

Bat Out Of Hell

by

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FADE IN:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Darkness.

A glint of steel betrays the hands of a man using a sharpened spoon to dig feverishly through crumbling dirt and rock. Adjusting to the darkness, we see we are in a crude tunnel.

Far off in the distance an orange-reddish light glows ominously. The MAN, his wrists shackled, is barely visible as he scrapes at the tunnel ceiling with the utensil.

A few more handfuls of earth and he breaks through to an empty metal chamber. A beam of white light and a gust of cool air washes over him.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're at floor level and looking across the grimmest, grittiest tile anyone has ever seen. A rat moves off quickly at the sound of POUNDING metal.

We FOLLOW the SOUND a short distance across the floor, until we find the frame of a wide drain grate. The grate BANGS violently up.

Dust and steam utter a hushed SIGH, as the grate is heaved over.

A face rises slowly INTO VIEW. This is MORGAN TAYLOR. He's in his early thirties, a bit thin and threadbare around the edges and wearing a suit decades out of date.

Morgan pulls himself out of the grating and onto the bathroom floor. He rests on his back for a beat and pockets the spoon.

Getting his breath, Morgan climbs to his feet. Surveying the bathroom he walks to a far wall. He thoughtfully runs his hand over several bullet holes pockmarking the wall.

Morgan finds the door to the restroom and yanks on it until the lock SPLINTERS. The door swings open revealing dusty wind and brilliant sunshine.

Morgan flinches from the light as he looks up to see, in big faded red letters against a yellow background, the word -- HELL.

Morgan stares at the sign in absolute fear.

His view drops to the bottom of the sign where the letter "S" has fallen to the ground. The sign should read -- "SHELL". He breathes a sigh of relief and steps outside.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

It's a deserted gas station in the middle of nowhere. Dust roils on the perpetual winds around the filling station. The first rays of sunlight break over distant mountains.

Morgan walks around from the rear of the building and looks at the land with alien awareness. His wrists are shackled by reptilian talon manacles. The talons are connected by a sinewy arm. He picks up a shop rag and wraps it around the manacles.

A weather-beaten phone booth with broken glass panes and a tattered phone book stands near the highway. Morgan pushes open the rusty door and a rattlesnake slithers out. Morgan is unafraid.

Picking up the phone book, Morgan flips through several pages looking for a name. He rips out the page, stuffs it in his pocket and exits the phone booth.

Morgan begins walking faster until he is trotting, then jogging, then running.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A big rig truck is parked off to one side of the road.

Morgan moves across the road to the truck seemingly looking for something.

Looking back he sees a rushing dust devil race across the landscape and impact the phone booth shattering it to pieces.

Opening a side compartment, Morgan reaches in and pulls out a tool box. Opening the box, he grabs a hacksaw.

Morgan cuts into the shackle around his wrists.

A gruff voice startles him.

TRUCKER (O.S.)

What're you doing with my rig?

Morgan spins to see a burly TRUCKER climbing down from the cab. He immediately returns to sawing.

The Trucker notices the shackles in the dim light and stops in his tracks.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. You just bust out of the joint?

Morgan doesn't answer.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

I did a nickel in San Quentin. I know what it's like.

Morgan continues sawing the shackle.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna get nowhere with that. I got a blow torch in the cab. We can cut it off in no time.

The Trucker opens the cab door and reaches inside. He pulls out a blow torch and sparks it. Kneeling beside the shackle the man gets a good look at it.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

What the...I ain't never seen anything like this.

MORGAN

Just cut it off.

Morgan kneels down beside the Trucker as the man adjusts the flame and points it at the center of the shackle. The shackle reacts to the flame, writhing to avoid the heat. The Trucker bears down. Acrid smoke fills the air.

TRUCKER

What were you in for?

MORGAN

Being a self-centered son-of-a-bitch.

TRUCKER

If that was a crime, every guy I know would be locked up.

From out of nowhere a gust of wind picks up and swirls around the truck creating a dust devil. Sand and grit whip into Morgan and the Trucker's eyes as they work over the talon shackle.

The shackles split in two pieces and the talons release Morgan from their grip. He falls back and hits the ground.

HOLTZ (O.S.)

Gutt morgen, herr Morgan.

Morgan and the Trucker look up to see HOLTZ, holding a pistol, standing near the end of the truck. Wearing knee-high black boots and a leather long coat with Nazi markings, his gaunt face is an expressionless study in terror. He speaks with a thick German accent.

HOLTZ (CONT'D)

They are missing you. I have been asked to escort you back.

TRUCKER
Who the hell are you?

HOLTZ
I am Holtz.

The wind picks up, cutting visibility and obscuring the surroundings.

MORGAN
I'm not going back. You hear me. I'm not going back.

The Trucker pulls a shotgun out of his cab.

TRUCKER
You heard the man. He ain't going with you. So, back off.

HOLTZ
I suspected as much.

Holtz stares hypnotically at the trucker who takes a step back losing his nerve.

HOLTZ (CONT'D)
You are being foolish, Morgan. There is nowhere to hide.

Unnerved the trucker drops the shotgun and climbs into the cab of the truck.

HOLTZ (CONT'D)
There is nowhere I can not find you.

Morgan picks up the shotgun as Holtz fires several shots. Morgan ducks behind the open cab door and the Nazi's bullets lodge in the steel of the door.

MORGAN
You aren't taking me back.

Morgan spins around and fires it point blank at Holtz's chest until it's empty.

The Nazi is blown backward under the truck's rear wheels.

The Trucker starts his rig and begins to pull away.

Morgan turns and takes off running.

Holtz tries to move from under the truck as the weight of the wheels crush him.

He is dragged several feet across the pavement and left for dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A white Ford Escort weaves down the road. It doesn't appear to have a driver.

INT. ESCORT - CONTINUOUS

SUZANNE MCGEE, an extremely attractive woman, late twenties, long mane of blond hair, 501's and a white shell top, drives. Her eyes are red and swollen and her face is streaked with tears.

She bends down searching the floor for a box of Kleenex. She finds what she is looking for and sits up. Something startles her.

SUZANNE'S POV

A figure runs in front of the car. The front grill slams into the person and sends the body tumbling up and onto the front hood with a sick THUD.

ON SUZANNE

Suzanne shrieks and hits the brakes. The body rolls off the hood and lands face down.

SUZANNE
(gasps, horrified)
Oh, God, oh, Jesus...shit...

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne climbs out of the car and comes around front. She inspects the front of her car first.

SUZANNE
Vern is going to kill me.

She approaches the downed figure and hesitates for a moment, staring at the body. Suzanne reaches for the man and rolls him over. It's Morgan.

She feels for a heartbeat. Nothing.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Oh, God. Oh, Jesus. I killed him.
He's dead.

Suzanne looks up at the curved highway and sees nobody.

She grabs Morgan under the arms and pulls him to the car. She rolls him into the back seat.

Suzanne climbs into the driver's side. She opens her purse, pulls out a cigarette and nervously lights it.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

No way Vern is going to understand this.

She peels out and takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZANNE'S ESCORT - DAY

Suzanne drives wildly down the road.

SUZANNE

Suzanne. You did it this time. You killed a guy. You're screwed. You're so screwed. Mister, I'm sorry. I didn't see you there. Where did you come from?

MORGAN (O.S.)

(weak)

You don't want to know.

Suzanne slams on the brakes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Ford Escort fishtails all over the road finally coming to a stop on the shoulder. Suzanne jumps out and backs away from the car.

Morgan sits up and steps out of the car.

SUZANNE

Oh, God...I thought. I mean... You were dead. I didn't feel a pulse. I'm really sorry. I didn't see you...

Morgan takes a step toward Suzanne.

MORGAN

Help me get away. Please help me.

SUZANNE

Look, I just took my eyes off the road and then bam...

MORGAN

I've got to go. I need to keep moving. They'll find me here.

SUZANNE

You're not going to sue me are you?
I mean you don't look hurt...
(realizing)
Hey, I hit you hard. I must have
been going 50. You should be dead.

Suzanne walks over to Morgan and looks at him closely.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

We need to get you to a doctor.

MORGAN

As long as it's away from here.

SUZANNE

Let me help you into the car.

Suzanne helps a weak Morgan into the passenger seat. As she shuts the door the automatic seatbelt comes across his chest.

Morgan reacts with shock as he fights against the restraint.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Relax...it's only a seatbelt.

MORGAN

I don't like being confined.

Suzanne pulls the seatbelt behind him then runs around the car and climbs in.

The car peels away from the shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. VFW HALL - DAY

Dozens of cars are parked around the outside of the building. Strains of square dance MUSIC can be heard playing inside.

INT. VFW HALL - CONTINUOUS

WOMEN, wearing brightly colored dresses, promenade around MEN dressed in pressed cowboy shirts, and jeans. At the front of the room, the square dance CALLER leads the dancers through complicated steps.

CALLER

...promenade left go around your
partner. And what the fuck...

The door to the VFW Hall blows in with incredible force. A wall of dirt, soot and smoke follows, illuminated by an eerie orange glow which fades away.

Through the dust and smoke walks COFFER -- not your average Hell's Angel nightmare, but worse. Coffe is a woman. Clad in distressed black leather wrapped around a heavily tattooed hardbody, Coffe is a raven-haired beauty with a "fuck you" sneer.

COFFER

Got any beer?

All the dancer's stare dumbfounded at the biker from hell. Coffe's eyes are black and deep set. The word "fuck" is tattooed across the knuckles of one hand and the letter "U" is tattooed across the knuckles of the other.

Coffe walks into the center of the room and holds up a tattered photo of Morgan.

COFFER (CONT'D)

Name's Coffe and I'm a bounty hunter.
I'm looking for a guy named Morgan
Taylor. He's a dead man.

A burly SQUARE DANCER pushes his way through the crowd of stunned dancers. He pokes Coffe in the chest pushing the biker backwards.

DANCER

Goddamned biker trash. Get the fuck
out of here.

COFFER

Didn't anyone ever tell you not to
hit a lady?

Like lightning Coffe grabs the man by the crotch and to the surprise of everyone in the room throws the Dancer into the crowd.

COFFER (CONT'D)

Like I was sayin' -- anyone seen
Morgan Taylor?

No one says a word.

COFFER (CONT'D)

Thanks for nothin'.

Coffe turns and leaves.

EXT. VFW HALL - CONTINUOUS

Coffe walks among the vehicles in the parking lot.

COFFER

Doesn't anybody ride Harleys?

She stops at a pickup truck and looks in to see a COWBOY with his pants around his ankles going at it with a square dancing GAL. She opens the door and pulls the couple out. The Cowboy tries to stand up as his Gal screams.

COFFER (CONT'D)

I need your keys.

COWBOY

Fuck you.

The biker picks the Cowboy up by the ankles and turns him upside down. She begins shaking the Cowboy violently and the keys fall out of his pants. Coffe hangs the man upside down on a telephone pole.

Coffe climbs into the truck, starts it up and takes off in a hail of dust, gravel and laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - DAY

A sudden wind blows a cloud of dust across the barren landscape.

Well worn, spurred cowboy boots step into frame.

A wanted poster with Morgan's picture hits the ground, catches fire and burns to a wisp ash.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK WITH A HORSE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER studies a tall, menacing figure, GRAYL, standing at the side of the road in the distance. His facial features are lost to the blackness beneath the brim of his aged Stetson. The cowboy always seems to stand in shadow.

A strong blast of hot wind blows through flapping the cowboy's long duster behind him.

The Driver takes his foot off the pedal as if he might pick up the hitchhiker. As his rig gets closer to Grayl, the dapple gray horse in his trailer gets spooked.

DRIVER'S POV

Grayl pulls a small hand-rolled cigar from his pocket and slips it into his mouth.

Without striking a match the cigar lights itself and glows red allowing a glance at his features. His six foot plus frame is cloaked by a thick duster which blows open revealing a Remington Outlaw six-shooter in Grayl's holster.

ON THE DRIVER

Obviously distressed at the sight of the gun, the Driver speeds up and grips his wheel harder, determined not to stop.

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - CONTINUOUS

Grayl hears the engine rev, lifts his head and makes eye contact with the Driver.

The Driver tosses his cigarette out his open window and puts the pedal to the metal as he speeds past Grayl.

Grayl fingers the black whip coiled at his side on his belt.

The black serpent-like whip slithers at Grayl's touch as if it has a life of its own...and it does.

The pick-up and trailer blow past Grayl. He turns and unfurls his whip with lightning speed and precision toward the horse trailer.

The whip flies. The tip of the whip comes alive in the form of a snake's head as it speeds toward the horse trailer.

ON TRAILER

The snakehead wraps itself around the slats of the trailer and then hisses at the horse inside.

INT. PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

The Driver hears a BANG as if something has hit his trailer.

He checks both side view mirrors, but sees nothing out of the ordinary. He shrugs as if it's just his imagination and relaxes a beat.

SMASH! Grayl's arm lunges through the driver's side window sending a shower of glass shards into the cab. Grayl's hand grabs the Driver by the throat.

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - CONTINUOUS

Grayl, lying flat across the roof of the cab, holds on as the truck SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Grayl's face appears from above at the window next to the red-faced Driver.

GRAYL

Name's Grayl. I want your horse.

The Driver gags and nods, he's in no position to argue.

Grayl reaches into his pocket and the Driver's eyes widen in terror.

The outlaw flips a silver dollar through the window onto the Driver's lap.

GRAYL (CONT'D)

There. Bought and paid for. Can't stomach horse thieving.

He takes a deep breath as if catching Morgan's scent.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - DAY

Grayl spurs the horse into a gallop and disappears into the sage spotted hillside.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY

Suzanne's car moves through the small town at a quick pace.

INT. ESCORT - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, Suzanne sees the hospital and begins to slow her car down.

SUZANNE

There's the hospital.

MORGAN

Drive on by.

SUZANNE

You could be seriously injured. It could be something internal.

MORGAN

I'm fine.

Suzanne slows to turn into the hospital.

SUZANNE

You really need to get checked out.

Morgan grabs the wheel and slams his foot on the accelerator. The car zooms past the hospital.

MORGAN

(forceful)

Keep going.

Suzanne reacts with fear and wrestles control back from Morgan.

SUZANNE

Are you out of your mind? Are you trying to get us killed?

MORGAN

I told you I need to get away from here.

A beat passes between them. Suzanne begins to become uncomfortable with Morgan. She glances down and notices the manacle scars on his wrists.

SUZANNE

Are you in some kind of trouble? Did you escape from prison?

MORGAN

So to speak.

Suzanne becomes visibly nervous and upset.

SUZANNE

Oh, God. Please let me go. I won't say anything.

MORGAN

I just need you to drive.

SUZANNE

What are you going to do to me?

MORGAN

Nothing.

SUZANNE

You're lying.

MORGAN

I need help. I need to get away. That's all.

SUZANNE

You don't want to do this. Just let me go.

Morgan doesn't answer, but continually looks back over his shoulder.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

What prison did you escape from?

Morgan looks at her hard.

MORGAN

It's better for you if you don't ask any questions.

Suzanne seems on the verge of tears as she drives on silently.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What's your name?

SUZANNE

Suzanne. Suzanne McGee.

MORGAN

I'm Morgan Taylor.

SUZANNE

How about I just give you the keys
and you let me go?

MORGAN

Just keep going. I haven't driven in
a while.

Morgan leans back rubbing his eyes. They drive on in silence.

EXT. STUCKEY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Several cars line the parking lot of that American roadside
icon, Stuckey's.

EXT. REAR OF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Four burly SKINHEADS dressed in green fatigue jackets and
black high-top boots spray-paint tasteless epithets on the
dumpsters and rear wall. Most of the words are spelled wrong.
Behind them is a beat-up Ford panel van.

The Skinhead leader, ROCKY, spray paints a swastika and the
words "Hittler Rules" on the back door. A sharp voice stops
them all.

HOLTZ (O.S.)

No one move.

The Skinheads slowly turn.

They all take in the sight of Holtz in full Nazi dress
uniform.

HOLTZ (CONT'D)

I am touched by your enthusiasm for
the Fatherland.

A Skinhead covered with tattoos, PIG, steps forward.

PIG

Where'd you get that cool outfit?

HOLTZ
 (ignoring Pig)
 I am searching for a man. Morgan
 Taylor. I must find him.

ROCKY
 What'd he do?

HOLTZ
 The man I seek is a swine with a
 bounty on his head.

PIG
 A bounty, like cash? We'll help you,
 man, if you cut us in.

ROCKY
 Yeah, 50 percent.

HOLTZ
 You boys are shrewd negotiators I am
 no match for your skills. I will be
 glad to take you along with me.

The Skinhead driver, GUNNER, pulls a set of keys out of his
 pocket.

GUNNER
 Hop in the van, man.

As everyone climbs into the Ford van, Rocky notices a swastika
 on Holtz's lapel.

ROCKY
 Nice swastika.

HOLTZ
 A small token of the Fuhrer's
 appreciation.

Holtz touches the pin affectionately.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY/SUZANNE'S CAR - DAY

Suzanne's car moves down the deserted highway. On the left a
 heavy freight train moves along tracks that parallel the
 roadway.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Suzanne drives, her eyes nervously dart to Morgan's.

SUZANNE
 I could drop you at the next town or
 I could get out.

MORGAN

I don't want to scare you. I just need to get to Johnson City.

Suzanne drives on for a beat.

SUZANNE

Why Johnson City?

Morgan ignores Suzanne's question. His attention is focused on something he sees through the windshield.

EXT. HIGHWAY/SUZANNE'S CAR - DAY

Ahead, far in the distance, a pick-up truck approaches Suzanne's car.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As the truck gets closer, Morgan sees Coffey at the wheel. A look of terror crosses his face.

MORGAN

How fast can this car go?

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coffey shoots past the Ford Escort, slams her brakes and does a 180 on the highway.

Reaching over, Coffey touches a tattoo shotgun that runs the length of her left arm. The tattoo comes to life and pulls from her arm to become a real weapon.

She speeds up to catch Morgan.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne looks into her rear view mirror and sees the pick-up rapidly approaching.

SUZANNE

What's up with that guy?

MORGAN

She's a bounty hunter. Her name's Coffey. She's looking for me.

SUZANNE

There's a bounty on you?

A shotgun BLAST from behind shatters the rear window. Suzanne screams and swerves.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coffer is reloading the shotgun as she tracks down Suzanne's car.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne reels from the windshield blast.

SUZANNE
Is she crazy?

MORGAN
Oh, yeah. Very.

A second shotgun blast blows out the rear quarter panel of the Escort.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coffer backs off the car's tail and pulls across the divider line. Pulling up next to the car, Coffer aims her shotgun at Suzanne.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN
We need to cross the tracks.

SUZANNE
This is Ford, not a Ferrari.

Morgan slams his foot on her accelerator foot and the car shoots ahead. Coffer's shotgun blast misses its mark and blows out the backseat window of Suzanne's car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Escort pulls away from Coffer and it passes the train engine on the right hand side.

Ahead red lights flash at the crossing as the crossing gates lower into place.

Suzanne's car puts some distance on the train and the pick-up, but Coffer begins to close the gap.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne looks through the windshield and her eyes go wide.

SUZANNE
We can't make that.

MORGAN
You better make it.

The panic can be seen in Suzanne's eyes.

She floors it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The escort swerves at the crossing and crashes through the wooden crossing gates. The gates splinter as the train whistle BLOWS.

The car crosses the tracks with a few feet to spare. Coffey follows a few feet behind. She guns the truck's engine when...

WHAM!

The train broadsides the bounty hunter crushing her. Coffey's body and pick-up are dragged under the steel wheels as they are shredded to pieces.

Suzanne hits the brakes hard and the car begins to skid. She leaps out of the car and stares in shock and disbelief at what she has just witnessed.

The crumpled remains of a truck and several scattered limbs are all that remain of Coffey.

ANGLE ON

Morgan as he grabs Suzanne and pulls her toward the car.

MORGAN

Come on, we've got to move.

SUZANNE

What was that? What just happened?

MORGAN

She'll be coming for me again.

SUZANNE

In case you didn't notice, she was just run over by a train.

MORGAN

Good. That buys me some time to get away.

SUZANNE

Get away from what? She's dead.

MORGAN

That's not going to stop her.

SUZANNE

This is too weird. Are you some kind of mental patient?

MORGAN
I escaped from hell.

SUZANNE
I know prison's tough...

MORGAN
You're not listening to me. I escaped
from hell. The real thing. I'm dead.
I died 50 years ago. I've been in
hell that entire time.

Suzanne stares into Morgan's desperate eyes and sees a man
afraid for his very soul.

SUZANNE
You're not alive, is that what you
want me to believe?

MORGAN
I'm a soul.

SUZANNE
And the biker...

MORGAN
She's going to come back.

SUZANNE
This is complete bullshit.

Morgan reaches into the back seat of the car and finds a
screwdriver on the floor.

MORGAN
Watch this.

Morgan places his hand on the hood of the car and jams the
screwdriver into his hand. He pushes it all the way through.
Gagging, Suzanne flinches in disgust.

SUZANNE
You're some kind of sicko. You need
some serious help.

MORGAN
Wait.

Morgan pulls the screwdriver out of his hand. He holds it up
to Suzanne's face as the wound slowly begins to heal. In
seconds the wound is gone -- not even a scar.

SUZANNE
How did you do that?

MORGAN

It's not a trick. It's the real thing.
I'm dead.

Suzanne stares at Morgan's hand in disbelief.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Look, just let me borrow your car.
I'll make sure you get it back. I
just need to get out of here.

Suzanne looks past Morgan to the crumpled remains of the pick-up beside the train tracks. She notices some movement within the shredded cab. She shivers, a little spooked.

SUZANNE

You're not leaving me here.

Suzanne pulls out her keys and hops into the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A horse lies in the middle of the road. White foam gathers around the animal's mouth, its eyes are blank and wide open. Flies buzz around its head.

ANGLE ON

A red 65 Mustang as it rolls cautiously past the horse.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

FLO, a gum snapping, platinum-haired, ridden hard and put to bed wet kind of gal, slows as she passes Grayl who ambles along the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang stops beside Grayl and he glances down at Flo.

FLO

Hey, what happened to your horse?

Grayl crosses to the passenger side window.

GRAYL

Rode him too hard.

He glances to the back seat and sees a waitress uniform and several grocery bags. A whisky bottle is visible just inside one of the bags.

FLO

That's a shame.

Smiling, Flo pats the seat beside her.

FLO (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you could use a lift,
Sugar.

GRAYL

If it's no trouble.

FLO

No trouble at all. Hop in.

Grayl slides into the passenger seat and the Mustang peels out.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Flo lays her cigarette in the ashtray and turns to face Grayl.

FLO

Name's Flo. I work over at the Hub
diner. Now, I know everybody in these
parts and I don't think I've ever
seen you before, Cowboy.

GRAYL

I'm not from around here. Not recently
anyway.

Flo checks her look in the rear view.

FLO

Where ya heading?

GRAYL

I'm looking for a man.

FLO

You and me both. Only I ain't having
any luck. Seems I'm too much woman
for any man around here.

GRAYL

Well I ain't no man.

FLO

I'll bet you're the devil himself,
right Cowboy?

GRAYL

You're too kind.

FLO

Well, you just let Flo take care of
you.

Flo eyes Grayl with a flirtatious glance.

FLO (CONT'D)
 You see anything you like in this
 car you just take it.

Grayl looks at Flo then reaches into the back seat and pulls
 the whiskey bottle out of the bag.

GRAYL
 Don't mind if I do.

FLO
 (winking)
 A whisky man. I like.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Skinhead van cruises down the road.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Gut and Rocky sit in the back of the van drinking beer and
 passing a joint between them. Gunner drives and Pig rides
 shotgun. Holtz sits in the middle disgusted by the Skinhead's
 lack of intelligence, hygiene and discipline.

Pig offers the joint to Holtz.

ROCKY
 Hey, you wanna hit, Holtzy?

HOLTZ
 I do not smoke.

GUNNER
 Dude, I think we're going the wrong
 way.

PIG
 Yeah, we ain't seen nobody on this
 road.

HOLTZ
 Morgan has come this way.

GUT
 Let's stop and get some more beer,
 man. I wanna keep the buzz on.

Holtz's face twitches almost imperceptibly.

HOLTZ
 We do not have time to stop.

PIG

We'll find this Morgan guy. We just need some more beer to do it.

Gut and Rocky high-five each other.

GUNNER

There's a gas station up ahead.

Gunner brakes the van and slows to stop.

HOLTZ

I order you to continue driving.

ROCKY

Hey! Now this old fuck is giving us orders.

Holtz looks down and notices a pair of jumper cables coiled on the floor. The Nazi picks up one end, holds up the two clamps and sparks them together.

The Skinheads watch Holtz in amazement as he sparks the cables even though they aren't attached to anything.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

How did you do...

Holtz jabs the two open clamps on to Rocky's chest.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

You Nazi motherfucker...

Holding the jumper cables like a leash, blue electricity shoots from Holtz's hands. It races down the cables and zaps into Rocky.

Rocky writhes and contorts from the voltage. Gunner slams on the brakes and the van skids to a stop.

Gut reaches down to pull the cables off his buddy and the electricity jumps to him. Both skinheads are being electrocuted.

After a few seconds the two skinheads slump over. Smoke rises off their sizzled flesh.

HOLTZ

Continue on this road. We will not be stopping.

Gunner looks at Holtz with expressionless eyes and nods. He presses the gas pedal and continues on past the gas station.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Suzanne's car races through an empty landscape.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - DAY

Suzanne is still in shock from her Coffe encounter.

SUZANNE

Not possible. It's just not possible.
You're not from hell. That biker...

MORGAN

Coffe...

SUZANNE

Whoever. There has to be an
explanation.

MORGAN

Look. We can't die because we're
already dead. Shoot us, burn us,
stab us, you can only slow us down,
but you can't kill us.

SUZANNE

But the train hit the biker...

MORGAN

Only a weapon from hell can kill us.

SUZANNE

If you told me you were an alien I
might believe you. But hell? It's
so, so...

MORGAN

Biblical?

SUZANNE

Yeah...biblical.

MORGAN

It's everything you were taught in
Sunday school and more.
Pain...suffering...agony... torture.
I had to get out of there...

SUZANNE

This just can't be happening.

MORGAN

It is and I'm sorry I got you involved.

SUZANNE

I'm talking about hell. I've always been afraid of it, but I never believed in it.

MORGAN

It's nothing you need to worry about.

A concerned look comes over Suzanne's face.

SUZANNE

What happens now?

MORGAN

I run.

SUZANNE

To where?

MORGAN

Holy ground. There's a story in hell. Every day at sunrise a doorway opens on holy ground. It's a passageway to heaven.

SUZANNE

As long as you stay clear of the biker.

MORGAN

It's not her I worry about. It's Grayl. He's the Devil's favorite. A real sick son-of-a-bitch cowboy.

SUZANNE

What makes him so much worse?

MORGAN

Grayl treats every hunt like it's a vendetta. He makes it personal. Like every victim is the one who sent him to hell. No one's ever escaped from him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The rundown gas station has two self-serve islands which flank a small bunker of an office.

A lone ATTENDANT sits in the office watching a small TV with aluminum foil for an antenna.

He looks out and sees Coffe walking toward him.

As Coffe gets nearer the Attendant becomes a bit nervous. Coffe looks right at him.

COFFER

Hey, asswipe!

ATTENDANT

Me?

COFFER

You're the only asswipe I see.

Coffe strides over to the thick bulletproof glass that separates her from the Attendant.

COFFER (CONT'D)

I need wheels.

ATTENDANT

Um, there's a rental place in Tully. About twenty miles west.

Coffe stares at the very nervous attendant.

COFFER

Where's your car?

ATTENDANT

It...It's around back, but it's not for sale.

COFFER

I ain't looking to buy.

With that, Coffe's powerful right hand comes around and smashes the inch thick glass like it was an eggshell. She grabs the Attendant and yanks him out.

COFFER (CONT'D)

Now. Keys and a car.

The Attendant weakly reaches into his pants and pulls out a set of keys. Coffe takes them.

ATTENDANT

It's the green one.

Coffe drags the attendant around the side of the office until she stands before a mint green 1973 AMC Gremlin.

She looks at the car and looks at the attendant, then slaps the helpless man so hard he falls unconscious.

COFFER

That's for owning such a pussy car.

Coffer gets in.

INT. GREEN GREMLIN - CONTINUOUS

She starts the car up, but sees the tank is almost empty. She drives forward to a pump and gets out.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Coffer begins pumping gas into the lame car as a familiar noise catches her ears.

She turns to see a motorcycle gang of what looks like ten HELL'S ANGELS on Honda Harley look-alikes, rolling in. Coffer just watches.

As the bikers roll into the gas station we see that they are not Hell's Angels, but a bunch of overpaid, overweight, executive yuppies.

The head yuppie, RICHARD, guns his motor and looks at Coffer pumping gas into the Gremlin.

RICHARD

Could you tank me up with super?

Coffer ignores the man.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Excuse me, attendant. I believe I was talking to you.

Coffer looks at the man and cracks a shit-eating grin. Richard turns to his friends.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

This is what you get when cousins marry.

Everyone laughs, even Coffer as she takes the hose from the Gremlin's tank with gas still streaming out.

As gas pours all over her, Coffer puts the nozzle in her mouth and proceeds to pump several gallons of unleaded into her stomach.

The yuppies can only watch in horror.

When Coffer is done, she drops the still pumping hose and walks toward Richard.

Coffer makes a huge belch right in the man's face. She takes a lit cigar from her leather jacket and brings it to her mouth.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Do you even work here?

Coffer blows on the lit end of the cigar causing the ember to glow then...

She spits a mushroom cloud of flame at the yuppie gang and their bikes. The yuppies jump off their motorcycles which are consumed in flames.

Richard is unscathed.

COFFER
Gimme your bike.

Richard gets off and starts running.

RICHARD
It's yours. Keep it.

Coffer climbs on the motorcycle and peels out in a 200 MPH cloud of burning rubber.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Honda's engine SCREAMS as Coffer rides it full tilt. As the speedometer pins the top end Coffer HOWLS with delight.

She shoots down the blacktop.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Suzanne's Escort shoots down the blacktop.

Ahead is the Backwoods Cafe, a large streamline cafe/bus station with a neon EAT sign burning atop an aluminum sheet roof.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN
Listen, drop me over at that joint.
I'll get another ride.

Suzanne turns toward the cafe.

SUZANNE
Look...I could take you a bit further.

MORGAN
Coffer knows this car. She'll come
after it.

SUZANNE
I'll drop you at the bus station.

EXT. BACKWOODS CAFE - DAY

Suzanne's Ford eases off the road and across the cafe's lot. She stops at the end of the parking lot in a cloud of dust.

INT. FORD - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne looks over at Morgan who stares out at the cafe and the surrounding landscape.

SUZANNE

Well...?

Morgan surveys the area with quiet trepidation.

MORGAN

Well what?

SUZANNE

You don't have any cash, do you?

Morgan looks at her helpless. Suzanne opens the door and gets out.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll buy you a ticket.
You can owe me.

Morgan cracks the passenger side door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Morgan looks at the gunshot pocked vehicle. He and Suzanne cross the parking lot.

As they pass by a small wooden shotgun shack to the side of the Backwoods Cafe they see an ancient INDIAN man hawking Indian trinkets and garage sale junk.

On the table top next all to the turquoise jewelry and Hopi dolls are two aquariums each holding several sleeping rattlesnakes.

Below the table, a German Shepherd dozes in the shade.

Morgan studies the old Indian as he passes by and heads into the cafe. A Greyhound Bus Stop sign hangs in the cafe door.

INT. BACKWOODS CAFE - DAY

Suzanne and Morgan enter the cafe. At the counter are a few REGULARS with no place else to go. Cigarette smoke whirls overhead like a pall.

The pear-shaped and badly balding ex-pro linebacker behind the linoleum service counter is named SURF.

SUZANNE

When's the next bus out of here?

SURF

Where ya going?

MORGAN

Johnson City.

SURF

We got a bus to Preble due in about five minutes. Goes right through Johnson City.

MORGAN

That's good.

SURF

Twenty-three bucks. No plastic.

Suzanne fishes cash from her purse.

Morgan just studies her. She feels his eyes on her.

SUZANNE

What? What is it now?

MORGAN

I guess 40 years down there makes you a bit jaded. I'd forgotten there are good people in the world.

SUZANNE

You seem like a nice guy. I just want to give you a chance.

MORGAN

Thanks.

Suzanne forks over the cash. Surf makes change and gives her the ticket. She hands it to Morgan.

SUZANNE

You want a Coke?

MORGAN

It's your dime.

SUZANNE

Try a buck.

Surf gestures to the empty booths.

SURF

Anywhere you like.

SUZANNE

Two cokes.

SURF

Fountain's broken. Cans all right?

Suzanne nods as Surf pulls two Cokes from the cooler.

Morgan takes off his jacket and sits with a view of the parking lot. Suzanne sits across from him. Surf places two cokes on the table.

MORGAN

Can I get a glass of ice with this?

SURF

The cans are cold.

MORGAN

It can't be cold enough.

Surf nods then looks at Morgan who studies the Coke can.

Realizing he's clueless to the pop top, Suzanne reaches over, pries it open and then does the same with her can.

SUZANNE

You've got a lot of catching up to do if you plan on surviving.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The cherry red Mustang cruises down the highway.

INT. FLO'S MUSTANG - DAY

Flo drives while rubbing a bit of lipstick off her teeth.

FLO

So, you married?

GRAYL

Was.

FLO

Divorced?

GRAYL

My wife was raped and murdered by Union soldiers...

FLO

Union, huh? I dated a Teamster once. Big mistake...

GRAYL

Katherine was my whole world.

FLO

You must've loved her a lot.

GRAYL

More than anything...I should've
been there for her...

(bitter)

...instead of spilling blood beside
Jackson at Bull Run and
Gettysburg...drunk on murder at the
end of a lost war.

FLO

Vietnam, what a nightmare. Anyway,
how did you get over it?

GRAYL

I took up a hobby.

FLO

What's that?

GRAYL

Hunting...

Grayl breaths deeply inhaling two lungfulls of air.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKWOODS CAFE - DAY

The door to the diner swings open. An ominous cloud of dust
blows in. Morgan freezes.

In comes the DEPTULAS, the most annoying family in America.
MOM, DAD, SIS and KID BROTHER. They take a booth in the
corner.

BROTHER

I don't want to eat here. I want to
eat at Sonic Burger.

SIS

Would you shut up for once in your
useless life.

DAD

Goddamnit can't we go anywhere without
the two of you going after each other?

MOM

Dear, I've asked you to not take the
Lord's name in vain.

DAD

I'm sorry, but the next time I suggest driving cross county with those two and you -- just shoot me.

ON MORGAN AND SUZANNE

Morgan relaxes.

SUZANNE

I don't know what's scarier, your buddies from hell or them.

Morgan takes a sip of his coke.

ON THE DEPTULAS

Kid Brother pulls a camcorder from his bag.

VIDEO VIEWFINDER

Mom waves to the camera as Sis flips the camera the bird. Dad is lost in the menu.

BACK TO SCENE

DAD

Look at this. They've got chicken fried steak.

MOM

Dear you know your cholesterol.

DAD

Screw my cholesterol. I'm eating the steak.

SIS

Mom, tell him to turn off that camera or I'll shove it down his throat.

MOM

Put down the camera and look at the menu.

Kid Brother puts down the camera.

BROTHER

I want a Big Mac.

Dad whacks Kid Brother with the menu. Kid Brother picks up the camera and begins filming again.

Over Mom's shoulder, in the next booth, is Suzanne and Morgan.

VIDEO CAMERA'S POV

The camera captures something that cannot possibly be real. Suzanne looks perfectly normal, but Morgan is covered with blood oozing from bullet holes all over his body.

ON THE KID BROTHER

Kid Brother's expression drops as he looks around the camera at Morgan and Suzanne. They both look perfectly normal.

Morgan gets up from the booth and begins walking. The Kid raises the video camera.

VIDEO CAMERA'S POV

The bullet-ridden Morgan walks past. He turns his head and looks directly into the camera.

ON THE KID BROTHER

BROTHER (CONT'D)

Shit!

Kid Brother throws the camera to the ground. The Kid catches Morgan's glance as he walks past and moves toward the bathroom.

DAD

What the hell is wrong with you?

MOM

Well, you know he wanted to go to Sonic Burger.

ON SUZANNE

Sitting alone in the booth. She takes a drink of the coke and glances down at Morgan's jacket on the seat next to her.

Morgan's wallet is just visible peaking out of the pocket.

Suzanne looks back toward the restroom and then pulls the wallet out. Opening it she sees a tarnished FBI badge and a faded ID.

Suzanne then notices several photos. One is a WW II picture of Morgan, dressed in a pilot's jacket, standing beside an airplane with his flight crew. The second is a black and white photo of Morgan with a woman holding a small child. They stand beside a fifties era car. She flips the photo over and sees faded writing -- "Me, Ruth and Kenny 1951." Morgan doesn't look a day older than in the photo.

Suzanne replaces the wallet and feels something. She reaches in and pulls out the sharpened spoon Morgan used to escape hell. She looks at the spoon quizzically then back at the bathroom.

She slips the utensil back in the jacket along with the photo and wallet.

INT. SMALL CAFE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan stares at himself in the mirror as he runs water in the sink. He sees the sad reflection of a man caught, literally, between heaven and hell.

Morgan leans forward and wipes his face with cold water.

THUD!

Morgan startles and turns. Surf walks in and sees Morgan standing at the mirror wet from perspiration.

Surf grabs a mop.

SURF
That kid with the video camera threw
up.

Surf picks up the mop and pail as Morgan stands against the room's wall for a beat. Surf pauses and studies Morgan.

SURF (CONT'D)
I know who you are.

Morgan looks at Surf with a mixture of fear and bewilderment.

MORGAN
What?

SURF
I've been where you are. If you've
come this far you can see it through.

Morgan takes a step toward Surf.

MORGAN
But the bounty hunters...

SURF
You should get out of here. They're
close.

INT. BACKWOODS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan emerges from the bathroom and moves past the Deptulas who are leaving. Kid brother looks at Morgan and nearly passes out.

Morgan sits in the booth with Suzanne and glances back at Surf.

SUZANNE

If you don't mind me asking, why
were you in hell?

Morgan doesn't answer. His attention is distracted by
something outside the window.

MORGAN'S POV

The skinhead van clips down the blacktop past the cafe.

ON MORGAN

Morgan watches as the vehicle moves away. Something about
the van bothers him.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Holtz is sitting in the back with the two fried skinheads.
Suddenly he stiffens. His gaze falls on the Cafe as they
move past.

HOLTZ

Stop the vehicle. I will get out
here.

Gunner turns to look at Holtz. The young Skinhead's face is
pale and gaunt, as if his fear of the sadistic Nazi drained
the life from his body.

GUNNER

Anything you say, man.

INT. BACKWOODS CAFE - DAY

Morgan holds his gaze outside the window. Suzanne reaches
across the table and shakes him.

SUZANNE

Hey! Did you hear me?

Outside the cafe window a Greyhound bus pulls into the parking
lot. Surf looks at Morgan.

SURF

Bus to Preble just pulled up.

Morgan and Suzanne stand and walk toward the front door.

EXT. BACKWOODS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Stepping outside, Morgan and Suzanne head for the bus. A hot
wind kicks up a cloud of dust and whips it across the parking
lot.

A low guttural GROWLING catches their attention. Morgan and
Suzanne turn to see the once sleeping German shepherd, its

hair bristled on its back, growling at some unseen nemesis far away. The growl gives way to fierce BARKING.

A RATTLING sound mounts. First one, then many. The caged snakes are all coiled to strike, their translucent rattles shaking wildly.

The snakes also look off in the distance.

Morgan and Suzanne shield themselves from the flying bits of dust and dirt.

MORGAN

Grayl...

Morgan holds Suzanne's hand and pulls her back toward the cafe.

INT. BACKWOODS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Suzanne enter with a rush of hot wind.

SUZANNE

What's the matter? You're going to miss that bus.

GRAYL (O.S.)

You had a good run, Morgan.

MORGAN'S POV

At the far end of the service counter, a dark and familiar figure seated on a stool pivots and slowly comes to his feet.

Flo stands off to the side looking bewildered.

Grayl steps away from the counter and turns to face Morgan.

MORGAN

I'm not going back.

GRAYL

You don't have any say in the matter.
Your ticket is bought and paid for.
No second chances.

Suzanne and the others watch this exchange. Grayl stands at one end of the room and Morgan at the other.

Surf steps in front of Morgan.

SURF

You're not taking anybody anywhere.

Grayl turns and looks at Surf with recognition.

GRAYL

Don't I know you?

SUZANNE

Somebody cal the cops.

Grayl brushes back his duster and unsheathes a monstrous demonic Bowie knife.

Surf pulls a Magnum .44 from under the service counter and points it straight at Grayl.

Surf cocks the hammer on the Magnum.

Grayl takes his eyes off Morgan and looks to Surf in a cold stare.

REGULAR #2

Blow him away, Surf. This guy scares the shit outta me.

GRAYL

You think you're man enough... Surf.

SURF

(icy grin)

Eat this.

Surf pulls the trigger. The Magnum FIRES a single shot and Grayl takes it in the gut.

Surf empties his gun, but Grayl doesn't flinch as he takes every hit. Grayl looks down at his gut where the gaping bullet holes begin to heal.

REGULAR #2

Jesus Christ!

GRAYL

Not even close.

Grayl flips his Bowie knife to his opposite hand and flings the blade at Surf.

The knife finds its mark. Surf is blasted through the wall. A horrific red glow fills the kitchen and Surf's anguished HOWL fills the area.

Morgan hurdles what is left of the counter and runs into the kitchen.

Grayl strides in after him.

Morgan looks around for a weapon when he sees a boiling stock pot of lard on the gas range. He lifts the pot and flings it at Grayl who takes the hot oil right in the face.

Grayl's hands go to his face as the dead flesh begins to pucker and blister. Enraged and in pain, he attempts to wipe the oil away. Chunks of face flesh rip away.

Suzanne runs in.

SUZANNE

The back. Go out the back.

Morgan kicks open the back screen door and runs out with Suzanne right behind.

Grayl staggers about attempting to see where Morgan has gone, but the melted flesh obscures his sight.

EXT. BACK OF CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Suzanne push through the screen door at the back of the cafe. They are both stopped in their tracks.

HOLTZ

Ahh, Morgan...running away? How far do you think a pig like you can get?

Holtz stands before Morgan and Suzanne holding a black Luger.

SUZANNE

How many of these guys are chasing you?

Holtz smiles icily at Morgan.

HOLTZ

The chase has come to an end.

CRACK! A slithery snake/bullwhip curls around Holtz's wrist and yanks it back. The Nazi's arm is pulled from its socket until it hangs by a few desperate ligaments. His gun goes flying. The serpent head releases Holtz and swallows the Luger in mid-air.

GRAYL (O.S.)

He's mine Holtz. I can't abide rustlers.

Holtz grabs his dangling arm.

HOLTZ

You're too late.

Holtz reaches into his utility belt and pulls out a thin wire garrote. He snaps the garrote between his hands and begins to spin it.

HOLTZ (CONT'D)

I'm taking Morgan back.

Holtz whips the garrote toward Grayl catching the cowboy around the neck.

Yanking on the wire, Holtz constricts the garrote around Grayl's neck. The wire cuts into the cowboy's thick scared neck flesh as he struggles against it.

ON SUZANNE AND MORGAN

Suzanne begins to back away pulling Morgan with her. They disappear around the side of the cafe.

ON GRAYL

Grayl grabs the two ends of the stretched wire and begins to pull Holtz towards him.

GRAYL

They already hung me once. Ain't gonna happen again.

Holtz is surprised at Grayl's strength and pulls harder on his end of the garrote. Grayl winces with pain.

Grayl reaches out and grabs the Nazi, lifts him up and impales him on the climbing rung of a telephone pole. Using the garrote, Grayl hog-ties Holtz's hands.

Brushing back his duster, Grayl pulls a thick lasso from his belt. He slips the noose around the Nazi's neck and tosses the other end over the telephone pole.

GRAYL (CONT'D)

Any last words?

HOLTZ

You inferior piece of sh...

CRACK!

Grayl yanks the rope and the Nazi's neck is snapped in mid-sentence.

GRAYL

The man didn't know when to shut-up.

Holtz's lifeless body swings in the hot wind.

The ground beneath the Nazi opens up into a black cauldron of swirling liquid. The telephone pole begins to sink into the ground.

Holtz's gaunt face is twisted from the searing pain and agony. His tormented body is boiled into vapor.

The telephone pole and Holtz are consumed by the earth. The ground reseals instantly leaving only wires from the nearby

telephone poles embedded in the ground. A beat passes and the pole shoots back up charred and smoking.

Grayl pulls out his revolver and turns to where Morgan and Suzanne were when...

COP #1 (O.S.)

Drop the gun. Get down.

Grayl does a slow turn to see three COPS standing in the back doorway of the cafe. Each one has gun trained on Grayl.

Grayl is annoyed to have his concentration broken.

COP #1 (CONT'D)

You hear me, scumbag? On the ground.

Grayl reaches for his gunbelt to pluck bullets for loading.

GRAYL

I'm not much in the mood to take orders.

The Cops train their guns as Grayl turns to face them.

COP #2

Put the gun down, asshole.

All the cops cock their guns.

COP #2 (CONT'D)

I said drop it.

Grayl points his gun at the cops who react by opening fire. A vicious salvo blasts Grayl backward against the dumpster. The cops continue FIRING everything they've got.

Shotguns, Berettas, Smith and Wessons, Magnums, everything. The dumpster is blown to splinters in a deafening THUNDERSTORM of hot lead.

All goes silent as smoke fills the back lot. The area receiving the highest concentration of fire is pulverized. Nothing could possibly survive.

COP #3

You think he's dead...?

COP #4

Hell yes, he's dead.

COP #3

Better be dead.

COP #4

Check it out, Frank.

COP #3
(backs off)
You check it out.

Cop #4 walks forward and tries to check Grayl's pulse. His stance relaxes.

COP #4
He's dead. Very dead. Call the meat wagon and get him out of here.

EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Suzanne move through the cars looking for one with keys.

Suzanne spots Flo's Mustang.

SUZANNE
This one.

They both climb in and Suzanne starts it up.

The Mustang peels out as a cop car pulls into the lot. The Mustang clips the squad car pushing it sideways and continues on its way.

The squad car turns around and follows. Two others join the chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSTANG - DAY

The Mustang is speeding down the two lane blacktop at full bore. Behind, the squad cars with lights and sirens blazing are making up ground.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Suzanne concentrates on the road ahead while Morgan looks at the cops behind them.

SUZANNE
My mother always said when the Lord closes a door, he opens a window. Well, that's it. I believe in hell. I'm turning over a new leaf. I'm giving up cigarettes. I'm quitting smoking right here, right now.

Suzanne opens her purse and tosses a pack of cigarettes out the window.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
And liquor. The hard stuff. The beer too. All of it.

MORGAN

That stuff doesn't matter. It's all about you, your life.

SUZANNE

You could have told me that before I threw the cigarettes out the window.

Morgan looks back at two police cars right on their tail.

MORGAN

They're gaining on us.

SUZANNE

Oh, Jesus. Let me try something.

Suzanne SLAMS on the brakes and the Mustang goes into a power skid. Morgan is thrown against the dash then down to the floor.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The two pursuing police cars shoot past the now stopped Mustang. In a synchronized beat both squads do a smuggler's turn and head back toward the Mustang.

Suzanne slams the Mustang in reverse and the chase takes on an odd look.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Morgan turns around and navigates for Suzanne who drives while looking over her shoulder.

MORGAN

The road goes left. Go left.

Suzanne turns the wheel and the car nearly veers off the road.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

No! Right, right! My left your right.

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

An OFFICER leans out the passenger window of his car holding a shotgun as his PARTNER drives.

The backwards driving Mustang weaves all over the road. The windshield explodes as bullets tear into the vehicle's interior.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne watches the road in the rear view mirror. Her foot hits the brakes and she spins the wheel hard to the right.

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang, without losing momentum, spins in a near perfect turn and continues forward.

Suzanne cuts off the blacktop and turns onto a dirt road.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the rear windows are shattered by bullets.

Morgan looks in the back seat and begins tossing out Flo's groceries.

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The police cars swerve to avoid the debris, but continue to stay tight with the car.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

In the back seat, Morgan sees a grocery bag with several bottles of hard liquor. He pulls a bottle out and cracks it open.

Morgan tears off several pieces of Flo's waitress uniform, soaks them with whisky and jams them into the bottle necks. He then roots around, finds a book of matches and strikes one.

SUZANNE

What are you doing back there?

MORGAN

Trying to slow these guys down.

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The car starts heading down a steep hill.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Morgan lights the Molotov cocktail and prepares to throw it out the window when it's jolted out of his hand. It slides under the seat to Suzanne's feet.

SUZANNE

Hey! One of us isn't immortal.

Morgan climbs over the seat to grab the bomb.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Try throwing it outside the car.

Morgan holds the flaming bottle as he climbs into the back seat. He leans out the window and heaves it...

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

...To an embankment along the side of the road. The Molotov cocktail explodes sending a shower of rocks and debris onto the narrow road.

The cops swerve to avoid the destruction and smash into each other. The squad cars roll to a stop as the cops jump out and open fire.

The Mustang shoots up and over a long hill. In the distance behind them, the police are chasing them on foot.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Morgan climbs back into the front seat and drops in next to Suzanne. Suzanne holds up her right hand.

SUZANNE

High five!

Morgan looks up and around quizzically.

MORGAN

What's high?

SUZANNE

Slap my hand.

Morgan tentatively slaps her hand.

MORGAN

Why?

SUZANNE

'Cause it's what you do when things go your way.

MORGAN

Oh.

Suzanne looks back to the road as she navigates around a hard bend. Then she sees it...

A blue and white squad car heads right for them.

BAM!

The Mustang and the squad car collide head on. Both vehicles stop in their tracks. Suzanne looks at the squad car she just hit.

SUZANNE

Correction. Things are not going our way.

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The two vehicles are smashed nose to nose. The squad car doors open and two COPS step out, guns drawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKWOODS CAFE - DAY

Several police cars surround the building. Yellow police tape seals off the area.

The Coroner's van is parked near the front doors.

A couple of COPS stand next to their squad car.

COP #1

It looks like Zac and Casey caught that Mustang out on the old road.

COP #2

Nobody gets away with any shit in this county.

The CORONER wheels Grayl's exposed body past the two cops.

COP #2 (CONT'D)

Nobody.

The Coroner zips up Grayl's body bag and slides him into the van.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The two story late 50's building is surrounded by a parking lot. Several squad cars are parked off to the side.

INT. POLICE STATION/FRONT DESK - DAY

The front doors of the police station open to the booking desk staffed by two burly SERGEANTS.

A stairway off to the left leads to the holding cells upstairs. A doorway just behind the front desk leads to the rest of the station.

SERGEANT #1

It was a goddamn bloodbath. Bodies everywhere...

SERGEANT #2

Peters just dragged in some guy who was running from the scene.

SERGEANT #1
Wait till Vern works him over. He'll
talk.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Suzanne is hunched over a cup of coffee at a table. Several
POLICE OFFICERS surround her.

COP # 1
You expect us to believe you just
met this man this morning?

SUZANNE
He needed some help. I was just giving
him a ride.

COP #2
Garrett says it was you who led him
on the chase through the desert.

SUZANNE
Am I being charged with something,
because if I'm not I want to leave.

COP #1
We still have a lot of questions,
Suzanne and I don't think you're
being up front with us.

SUZANNE
I told you everything I know. I really
want to leave.

COP #1
Your husband told us to keep you
here until he showed up.

Suzanne looks terrified at this news.

COP #2
So, why don't you just tell us what
else this Morgan said about his gang?

SUZANNE
Christ, do you have wax in your ears?
For the hundredth time, he didn't
say they were his gang. He said they
were bounty hunters.

COP #3
Maybe he's a bail-jumper?

SUZANNE
He said he was from hell. He escaped
and three men are chasing him.

(MORE)

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

One's a Nazi, one's some biker and there is some Civil War guy. I told you all this already. Can I leave now?

All the officers raise their eyebrows with concern.

COP #4

Have you taken any drugs tonight?

SUZANNE

I'm not on drugs, you idiot. I saw these guys. I saw the Civil War guy kill the Nazi right before you got there. The ground opened up and swallowed him in front of me.

Cop #2 turns to Cop #3 and laughs.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I'm not making this up. I-am-not-making-this-up.

One of the desk sergeants buzzes the intercom into the office.

SERGEANT #1 (V.O.)

Vern's here.

Suzanne shakes and holds herself together.

There is a terse RAP at the door as it pushes open.

A huge monster of a police chief, VERN, looms in the doorway. His razor cut hair bristles as his angry red face scrutinizes Suzanne.

Even the cops in the room look a little nervous.

Suzanne leans away from the man. Scared and timid, she can hardly look her husband in the eye.

VERN

She been charged with anything yet?

COP #1

Well, no, Vern. We were waiting for you. She's your wife and all.

Vern looks at Suzanne.

VERN

Leave us alone.

All the cops clear out closing the door behind them.

Vern steps over to his wife who tries to keep a brave face. In a movement almost too fast to see, he backhands Suzanne across the face nearly knocking her to the floor.

VERN (CONT'D)
You goddamn bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE REED sits at a desk writing a report as he continues interviewing Morgan whose arm is handcuffed to the pipe that runs up and down the wall next to the desk.

MORGAN
...Morgan Taylor.

REED
Date of birth?

MORGAN
April 10, 1920.

Detective Reed stares over his reading glasses perched on the end of his nose.

REED
1920? So you're what, almost 80?
Wanna re-think that?

Morgan leers at Reed.

MORGAN
Listen, you need to let me go now. I don't want to see anyone else get killed.

REED
That some kind of threat?

Morgan looks Reed in the eyes.

MORGAN
It's the truth.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

The Deptulas' Winnebago trundles down the road. In the back are two bumper stickers. One reads "My kid can beat up your honor student" and the other reads "Christians aren't perfect, just forgiven." The Winnebago passes close to us and heads off into the distance.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Dad drives and Mom is in the passenger seat next to him. Sis reads a magazine in the back while Kid Brother is in the bathroom.

SIS
He's hurling again.

MOM
It must have been something in that diner.

SIS
Maybe this is sign a that we should call this whole stupid family vacation thing off.

MOTHER
Your brother has a nervous stomach and he doesn't need you upsetting him.

SIS
You always take his side. He's always going to be a douche bag if you keep coddling him this way.

Dad turns his head to Sis.

DAD
Don't talk back to your mother. So help me I'll pull over and you'll walk.

SIS
Do it. It'd be better company.

Dad turns his attention back to the highway ahead. His eyes go wide as he sees Coffey standing in the road thirty yards ahead. Her leather vest is open as her large tattooed breasts are free for all to see.

DAD
What the...

Dad's mouth drops, he freezes, then remembers he's driving a piece of heavy machinery.

Dad SLAMS on the brakes. The RV goes into a powerskid.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV skids along out of control. Coffey pays it no mind as she stands in defiance.

When the RV is inches away, Coffey lifts her right leg.

The RV skids to a halt as Coffe fearlessly brings her boot down on the RV's front bumper.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Mom and Sis run to the front of the RV.

SIS
What's going on?

DAD
(looks outside)
There was a woman out there!

Everyone looks out the front window, but there's nothing there.

SIS
Maybe you ran her over?

Mom taps Dad's shoulder.

MOM
Good Lord. Go out and see, dear.

Dad moves to the door and opens it.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

The side door swings open part way and Dad slowly climbs down onto the asphalt. The rest of the family stands safely back in the depth of the camper.

Dad crouches down and looks under the vehicle. There is nothing there. He breathes a sigh of relief.

COFFER (O.S.)
Hey, Ward, looking for the Beaver?

Dad looks up startled, turns and comes face to crotch with Coffe's skin-tight chaps.

Dad remains crouched and looks straight up Coffe's rock hard body and through the deep valley of her cleavage. Coffe looks down on him.

COFFER (CONT'D)
Looks like you found it.

Mom steps out of the RV and looks down on Dad in a staring contest with Coffe's crotch.

MOM (O.S.)
Honey, what are you doing?

Coffe looks over to Mom.

COFFER

Yeah Honey, what the hell are you doing down there?

Dad stands up red faced and flustered.

DAD

I was...she... We were... I looked and she had her breasts...I mean she was...

Coffer puts a finger seductively on Dad's lips.

COFFER

What hubby is trying to tell you is he was gonna give me a ride. I'm heading that way.

Coffer points the opposite direction the RV is heading.

MOM

Ohhh, too bad, we're heading into Whitney Point. We're going to the Jellystone campgrounds.

Coffer turns downright evil.

COFFER

I don't care if you're going to a fuckfest in Tunatown, I'm heading the other way and you're taking me.

Dad winces from the pain as Coffer keeps the pressure on.

DAD

(intimidated)

You know honey we could just take a small detour.

MOM

Well, I just don't know...

Coffer twists the hair on Dad a bit more. He winces even more.

DAD

(in pain)

Get in the goddamned Winnebago. she's coming with us!

Mom makes a disapproving face and steps aside. Coffer releases Dad and follows them into the RV. Coffer looks Mom in the eyes.

COFFER

You need to listen to your old man a little better.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/VERN'S OFFICE - DAY

Vern plops down behind his desk while slapping a black baton in his palm. A nervous DEPUTY REESE holds a folder out to him.

VERN

What'd you find out about this guy who kidnapped my wife?

DEPUTY REESE

Not much. Name's Morgan Taylor. Says he was born in 1920. No identification.

Vern cocks his brow, a little amused, a little perplexed.

VERN

Run his prints and photos through the system and check him against the mug book. See what we get.

DEPUTY REESE

Uh, Sheriff? That's a problem. We can't get any photos or prints off him. Look...

Vern opens the file and looks it over.

DEPUTY REESE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

In the folder, there's a mug shot photo of a big white nothing where Morgan's head should be and dark smudges on the fingerprint chart.

DEPUTY REESE (CONT'D)

We can't get a clear photograph of him, sir. There's a problem with the film.

VERN

Well, Jesus Christ, send somebody to buy some good film.

DEPUTY REESE

We tried three rolls...

VERN

What about his fingerprints?

DEPUTY REESE

Nothing in the current system. We're looking through the older stuff now.

VERN

Run the name and variations. Morgan Taylor could be an alias.

DEPUTY REESE

Well, I was thinking that maybe we could talk to your wife. I mean she was with him and all...

VERN

(sharp)

Suzanne's not involved. He kidnapped her.

The Deputy nods and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION WOMAN'S ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

Suzanne is hunched over the sink washing her face with a paper towel. We can't see her features too well until she stands and turns.

A huge red welt on the side of her face is already turning purplish. The corner of her mouth is cut and blood trickles down her lip.

The bathroom door opens and a FEMALE DEPUTY enters. She looks at the injured woman.

FEMALE DEPUTY

Suzanne, what on earth happened to you?

SUZANNE

Oh...I...ran into a door. Just clumsy I guess.

The woman nods with concern, but obviously doesn't believe the story. Suzanne mops the blood from her face and turns back to the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

Vern sits at a microfilm reader scanning through old newspaper articles. He stops on one featuring a picture of Morgan, a grisly crime scene and the headline, "FBI Agent And Family Killed In Shoot-out -- Partner Arrested." He scans the article and moves onto another. This time the headline reads, "FBI Agent Steals Millions From Mob, Money Never Recovered."

Vern writes down several notes on a pad.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

The Deptulas' Winnebago trundles down the highway.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Mom sits in-between Dad and Coffer on a small jump seat.

MOM

You know, whenever we meet new friends
we like to get to know them a little
better.

DAD

(nervous)
Maybe she doesn't want to talk.

MOM

Nonsense, I'm Marge and this is Bill.
These are the kids, Mary and Joseph.
And you are...

COFFER

...Getting pissed.

MOM

(whisper)
There's a bathroom in the back if
you have to relieve yourself.

Coffer shrugs off Mom and concentrates on the road ahead.

MOM (CONT'D)

So, have you accepted Jesus Christ
as your personal savior?

Coffer turns and gives her a hard look.

COFFER

Fuck no.

Mom's eyes go wide with shock and indignation. She regains
her composure and looks down her nose at Coffer.

MOM

Well, we don't use that word in this
family.

Coffer growls and looks at Mom with eyes that could kill.
Dad tries to lighten up the mood.

DAD

Sooooo, what are you doing out here?

COFFER

I'm searching for a man named Morgan Taylor.

MOM

You know, little miss potty mouth, there is still a chance to save your soul.

DAD

(tense)

Marge, please...

Mom gets down on her knees.

MOM

I'm going to pray for you right here, right now.

Mom begins praying.

MOM (CONT'D)

Dear Lord. Pray for this sinner that she might find the true and righteous path to the divinity that is your light.

Coffer studies the woman as a weathered Kid Brother emerges from the bathroom.

MOM (CONT'D)

You'll thank me for this when yours is the kingdom of heaven.

Coffer turns to face Mom and her face morphs. The hard features of the sexy and evil biker grow ominous and demonic. Her eyes become blood red and slime covered fangs fill her mouth.

Mom, Sis and Kid Brother reel at the sight. Kid brother does a cowardly lion run down the RV and dives back into the john.

COFFER

(voice from hell)

No. I won't.

Mom goes rigid with fear and is unable to speak. Her hair turns white before our eyes.

Dad swerves the Winnebago and hits the brakes. Sis runs back to a fold-out couch and cowers as the camper lurches to a stop.

Slowly Coffer morphs back to her old appearance. She walks to the back of the Winnebago and breaks the lock on the bathroom door bolting Kid Brother inside. She then kicks the fold-out couch up trapping Sis.

Coffer walks to the front of the camper and sits with one leg draped over the arm rest.

COFFER (CONT'D)
Drive where I tell you to and no
praying.

Mom is frozen in place. Dad nods fearfully and gets the Winnebago moving.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Winnebago moves down the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HOLDING CELL - DAY

The cell is small and dark. A lone light illuminates only half the area.

The door opens and Morgan is shoved inside by an unseen Deputy. The door closes and locks behind him.

VERN (O.S.)
Sit down...

Morgan startles and looks up. Out of the darkness Vern leans into view.

VERN (CONT'D)
(firm)
I said sit down.

Morgan sits.

Vern leans up and twists the on knob on an intercom box attached to the wall. Patsy Cline's "I Fall To Pieces" begins playing.

Vern turns to Morgan and mashes out a cigar.

VERN (CONT'D)
Who are you?

MORGAN
Morgan Taylor.

VERN
You think I have a good sense of
humor?

Morgan sizes up the hulking Sheriff.

MORGAN
From the looks of you - no.

VERN

So, why is it you're trying to make me laugh? You think I need a good laugh?

MORGAN

Is this going somewhere?

Vern drops a file on the table and slides it to Morgan.

VERN

Morgan Taylor is dead. He's been dead for fifty years.

Morgan now sees where this is heading.

MORGAN

I'm a different Morgan Taylor.

Vern opens the file to reveal a faxed photo of Morgan. In the photo Morgan looks pretty much the same although he seems to possess an aura of optimism now absent in the present Morgan.

VERN

Why is it you look just like the dead Morgan Taylor?

Vern taps his fingers ominously. Morgan hesitates.

MORGAN

Listen, I'm going to tell you something. I know you won't believe it, but you have to.

Vern grows angry and grabs Morgan by the jacket then shoves him to the floor.

VERN

No, you listen. Here's a story. Tell me how good it is. 1955, a piece of shit FBI jerk-off, scams the mob for three million bucks in casino money. He grabs his wife and kid and takes off with the cash. He ends up in this shit-fly town when his former partner finds and kills the FBI jerk-off and his whole family. How am I doin'?

Vern picks Morgan up and shoves him face down on the table.

VERN (CONT'D)

Only problem is the money is never found. Now is that any way to end a story?

Vern twists Morgan's arm around until it's bent to an impossible angle.

VERN (CONT'D)

You don't know how this one ends, do you? The former partner does twenty on a murder rap, gets out of jail, moves to the shit-fly town and starts digging holes.

Vern gets his billy club in hand and swings it hard against Morgan's back. Morgan winces in pain.

VERN (CONT'D)

I don't know how you're back here or how you got mixed up with my wife...

Morgan looks at Vern with stunned surprise -- Suzanne's his wife?

VERN (CONT'D)

...but I want to know where the money is.

Vern winds up to swing again as Patsy Cline warbles on.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne comes out of the woman's room and tries to look as inconspicuous as possible.

"I Fall To Pieces" blares in the hallway. She looks at the intercom speaker curiously.

The men's bathroom door opens and Deputy Reese emerges. He sees Suzanne's curious look.

DEPUTY REESE

As long as that music's playing, Vern's gonna be beating your boyfriend.

Suzanne looks a bit confused.

SUZANNE

He's not my boyfriend.

The Deputy walks on ambivalent.

DEPUTY REESE

Whatever.

Suzanne looks around the halls and heads towards an exit.

She passes a booking desk keeping her eyes on the exit and hoping to go unnoticed. A BOOKING SERGEANT and one of the Deputies we've already met are locked in conversation.

BOOKING SERGEANT

...Shot the hell out of the Backwoods Cafe, but they took him down. He was one tough bastard. They must have fired a couple of hundred rounds just to drop him.

DEPUTY

Probably on that angel dust stuff.

BOOKING SERGEANT

I don't know. The Coroner's got him downstairs. They'll run a few tests on what's left of him.

DEPUTY

Well, I'm betting angel dust...

Suzanne can make the door, but stops. She turns and hesitates, fear and concern on her face. Mustering her courage she heads back into the station to face the demons within.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BASEMENT MORGUE - DAY

The basement morgue is a drab affair with stained white walls, a bank of refrigerated body vaults and a silver examination table in the room's center.

The CORONER, an overweight man with feminine features, hovers over a large body bag. His ASSISTANT prepares to open the bag while reading the arrest/incident report.

ASSISTANT

...Over two hundred rounds to bring him down. Damn! This guy I gotta see.

CORONER

Slow down. All that gunfire, it isn't gonna be pretty.

A gentle SAWING sound catches their attention. Both men turn to see the tip of a huge bowie knife slicing open the body bag -- from the inside.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be...

The Assistant panics and backs away. The Coroner leans over the body bag to study the phenomenon unfolding before him.

ASSISTANT

Are you sure he was dead?

With that Grayl sits upright and grabs the stunned Coroner by the throat.

GRAYL

I'm not only dead...I'm angry.

Grayl crushes the Coroner's throat and tosses the lifeless man to the side.

Pulling himself from the body bag he jumps to the floor as hundreds of lead bullet rounds CLATTER to the floor around him.

Grayl notices his whip and guns are missing. He shakes his head. Someone's gonna get an ass whipping. Grayl lights up a stogie and leaves.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vern winds up and smashes a handcuffed Morgan in the knees with his club. We hear the bones crack as Morgan winces with pain.

VERN

The three million. Where is it?

MORGAN

(through the pain)

You don't want it...

Vern pulls Morgan by the hair and yanks his face up.

VERN

Don't tell me what I want. I know Jimmy Stevens never found it 'cause the stupid sonofabitch digs a different hole every day looking for it. Now, where is it?

Off in the distance the sound of GUNFIRE and mayhem resonates. Vern is about to swing again when the holding cell room door swings open.

DEPUTY REESE

Vern...we got trouble...

(he sees Morgan)

Jesus...oh God, what are you doing to him?

The GUNFIRE is getting louder. Vern points his club at Reese.

VERN

What is it?

DEPUTY REESE

The cowboy from the diner.

(MORE)

DEPUTY REESE (CONT'D)

He was shot a million times. We
thought he was dead...

Morgan looks up through his blood soaked eyes.

MORGAN

He is...

Vern looks at Morgan then back to Reese.

VERN

(to Reese)

Go get the automatics out of the
lock-up. Call over to County and get
some reinforcements.

Deputy Reese nods and closes the door. Vern clips a second
handcuff around Morgan's wrists and secures him to a thick
iron pipe running along the wall.

VERN (CONT'D)

Don't go anywhere.

With that Vern leaves the room to hunt for Grayl.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Grayl marches down the hall as DEPUTIES try to bring him
down. The hulking cowboy smashes his fist into a glass case
and pulls out two shotguns. He fires back with lethal results.

He keeps walking and shooting and killing.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HALL - DAY

Suzanne runs terrified down the hall. She spots the holding
cell room and heads for it.

INT. HOLDING CELL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan starts wiggling and yanking more frantically than
ever before. The shackles still won't give. Then Morgan stops,
goes very still. He steels his face and does it...

He pulls with all his strength on the wrist snagged by a
cuff, trying to pull it through the hole -- it seems
impossible, the hole is way too small.

Blood runs down his arms as the cuffs begin to cut deep
until...CRACK! Morgan WAILS IN PAIN as his wrist snaps!

Suzanne opens the door to the holding cell room just as bone
explodes from Morgan's wrist and hand. The flesh hangs limp
for a moment like wet spaghetti.

SUZANNE

Oh my God...

Morgan pulls what's left of the hand through the cuff hole and the loose shackle slides to the floor.

Suzanne witnesses the quick and miraculous healing process.

MORGAN

We need to get out of here.

SUZANNE

Warn me the next time you're going to do that. It's so gross.

Suzanne and Morgan take off running.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Patsy Cline still plays on the intercom system.

Grayl, walking fast and steady, comes out of the property room. A DEPUTY hangs from the ceiling as Grayl spins his twin Remington outlaws and slips them in his belt. He whistles a note and his snake/whip slithers up under his coat.

Walking on, he comes to several well armed deputies.

DEPUTY

That's far enough, cowboy.

Grayl cracks open the chamber of his Remington outlaw six shooter to load it with special bullets. He reaches to his ammo belt and pulls out the last of his live bullets. He loads his pistol.

GRAYL

In front of all these lawmen...better make it self-defense.

Grayl takes a bullet and we see that this is no ordinary round. In fact, we have never seen a bullet like this. It's alive.

The bullet is slippery and oozes red blood. It wiggles slightly between Grayl's fingers. He slides it into the six-shooter's chamber. Then plucks a second bullet of the same disgusting type.

Grayl completes loading the gun and snaps it shut.

GRAYL (CONT'D)

Ready when you are.

One of the braver Deputies dares to draw first.

BOOM!

The bullet shoots out of Grayl's Remington and hits the Deputy square in his bullet proof vest staggering him back a few steps.

The bullet bounces off the vest and hangs in the air a split second...

Then it dive bombs the helpless Deputy again and again until it penetrates a soft spot under his arm. The Deputy reels in pain.

The bullet bursts out through his neck. Then dive bombs his arm and comes out a leg.

The second Deputy pulls his service revolver and shakily points it at Grayl.

Grayl blows a sharp two note whistle and the smart bullet turns on the second Deputy. It strikes the man in the head and returns for a few passes through the body.

The bullet then returns to the first sergeant and begins alternating passes between both cops. In and out, in and out with blinding speed then POP.

The bullet buries itself deep inside the first Deputy's brain and dies. The cop falls like a dead tree. Moments later deputy #2 drops next to him.

Grayl is greeted by more armed Deputies.

POW! POW! POW! POW! Grayl is merely staggered by the bullets.

He EMPTIES his Remington and the cops are riddled by the live bullets.

Grayl reloads and keeps walking down the hallway.

GRAYL (CONT'D)

Morgannnnnnn! Morgannnnnnn! Time to
come home.

Grayl kicks in the nearby door leading to the Sheriff's office and enters. Morgan and Suzanne watch him from across the main room.

Morgan tugs Suzanne by the arm as they make a break for the back door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Morgan and Suzanne race out of the Sheriff's station.

Suzanne pulls Morgan past several squad cars to a decked out pick-up truck with all the trimmings. She hops in the cab. Morgan runs to the passenger side.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Morgan climbs inside.

MORGAN
Why this one?

Suzanne pulls a key from her purse and holds it up.

SUZANNE
'Cause it's Vern's.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne starts the truck and backs it into a dumpster severely denting the back.

She drops it in gear and is off in a cloud of dust and gravel.

Grayl emerges from the Sheriff's station as the dust settles. He walks across the parking lot to a small barn with several horses.

Grabbing the fiercest black stallion by the mane, he hops atop bareback. He whips the horse over the fence, down and out across the wasteland.

The afternoon wind is the only sound as everything living in the building has been killed. Then the doors open and Vern staggers out. A bullet wound in his left shoulder has made him angry.

When he sees his prized pick-up missing we know it's gonna get ugly.

Vern walks to a squad car, hops in and drives away in the same direction Morgan and Suzanne went.

CUT TO:

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Morgan and Suzanne shoot down the afternoon blacktop. Suzanne seems to enjoy punishing the pick-up's engine as Morgan keeps an eye over his shoulder.

MORGAN
Maybe it's none of my businesses,
but how did you end up married to a
guy like that sheriff?

SUZANNE
Oh, Vern? I was a stupid kid.

MORGAN
How can you blame yourself?

SUZANNE

When I met him in high school he wasn't anything like that. He was sweet and treated me nice. After we got married he changed. He started drinking and staying out. Then he started hitting me.

MORGAN

Why did you stay with him?

SUZANNE

I tried to leave a lot of times. Never got past the driveway. I was too afraid of him. Then he started talking about having a kid. I couldn't bring a child into that...so I left. At least that's what I was doing when I hit you.

Morgan nods thoughtfully.

MORGAN

You deserve better.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEPTULAS' WINNEBAGO - DAY

The old family truckster keeps ambling down the road.

INT. DEPTULAS' WINNEBAGO - DAY

Coffer is still watching the road while Dad drives. Mom remains frozen with fear.

From behind, a fat HELLS ANGEL on a huge Harley begins to pass the Winnebago.

Coffer spots the ride in the side view mirror.

COFFER

It's about time.

She walks to the side door and flings it open. The wind from the rushing vehicle pulls the door from its hinges and sends it flying.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

The Hells Angel swerves to avoid the door as it flips along. The man looks right at Coffer and flips her the bird.

Coffer gets angry and...

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

...charges back into the RV. She grabs the wheel from Dad and swerves across the road sideswiping the motorcycle.

The Winnebago goes up on two wheels then...

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

...flips and slides along the thoroughfare. The sparks ignite the fuel and in seconds the whole vehicle is in flames.

As the RV comes to a stop, Coffey climbs out. She stands and surveys the damage then jumps down.

Coffey strides to the downed Hell's Angel who is barely conscious. She kicks the helpless man from the bike, picks it up, starts it and shoots away.

Off in the distance a pick-up appears on the horizon. As the vehicle draws closer we see it's Vern's truck carrying Morgan and Suzanne.

The truck pulls to a stop and Morgan jumps out. He runs to the tipped RV and looks in the windshield. Inside, she can see the Deptulas struggling against the smoke and growing flames.

Suzanne steps out of the pick-up.

MORGAN

Help me get them out.

SUZANNE

They'll be coming for you.

Morgan starts kicking the windshield, but nothing happens.

MORGAN

We've got to help them.

Morgan knows what he has to do. He takes off his jacket and climbs atop the RV and opens the door. Sharing a look at Suzanne he drops into the burning RV.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Morgan lands inside the RV, but can hardly see a thing. Flames from the back grow larger with each passing second. Morgan can hear Kid Brother struggling from inside the bathroom.

Morgan steps through the flames and pulls on the door. His arms catch fire. Although he can feel the searing pain he works at the door until it pops open.

Kid Brother staggers out almost unconscious from the smoke.

Morgan picks the boy up and runs through the flames. Mom is laying on the floor, still frozen in her same position. Sis is choking as Morgan sets Kid Brother next to her.

Morgan tries to kick out the windshield, but it holds fast. Outside Suzanne continues to kick as well.

Morgan looks at the burning back section of the RV and sees a tire jack and tire iron which have spilled onto the floor. As he crawls for the iron his body becomes engulfed in flames. Fighting the pain, he grabs the tire iron, stands and heads back to windshield.

Kid Brother's eyes go wide as the flaming man approaches the windshield and starts pounding. The glass cracks and Morgan uses his body to break it open.

He reaches in and pulls Mom, Dad and Sis and Kid Brother out.

Suzanne jumps to the family and helps pull them away.

SUZANNE

Did it hurt?

MORGAN

You can't even begin to imagine.

As they finish pulling the family away. The propane tanks behind the RV ignite and the ensuing fireball blows the RV to pieces.

Dad and Sis watch the family truckster go up in flames. Kid Brother can only watch Morgan as his charred flesh dries and flakes off revealing healthy pink flesh beneath.

DAD

I don't know how to thank you.

BROTHER

Are you some kind of super hero?

Morgan looks at the boy.

MORGAN

I'm not a hero.

BROTHER

What's your name?

SUZANNE

Morgan. We have to keep going.

DAD

Morgan? Morgan Taylor? You're the one that crazy biker was talking about.

Morgan is suddenly filled with uneasiness.

MORGAN
Where did she go?

DAD
(pointing)
She took off down that way.

Morgan looks at Suzanne.

SUZANNE
We better not stay much longer. She
might come back.

Morgan nods and they walk toward the pick-up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun is slipping below the horizon. Grayl, on horseback, emerges from the foothills and tears down the highway's shoulder. His face is hard and determined.

He mercilessly whips the pale horse to keep it galloping at full speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNSON CITY STREET - NIGHT

The pick-up rattles down the street toward the outskirts of Johnson City.

INT. PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN
What time is it?

SUZANNE
You've still got eight hours before
sunrise.

MORGAN
Why don't we stop at that motel.
Maybe you can catch some sleep.

INT. SANDMAN MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The paraplegic war veteran MANAGER sits at a low table watching a porn video on the TV. Behind him scanners pick up fire and police CHATTER regarding trouble at the police station.

Suzanne and Morgan enter. The Manager looks up to check the couple out.

SUZANNE

We need a room.

MANAGER

All we got is the bridal suite.
Fifteen bucks an hour.

Suzanne pulls out a wad of cash.

SUZANNE

We'll need it for the rest of the
night.

MANAGER

Whoa. You two must be newlyweds.

Morgan's eyes are riveted on the TV in amazement. On the
screen the porno actors are deep into their craft.

The Manager looks over to Morgan.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

You like the porno, huh?

Morgan reaches out and runs his hand over the TV glancing
around behind it.

MORGAN

Is that what this is? A porno?

SUZANNE

That's a TV. What's on it is porno.

Morgan notices the picture for the first time.

MORGAN

Oh, that. Yeah...well...

MANAGER

Naked channel's gonna cost you ten
bucks more.

SUZANNE

I don't think so.

The Manager hands Suzanne a room key. She pulls Morgan by
the hand as he continues to stare at the TV.

MANAGER

Good luck, Slick.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits on the bed lost in thought. Suzanne comes out of
the bathroom drying her face with a towel.

SUZANNE

You know I meant to ask you. If you were coming back to earth, from hell I mean, why didn't you come up someplace a little more exciting like Vegas or Miami Beach?

Morgan looks at her.

MORGAN

The path of least resistance.

SUZANNE

Huh?

MORGAN

It's easiest to come up in the place you went out. The path of least resistance.

SUZANNE

That's the only part of this whole thing that makes any sense.

A beat passes between them.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

So you...died...around here somewhere?

Morgan seems torn apart reliving the memory.

MORGAN

It was in a gas station not far from here. I was shot. Murdered by my partner.

SUZANNE

I'm sorry.

MORGAN

It was a long time ago.

Suzanne looks at Morgan with compassion. She puts her hand up to Morgan's cheek. She flinches at the touch.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Cold.

SUZANNE

It's fine.

She pulls close and gives him an affectionate kiss on the cheek. A moment passes between them and Morgan pulls away.

MORGAN

You should try and get some sleep.

Morgan stands and heads for the bathroom. Suzanne stares after him for a few beats, then curls up on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Morgan pours a last bucket of ice into the bathtub filled with ice water. He eases himself in, leans back and closes his eyes.

DREAM SEQUENCE

In quick cuts we see flashes of scenes from the Shell Gas Station where Morgan came up through the floor -- the only difference is now it's 1955 and everything is newer and cleaner.

Morgan and his family pull into the gas station. Morgan seems nervous and haggard.

Stepping from his station wagon, we see Morgan's hands and clothes are dirty.

Stretching his arms upward, we glimpse a gun inside Morgan's suit jacket.

His CHILD stirs from sleep in the back seat.

A smiling ATTENDANT points Morgan to a bathroom in the back of the station.

Morgan shields his face from headlights that whiz by on the highway.

Morgan pushes open the bathroom door.

Morgan's WIFE stirs uncomfortably in her seat as headlights from a car hit her eyes.

Washing his hands, Morgan brushes away dirt on his pants.

The Attendant finishes filling Morgan's gas tank and goes back inside the station.

CLOSE on a pair of Men's legs as they step out of a car and walk towards Morgan's car.

Morgan looks at his reflection in the mirror. He looks tired with dark circles under his eyes.

A burly MAN in a government issue suit similar to Morgan's, pulls open Morgan's wife's car door.

She startles awake.

A moment of recognition comes across her face -- she knows the Man. Recognition turns to fear and bewilderment as she sees a tommy gun in the man's hand.

The Child wakes up and begins SCREAMING.

The Man goes to the rear of the station wagon and begins pulling everything out as if he's searching for something.

The Wife opens the glove compartment revealing a gun.

The Man finishes with the station wagon and heads toward the gas station bathroom.

The wife steps out of the car and raises the gun at the man. She fires and the shot goes wide.

In the bathroom, Morgan runs water in the sink. GUNSHOTS catch his attention.

In a panic, the Man opens fire spraying the car with bullets. Glass breaks and metal pops.

Morgan races out of the bathroom while pulling a gun from a shoulder holster.

Coming around the corner, Morgan sees his wife dead on the ground and his child slumped in his seat. The back is open and its contents spread all over the gas station lot.

The MAN steps out from behind a tire rack.

Morgan fires his gun at the Man hitting a metal pipe near his head.

Morgan tries to duck behind a soda machine, but gets hit in the leg.

Morgan fires back hitting the man in the arm.

The Man moves toward Morgan and yells something we don't hear.

Morgan drags himself into the bathroom. He pulls himself up on the sink.

The bathroom door explodes open with a fierce kick.

A barrage of bullets hit Morgan. His body jerks with every hit.

Dusty puffs of plaster and tile explode from the wall with each bullet impact.

Morgan slumps to the bathroom floor in a pool of his own blood gasping for air.

The Man steps over and begins going through Morgan's pockets searching for something.

The gasping stops and Morgan lies still.

DREAM SEQUENCE END

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Morgan startles awake. He sits up looking around panicked for an instant. The ice bath has melted considerably.

He breathes deeply.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Grayl steps off the horse and looks up and down the road.

Bending down, he lifts a handful of soil, smells it, then runs it through his fingers. A knowing smile crosses his face.

GRAYL
Close, real close.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Suzanne sleeps deeply, bathed in the blue glow of the television.

A light goes out in the bathroom and Morgan steps into the room. He walks over to Suzanne and studies her longingly for a moment.

Kneeling beside her, he lightly plants a kiss on her cheek. He then stands, goes to the door and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

The MANAGER sits at a table watching a different porn video on the TV.

Morgan walks past the office towards the front door.

MANAGER
Hey, here comes Romeo.

Morgan looks at the Manager quizzically as he exits.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Stepping out, Morgan looks at the highway.

COFFER (O.S.)
Time to go back.

Morgan turns to see Coffe inhaled a cigarette. The BUZZING neon sign above casts a green pall over the biker.

MORGAN
That's not gonna happen.

Coffe flings her arms down. Two tattoos of sawed-off shotguns slide down her skin and become real in her hands.

KABOOM! KABOOM!

The window behind Morgan explodes.

The Manager wheels outside, reaches under his wheelchair and comes up with his own shotgun.

MANAGER
Damn road trash.

The wheelchair bound man rolls toward the biker. He moves the control gear and the electric wheel chair pivots until he's facing Coffe.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
You shot my windows.

COFFER
I did? Gee, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

MANAGER
Yeah...well, what are you gonna do about it?

Coffe points her two shotguns and blasts the manager.

COFFER
Aim better.

The wheelchair and occupant are blasted to dust.

Morgan runs toward the highway as Coffe follows. She fires, hitting the thick high tension cable that runs up to the motel's neon sign.

Morgan's eyes go to the tall neon sign and the thick electrical cable sputtering on the ground. The open end CRACKLES with white hot power.

Diving for the cable, Morgan holds it up.

He turns to see Coffe standing over him.

COFFER (CONT'D)

I haven't had this much fun since
Altamont.

Morgan shoves the high tension power line in Coffe's ever yapping mouth. The biker's eyes light up with 200,000 volts of electricity.

The biker begins to sizzle and crisp. Morgan runs toward the motel.

Coffe pulls the electrical cable out of her mouth and the charge subsides. She shakes her head to clear it as her features slowly come back into shape.

She looks toward the motel and strides over to it.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morgan runs down a corridor of the motel trying doors. The screeching laughter of Coffe echoes just behind him.

He runs out of hallway just as Coffe tops the stairs.

Morgan tries the last door. It's locked. He kicks wildly until it breaks open.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A young couple is going at it on the bed with loud heavy metal MUSIC playing as Morgan bursts in. He runs to the far window. The GUY sits up in bed.

GUY

Get the fuck out of here!

The naked GAL sits up and tries to cover herself.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coffe strides down the hallway. As she comes to a closed door, she kicks out her left foot and breaks the door in.

COFFER

Here I come, Fuckball.

Looking ahead, Coffe notices the open door and heads for it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan throws open the curtains to the back window. The window has bars attached to it. He searches furtively for another way out of the room.

Morgan runs into the bathroom as Coffe bursts through the doorway.

The Guy on the bed is trying to jam his jeans on as Coffe leers at the naked Gal in bed.

COFFER

Nice tits.

The guy pulls a knife out of his pants pocket and lunges at Coffe.

Coffe lifts her left leg and places her stiletto heel against his throat. The razor tipped heel draws a trickle of blood.

COFFER (CONT'D)

You don't wanna fuck with me. I'm having a bad hair day.

The Guy drops his knife, grabs his shirt and takes off running leaving the naked Gal behind.

Coffe walks toward the bathroom and knocks on the door.

COFFER (CONT'D)

You gonna be all day in there?

A pitbull head is tattooed on the back of each of Coffe's hands. Slowly Coffe's fists morph into the vicious snarling pitbull heads.

COFFER (CONT'D)

Sic 'em boys.

Coffe attacks the door with her pitbull fists. The animals chew through the cheap wood fiercely.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan pulls back the curtain to the small window above the shower. He punches the glass, breaking it out.

The bathroom door begins to crumble as the pitbull fists begin to break through.

COFFER

It looks like you're heading from one shit house to another.

Coffe breaks through and advances as Morgan scrambles through the window. It's a tight fit, but Morgan pulls himself through.

EXT. REAR OF MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Morgan falls to the ground some three floors below and rolls to a nearby dumpster.

A second later, Coffe comes diving through the window her pitbull fists snapping. As she freefalls downward, Morgan swings open a spiked gate to escape. The gate swings into Coffe's way and she drops hard on the spiked rods.

The pitbulls howl in pain.

Coffe slides halfway down the gate and comes to a stop deeply impaled on the spikes. She struggles to get out.

Morgan takes a quick look at her.

COFFER

You goddamned half-a-fuck.

Morgan scrambles back to Coffe and tears open the calf of her leather pants. He rips the tattoo of a spiked mace off her flesh.

The mace becomes real in his hands. Morgan stands over her unsure what to do.

COFFER (CONT'D)

(taunting)

Go ahead you fucking pussy. You ain't got the balls. I'm gonna get off this thing and kill you and your little slut friend...

Morgan grips the mace handle tight and swings. The iron ball SCREAMS through the air. Coffe SCREAMS in fear.

THWACK!

The mace impacts Coffe's face dead center. The biker fights, but to no avail as dozens of eight inch spikes penetrate her skull.

Coffe gives him a blank look.

The ground beneath the biker opens up into a black cauldron of swirling liquid. Sulfurous steam and smoke belch from the hole.

Coffe seems to melt off the iron gate and ooze into the void. Her anguished wail is lost as the ground reseals instantly.

Morgan looks over and sees Suzanne at the end of the alley.

SUZANNE

Nice people you hang with.

Morgan moves past the iron gate and goes to Suzanne.

Morgan climbs in the pick-up and Suzanne peels out of the parking lot.

INT. VERN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne looks over at the obviously distressed Morgan.

SUZANNE

Looks like you can't stay in one place for more than a few seconds without getting into trouble.

Morgan pulls the torn phone book page from his jacket.

MORGAN

Take me to 130 Hertford Street.

SUZANNE

Why? You have an appointment you need to keep?

MORGAN

JUST DO IT!

Suzanne reels a bit from Morgan's blow-up. She starts driving in silence.

Morgan looks hard at her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that. I've had a bad day...shit, I've had a bad fifty years.

Suzanne looks at Morgan, but drives on in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMSHACKLE MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

Vern's pick-up pulls up in front of a ramshackle mobile home.

SUZANNE

What are we doing here?

Morgan exits the truck, goes to the mobile home and enters. Suzanne follows.

INT. MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

The decrepit home is littered with years of trash and dozens of shovels and pick axes. Morgan walks through the home. Suzanne enters.

SUZANNE

Morgan, do you know someone that lives here?

Morgan ignores her and steps out the back door.

EXT. BEHIND MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

In the moonlight Morgan can see thousands of holes, all of varying depths are dug up as far as the eye can see.

Morgan walks through the field toward a glowing lantern. He picks up a pick-ax.

ANGLE ON

A weathered and sun-beaten OLD MAN (JIMMY STEVENS) stands waist high in a dirt hole. Although he's tired beyond sleep, the man digs feverishly.

As his shovel strikes the earth, two shadows, cast by his lantern, fall in his path.

The Man looks up but can't make out the face of his visitors.

MORGAN

Hello, Jimmy.

Jimmy lifts the lantern and illuminates Morgan's face. Suzanne is just behind him. Jimmy drops the lantern and backs away in fear.

JIMMY

Who are you...

A terrified realization comes over Jimmy's face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're a ghost. You're not real. Get out of here. Go on get.

MORGAN

I'm real. This isn't a dream.

Morgan looks around.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You've been busy, Jimmy. Did you lose something?

SUZANNE

You two know each other?

JIMMY

You're dead. I know you're dead. I saw you dead.

MORGAN

Right on all three counts. But here I am.

Morgan picks up the shovel as Jimmy crawls forward on his knees.

JIMMY

It isn't possible. It can't be you.

Morgan starts to walk around the field. He looks in the occasional hole.

MORGAN

Not having much luck, partner?

Jimmy holds out his hands to Morgan.

JIMMY

Where is it? Where did you hide it?

MORGAN

(facetious)

I don't remember. It's been over fifty years.

Morgan passes the shovel from hand to hand. Jimmy cowers.

JIMMY

What do you want with me? I don't have the money. I never found it.

MORGAN

You took something from me that the money will never replace.

JIMMY

That was an accident. It was your fault.

MORGAN

I know.

Morgan looks with disdain at Jimmy then out at the field of holes.

Morgan takes Suzanne by the hand and leads her away.

JIMMY

Am I close? Am I even close?

MORGAN

(without looking back)

Very.

Jimmy smiles and begins digging another hole. After a few shovels full of soil he stops, slumps against the shovel and cries.

JIMMY

Morgan...

Morgan and Suzanne continue walking away without speaking.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Am I in hell?

Morgan smiles to himself as he and Suzanne climb into the pick-up.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Morgan seems a bit happier than before. He almost wants to laugh.

SUZANNE

So? Are you going to tell me who that was?

MORGAN

My partner. Jimmy Stevens.

SUZANNE

I've seen him around. All he does is dig holes. Everywhere.

MORGAN

A long time ago Jimmy and I were FBI agents. Partners. We were working the mob in Chicago and came across \$3 million in unmarked cash. We stashed the loot and tried to keep a low profile.

SUZANNE

But Jimmy crossed you?

MORGAN

No, I crossed him. One night I got my wife and son in the car, took the cash and headed out to Mexico, but not before I ratted Jimmy to the bureau. We made it about this far when Jimmy tracked me down. He killed me and my family.

Suzanne looks at Morgan with pain and pity.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I came back to kill him.

SUZANNE

Why the sudden change of heart?

MORGAN

He's already dead.

They drive on in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

The modest church is filled with the sun's first rays streaming through the stained glass windows. Two dozen rows of pews are split by an aisle that leads to a wooden pulpit on a raised platform in the front.

An oversize cross dramatically fills the back wall.

The double doors open and two figures walk in -- Morgan and Suzanne. They head toward the front and look for the porthole but to no avail.

SUZANNE

Maybe it's too late. Maybe you've missed it.

MORGAN

It can't be too late. I've been through too much.

SUZANNE

We shouldn't have gone to Steven's house.

MORGAN

I had to do that.

Morgan slumps down in a pew in the center of the church as Suzanne sits next to him.

SUZANNE

What's it like...down there?

MORGAN

What do you think?

SUZANNE

I don't know...I never gave heaven and hell much thought until today. Something you hear about in Sunday school. Just words after a while.

MORGAN

I never believed in hell. I never thought I was going to die. Thought death was going to just skip over me.

Suzanne looks at Morgan and for the first time sees a scared person. Something in her empathizes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I guess I got what I deserved.

Morgan's eyes fill with tortured guilt.

He looks at Suzanne and a quiet smile overtakes him. Something that warms him in a way we haven't previously seen.

VERN (V.O.)

Well, here they are. Planning to tie the knot, Suzanne?

Suzanne spins to see Vern filling the doorway of the church.

SUZANNE

Vern!

Vern strides toward Suzanne.

VERN

You made it so goddamn easy to find you.

A warm glow rises behind Morgan. He half-turns. Behind the pulpit, a glowing white and silver door materializes. Its radiance is spectacular without being blinding.

The door swings open on a warm, golden luminescence. Morgan stares at the sight with awe and wonder.

VERN (CONT'D)

You and your boyfriend there practically destroyed everything in town. Morgan.

MORGAN

Suzanne...this is it. This is my chance to get away.

Morgan looks back as Vern grabs Suzanne roughly by the arm and pulls her close.

VERN

You're not going anywhere until you tell me where the money is.

Suzanne struggles to get away.

SUZANNE

Get away from me.

VERN

(mock surprise)

Why, Suzanne, you're my wife. In this state that means you're my property.

Vern slaps Suzanne.

VERN (CONT'D)

Show me where the money is Morgan
and I'll let her go.

Morgan looks at Suzanne and then looks back at the doorway.

Decision time.

SUZANNE

Go, Morgan. Don't miss your chance.

Vern pulls out his gun and points it at Suzanne's head.

VERN

Tell me where the money is or I'll
blow her head off and call it self
defense.

Morgan steps away from the doorway and charges after Vern.

MORGAN

Let her go.

SUZANNE

Don't, Morgan.

Morgan impacts Vern with all his weight. Vern is knocked
into the last pew.

Vern slowly stands.

VERN

You wanna go a round with me? I'll
poke out your eyes and skull fuck
you till you're dead.

The huge sheriff advances toward Morgan throwing a fist.

The two men throw vicious punches, pummeling each other.
Vern grabs Morgan and throws him over several pews. Morgan
pops up throwing bibles. Vern is smacked in the head by the
Old Testament only making him angrier. He charges at Morgan
knocking him onto the pulpit.

Vern throws a fist at Morgan's head, but Morgan catches it
in his palm.

The glow of the doorway radiates just a few inches away behind
Morgan's head.

Morgan gets his foot up underneath Vern's gut and pivots the
hulking cop over his body and directly into the glowing
portal.

Vern looks around suddenly aware he is in a different place. He tries to exit the doorway, but is trapped within.

Suzanne becomes aware of the porthole as it is now visible to the living and the dead.

The doorway changes from a glowing angelic presence to a blood red pit. Tortured CRIES of anguish emanate from within. Acrid smoke and heat belch forth.

Morgan studies the opening with horror.

From within the gateway to hell the ground beneath Vern's feet turns to liquid. Vern begins to sink.

The black ooze swirls as Vern is whipped around and around and around in a whirlpool of death.

Suzanne almost wretches from the sight.

SUZANNE

Oh, God. Oh my, God.

Morgan goes to her and holds her in his arms.

MORGAN

God had nothing to do with that.

GRAYL (O.S.)

You're catching on now.

Morgan looks up to see Grayl sitting in the rear pew with his hands behind his head and his feet up on the seatback in front of him.

GRAYL (CONT'D)

The Devil is full of tricks like that. Plant a rumor about a gateway to heaven and everyone of you runners ends up back where you belong. Ain't you figured it out yet, boy? There ain't no heaven for you. Just hell and hell on Earth.

MORGAN

I don't believe that. There's gotta be a way.

GRAYL

Nobody's found one yet.

Morgan looks to a side exit and then back at Grayl.

The bounty hunter lifts his boot and kicks over the last pew which falls forward. Like a set of dominoes the pews all fall forward until they block the side exit.

GRAYL (CONT'D)

No way out.

Grayl slowly walks down the center aisle toward Morgan.

SUZANNE

Morgan, when the Lord closes a door
he opens a window.

Morgan understands. He grabs Suzanne's hand and the two take off running across the pulpit. They run directly at the huge stained glass window and...

SMASH!

Morgan shields Suzanne as they jump through the window together.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Morgan and Suzanne roll to a stop and sit up. A nine inch section of glass protrudes from his neck. Suzanne blanches.

SUZANNE

I know you're dead, but can't you do
something about that?

Morgan pulls the glass from his neck and drops it.

MORGAN

Come on.

They jump up and take off running up a hill behind the church.

Grayl steps out of the church and sweeps back his duster. He checks for his live bullets, but he's out. Morgan and Suzanne disappear over the top of the hill.

GRAYL

I'm getting tired of chasing you.

EXT. SWEETWATER AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Suzanne run down the hill toward the airfield.

The Sweetwater airfield consists of several out buildings surrounded by dozens of dilapidated and rusting planes. A water tower sits at the far end of the runway.

ON GRAYL

Standing on the hill overlooking the airfield.

He reaches down and yanks the spurs off of his boots. These spurs are a horse's nightmare -- serrated razor sharp wheels spinning to a blur. Grayl blows on them and they begin to glow white hot.

Grayl sets the two spurs on the ground and they begin to chew up the hillside. He lets them go and the spurs take off after Morgan. Anything that gets in their way is shredded.

Morgan and Suzanne see the spurs tearing up ground toward them.

Suzanne pulls Morgan behind an old bi-plane as the spurs embed in the metal. They fight against the steel showering Morgan and Suzanne with white hot sparks. Slowly the spurs run out of steam and seize up.

SUZANNE

Doesn't he ever give up?

MORGAN

Not for an eternity.

Suzanne notices an old crop dusting plane near the end of the runway.

SUZANNE

You could fly out of here.

MORGAN

How did you know I could fly?

SUZANNE

World War II, right? That photo in your wallet.

MORGAN

I'll need some time to get it going.

Suzanne pulls Morgan toward an open hangar.

ON GRAYL

marching down the hillside. He approaches the old bi-plane, pulls out his spurs and snaps them on his boot

INT. MAINTENANCE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Grayl strides into the hangar and sees Morgan silhouetted in the open doorway on the far side.

GRAYL

Looks like you came to your senses.

MORGAN

You don't have to do this. You could forget about me.

GRAYL

That would make me no better than you. A weak pathetic soul...I can't believe you made it this far.

MORGAN

You're a sad creature, Grayl.

GRAYL

And you're an asshole, Morgan.

Suddenly flames leap over Grayl's shoulder and lick his face. He is quickly engulfed in a pyre of flames.

Behind him we see Suzanne holding a still lit acetylene torch. She drops the tank and joins Morgan running out of the hangar.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Suzanne run to the crop duster and wheel it around onto the runway.

Morgan climbs inside.

MORGAN

It needs fuel.

Suzanne spots a fuel truck parked close by and runs for it.

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Grayl, still burning, staggers out of the hanger and towards the runway. The bounty hunter pulls out his shotgun and blasts a support leg of the elevated wooden water tower.

The tower teeters and falls directly on Grayl squashing him like a bug. A fountain of steam rises up where Grayl once stood as water runs over his smoldering body.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The fuel truck is sits next to the crop-duster. Suzanne pumps fuel into the small plane.

SUZANNE

Do you think you can fly this thing?

MORGAN

Considering the alternative, yes.

Morgan taps the fuel gage and it reads half full.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

That's enough.

Suzanne disconnects the fuel hose and climbs into the fuel truck to drive it out of the way. The plane's engine CRANKS to life.

From out of nowhere, Grayl's serpentine bullwhip unfurls. The scaly creature wraps around Morgan's neck and yanks him out of his seat.

GRAYL

You never had a chance in hell of getting away.

MORGAN

(choking)

Fuck you.

Grayl snaps the whip bringing Morgan to his knees.

Grayl reaches back to his belt and comes up with a horrific branding iron. Long and black with the white hot shape of a grinning devil on the end, it smolders. The devils mouth opens to reveal long prongs for fangs. Molten steel drips from the mouth.

The fangs come out of the branding iron's mouth and begin to split and then split again forming multiple fangs.

Morgan struggles against the bullwhip as the fangs move past his face and embed in the plane behind him. Morgan is caged in.

Sweat trickles down Morgan's forehead as he stares down the mouth of the branding iron. From deep within the devil's mouth a long forked tongue begins to slither toward him.

GRAYL

See you downstairs.

The tongue weaves and circles and then heads directly for Morgan's mouth.

THWACK!

Grayl stiffens and pulls a nail out of back of his head. he turns to see Suzanne holding a nailgun.

She walks toward Grayl.

SUZANNE

You're not taking him back.

Suzanne looks past Grayl to Morgan. Grayl takes a step toward Suzanne.

THWACK, THWACK, THWACK

She fires three more into his skull. Grayl yanks the branding iron out of the plane.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Morgan. Get going.

GRAYL

But it's too late for that.

Grayl pulls the nails from his face, but Suzanne keeps adding more.

SUZANNE

It's never too late, asshole.

Morgan is on his feet and moving.

Grayl takes two nails in the eyes. Temporarily blinded, Grayl swings the branding iron wildly slashing the ground. Where the iron hits the ground a wall of flame ten feet high rises up. Suzanne is trapped behind it.

Grayl's snake-whip jumps off the outlaw's belt and wraps around Morgan's feet. He falls inches from Suzanne's nail gun.

As Morgan struggles to reach it Grayl pins his head to the ground with his boot.

Grayl picks up the branding iron and again zeros in on Morgan's face.

Morgan reaches around for anything. He places his hands on his pocket and all he finds is a spoon -- a spoon from hell.

In a flash he brings the spoon up and jams it in Grayl's left eye. Instead of letting go he thrusts it deeper into the evil cowboy's brain.

For the first time we see Grayl in true pain.

He drops the branding iron and falls to his knees. With two hands he attempts to pull the spoon out as his body seems to rip apart.

A bright light shoots out from beneath Grayl's feet. The floor begins to liquefy.

The hunter is pulled back to hell with a suffering scream.

Morgan watches the spot where his former foe stood and then turns as the wall of flames dies out.

Suzanne runs to Morgan.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

It's over. You won.

MORGAN

It's never over.

SUZANNE

There were three bounty hunters. You killed them all.

Morgan stands back and drinks her in.

MORGAN

Suzanne...I...have to go.

Morgan climbs into the cockpit of the small plane. Suzanne moves to join him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I can't let you. I can't lose someone
I care about again...

Suzanne steps back from the plane with understanding.

SUZANNE

You think you'll find what you're
looking for?

MORGAN

If there are more people in this
world like you, then maybe I have
chance.

SUZANNE

Just my luck to meet a terrific guy
and he's trapped between heaven and
hell. Good luck wherever you're going
Morgan Taylor.

MORGAN

If this were some other time. Other
circumstances...

SUZANNE

We could've had some fun.

Suzanne starts to cry just a little. Morgan leans in and kisses Suzanne, reaches into a pocket of his suit and pulls out a faded piece of paper. He hands it to her.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

What's this?

MORGAN

It's the money. Just follow the map.

Tears well up in Suzanne's eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's all right, Suzanne. I'll see
you again.

Morgan fires up the engine and Suzanne steps back as the wind from the prop blows her hair. The plane taxis out onto the dirt runway.

Suzanne seems lost in her emotions when the sound of SIRENS breaks through to her.

Morgan throttles forward and shoots down the runway. In seconds he's airborne. He circles the airfield, dips his wing and heads off away from the sun.

Suzanne watches as Morgan flies into the horizon.

EXT. MORGAN'S PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan's plane flies away from the rising sun.

Behind him we see a small red dot growing larger as it approaches. The dot takes the shape of a WW I bright red tri-plane with distinctive black crosses.

At the stick, the RED BARON mans two horrendous looking machine guns.

He laughs hysterically.

FADE OUT