I call.

DEBBIE

Look at you go... you're back. Got the whole family involved now.

Debbie smokes as Greg throws a dusty black bag into the car.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Those are my babies. If you--

Greg slams the car door.

GREG

They're mine too. I won't. But you're right we're all in it now, and we gotta work together.

Debbie skeptically shakes her head.

DEBBIE
And what if we can't?

GREG
Then... I'll take care of it.

Greg wraps up a large GUN into a blanket.

GREG (CONT'D)
Please trust me again.

DEBBIE
What choice do I have?

GREG
You've always had a choice -- and
you stuck with me.

DEBBIE
Was I wrong?

Greg grabs a final prepped BAG from the table.

GREG
... Not yet.

TIME TO GO TO WORK. Greg wheels over and attempts to kiss Debbie, but she subtly denies him. Debbie takes a big drag and looks longingly at the GREEN STATION WAGON also nearby.

GREG (CONT'D)
Ok. Let's do it.

94 **EXT. FARMLAND - SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY - SUNSET**

The SUN sets and the BROWN CAR drives away from it past a ROAD SIGN that hides A BLACK CAR. In that car: SCARY GUY.

The BROWN CAR's windows are tinted, but they still can't hide Debbie's red hair riding shotgun. Scary Guy starts his car.

95 **EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

LIGHTS of a city from high above. We drift over and slowly unfocus until everything becomes BLURRY.

96 **INT. CAR - NIGHT**

A BLUR, now focuses in to become a blue digital RADIO CLOCK that reads: 9:50 -- We hear the car ignition turned off.

97 **EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Greg in his wheelchair, *pops* the trunk and grabs a bag. A STRANGE BOX is seen for split second before the trunk *SLAMS!*

Greg hides the car keys underneath the car and wheels away past the passenger side, which seats a MANNEQUIN -- red hair.

98 **INT. ZIOR - NIGHT**

CLICK --- CLICK --- CLICK...

CLASSICAL MUSIC *PLAYS* as a hunched over ZIOR EMPLOYEE, late 40's and wearing old headphones, slowly and methodically walks down a long corridor turning off lights one by one.

99 **EXT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

CLICK. The sound of a GUN cocks as we see A PRIVATE SECURITY VEHICLE in NIGHT VISION, driving away from the Zior facility.

We now see through the SCOPE of a rifle, pointing directly at SECURITY GUARD driving. He has a large bandage on his head.

A finger *squeezes* a TRIGGER.

100 **INT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

CLICK -- Zior Employee locks a big door and rounds a corner.

ZIOR EMPLOYEE
Goodnight everyone.

No-one responds. That's because... *there is no-one.*

101 **EXT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

We see through BINOCULARS as they look down on the facility. The Zior Employee walks to the front and shuts off a light.

A radio is quickly beeped twice by a hand -- 2 beeps back: --

102 **INT. ZIOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

A SECURITY ALARM. Gangly fingers punch a few buttons and -- FLASH -- :60 COUNTDOWN... :60...59...58...

GREG (V.O.)
(on radio) GO.

103 **INT. ZIOR - LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS**

CRAAAANK! The STEEL DEWAR GROANS. The bottom TWISTS OFF and a FACE APPEARS with an oxygen mask on -- IT'S A TROJAN HORSE.

104 **INT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS**

ERIC BLASTS THROUGH A DOOR AND RACES TOWARD THE LOBBY. CJ trails behind pulling out tools while he RUNS.

105 **EXT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS**

We see through BINOCULARS again as Greg watches The Zior Employee walk towards his lone car in the parking lot.

106 **INT. ZIOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Eric RIPS the ALARM BOX right off the wall and yanks out wires. He holds them as the employee is almost to his car.

CJ goes to work trying to separate the wires. HEART PUMPING - SWEAT DRIPPING -- WHICH... ONE? -- 12 -- 11 -- 10 -- SNIP.

CJ

Got it.

SMACK! Eric shoves the box crudely back into the wall and they both immediately DROP TO THE GROUND.

107 **EXT. ZIOR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

A car door SHUTS. Engine turns ON.

The car drives off illuminating the front doors of the facility for a split second -- then gone -- CLEAR.

108 **INT. ZIOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Eric and CJ lie still on the floor. Eric looks up at a MOTION DETECTOR. He waves discreetly at it -- nothing happens -- his wave turns into a middle finger.

ERIC

(into radio)

We're good.

CJ lets out a huge sigh of relief.

109 **INT. CAR - DENNY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Smoke exhales out of a car window towards a payphone on a wall. Debbie smokes and pulls out a PISTOL from the glove box. She discovers a dusty trove of OLD CASSETTE TAPES.

She pushes a tape into the deck. It plays where it left off.

PREACHER (V.O.)

GAWD... is in control. But that does not lessen our responsibility to CHOOSE... just because you're a Christian, doesn't mean you throw up your hands and say oh God'll get me through this! NO... that's when the real work begins...

110 **INT. ZIOR - NIGHT**

CJ goes to work lock-picking a door that reads: CONTROL. He gets in quick. Eric now walks with a pack of supplies.

111 **INT. ZIOR - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Eric disables the security equipment and is now having fun. Even CJ seems to be enjoying the rush.

ERIC

Nothing to see here people.

CJ

Nice.

112 **INT. ZIOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Eric and CJ round the corner and rush down a long hallway. Framed pictures of old white people and pets on the wall.

ERIC

Freakin white people.

Eric shakes his head and knocks off a picture frame that has been recently quick fixed with tape. It falls and *BREAKS*.

CJ

The hell?

ERIC

Oops.

113 **INT. ZIOR - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

CJ leans down and inspects the large "ANTECHAMBER" door he needs to now open. He lays out his picks and goes to work.

Eric's earpiece radio becomes all static and he removes it.

114 **EXT. ZIOR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

TWO CARS DRIVE UP TOWARDS THE FACILITY.

GREG

Shit...

Greg immediately beeps his radio *BLEEP. BLEEP. BLEEP...*

The cars stop for the Private Security Vehicle -- which now has a FLAT TIRE being changed by Security Guard. They don't stay long. They continue the drive up to the facility.

115 **INT. ZIOR - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Eric pulls down his sleeve and on his wrist in smeared ink reads "NSSV-6-40". CJ is struggling to get the lock.

CJ

Come on you bitch... Gotcha --

CLICK. CJ pops the lock -- Eric rushes past him into a large metallic room with his pack. -- Now CJ's curious.

CJ (CONT'D)

-- What is this place?

ERIC

You're done. Go clean up the dock and keep a lookout.

Eric puts on heavy yellow gloves. CJ *slowly* walks away.

116 **EXT. ZIOR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Two men briefly talk outside their vehicles. One points to the warehouse dock.

Greg gives up on the radio and ditches the binoculars. We now see Greg is in full on homeless guy disguise with a long dirty wig and shopping cart full of crap. He pulls out his SNIPER RIFLE again and aims... but *hesitates*.

117 **INT. ZIOR - MAIN LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Now inside the main lab, the room looks like a warehouse of missile silos. Eric runs toward a big yellow rolling ladder.

BONG! Eric smacks the rolling ladder against a LARGE DEWAR.

Now on top, Eric opens the container lid by SNAPPING off a padlock with bolt cutters. He removes the large lid, emitting a heap of cold steam and lets it fall -- BANG! He looks around ID labels, NO -- NO -- NO -- THEN: "NSSV-6-40".

118 **INT. ZIOR - WAREHOUSE DOCK - CONTINUOUS**

CJ paces impatiently as loud BANGS keep coming from the lab.

CJ

Come on, come on... *oh shit.*

CJ turns a corner into the lobby as TWO MEN APPROACH THE FRONT DOORS. CJ DROPS. He can't move without being spotted.

119 **EXT. ZIOR - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The two men walk up to the entrance talking.

ZIOR EMPLOYEE

You sure they didn't just send one by accident? Maybe the driver just-

LES LESTER

Marty said ABSOLUTELY nothing was delivered; show it to me.

ZIOR EMPLOYEE

You're the boss.

Zior Employee fiddles with his keys. Then: *GREG ROLLS UP.*

GREG

(acting drunk)

Can you fellas help out aaaah vet?

LES LESTER

ZIOR EMPLOYEE

Whoa, hey! How'd you get in-- Oh lord.

GREG

Any change? I's in *VEE-ET-NAM.*

Greg's acting is atrocious, but it distracts.

120 **INT. ZIOR - MAIN LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Eric hops off the ladder and punches a nearby hanging control button, *HOISTING* a LARGE BLACK BAG out of the container.

The bag hangs above the tank on a hoist with Eric's belt. Eric pops back up the ladder and unzips the top of the bag to reveal FEET -- *HUMAN FEET*. A FROZEN BODY is hanging upside down in the bag. ALL OF A SUDDEN THE BELT SLIPS AND THE BODY FALLS ONTO THE CONCRETE FLOOR HARD -- *THUD!*

Eric DRAGS the body toward the ladder. He STRIPS the body bag to reveal a fully naked HUMAN POPSICLE MAN, early 70's.

Eric pulls out a BONE-SAW from his pack and goes to work on the neck. *SNAP!* The bone-saw's handle breaks on first cuts.

ERIC
God dammit Vegas.

121 **INT. ZIOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

CJ *SHOOTS OUT* from under the desk while the Zior guys are distracted by Greg. Greg sees CJ run out of sight and finally rolls away from Zior guys who *NOW ENTER THE BUILDING*.

122 **INT. ZIOR - MAIN LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Eric lifts and angles the human popsicle's HEAD on the lip of the yellow stairs. He attempts to separate head from torso by STOMPING IT, *THWACK!* -- *THWACK!* -- *THWACK!* CJ RUNS IN.

CJ
(whispering)
Hey! we gotta...

He surprises Eric who PULLS A GUN. CJ stands in UTTER SHOCK.

CJ (CONT'D)
Wh, what the... what in the hell...

CJ WALKS AWAY, instantly trying to forget what he just saw.

ERIC
CJ! faaack. COME ON YOU SON OF A--

Eric runs up the rungs of the ladder and jump off the top-- *DROPKICKING* the torso with all his might -- *SNAP!* -- THE HEAD FLIES OFF, BUT -- *WHERE DID IT GO?* THEN: ZIOR EMPLOYEES.

LES LESTER
HEY! *DON'T MOVE!!* -- *OH MY GOD.*

SHOCK AND HORROR as they realize what Eric has done. Eric is frozen for a second, but WHIPS HIS GUN OUT -- BANG! BANG! BANG! He shoots around just to scare them off. THEY RUN.

ERIC
AHALOO AKBAR!!

CJ RUNS BACK IN.

CJ
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!?

ERIC
Ok, time to go...

Eric looks around for the head -- FOUND.

CJ doesn't know what to do, Eric makes a break for it, CJ sees the headless cadaver -- hesitates, but finally RUNS.

FLIERS are thrown high into the air as Eric heaves open the Loading Dock garage door. BOTH BROTHERS ESCAPE OUT THE BACK.

The fliers rain down and we see one land -- It reads: "DEATH IS A HUMAN RIGHT! SAY NO TO CRYONICS UNHOLY PRISON!"

123 **EXT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS**

Security Guard has now abandoned his flat tire and is SPRINTING TO THE FRONT DOORS OF ZIOR -- No sign of Greg.

Eric and CJ escape out the back and RACE TO THE TOP OF THE HILL. Eric grabs the KEYS under the BROWN CAR, pops the trunk and stows the prize. POLICE SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE.

CJ'S HEAD IS SPINNING -- HE SEES DAD IN THE DISTANCE WAVING THEM TO JUST GO. ERIC PUSHES THE MANNEQUIN INTO THE BACK.

ERIC
HE'S GOOD... GET IN! COME ON!!

124 **INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Eric steps on it and eventually gets to a safe enough place to turn his lights on and go the speed limit, avoiding conspicuous activity. He's PUMPED. CJ shotgun -- quiet.

ERIC
HOLY SHIT MAN... you feel that?
YOU FEEL THAT RUSH!? HELL YEAH!

CJ pulls out MOM'S .38 and PUTS IT TO ERIC'S HEAD.

CJ
Stop the car.

Eric a bit thrown off, but expecting a reaction from CJ.

ERIC
What? -- What are you doing?

BLAST! CJ *SHOOTS* the driver side window out.

CJ
STOP THE FUCKING CAR RIGHT NOW!

125 **EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

THE CAR *SKIDS* INTO A VACANT AREA SURROUNDED BY TREES.

CJ *SWIPES* the CAR KEYS and walks over to the driver side.

ERIC
WHAT ARE YOU-- WE CAN'T STOP HERE!

CJ *DRAGS* Eric out of the car with the gun still on him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What, you gonna shoot me??

CJ *THROWS* both the guns as far as he can, then *WAILS* on Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK... -- *STOP!*

CJ *SEES RED* AND LANDS SOME SERIOUS *BLOWS*; *TAKING ERIC DOWN*.

CJ
NANOTECHNOLOGY!? WHAT THE FUCK DID
I JUST GET INVOLVED IN??

ERIC
Dad didn't think you'd go along
with Operation "*GET HEAD*".

CJ *HITS HIM AGAIN*, ready to *BEAT THE TRUTH* out of him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
HEY, HEY! We just saved our
family... but we gotta deliver!

CJ
You *KILLED* someone tonight.

ERIC
He wasn't *ALIVE* to begin with.

CJ
 BULLSHIT YOU SOCIOPATH!! *WHAT THE
 HELL IS THIS!?*

ERIC
 WE DO THINGS ALRIGHT?! -- For this
 company *The Perch* -- We get
 things... we change things, I don't
 know it's always different!

CJ
 WHO THE *FUCK*... pays for a severed--

ERIC
 You'd be surprised.

CJ can't quantify anymore, his rage quickly fades to *horror*.

CJ
 Who -- who are you people?

CJ backs away in shock. Eric spits blood.

ERIC
 We're your family -- remember?

A POLICE SIREN *WAILS* OUT OF NOWHERE -- CJ is a deer in the
 headlights -- ERIC *TACKLES* HIM TO THE GROUND AS THE POLICE
 CAR *WHIZZES* PAST THEM ON THE ROAD -- CLEAR.

CJ pushes Eric off him and starts walking away. Eric stays
 on the ground trying to collect himself. He starts *laughing*.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Hey... It's what you wanted right?
 RIGHT!? *Congrats! You're in!*

Eric *crawls* around and searches for the guns. ALL OF A
 SUDDEN -- *FLASH!* BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS FROM THE ROAD *SWERVE* OFF
 TOWARDS CJ. ERIC STAYS DOWN. CJ throws his hands up.

A VAN *BRAKES* RIGHT IN FRONT OF CJ, BLINDING HIM WITH LIGHT.
 MASKED ARMED MEN *JUMP OUT* AND RUSH HIM. *THIS ISN'T THE COPS.*
 CJ FREAKS OUT AND TRIES TO FIGHT THEM OFF. THE MEN BAG CJ
 AND *THROW HIM INTO THE VAN.* ERIC stays down *undetected*.

One of the masked men grabs the STRANGE BOX from the trunk,
 while another dumps gasoline all over the car.

PLINK! A silver lighter ignites a rag in the gas tank.

The car *EXPLODES!* -- Eric finally gets up and stares into
 the distance bleeding as the van has now driven off with CJ.

126 **INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT**

POP! An old pushbutton cigarette lighter pops out. The tape plays on as Debbie stares at the payphone -- NOT RINGING. Her knuckles PURPLE -- *SQUEEZING* the steering wheel.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Now every Christian knows John
3:16, but let's look at another
3:16 John wrote... *REVELATION 3:16.*
*"So then because thou art lukewarm,
and neither cold nor hot, I will
spue thee out of my mouth!"* GAWD
would rather have you all in or all
out! No matter what you have done,
DO NOT let your guilt keep you from
CHOOSING to do what is right;
CHOOSING to leave your old ways
behind; CHOOSING your family! How
long will you *CHOOSE* to be a
slave... to the prince of darkness?

127 **EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

ZOOM! An old station wagon flies down a road and a CIGARETTE is tossed out... half of it still good.

128 **INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS**

Debbie is driving and looks determined. She passes a PERSON, *FRANTICALLY RUNNING* alongside the road -- *ERRRRRRCH!!*

THE CAR *SKIDS* INTO A 180 AND STOPS WITH THE HEADLIGHTS NOW ILLUMINATING... *ERIC.* He stands FROZEN -- *TERRIFIED.*

DEBBIE

ERIC!

ERIC

MOM!? What are you doing!?

DEBBIE

GET IN WE'RE LEAVING! Where's CJ??

Eric runs over now shaking.

ERIC

Wha-- Why you driving the Griswold?

DEBBIE

Why are you bloody!? WHERE'S CJ??

ERIC

I...cut myself, and he-- took off!

DEBBIE

TOOK OFF WHERE!?

ERIC (CONT'D)

I... back to Arizona, he...
backed out last second!

DEBBIE

WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT CJ! --
GET IN WE'LL FIND HIM!

ERIC (CONT'D)

We did the job! -- He left!
WE DON'T NEED TO LEAVE!

DEBBIE

ERIC GET IN THE FUCKING CAR!

ERIC (CONT'D)

WE'RE FINE! *WHERE'S DAD!?*129 **EXT. OVERPASS TUNNEL - NIGHT***SMASH!* A car window is shattered with a rock. An ALARM
sounds. A hand reaches inside and unlocks the door.130 **INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**Greg has abandoned his wheelchair and is HOT WIRING the car.
He uses his pocket knife to chop the wires and SMACKS himself
in the teeth on the recoil, chipping a TOOTH -- *Shit.* POLICE
SIRENS -- He's breathing heavy -- blood pumps *TOO FAST* -- HE
CLUTCHES HIS CHEST -- THE CAR ALARM MORPHS INTO AN UNDERWATER
SOUND -- EVERYTHING *FUZZY* AS WE DRIFT OUT OF REALITY.GREG GRABS HIS WALLET AND WITH SHAKY HANDS REMOVES A FOLDED
NOTE THAT READS: "*TO MY FAMILY.*" *HE CLUTCHES IT HARD.*

GREG

(praying) Please... not yet.

BREATHE... Greg takes in a heavy dose of oxygen. Blood
pressure falls back down to good-nuff. SLOWLY, we come back
to REALITY -- CAR ALARM *FULL BLAST* -- POLICE SIRENS CLOSING
IN. The note goes back into the wallet. The chipped tooth
gets swallowed... *TZZ -- TZZZ -- TZZZ... BRRRRUMM!*131 **EXT. ROAD - NIGHT***ZOOM!* The STOLEN CAR flies by and runs over a half smoked
cigarette near skid marks.132 **EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT**Greg drives around the Denny's -- NO ONE'S HERE. A BYSTANDER
talks on the PAYPHONE and stares at Greg as he keeps pulling
laps. Finally, Greg PEELS out of the exit... *SCREECH!*

133 **EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT**

ERRRRCH! The STATION WAGON stops in front of a seedy looking motel near a dilapidated payphone. Eric POPS OUT with loose change from the car -- some of it falls to the ground.

SLAM! BLOODY QUARTERS PUSHED INTO THE PAYPHONE -- NUMBERS.

134 **EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT**

BWAAAAAAP! The Ryan Aerial phone horn is blasting, but no-one's around to answer it. *BWAAAAAAP!*

135 **EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT**

SMACK! Eric slams the phone down. He picks up some of the change that fell on the ground. Debbie sees Eric has two guns in the back of his pants... his... AND *HER* .38

ERIC
He's not there!

DEBBIE
...Why do you have that?

136 **INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT**

RING! A phone rings and a receptionist answers.

DORIS
Mercy Southwest how may I help you?
-- Hey baby, what's wrong? -- Yeah
she here... alright hold up.

137 **INT. HOSPITAL - DIFFERENT ROOM - NIGHT**

CLICK -- a phone is picked up. *Screaming* is instantly heard.

VEGAS
WHAT?

DEBBIE (V.O.)
...WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT!?

VEGAS
-- Eric?

ERIC (V.O.)
HE GAVE IT TO ME... STOP!

ERIC (V.O.)
(to Vegas) ... I need your help.

138 **EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT**

BWAAAAAAP! THE STOLEN CAR *SKIDS* TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE HANGAR. *BWAAAAAAP!* GREG ROLLS OUT OF THE STOLEN CAR AND *CRAWLS* IN PAIN TO THE CRACKED CHEMICAL SHED DOOR. *BWAAAAAAP!*

139 **INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS**

BWAAAAAAP! GREG *PULLS* HIMSELF UP AGAINST A PESTICIDE BARREL.
BWAAAAAAP! HE FINALLY *SNATCHES* A BLACK PHONE OFF THE WALL.

GREG
 Deb? -- ERIC!?

SILENCE. *THEN* -- breathing.

FELIX (V.O.)
 Mi ganso dorado -- Well done.

GREG
 Where's my family?

FELIX (V.O.)
 We're not finished.

CLICK. Greg sinks onto the cold concrete, now enveloped in overwhelming darkness. *Then* -- he hears SOMETHING... He looks over to reveal -- *TRIXIE*, in a corner, *GNAWING* away at the dead owl to which she's now ripped to pieces. *CA-CHINK!* --A GUN COCKS. OUT OF THE SHADOWS EMERGES... *SCARY GUY.* He snickers -- Lowers his gun -- Exits.

Greg looks back over to *Trixie*, who's still devouring the owl. His eyes become *ANGRY.* We focus on the barrel next to him with a *SKULL AND CROSSBONES TOXIC SYMBOL* as we **CUT TO:**

140 **EXT. HOUSE ON A HILL - NIGHT**

A CREEPY ESTATE. Crickets. Scratchy Opera music plays.

141 **INT. HOUSE ON A HILL - CONTINUOUS**

A PAINTING of a FOX and SNAKE. A vintage PHONOGRAPH spins a record as ANONYMOUS MEN lock up large suitcases full of CASH.

Those suitcases are now carried through an extravagant home covered in TAXIDERMY and great ACHIEVEMENTS in the TECH INDUSTRY. We hear a continuing: *DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...*

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)
 We don't become these beasts on our
 own do we? It is our enmity.

142 **EXT. HOUSE ON A HILL - CONTINUOUS**

The men exit the estate down a long, winding walkway. A SHADOWY FIGURE watches them from the 3rd story window. *DRIP.*

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)

Do you know what I realized? That all this time, no matter how far I stretched... I couldn't be you.

143 INT. HOUSE ON A HILL - 3RD STORY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wet wood floor. DRIP. That shadowy figure is a WEATHERED MAN, 60's. He shuts large red curtains on the windows, then walks over to a large framed picture of a NEWS PAPER STORY with the headline: "BIGGEST MERGER IN TECH HISTORY STALLED! ...Rival Founder turns to science fiction to someday reclaim legacy in legal loophole..."

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

One is but equal to one's own ilk.
But... I'm grateful for the lesson.

The weathered man moves the framed picture to reveal -- a safe? No -- A STRANGE BOX.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You've done *terrible* things Dorian.
I'm *nothing* like you.

He opens the box and cold blue smoke billows out.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No... I'm something *far worse*.

He turns and shivers, *THEN* -- he begins to speak in a weird and overly poetic voice, revealing that HE IS -- *THE GUEST*.

THE GUEST

YOU -- COULD NEVER -- Be *ME*.

He slowly licks his lips, already tasting satisfaction.

THE GUEST (CONT'D)

There's a serpent in us all...

WE FINALLY SEE WHAT'S DRIPPING: a thawing *SEVERED HEAD* of a MAN on a desk, *MORBIDLY STARING UP AT THE GUEST*. The opera song concludes and scratches into dead air.

THE GUEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... Ouroboros.

All we hear is... *ZIP*.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR