

RAYS OF DARKNESS

- The Pilot -

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TEASER

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* down a black top road that cuts through the endless trees. A lone DEER is lit for a split second, but quickly cast back into darkness.

EXT. WOODS - VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Now off the beaten path, the LeBaron slowly turns into an open area surrounded by trees. The car abruptly *STOPS*, as a TALL AND SLENDER FIGURE wearing an ELK HEAD MASK and tuxedo is now lit in the distance by the headlights amongst a tree line. This is CERVIDAE, who does nothing but *stare*.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The DRIVER, early 40's nervously gets out and opens the door for his passenger THE GUEST, a man in a suit wearing an extremely realistic FOX HEAD MASK. As he exits the LeBaron, we faintly see thru the eyeholes of the mask. He leaves the terrified Driver behind and begins walking towards Cervidae.

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.

They walk under a canopy of trees past a masked JESTER, who stands silent underneath a large oak tree. Then -- SCREAMING from the top of the oak as KING LEAR, late 50s dressed in Shakespearian attire and a crown on his head, stands on a high branch violently shaking his fist at the black sky.

KING LEAR
BLOW, WINDS, CRACK YOUR CHEEKS!
SPIT FIRE! SPOUT RAIN! *RAGE!!*
SMITE FLAT THE THICK ROTUNDITY O'
TH' WORLD...

Cervidae and The Guest continue *deeper* into the woods past the screaming King Lear and the silent Jester.

EXT. OLD MANSION - NIGHT

Cervidae and The Guest arrive at an old, yet EXTRAVAGANT MANSION. All 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 LOOMING FRONT DOORS. He ENTERS.

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 Shakespearian scenes throughout the house that are sexual and violent. MASKED PATRONS watch as live MUSICIANS play a tragic soundtrack.

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. Next to the staircase, a group of 3, wearing WILD BOAR head masks sit next to a fireplace. Each turn and STARE at The Guest as he 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.

On the 3rd floor, the climax of the live theatre show draws everyone's attention. It's BIZARRE and BOMBASTIC. A slow motion BATTLE is taking place surrounding KING LEAR, the man seen before in the woods. 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.

INT. OLD 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 now see it up close as it also bears the symbol of an owl - *CLICK*. **CUT TO:**

EXT. GATED INSTITUTION - NIGHT

SNAP! BOLT CUTTERS cut through a CHAIN LINKED FENCE. A SIGN above reads *ZIOR INSTITUTE*, surrounded by an INFINITY symbol.

A PRIVATE SECURITY VEHICLE drives away from the institute.

TWO THIEVES, dressed in black with masks and backpacks pry through the fence and run towards an ugly blue and gray INDUSTRIAL BUILDING that's very plain, yet ominous. THIEF 1 looks very out of shape; having a hard time keeping up with the more athletic THIEF 2, who sprints ahead. **BACK TO:**

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

A FIREPLACE cackles. A RED VICTORIAN ERA STUDY. The Guest sits down in a chair made completely of CARVED WOODEN SNAKES across the desk from HOST... a man in a suit wearing an eerie OWL HEAD MASK with large ORANGE EYES. After a long silence, The Guest *SPEAKS* -- in a very weird and overly poetic tone.

THE GUEST

At last... I've anticipated our meeting for quite some time.

EXT. ZIOR INSTITUTION - NIGHT

SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT... A SECURITY CAMERA gets covered in ORANGE 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 as he takes a puff from his inhaler. Thief 2 snaps his fingers at him and he comes back to reality, dropping a modified PAINTBALL GUN to the ground.

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

The Guest becomes enthralled with the wooden SNAKES wrapped around the chair armrest. He begins PETTING THEM.

THE GUEST

The infamous *Perch*; how delightfully intriguing.

Host *slides* OLD PAPER, INK AND FEATHERED PEN towards The Guest. We briefly see BURN SCARS on Host's wrists. 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...

EXT. ZIOR - ROOF - NIGHT

Thief 1 is BREATHING HARD. He now has bi-focal glasses on
over his mask. He crudely CUTS wires from an electric box.

THE GUEST (V.O.)
...is the key to solving it. A
cruel jest for the unversed.
Shan't they never learn?

Thief 2 cuts a HOLE in the roof and *STOMPS* a piece through.

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

Host runs his fingers along the curves of the SNAKE ARMREST.

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?

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...

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.

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

Thief 2 DASHES down a long hallway with glass framed black
and white photos of people hanging on each side.

Thief 1 TRUDGES behind and accidentally bumps one of the pictures of a MAN, early 70s. The picture falls and *BREAKS*.

INT. ZIOR - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Thief 2 checks his wrist... in smeared ink reads "NSSV-6-40". Thief 1 LOCK PICKS a large DOOR with a *strange symbol* that reads: "THE ANTECHAMBER". He cracks the lock in seconds then 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,
farewell... is a quandary for me.

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

THE GUEST
Ouroboros.

HOST
-- The eternal return.

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 slumps to the ground. Thief 2 scans the room.

THIEF 2
Wait you don't think that... No...

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

The Guest places what looks like a FOLDED NEWSPAPER ARTICLE on the desk; then dips the feathered pen into the ink bottle.

THE GUEST
You see, lest you be a fool... tis
not sufficient to take the head of
the snake. You must *burn the den*.

INT. ZIOR - THE ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

Thief 2 frantically searches the room. Thief 1 clutches his chest and looks like he's just hit an emotional rock bottom.

THIEF 1
I'm sorry... for everything. But I
think I'm done. -- *This* what
you're gonna remember me for?

THIEF 2
The hell are you talking about!?

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

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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?

INT. OLD MANSION - OWL ROOM - NIGHT

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

HOST
I offer a very *unique* service.

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.

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

THIEF 2
...Dad?

ACT ONE**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!*

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 tall 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!*

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 roughly 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 a 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 ninety degrees --
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--

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

EXT. CHEMICAL LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Eric reaches the dock, and jumps off the forklift with it ghost riding forward; it SMASHES into an empty Round-Up 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 holds a fuel hose as dust flies everywhere. He notices something *off*.

ERIC
The hell...?

A BLOODY, FEATHERY MESS is sticking out of the left wing.

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

Eric drops the fuel hose and takes a closer look at the BIRD lodged in the wing. He taps on the 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! ...YOU KNOW CPR?!

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.

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	ERIC
Thank you.	Oh yah, thanks Mom.

Debbie hands Greg freshly organized field maps. The air between them seems a little tense. Greg looks miserable.

GREG (CONT'D)
And... how are you?

DEBBIE
Jim's cattle are in the field west of 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 *his* deal? He's been
sulking around for three days now.

ERIC
E.D.? ...Hey at least he's showing
some form of an emotion right?

Debbie shakes her head and pulls out a blank CHEMICAL LOAD
TICKET and starts calculating the pesticide ingredients.

ERIC (CONT'D)
He's uh... been acting kinda weird
on the... *jobs*. Saying stuff.

DEBBIE
Such as... I'm assuming everything
went fine the other night?

Beat. Eric surprised at the question.

ERIC
Thought you didn't want to know?

DEBBIE
You brought it up? And *I don't*,
for the record -- but I'm your
mother; I worry.

Debbie keeps writing: "*Mustang Maxx - 12.5 gallons*"...

ERIC

Well you don't gotta worry about
me. -- *Just Dad.*

Debbie raises an eyebrow with a sarcastic look.

DEBBIE

Ok, spill it.

ERIC

We... didn't pull off the job; Dad--

Debbie drops her pen -- not expecting this news.

DEBBIE

What? Are you shittin me?

ERIC

Barely got him outta there... He
hasn't said anything?

DEBBIE

No more -- you're not doing this--

ERIC

Mom, mom, MOM everything's *fine*.
It was literally nothing, wasn't
our fault. We just didn't get
the... thing we were supposed to...

Debbie sinks into her chair and sees Greg outside working.

ERIC (CONT'D)

--ALL I'M SAYIN is that Dad's sixty
...ish, and it's starting to show.
He shouldn't be going out anymore.
I'm honestly scared he might really
fuck something up soon.

DEBBIE

... QUIT cussing.

ERIC

If he would just... plan the jobs,
I could do the res--

DEBBIE

NO.

ERIC

WHAT?

Debbie mocks his ill-conceived notion.

DEBBIE
(sarcastic)
WHAT.
(serious)
I don't want you out there PERIOD.

Eric fires back.

ERIC
You could have stopped this a long-

DEBBIE
You're not gonna listen to me;
nobody does... why start now?

ERIC
Look I know you don't love the
situation, but I'm not stupid
Mom... You don't trust him on his
own anymore. That's why I got your
blessing, *Amiright?*

Debbie face-palms, already tired of arguing.

ERIC (CONT'D)
He's still got the brains! -- Just
not the brawn...

DEBBIE
Yeah and you got the opposite
problem don't you?

ERIC
Wow, THANKS FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT;
Ya know, I'm doing this for the fam-

DEBBIE
Oh don't gimme *that* shit. You're
NOT stupid, that's my point... you
just choose to be. You're capable
of doing *anything* and--

ERIC
THIS is what I do. I'm good at it!

Beat. Now Eric looks at Dad working outside on the wing.

ERIC (CONT'D)
It's not like I can leave him on
his own right? ... Plus it's the
only way him and I'll ever connect
on anything so, there's that.

Debbie sees through Eric's sob story.

DEBBIE
You are such a bullshitter--

ERIC
Well I learned from the best didn't
I! And *stop cussing!* What's your
excuse, you married the guy; who's
more in the wrong?

Debbie gives Eric a death stare, but contains her anger.

DEBBIE
HEY. I wish... we both would have
done things different, but that's
not the world we live in. He's
always done things his own way.
Not gonna change now.

ERIC
Like Father like son.

Debbie finishes the load ticket and RIPS it off the notepad.

DEBBIE
You're not your Father...

ERIC
Not yet.

Eric grabs the ticket and walks toward the office door as
Debbie gets the last word in.

DEBBIE
...Nor should you be.

EXT. CHEMICAL 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 for now.

ERIC
So hey, we haven't uh... really
talked about the other ni--

ERGHHHHHHH! GREG pulls another long piece of gray tape.

GREG
-- What's that?

Eric sees Greg happy in his element, and moves on.

ERIC
Nothin. Oh... from Mom, with love.

Eric hands over the CHEMICAL LOAD TICKET and walks away.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'll get started.

Greg wants to say something profound to his son, but he's got nothing. He lets the moment go and scans the load ticket.

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS

POISON -- DANGER -- FLAMMABLE -- 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.

EXT. CHEMICAL 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
Hold up... Put these on--

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... Parathion? -- Parthinian?

GREG
Parathion. Bad shit -- This was originally designed as a nerve agent in world war two to kill people. 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;
I wanna get rid of it.

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- ...Mother-in-law poison.

GREG (CONT'D)

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

ERIC (CONT'D)
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
Said you been poisoned right?

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

ERIC
Can't wait; what we puttin it on?

GREG
Cotton. Ain't 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 latex gloves.

GREG
Gettin resistance so we're gonna do
him a favor... 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 shit 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
Guess uh, till I can't.

Beat. Eric spots in the distance: a large BOX TRUCK driving
towards the airfield. Trixie starts *BARKING*.

ERIC
We got a delivery today?

Greg drops the Parathion canister, a little splashes out.

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - DAY

A faded logo on the truck reads: "SAN JOAQUIN SUPPLIERS", as
it *CREEPS* into the airfield... but *diverts* toward a DIFFERENT
HANGAR in the distance with it's giant bi-fold door open.

ERIC
(confused)
Where's he going?

Greg stares out at the truck as it stops at the other hanger.

GREG
(mutters to himself)
Shit.

EXT. HANGER 2 - DAY

SMACK. The box truck door slams closed on the passenger side revealing a MAN with his back turned to us. He walks towards the open Hangar 2 and sheds the ugly tan Carhartt jacket he's wearing to reveal a SUIT underneath. The truck drives off.

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - DAY

Greg and Eric watch as the box truck finally parks at the chemical shed nearby. The driver hops out and opens the truck's sliding back door. MEN pour out one by one. They have GUNS. The driver looks toward Greg and Eric and puts his hands up as if to say: "*What are you waiting for?*"

GREG
(hesitant)
Alright... let's get this done.

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The SUN beats down hard -- MIRAGE on the runway. Greg walks towards Hangar 2 as he reaches for his cigarettes -- all out. Eric chugs past him on the forklift towards the box truck. Greg looks toward the house to see Debbie watching intently.

INT. HANGAR 2 - DAY

THE MAN in a suit with his back turned to us, is now 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.

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

GREG
It ain't seen much action... since.
Thought I'd sell it.

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

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. A few peeking TATTOOS under his collar. His presence uncomfortable; his words esoteric. He sizes up Greg for a second, takes a large puff of his cigar, 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--
Didn't think you were gonna show up
here again after our... *talk*.

Felix finally averts his attention from the plane to Greg.

FELIX

Things have been going well...
until now. Tell me what happened.

GREG

Got old. This whole thing was a...
You gotta find someone else.

FELIX

No-one can do what you do.

GREG

Not even me apparently. This ain't
what it used to be; I don't want it
anymore... I just want my family.

Felix looks out towards the chemical shed as Eric is on the forklift unloading a pallet of pesticide barrels. Eric backs out with the load and tries to spy who Greg is talking to.

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

Wouldn't waste my time.

FELIX

Your son, then?

GREG

No. He didn't do nothin wrong.

FELIX

I've allowed this; You said he was capable... a *reincarnation* in fact?

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS

A SCARY GUY, late 40s lights up a cigarette as Eric opens up a *hidden floor panel* to reveal more 55 GALLON DRUM BARRELS.

ERIC

I wouldn't smoke in... *never mind*.

Scary Guy's ugly stare could kill a man; and Eric doesn't want to die today. He chains up a barrel he forklifted in.

INT. HANGAR 2 - CONTINUOUS

FELIX

Do you know what it feels like to lose a son?

Beat. -- *This* strikes a nerve, but Greg tempers a response.

GREG

... Not like you do.

FELIX

You die *with* them. Pray we never share that feeling. No mates al ganso que pone huevos de oro (Kill not the goose that lays the golden eggs).

GREG

(incredulous)

Te salvé la vida. (I saved your life.) That's *my* son. The hell's wrong with you?

FELIX

I've paid for our sins in full. It *will not* be in vain. Tell me, for all of our exploits, what have you lost?

Trixie walks over. Greg leans down and pets her.

GREG

... A friend.

Beat. Felix considers.

FELIX
But a debt must be paid...

Felix reaches into his jacket.

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS

Eric has successfully lowered the barrel down into the hole with the forklift. Scary Guy now *PUSHES* HIM INTO THE HOLE.

ERIC
What the hell!?

INT. RYAN HOME KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Debbie sees Felix reach in his jacket. She cocks a .38; with a DOUBLE BARREL SAWED OFF SHOTGUN also at the ready nearby.

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
Then give me a number.

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS

Scary Guy hops down in the hole and pops open a barrel lid to reveal... CASH - *FILLED TO THE BRIM*. He GRABS Eric's shirt.

SCARY GUY
What do you think of *all this*?

ERIC
Nothin.

SCARY GUY
ARE YOU *SURE*?

INT. HANGAR 2 - CONTINUOUS

FELIX
You'll know when we're done.

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

GREG
(annoyed)
It's not smart.

FELIX
A client we shan't disappoint.

GREG
Why keep going? What's to gain by
taking us down with you?

The paper smolders on the ground; blackening to ash.

FELIX
Castigo. (punishment) You have my
word I will burn down *everything* I
have to. -- I'm not your enemy.
The Devils' coming for all of us;
and he has a very familiar face.

Stonewalled with riddles; Greg gets no answers today. Felix
walks past Greg and back towards the box truck.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Figure it out. -- And don't make me
come out here again.

EXT. CHEMICAL SHED - DAY

Greg walks over looking for Eric; Trixie trailing behind. He
gets to the shed and Scary Guy turns the corner, BLOCKING HIM
from entering. He STARES at Greg, who won't make eye
contact. Scary Guy flicks his cigarette at Trixie's face
hoping for a reaction from Greg -- NONE. Scary Guy exits.

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

INT. RYAN HOME KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BOX TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. CHEMICAL SHED - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Greg pets Trixie as Eric emerges from the Chemical Shed.

ERIC
Yo, everything good? Who was tha--

GREG
Everything's fine. More work...

Greg gets up and briskly walks to the Hangar office.

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

GREG
... Same job.

INT. HANGAR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Eric anxiously enters following Greg.

ERIC
Whoa whoa whoa, I thought we never--

SLAM! Mom enters the office FUMING.

DEBBIE
(to Eric)
GO.

ERIC
Copy that.

Eric quickly ducks out knowing Mom's about to unleash hell.
Instead... she doesn't have an emotional outburst. She
calmly sits down across the desk from him for a long beat.

DEBBIE
I was *this* close...

Debbie places the .38 on the desk. Greg looks remorseful.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
... You've got to communicate to me
if and when a job goes south.

Greg, shakes his head and sighs -- cat's out of the bag.

GREG
I didn't want you to worry.

DEBBIE
How can I not now? Why's *he* here?

Greg can't look her in the eyes.

GREG
Just *more work*. I'm handling--

DEBBIE
I've been *more* than patient, but
I'm done Gregory. You're done.

GREG
We're close, I think that we only--

DEBBIE
Stop. You honestly think when your
little bullshit contract is up, you
two are gonna shake hands and we'll
all smile and wave him off into the
sunset? This is his drug.

Greg fiddles with the .38 -- he's got no answers for her.

GREG
I didn't think he'd take it this
far. You were right; he's changed.

DEBBIE
So have you. No more lies.

Beat. Greg finally spills.

GREG
-- I can't stop. ...and I don't
know when or how it's gonna end.

Finally some honesty. Debbie closes her eyes -- thinks hard.

DEBBIE
I'm more afraid now of you stopping
than continuing. You cease to be
useful then we become collateral.

GREG
So what *can* I do?

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

GREG
What's a more permanent solution?

DEBBIE
Without him, the machine stops.

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

GREG
That what God's telling you to do?

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

Greg doesn't like what he's hearing. He puts the gun down.

GREG
Could be the start of our problems--

Debbie gets up and paces; frustrated.

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.

She eyes him distrustfully. She takes her .38 back.

DEBBIE
We - don't - owe him... You just
felt sorry for him.

GREG
I did... but now I don't.

DEBBIE
Good. Then get your shit together,
and get us out; for good this time.
Find the man I married and do
something; or *I will.*

Debbie sees Eric out the window driving the forklift.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You're not his hero you know; he
just wants to *replace* you. You
already lost 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 TWO**INT. ARENA - MOTOCROSS TRACK - NIGHT**

The stadium is LIGHTLY-CROWDED. A haggard TROPHY GIRL, early 40s holds up a STARTING SIGN; bored. Behind her, a lineup of MOTOCROSS RIDERS, *revving*. We scan through the riders, MCCracken #1... EVANS #7... PARKER #43... until the end of the line... RYAN #88... staring down the MCCracken rider.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 1 (O.S.)
I'M ALREADY FEELING THE TENSION
BETWEEN THESE TWO JAMES!

The McCracken rider looks over at the Ryan rider, they connect goggles. McCracken revs his engine HARD -- taunting.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.)
Ya, this could get interesting.

The riders LEAN FORWARD, STARTING GATE DROPS... WAAAAAAAAA!! McCracken gets the lead as several riders CRASH in the turn.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 1 (O.S.)
AND IT'S DAVI MCCracken WITH THE
HOLE-SHOT! BUT GUESS WHAT JAMES...

McCracken hits the first jump, and looks at Ryan next to him.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.)
Typically this is exactly the start
you want, but these two have a
rocky history this season. Not
ideal when you're on the same team.

DELL MCCracken, late 40's and team coach, gestures for CJ to pump the brakes, as Davi jets past CJ on the track.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 1 (O.S.)
DAVI NEEDS A GOOD FINISH TO STAY IN
THE POINTS LEAD OVERALL. RYAN NOW
IN SECOND CAN BE A GOOD TEAMMATE;
HELP BLOCK OUT THE PACK FOR DAVI.

CJ *FLIES* off a triple-jump and lands hard now even with Davi.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.)
Yeah I'm thinking not. Ryan has a
tough time playing second fiddle.

CJ and Davi side by side rocket through the whoop section. Davi veers off at the last bump on the inside and hits CJ, knocking him over... a CHEAP SHOT. Davi blasts ahead.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 1 (O.S.)
AND RYAN GOES DOWN!!

CJ picks his bike up *lightning* fast and blasts off again.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.)
That looked a little dirty, but...
look how fast he gets back up!

The 3rd place rider tries to pass, but CJ cuts him off hard and makes him *crash*. The rider throws his hands up looking for a foul, but only gets a face full of dirt from CJ's bike.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh boy... here we go.

MOTO ANNOUNCER 1
THIS COULD GET UGLY!

White Flag waves as CJ and Davi hit the finish line jump at the same time for the last lap. CJ takes the outside and Davi whips to the edge KNOCKING CJ OVER THE LIP; CRASH.

CJ picks up his bike and slowly gets back on. Racers pass him one by one. CJ *kicks* his bike to life, turns it AROUND and races it BACKWARDS through the track. BLACK FLAGS wave.

The CHECKERED FLAG waves for Davi... *SMASH!!* CJ CRASHES INTO HIM MID-AIR BEFORE THE FINISHLINE. BOTH RIDERS NOW ON THE GROUND. CJ gets up, helmet off to reveal a young guy, mid 20s standing over Davi, still groaning. CJ casually pushes his bike past Davi... a screaming coach... *everyone*. *CUT TO:*

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Greg is in his element writing on a big yellow notepad. Eric is having a hard time following Greg's terrible drawings.

GREG
Okay, here's where we came in, and I guarantee *that* ain't an option anymore. Gonna need to scout and see what we need to fix, and what's changed. You're gonna see why we never do this twice. I need you to run to town and get some stuff.

ERIC
You uh... up for this again? I was thinking if there's a way for me--

GREG
I'm fine.

ERIC
-- Aight. Cool. Just sayin you
can trust me to get things done.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOSPITAL - EVENING

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

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.

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.

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 see you. I mean, you said you
wanted to spend more time together.

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.

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.

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 (CONT'D)
 (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 (CONT'D)
 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 (CONT'D)
 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	ERIC (CONT'D)
Don't do that please...	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?

SCREEN

An old VHS video plays with shoddy quality of cliché stock
footage. It's a typical corporate promo narrated by a creepy
older guy in a suit, LES LESTER, mid 70's.

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 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.

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.

A hand scribbles on a TOUR SIGN-IN SHEET: "DOUGLAS BLACK".
We now see Greg, tucked under a baseball cap and thick rimmed
glasses. He lays low and sits with a group of folks waiting.

The facility is busy, workers at the front door wire an alarm
system. Greg watches and tries to simply fit in. An odd,
overly nice CONSULTANT, mid 40s 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.

INT. ZIOR - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The group stands in a metal room full of control panels and monitors that show different areas of the facility. Greg, aloof to the Consultant, quietly writes notes on a note pad.

CONSULTANT

... Our founding members believed
in the science of nanotechnology.
From our own research, it's the
vitrification process that allows
the best probability for success.

Greg eyes a hole in the roof, poorly patched.

INT. ZIOR - THE ANTECHAMBER - DAY

The group continues the tour as we vaguely see giant metal containers and medical-science equipment. Next to a particular CONTAINER is an orange hazard cone, where a janky spot-welded patch is covered with a Zior logo. Greg studies it, then fidgets in his pocket. We hear *CLICK.

OLD MAN

Happened there?

CONSULTANT

I'm sure as some of you may have
heard, we did have an incident
recently. Nothing to be alarmed
about. But purely as a precaution,
we are upgrading to a new state of
the art security system next week.

Greg blank.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)

It's unfortunate, some people don't
fully understand or respect what it
is we do here. Most likely vandals
or protesters, there's no shortage
of crazy people out there!

She does a weird laugh.

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. We're always upgrading! Now if you'll follow me this way...

LES LESTER from the video appears around the corner talking with an employee, he walks by Greg and does a double-take.

LES LESTER

Roy? Hello again... Decide to become a member after all?

GREG

Well... I'm *just* getting a little more information before I commit.

AWKWARD LONG HANDSHAKE.

LES LESTER

Outstanding. *New glasses?*

INT. HANGAR - DAY

The plane sits in the hangar. A table of JUNK -- SKETCHES -- PHOTOS -- SCHEMATICS -- Eric is stressed watching Dad write.

ERIC

Ok... so what the hell's our in?

GREG

Well, still workin on that.

Debbie enters with some food prepared for the guys.

ERIC

Ok, don't get mad... I love you; but you're slow Dad. Just radio me through it. I'll grab the *thing* and you can be at the car waiting.

GREG

How you gonna get the doors open?

Eric frustrated, just shakes his head. Debbie is completely ignored and drops the food on the table.

BWAAAAAAP! The business phone rings. Neither Greg or Eric care; they keep going back and forth. Debbie finally walks over and picks up a BLACK PHONE hanging on the wall nearby.

DEBBIE
(annoyed)
RYAN AERIAL.

ERIC
...fine! Maybe we can just bypass
the doors or some shit? What if we
bring on another guy to wheel, then-

GREG
NO. I just gotta... keep thinking.
I'm gonna pull another late one.

ERIC
K... You want me to help?

GREG
No you... just take the night off.

Eric is over it, he throws up his hands -- walks out.

INT. DARK METAL FACILITY - EVENING

A DARK FIGURE manipulates a tool into a metal machine. The figure is HYPER-FOCUSED and COVERT, not forcing the tool. He finds the sweet spot and *EEHHH!* A WASHING MACHINE activates.

A door opens and a sensor light activates. It's a LAUNDRY ROOM. The dark figure, CJ, startles GORGEOUS GIRL, early 20's carrying laundry. She smiles, as he subtly hides the tool. She checks him out while digging for quarters; CJ sees her struggle and makes a move... by walking past her and out.

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.

INT. CJ'S APT - EVENING

An empty studio apartment with no furniture. Greasy bike parts are laid out in the living room, CJ walks in and sees his phone lit up on the counter, reading "1 new voicemail".

BRADY (V.O.)
Yo, it's Brady, I'm going back and
forth right now with the AMA.
(MORE)

BRADY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I'll let you know as soon as
 possible what they decide. Tryin
 to talk Dell down, but this one's
 tough CJ.

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - NIGHT

It's dark -- quiet. Eric is alone and looks through a small slit in the tin wall to see the Ryan Home. The coast is clear. He then hops down into the hole of hidden barrels, pops one of the lids, then takes a couple CASH STACKS.

EXT. NAVAJO JOE INDIAN CASINO - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Eric walks anxiously down a back alley toward a dumpster surrounded by a slew of characters, two DRUGGED OUT SKANKS, and MAGIC JACK, mid 30's, top hat, fur coat, dressed to the nines. He rushes to Eric for a hug. Eric gags at the smell.

MAGIC JACK
 E, my main man... all love babe,
 What we gettin' into tonight?

ERIC
 I need something like last time --
 stronger though.

Magic Jack sniffs sporadically, pulls a sketchy ASPIRIN BOTTLE from his coat pocket and dangles it in front of Eric.

MAGIC JACK
 Ooooh guy, I got you. You gotta
 cut these up man, they'll give you
 super powers. We ragin? Let's
 have a dance party in a volcano.

Eric pulls a \$100 bill -- hands it to Magic Jack who tries to magically sleight of hand the bottle, at a snails pace. Eric snatches it from him as Jack has solely impressed himself.

ERIC
 Damn that sounds fun, but sorry bro
 I gotta run... next time.

Eric reluctantly gives him a hug. Magic Jack eats it up, and dances with the skanks. Eric walks back up the alley where a group of young guys his age wait. He pops a pill en route.

EXT. NAVAJO JOE INDIAN CASINO - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Eric in full alpha-male mode commands his troops.

ERIC
 Alright bitches huddle up! LUKE,
THE NEWB, welcome to Joe's! 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 yourself, 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! First we take
 their land, now their dignity!

Eric leads a racist war cry with hand to mouth yelling.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 PARTY!! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS (PLAYED TO THE "MAIN TITLE" OF *NAVAJO JOE*
 1966 BY ENNIO MORRICONE)

A) **EXT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO - FRONT ENTRANCE** - THE MOTLEY CREW
 ENTERS THE CASINO LIKE THEY OWN THE PLACE - ONCE INSIDE...
It's dead, old folks, smoke, low life's, not Caesar's Palace.
 We see A giant MURAL of a young Burt Reynolds as an Indian.

B) **EXT. ZIOR** - Greg stakes out the facility through
 binoculars, watching an EMPLOYEE. Greg writes in a note pad.

C) **INT. RYAN HOME** - Debbie prays at the foot of her bed with
 an open Bible nearby.

D) **INT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO - BLACKJACK TABLE** - Levi nods his
 head to the table as he confidently *doubles down* on a \$5 BET.

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

F) **EXT. ZIOR** - Greg crumples up papers, frustrated.

G) **INT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO** - Luke spins a SLOT MACHINE, WINS.

H) **INT. RYAN HOME** - Debbie pulls out LAUNDRY from the dryer.

I) **INT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO - ROULETTE TABLE** - The ball lands on BLACK 13... Harjo's small bet on RED 14 gets swept away.

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

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

L) **EXT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO - BACK ALLEY** - Magic Jack does another deal, gets CASH and dances around Skanks, STONED.

M) **INT. NAVAJO JOE CASINO - CRAPS TABLE** - Eric gestures for lady luck from a haggard waitress, late 40's. She gives him the finger. DEALER turns over a winning hand, Eric stoked.

N) **INT. RYAN AERIAL HANGAR OFFICE** - Debbie reluctantly places organized stacks of CASH into a money counter, frustrated.

O) **EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT** - Eric's crew loiters in the lot and give Eric cash. Harjo emerges from a semi-truck with a wad of his own cash, and slaps it into Eric's hand.

END MONTAGE. FADE TO:

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT

Eric pulls up to Ryan Aerial - truck lights off. He stumbles out and looks toward the Ryan home. He takes a black bag with him and quietly makes his way into the chemical shed.

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - DAWN

Eric writes in a LEDGER that reads "*Laundry List... HARDBLOW, LEVI, NEW GUY*". Each name has various amounts scribbled in. Eric counts out cash and separates it into two piles. A barrel full of money is opened and Eric empties a bag into it. As he backs out of the hangar slowly, Greg startles him.

GREG

You're up early. You good to load?

ERIC

Ya, was... waiting on you, couldn't sleep. Just grabbing the forklift.

GREG

Good. Still got some things to figure out, but gotta switch gears before your Mom kills us. Can't get a pilot to cover, so we need to spray today if we can. Let's get organized and prep for Tom's field if the wind gives us a chance.

ERIC
Super-pumped.

INT. RYAN AERIAL HANGAR - LATER

We see the WINDSOCK dancing outside pointing to the WEST with a gusty wind. The plane sits -- not running. *CLICK. 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 leans back and looks out to the loading station, lost in thought. Eric, looks like hell, and staggers around pressure washing the inside of the chemical mix tank with his body leaning into it. The recording plays.

CONSULTANT (V.O.)
*...Our Dewars? We have a custom
fabricator, who's also a member
here! Marty works remotely--*

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

INT. RYAN AERIAL - HANGAR OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Debbie prints out ag maps with a phone between her ear and shoulder. Greg, disheveled and more scattered than usual is looking over mechanical blueprints mumbling to himself.

DEBBIE
--I understand Tom. Yes, soon as
we get an East wind...

Debbie hangs up the phone, irritated. Greg deep in thought.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Asshole.
(to Greg)
Can you *help me* for a switch? This
work has to get done too ya know?

GREG
I know, I didn't forget. Still no
luck on another pilot?

DEBBIE
NO. Everyone's booked up; or dead.

Debbie tensely watches Greg looking over his notepad.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
We should be talking about *all* of
our options right now...

GREG
Uh huh... yeah we'll get it done.

Greg is despondent. Debbie stares him down, then gives up. She grabs a hidden pack of cigarettes from the desk, exits.

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A car pulls up. It's Vegas. Debbie puts the cigarettes away. Vegas walks up wearing a backpack and is friendly.

VEGAS
Hey Deb, how are you?

DEBBIE
Hi honey, Eric's crashed out at
band room; they've been working all
morning. Need me to kick him up?

VEGAS
That's okay, it's actually better
if ya didn't. I just washed some
of his stuff, said I'd drop by.

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

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

Vegas reluctantly gives it over; Debbie senses something off.

DEBBIE
Everything ok?

VEGAS
Ya, just dreading graveyard shift.

DEBBIE
Don't buy into his bullshit. You
can always talk to me, ya know.

Vegas drives off. -- Debbie waves her off... then rifles through the bag. She finds some clothes covering a BONE SAW, and a PRESCRIPTION PAD that reads "I'm worried about you".

INT. BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Debbie walks into THE BAND ROOM. It's full of punk rock posters, guitars, Christmas lights -- A cozy little rebellion chamber for teenagers. 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 the hell's *this* for?

ERIC

What? Oh. Cuttin' hoses; I needed a saw. Can I go back to bed now?

DEBBIE

-- *This* too?

Debbie holds up the medical script. Eric squints and sees the message Vegas wrote him, *not* his prescription for drugs.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Do I even need to ask what's happening between you two?

ERIC

No. Dammit I need my own place.

Debbie walks to the window where a familiar aspirin bottle rests. Eric perks up. She looks out the blinds to outside.

DEBBIE

-- You need to see something.

Debbie pulls out: DRIVERS LICENSES, PASSPORTS, BIRTH CERTIFICATES -- Eric's face on them, but a different name.

ERIC

What's this... am I adopted?

DEBBIE

Eric you do not understand how deep this goes. We have to be prepared if it all goes to hell. This is everything you need if anything--

ERIC
WHOA WHOA wait... what are you
talking about?-- No.

Debbie hands Eric the documents.

DEBBIE
This is your insurance.

ERIC
MOM, what happened won't happen
again... we're good ok? The job is-
-where'd you even get all this?

Debbie sits, and stares off at the note written by Vegas.

DEBBIE
I don't think your Father can fix
this. I don't think he wants to.
...I have a terrible feeling.

ERIC
Mom I'll take care of Dad... ok; of
all of us. *Maybe* that's why GOD
put me here... ever think of that?

DEBBIE
I am tired of being the outsider.
I need someone on *my* side for once.

ERIC
I am. I'm on all of our sides.

DEBBIE
Then promise me if anything goes
wrong, you cut bait, you get in
your truck, go get your brother and
get out. Do not look back.

ERIC
And go where; what about you guys?

DEBBIE
We will deal with whatever comes.
You kids will not, *understood?*

ERIC
-- Ok... whatever, fine, yeah.

As Debbie exits we push through the AC duct to another room.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(now slightly muffled)
Hey... I'll take care of him!

INT. HANGAR 2 - CONTINUOUS

The connecting room is HANGAR 2; where Greg douses his cigarette. He's overheard everything. He leans against an acetylene cylinder clutching his chest, breathing heavy. He takes a puff of his inhaler. *BWAAAAAAP!* Phone horn blasts.

EXT. RANCH - VINEYARD - DUSK

The sky is purple as the sun sets. Inside a lush vineyard row, Felix strolls through the dirt toward a Spanish style villa. He wears a wife-beater that reveals what could be prison or cartel TATTOOS and BURN SCARS that extend further down his body. He passes a few field workers who nod to him.

INT. SPANISH VILLA - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Felix enters the villa and walks through the large house, alone. The house is void minus basic furniture. Hanging on the wall as he passes by is a photo of a WOMAN, late 30's and a BOY, age 5 smiling. The edges of the photo are singed.

Felix grabs a crisp button up shirt hanging on the corridor, his cellphone *chirps*. He looks... "*FROM UNKNOWN: WHEN*"

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK

A beat up pickup truck *WHIPS* around a corner and *HAULS ASS* down a dusty road towards an ARENA in the distance.

BRADY (V.O.)

Yo CJ... just got the official from the AMA. Man, you're on suspension for 18 months. I went back and forth, but no luck. Shit man, also I overheard Dell saying he's gonna keep your bike... better get down--

EXT. ARENACROSS TRACK - PARKING LOT - DUSK

SMACK - A tailgate lowers. CJ's truck is now covertly parked in a parking lot. CJ makes a beeline towards a gated fence housing multiple racing trailers. He wears a FANNY PACK.

A lone security guard driving a golf cart zips by.

INT. RYAN AERIAL - HANGAR OFFICE - DUSK

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

DEBBIE
 (on the phone)
 Tom, I don't know what to tell ya--

GREG
 Tell him I'm doing it right now.

She looks at him -- surprised as he exits; breathing heavy.

DEBBIE
 What do you mean *now*... it's dark.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CJ AND GREG.

CJ grabs a LOCK-PICK out of his fanny pack and picks the pad lock on a race trailer with a HUGE obnoxious decal that reads "*LET'S GET CRACKIN!*"

Greg disconnects the FUEL HOSE from the plane, hops up into the cockpit and flips a switch. High powered PLANE LIGHTS BOOM to life blinding Eric, and the JET ENGINE *fires up*.

CJ finds his battered bike with his name and number decals crudely ripped off. All of a sudden, A FLASHLIGHT shines.

ARENA SECURITY
 HEY!

CJ TAKES OFF ON HIS BIKE. REEEEEEEEEEE! THE SECURITY GUARD TRIES TO GRAB HIM BUT *MISSES*. He jumps back in his golf cart and gives chase to CJ around the dark arena.

Greg lowers something onto his helmet -- NIGHT-VISION goggles. He looks *angry*. Eric looks concerned as Greg pulls up the hatch, *but drops it suddenly* -- He shakes out a cramp in his left arm... then finally pulls the hatch shut.

CJ can't find an exit. HE RIPS ONTO THE ACTUAL MOTOCROSS TRACK. The security guard stops his cart at the track entrance. He quickly gets out and shuts the gate to the exit. *Now CJ's trapped in.*

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

CJ, now stopped and idling. The security guard holds up a taser. CJ flips him off and POPS THE CLUTCH. CJ JUMPS A RAMP INTO THE ARENA STANDS OVER THE FENCE... AND *CRASHES*.

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT

Eric hauls two chemical boxes as the plane behind him in the distance starts to wobble in the air...

then NOSEDIVE towards the earth... a LOUD, THUNDEROUS
BOOOOM!! A GIANT FIREBALL OF SHRAPNEL EXPLODES INTO THE AIR
AS THE PLANE HAS CRASHED.

ERIC
HOLY SHIT... 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!!

ERIC RACES TOWARDS THE CRASH. DEBBIE FALLS TO HER KNEES.

INTERCUT AGAIN BETWEEN CJ AND GREG.

CJ gets up from the wreck -- woozy. Security Guard is trying
to jump up the fence to the stands. CJ kickstarts his bike
and zips up the stairs and into an open corridor.

Greg, on a gurney... it PLOWS through hospital ER doors. A
DOCTOR, late 40's, VEGAS, and ERIC rush down a hallway.
Debbie trails behind them all in tears; a complete mess.

CJ *pushes* his bike quietly in neutral through the stadium.
He turns a corner and reaches his truck. He sloppily hoists
his bike into the bed just as the guard spots him. CJ RIPS
OUT OF THE LOT.

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

CJ *FLIES* DOWN A DIRT ROAD IN HIS TRUCK. He keeps looking in
the rear view mirror -- HE'S AMPED. He lets out a SCREAM.

CJ
ARGHHHHHH!!

BEEEEEEEEP! We hear a FLATLINE. CJ's phone DINGS.

ERRRRCH! CJ's truck skids to a violent stop. He gets out of
his truck staring at his phone; a TEXT MESSAGE - ERIC: "Dad's
dead." CJ falls to the dirt completely distraught.

He stares up at the sky. STARS. A small PLANE, flashing in
the distance catches his eye.

His phone DINGS again. TEXT MESSAGE - ERIC: "can u get home
tonight? mom inconsolable". CJ sits in darkness, in shock.
Police sirens in the distance. He looks back at the small
plane flying away... but it's gone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. CJ'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

CJ's truck stops on the side of a road. He fidgets uncomfortably and opens a bottle of pills -- VICODIN - FOR BACK PAIN. He takes one down, then pulls out his phone.

He begins typing a text message to MOM, but deletes the text halfway through. He instead starts scrolling through old photos of his Dad and the Spraying Business. We see photos of CJ and Greg working on mechanical things together. CJ looks up and stares at the large BAKERSFIELD sign above him. He leans his head back... closes his eyes... shakes his head.

INT. RYAN AERIAL - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Eric sits at the workshop table passed out from exhaustion. On the table: tools, plans, and practice turn-key locks. BRIGHT LIGHT slowly reflects past his face, waking him up.

ERIC
(panicking)
OH shit... *SHIT*.

INT. CJ'S TRUCK - NIGHT

CJ drives up to the Ryan Home. SOMEONE is standing outside waving both arms to stop. The headlights illuminate... ERIC.

EXT. RYAN HOME - NIGHT

CJ gets out of his truck. Eric is jittery; not fully awake.

ERIC
Yo-- we need to talk somewhere.

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...

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	CJ (CONT'D)
Calm down we need to talk!	Think you're funny!?

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

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

CJ
DID YOU GET YOUR LAUGH!? YOU SICK--

ERIC	CJ (CONT'D)
NO -- JUST LISTEN THOUGH--	NOTHING'S CHANGED HAS IT!?

DEBBIE	ERIC (CONT'D)
ERIC WHAT DID YOU DO!?	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 -- *SMASH!*

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
all sack up and do this job!

DEBBIE
HAVE YOU TWO BEEN PLANNING THIS!?

GREG
Get him home Eric, we're leaving!

ERIC
Just give him a minute to have his
little tantrum, he's not going
anywhere, he's not gonna drive back
to Arizona this late.

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

ERIC
Not a good time alright? Dealing
with a little bit of a crisis right
now... 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.

INT. RYAN AERIAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Greg now alone, rolls his wheelchair into the dark office. He flips on a desk lamp. We see dusty boxes around the room packed up with memorable keepsakes from cropdusting -- OLD PHOTOS -- NEWS PAPER ARTICLES -- DESIGN PATENTS in Greg's name -- An old bottle of MEZCAL TEQUILA; worm disintegrating.

Greg opens a PILOT LOGBOOK on the desk and begins writing something. A MOTH flutters around the desk lamp. In the REMARKS section written in blue ink, he finishes: "*Final Flight 6-30 -- Crash -- Heart.*" He turns the page and starts writing something else: "*To my family...*" The moth lands on the lamp bulb, then falls onto the logbook still burning. Greg stops writing and watches it die.

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... and mumbles to himself.

ERIC
Keep running, just keep running
away you're whole life. No-one's
gonna care CJ you know why; cause
you're a little bitch-- grow some
balls for once and-OW!-FUCK ME!

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

INT. RYAN AERIAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Eric enters carrying another old dusty box of junk... bitter.

ERIC
Where you want this crap?

GREG
Desk is fine.

ERIC
Dad listen... if CJ does
comes back-

GREG (CONT'D)
...We're done. Pack your
things.

ERIC (CONT'D)
How's running gonna solve anything?
I don't want him here either, but
it's the best idea we got and you
know it. Tell me I'm wrong.

Greg stops writing.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We pull this off then maybe we can
salvage what's left.

Greg closes the log book. Eric walks away frustrated.

ERIC (CONT'D)
-- You ain't dead yet.

EXT. RUSTY NAIL TAVERN - NIGHT - LATER

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

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 hard. When I'd have to come
drag you and Eric out of here he'd
be three sheets to the wind with
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
Who tells their own brother that
their Dad is dead as a joke?

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
Don't know to be honest. But it
doesn't matter now; everything's
done and you need to come home.

CJ
I'm not wanted, *remember?*

DEBBIE
That's *NOT* true...

CJ
Yeah 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 (CONT'D)
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. That's what scared him.

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

CJ
Why do you have *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. You're gonna learn a lot of
things about your Father and I
soon... but no matter what you
might think, *know* that we love you,
and I'm not leaving without you.

Mom's not budging. CJ thinks hard; his anger has turned to
intrigue. He scratches the cue ball; leaving only the eight.

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 of the office.

DEBBIE

I'll give you two a minute.

Greg rolls his wheelchair towards CJ, who walks towards him. They meet halfway in front of a burning barrel, where a pesticide box with a TOXIC SYMBOL burns. Long Beat.

GREG

I'm sorry you had to come back to *this*. ...Wasn't my plan.

CJ

What was?

GREG

I didn't want you to come back.

A high-pitched scream comes from the burning barrel as the toxic chemical jugs inside pressurize and melt down.

CJ

Good to see you too Dad.

This hits Greg emotionally, but he holds it in.

GREG

That's not what... I didn't want you involved.

CJ pulls out Debbie's .38 and looks at it.

CJ

Apparently I already am. What happened, steal the wrong diamond?

GREG

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

CJ

Crime isn't complicated Dad.

GREG

You'd be surprised.

The flames of the barrel burn higher. CJ shakes his head.

CJ

I don't know what to believe. You're a liar so...?

GREG

I am who I am; I'm not proud of it. I'm truly sorry... for everything.

CJ looks skeptically at Greg's beat up face and wheelchair.

CJ
I wanna see it.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

CJ flips a LIGHT SWITCH: a plastic cartoon picture of an old 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.

GREG
Heart kinda... gave out -- crashed.
Eric pulled me out, Doc gave me a
stent--

CJ now sees the clear reality; it's the end of an era for this Pilot.

CJ
Damn. That it then, you're done?

GREG
Don't know...

Greg looks nostalgically around the hangar. CJ runs his fingers across the wreckage. Greg struggles with his words.

GREG (CONT'D)
I need to... ask you something.
But I... can't bring myself to--

CJ's never seen his Dad this emotional. It's uncomfortable. CJ looks back at the destroyed plane and realizes that he almost really did lose his Dad. Greg starts unravelling.

GREG (CONT'D)
I-- need you... to understand
something --You were always--

Maybe it's the beer and vicodin mixing, but deep emotions surface. Out of no-where, CJ *EMBRACES* Greg -- It's a SHOCK.

GREG (CONT'D)	CJ
Hey... I'm ok -- It's... it's fine.	I'm sorry -- I know you loved it. ...Glad you're ok.

Greg is a mess as the awkward Father-Son moment takes place. *SNIP* -- Eric lights up a cigarette in the shadows, watching. Mom enters the hangar door behind him -- suitcases in hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

Ah shit...

RUFF!! Trixie barks. HEADLIGHTS in the distance -- *PANIC* -- DEBBIE DITCHES HER SUITCASES AND GOES FOR NEARBY GUNS.

GREG (CONT'D)

DON'T.

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

GREG (CONT'D)

HIDE.

CJ

What?

GREG

They can't know you're here.

CJ

WHO?

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

WAHHHHH! GROANING METAL as the giant bifold door slowly encloses a small, but scary looking entourage of thugs inside the hangar with the Ryans.

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

SCARY GUY enters. He notices the cartoon light-switch.

SCARY GUY

Fucking Rednecks.

GREG

How can I help you?

SCARY GUY

Why haven't you done the job?

GREG

Lot of moving parts.

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

SCARY GUY

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, eye-balling him hard.

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'm going to *cut you up* Ryan...

Greg is starting to sweat, in agonizing pain from standing. 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 cocks his GUN *INCHES FROM GREG'S FOREHEAD*.

SCARY GUY

All that money, and he picks this
inbred bunch of fuckin hillbillies.

Greg unfazed, *LEANS IN THAT EXTRA INCH* to touch the barrel. Greg and Scary Guy have a *STARE OFF* in equal dis-admiration. Scary Guy smiles, then *POINTS THE GUN AT ERIC*. Greg sweats.

GREG

Tomorrow... We do it tomorrow.

RUFF!! Trixie barks loud. Scary Guy snickers -- drops gun.

SCARY GUY

Vamonos!

The pack starts to exit.

GREG
He even know you're here?

Scary Guy doesn't answer, he just taps his watch as he exits with the rest. Greg can barely hold himself up any longer.

As the last thug exits, Greg finally collapses to the floor.

ERIC
Dad! ...get his wheel chair!

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

ERIC (CONT'D)
Jesus Dad... what's with that guy?

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

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 your hand would safely
guide us. Please forgive us as we
uproot and leave this home for
good. We ask in Jesus name-

ERIC
-AMEN.

CJ subtly shakes his head.

Mom looks to Greg as if he should be leading a conversation; he's not. He doesn't make eye contact and just stares at his plate void of life. The room is tense yet completely silent.

DEBBIE

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

Eric smacks the table.

ERIC

Yes! We're doin' the job!

DEBBIE

No! We're LEAVING, *that's* what--

ERIC

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

CJ

Eric shut your stupid mouth...

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!? That's
not fair Mom!

CJ

Will someone just explain!?

Greg continues to stare off at his plate.

ERIC

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 throw him into
a damn heist!

CJ

Wish I had a say in what I do!

DEBBIE

ANYTIME YOU WANNA BE A FATHER
GREGORY! ...THIS IS NOT A
DEMOCRACY, WE'RE YOUR
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.

CJ

What is this job??

ERIC	DEBBIE
THIS IS BULLSHIT! WE CAN DO THIS--	YOUR FATHER'S IN A WHEELCHAIR FOR CHRIST--

Greg, still silent, calmly grabs his plate and HURLS it against the wall, shattering to pieces - *SMASH!*

Beat. The room goes silent.

GREG
Now look... I've thought this through.

Greg looks directly at Debbie who gives him a subtle nod.

GREG (CONT'D)
There's no turning back after this.
If we leave... it's for good, and
we do it knowing we'll always be
looking over each others shoulders.
I don't want that for us. I know
this isn't what we talked about,
but I want you hear me out.

Greg sighs, as Debbie starts to be concerned. Greg directs his attention to CJ.

GREG (CONT'D)
There are things a Father should
never ask his son to do. CJ, I'm
coming to you as a man; you don't
owe me a thing, but I'm asking for
your help. Will you pull a job
with us and help save this family?

Debbie mortified, stares at Greg who's not backing down. Eric pumps his fist with passion. Debbie can't take it anymore, she abruptly leaves the table. Greg remorsefully sighs as she walks out, but looks CJ dead in the eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)
You still pick a lock?

Long beat. Eric and Greg both anxiously await an answer.

CJ
Will it get us out of trouble?

Greg nods. Debbie steps back in -- arms crossed.

CJ (CONT'D)
... What are we stealing?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. HANGAR - DAY (MONTAGE)**

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

GREG

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

SPARKS. Greg WELDS something LARGE and METAL.

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 can't puss out halfway through
alright? This is serious.

REEEER! Eric scans something on an OLD COPIER. He text messages someone while he waits. MOM sits nearby despondent.

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.)

Just do your job and don't get in
the way. I'm doing the heavy
lifting on this one.

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 tumbler for Greg. Eric watches unimpressed and text messages someone again.

ERIC (V.O.)

Lots' changed since you been gone.
Follow my lead or go do a fucking
heel clicker back to Arizona.

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 checks on him.

ERIC (V.O.)
 I trust Dad; but if shit hits the fan, what are you gonna do?

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

END MONTAGE.

BLING! Eric's phone. He steps away to check. We see previous texts from Eric to Vegas: "*hows work?*" -- "?" -- "*i love you*". A new text from Vegas reads: "*I'm done... I don't need this.*" Eric texts back: "*fine. i dont need u.*"

Eric tosses his phone and rubs his face. He looks like hell. He covertly takes a pill and washes it down with a red bull.

Greg walks over to CJ who is contemplating everything and having a hard time believing his Dad planned all this.

CJ
 You thought of everything.

GREG
 You can never plan for everything;
 shit still happens.

CJ
 How smart are you Dad?

Greg dodges.

GREG
 Listen, I...I know I'm not... I know you can do this, but when it's done, it's done. I don't want you--

CJ
 I'm not doing this for you.

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

CJ
 You're not giving me a choice. I would have helped you a long time ago, but you didn't want it.

(MORE)

CJ (CONT'D)

Now, you just need it. So if I say yes, then once again you get what you want. If I say no, everyone will blame me for abandoning the family. Either way, I'm your scapegoat.

GREG

No matter what I say, you're not gonna believe me, and that's understandable, but I am sorry.

CJ

Don't even say anything. Let's just do this thing.

CJ wipes his hands with a dirty rag and walks away.

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.

INT. HANGAR - SUNSET

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

GREG

It's the phone on the south wall... I'll call when we know; Be six minutes from you, but *don't* leave until I call.

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

DEBBIE

(bitter)

Look at you go... you're back. Got your whole family in it now.

GREG

Like you said, we gotta buy time.

DEBBIE

I was wrong, we should run.

Greg slams the car door shut.

GREG

We're done running.

DEBBIE

Anything happens to my kids I'll bury you.

GREG

They're mine too. I won't.

Greg wraps up a large GUN into a blanket.

DEBBIE

You're not their Dad, you're their partner.

GREG

... And what are you?

Debbie looks at her wedding ring as she smokes.

DEBBIE

Tired. After this, I'm out.

Greg finishes packing the car and looks at her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

How low will you go?

GREG

As low as I have to. You were right, this won't end. But we have to be smart... can't just kill him.

Debbie hangs her head. Greg wheels over and attempts to kiss her goodbye, but she subtly denies him.

GREG (CONT'D)

...We're gonna have to kill em all.

Debbie looks him in the eyes... and sees a monster.

GREG (CONT'D)
...I need you.

He rolls away; TIME TO GO TO WORK. Debbie takes a big drag and looks longingly at the GREEN STATION WAGON also close by.

EXT. FARMLAND - SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY - SUNSET

The SUN sets and the BROWN CAR drives away from it past a FARM SHED. Creeping around that Farm Shed... SCARY GUY.

Scary Guy lowers his binoculars. He walks to the farm shed and opens the garage door to reveal... a BOX TRUCK.

EXT. BROWN CAR - NIGHT

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

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.

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.

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.*

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: --

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.

INT. ZIOR - LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

CRAAAANK! The STEEL DEWAR GROANS. The bottom *TWISTS OFF*.
ERIC AND CJ APPEAR with oxygen masks on; IT'S A TROJAN HORSE.

INT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS

ERIC *BLASTS* THROUGH A DOOR AND LOWERS HIS SKI MASK OVER HIS FACE. HE *SPRINTS* TOWARD THE LOBBY. He wears a backpack of gear. CJ is a close 2nd trailing behind struggling with seeing out of his mask and pulling out tools while he RUNS.

EXT. ZIOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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*.

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*.

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.

INT. CAR - DENNY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A smoke ring blows out the car window. Debbie smokes and stares at a payphone on the wall. A picture perfect family exits the restaurant and walks by her view: a little boy and girl eating ice-cream cones, and a handsome husband who chivalrously opens the door for his beautiful wife. Debbie looks down at the PISTOL she's packing. She's throws it in the glove box frustrated. She looks back in the glove box as something caught her eye: A dusty trove of OLD CASSETTE TAPES with the label: "1995"

A tape is pushed into the deck and plays where it left off.

PREACHER (V.O.)
GAWD... is in control. But does
that lessen our responsibility to
make CHOICES? HEAVENS NO! GAWD
waits for us... to choose *HIM*.

INT. ZIOR - NIGHT

Eric takes a full PILL from his pocket while CJ goes to work lock-picking a door that reads: CONTROL. He gets in quick.

INT. ZIOR - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric disables all of the security equipment. The cameras turn off. Eric lifts his ski-mask. He looks like a total zombie. CJ takes notice as he lifts his mask up too.

INT. ZIOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eric and CJ round the corner and dash down a long hallway. Eric SMACKS HIMSELF IN THE FACE trying to wake up. Framed pictures of OLD WHITE PEOPLE and PETS hang on the walls. CJ's adrenaline pumping... he's hyper focused.

INT. ZIOR - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Eric's earpiece radio becomes all static and he removes it. CJ leans down and inspects the large "ANTECHAMBER" door he needs to now open. He lays out his picks and goes to work.

Eric keeps fidgeting to try and keep his adrenaline up.

CJ

Yo... are you good?

ERIC

Get the stupid door open.

CJ shakes his head - goes back to work. Eric covertly takes ALL the pills left in his pocket and swallows them... *GULP*.

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.

INT. ZIOR - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

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

CJ

Come on you bitch... *Gotcha--*

CLICK. CJ gets the door open -- 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 keep a lookout.

Eric anxiously waits for CJ to leave. CJ *slowly* backs away.

EXT. ZIOR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Two men talk briefly 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*.

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*". He puts on long yellow gloves.

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.

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.

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 dewar.

The bag hangs above the tank on a hoist by Eric's belt. Eric pops back up the ladder and unzips the top of the bag to reveal FEET -- *HUMAN FEET*. A FROZEN BODY hangs upside down in the bag. THE BELT SLIPS AND THE BODY BAG *FALLS -- 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 damnit Vegas.

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*.

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.

CJ RUNS BACK IN.

CJ
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!?

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!*"

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!!*

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 YAH!

CJ pulls out DEBBIE'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!

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 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 WAS
THAT? WHAT AM I REALLY INVOLVED
IN?

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

ERIC
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!! *WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!?*

ERIC
WE DO THINGS OK?! -- FOR *THE PERCH;*
This company. Dad gets them
things; weird shit... I don't know
it's always different! We just--

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 now 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 WHITE 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 TRIES TO FIGHT THEM OFF, BUT THE MEN BAG AND
THROW HIM INTO THE VAN. ERIC stays down on the ground.

GASOLINE is dumped all over the car by one of the masked men.

Eric remains unseen; his eyes clenched shut; heart POUNDING.

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

THE VAN PEELS OUT OF SITE. THE CAR NOW ENGULFED IN FLAMES.
Eric finally stands up... realizing what's just happened.

ERIC (CONT'D)
No... NO wait... WAIT!! WE HAVE
IT!! WE HAVE IT!!

Eric runs towards the car and it *EXPLODES!*

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

EXT. DENNY'S - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon pulls out of the parking lot and drives past a green ROAD SIGN that reads: COLUMBUS 2000, ST. LOUIS 1500, DENVER 1000.

INT. FELIX'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Felix sits solemn reading a NEWSPAPER. His cellphone *chirps*. He looks at a text message and his face becomes disturbed.

EXT. OVERPASS TUNNEL - NIGHT

SMASH! A car window is shattered with a rock. An ALARM sounds. A hand reaches inside and unlocks the door.

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. Greg begins breathing heavy -- blood pumping TOO FAST. HE CLUTCHES HIS CHEST -- THE CAR ALARM MORPHS TO AN UNDERWATER TONE -- EVERYTHING FUZZY AS WE DRIFT OUT OF REALITY. GREG GRABS HIS WALLET WITH A SHAKY HAND AND REMOVES A FOLDED NOTE THAT READS: "TO MY FAMILY." HE CLUTCHES IT.

GREG
(praying)
Please... not yet.

BREATHE... Greg takes a heavy dose of oxygen. Blood pressure falls back down. SLOWLY, we come back to REALITY -- CAR ALARM FULL BLAST -- POLICE SIRENS CLOSING IN. The note goes back into his pocket. ... TZZ -- TZZZ -- TZZZ... BRRRRUMM!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

ERIC LOOKS LIKE A MADMAN SPRINTING DOWN THE DITCH OF A LONELY ROAD... Face *bleeding*; heart rate JACKED. He clutches his stomach and MOANS IN PAIN. Something is majorly wrong.

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Greg barrels into the Denny's lot -- NO FAMILY MEMBERS HERE. Greg pulls a few laps, then PEELS out of the exit... SCREECH!

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Eric stumbles upon a seedy motel. He tries to KICK in the door of an empty room, but his foot goes all the way through.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Eric finally gets inside the room and VOMITS on the floor.

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT

The payphone rings... but no-one answers.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

SMACK! Eric slams the motel room phone down and GROANS.

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT

BWAAAAAAAP! The Ryan Aerial phone horn is blasting. The stolen car *ROCKETS* into the property... *BWAAAAAAAP!*

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

RING! A phone rings and a receptionist answers.

DORIS

Mercy Southwest how may I- hey baby
what's wrong? -- Yeah she here...

INT. HOSPITAL - DIFFERENT ROOM - NIGHT

CLICK -- a phone is picked up. *More groaning* over the line.

VEGAS

WHAT? ... Eric?

ERIC (V.O.)

HELP... I need your help...

EXT. RYAN AERIAL - NIGHT

BWAAAAAAAP! THE STOLEN CAR *SKIDS* TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE CHEMICAL SHED WHERE A LIGHT IS ON INSIDE. A BOX TRUCK IS PARKED NEARBY. *BWAAAAAAAP!* GREG ROLLS OUT OF THE STOLEN CAR AND *CRAWLS* IN PAIN THROUGH THE CRACKED CHEMICAL SHED DOOR.

INT. CHEMICAL SHED - CONTINUOUS

BWAAAAAAAP! TRIxie LIES ON THE GROUND BLEEDING. THE HIDDEN BARRELS OF MONEY IN THE FLOOR -- *GONE*. *BWAAAAAAAP!* GREG CRAWLS TOWARDS THE RINGING PHONE AND *PULLS* HIMSELF UP AGAINST A PESTICIDE BARREL. HE *SNATCHES* THE PHONE OFF THE WALL.

GREG

Deb? -- ERIC!?

SILENCE. *THEN* -- breathing.

FELIX (V.O.)

Mi ganso dorado... Well done.

CA-CHINK! -- A GUN COCKS. OUT OF THE SHADOWS EMERGES... *SCARY GUY*... A TWISTED SMIRK AND GUN POINTED AT GREG'S HEAD.

FELIX (V.O.)

...but we're not finished.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Greg drops the phone and it swings back and forth next to the SKULL AND CROSSBONES TOXIC SYMBOL ON THE BARREL. SCARY GUY PRESSES HIS GUN TO GREG'S TEMPLE -- SNICKERS. ... **BLAST!!** -- BLOOD AND GIBS PAINT THE WALLS... AS SCARY GUY'S HEAD GETS COMPLETELY BLOWN OFF BY A DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN BLAST. THE SWINGING PHONE OFF THE HOOK CONTINUOUSLY BEEPS: EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH...

THUD. A HEADLESS CORPSE SMACKS THE CONCRETE... GREG'S FACE NOW COVERED IN BLOOD. He wipes his eyes clear to see *DEBBIE* as she steps out of the shadows with TWO SMOKING BARRELS.

DEBBIE
... WHERE ARE THE KIDS?

EXT. WOODS - VACANT LOT - NIGHT

ERCH. A WHITE VAN parks next to an empty DUESENBERG DUAL-COWL PHAETON LEBARON. ANONYMOUS MEN exit the van and walk into the darkness of the woods. One carries a *STRANGE BOX*.

EXT. OLD MANSION - NIGHT

THE CREEPY ESTATE FROM BEFORE... but it looks completely abandoned; like a carnival left town overnight. Scratchy Opera music begins to play.

INT. OLD MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A vintage PHONOGRAPH spins a record. A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING of a FOX and SNAKE is placed nearby with an elegant ribbon and bow as ANONYMOUS MEN lock up large suitcases full of CASH.

INT. FELIX'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Felix's cellphone *chirps* again on the desk next to a newspaper article with the bold headline: "*BIGGEST MERGER IN TECH HISTORY STALLED! Late Founder Dorian Rochester turns to science fiction to someday reclaim empire in legal loophole.*"

Felix reads the glowing new text message on his phone from: *UNKNOWN; Message: "GRATEFUL."* Felix stares at the phone. AN IMPENDING TEXT ... FINALLY: *UNKNOWN; "I HAVE FRIENDS"*.

INT. OLD MANSION - NIGHT

TAXIDERMY on the walls as the anonymous men carry suitcases through the house. We hear a continuing: *DRIP... DRIP...*

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

EXT. OLD MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The men exit the estate down a long, winding walkway into the woods; suitcases in tote. A SHADOWY FIGURE watches them leave from the 3rd story window now flickering orange. *DRIP.*

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)
 No matter how far I stretched, I
 couldn't be you. ...One is but
 equal to one's own ilk.

INT. OLD MANSION - 3RD STORY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

That shadowy figure is a WEATHERED MAN, 60's with his back turned to us. He shuts large red curtains on the windows, then places the painting of the Fox and Snake on the mantle above the burning FIREPLACE. *DRIP.*

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)
 You've done *terrible* things Dorian.
 I'm not like you...

Cold smoke billows out from The *STRANGE BOX* sitting on the desk nearby -- open -- *empty*. A withered hand closes it.

THE GUEST
My ilk... is something far worse.

The man turns and shivers-- FINALLY revealing his face and that HE is the one whose been narrating the whole time. He licks his lips and begins to speak in a very weird and overly poetic tone, revealing that HE IS -- *THE GUEST*.

THE GUEST (CONT'D)
 There's a serpent in us all. But
 YOU -- COULD NEVER -- Be *ME*.

WE FINALLY SEE WHAT'S DRIPPING: the thawing *SEVERED HEAD* IMPALED ON A FIRE-POKER IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE, *MORBIDLY STARING UP AT THE GUEST*. The opera song concludes and scratches into dead air. **CUT TO BLACK.**

HOST (O.S.)
 Ouroboros.

All we hear is... *ZIP.*

END OF ACT FOUR