

LOVE LETTERS FROM THE COMPANY STORE PART II

RIOT

Written by

Ry Graves

EST/ EXT. CASTLE - DAY

BERLIN, 1945

INT. CASTLE - PRIVATE ROOM

Adolf Hitler stands in a private room with twomen. The two men are roughly the same height and age, around forty, dressed in black suits, black hats, black gloves and black overcoats. The only difference in the men is that one wears a small pair of round black, glasses and the other wears a pair of square, black glasses.

A young woman stands a few feet away. The young woman is wrapped in a white robe and looks drugged and tired. She All three men stare at her in shock. The woman smiles and speaks.

YOUNG WOMAN

Abnor, Abnor Barlow?

The man in the middle, wearing round glasses, nods in confusion. He looks at Adolf Hitler.

HITLER (TO YOUNG WOMAN)

Stop this! Stop this Now!

A now terrified Abnor looks back at the young woman.

YOUNG WOMAN

You'll live much longer than you should, but the joke will be on you.

EST/EXT DESERT SUNRISE - 2051

The sun begins to rise over the desert landscape.

TRAIN TRACKS

The first beam of new sun shines down on a man, AMOS THERIOT (THOROUGH) standing on the middle of a single set of train tracks with no shirt. Amos is dirty and his hair is messed up.

As the light hits Amos, he raises his hands to block the sun. Amos's hands are covered in shackles.

Amos lowers his hands and stares forward. A moment later Amos looks to his right.

A train engine with no cars begins barreling towards Amos from his right, minutes from hitting him.

Amos stares forward again. Eventually, Amos looks to his left.

A train engine with no cars begins barreling towards Amos from the left, minutes from hitting him.

Amos stares forward again.

A hundred feet in front of Amos, the Soggins gang, a group of dirty hillbillies, holding riffles and drinking by three rusty pickup trucks, celebrates. The gang spits, screams, and laughs at Amos, shackled to the train tracks.

Amos continues to stand silently.

As the train engine on the right gets closer, the man driving the train, jumps out and rolls.

The man driving the train engine on the left does the same, but is dragged underneath of the engine and ripped in two.

A moment later, both train engines collide and explode into Amos.

The Soggins gang celebrates the fiery wreckage by cheering and firing their guns.

A moment later, one of the gang's smile turns to a frown as his eyes grow wide.

Out of the fiery wreckage walks Amos with singed pants.

Caught off guard, the Soggins Gang struggle as they run and jump in their pickup trucks.

Amos quickly approaches the pickup truck on the right and punches it.

#### DESERT ROAD

A white Ford Mustang with a blue racing stripe sits parked. There is an explosion in the distance in front of the Mustang.

After a moment, Amos runs from the explosion to where the Mustang is parked.

Amos retrieves a pile of clothes from the passenger seat of the Mustang and begins to change.

EST/EXT. EMPTY HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

The white mustang sails over a hill in the road as it does well over two hundred miles an hour.

Amos looks into the drivers side mirror of the mustang. Amos is now wearing a sombrero and a poncho. Amos wipes the last of the dirt off of his face and then he lights a cigar.

EST/EXT THE TOWN OF EL LOBO

The Mustang drives past a sign that says, Welcome To El Lobo down a dirt road into a small town that both looks modern and like it's from the 1890's. There are few cars. Hologram billboards change and malfunction above the town.

The Mustang pulls down the road to the edge of town. An old looking saloon named Tequila Mockingbird's with holograms all over it and music blasting from its inside sits on the edge. Beyond the saloon is a near waste land.

The Mustang parks and Amos exits. Amos enters the bar.

INT. TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD'S

As Amos ENTERS the double doors of the saloon, the crowd inside sees him. Everyone inside raises their glasses.

CROWD

The Riot!

Amos lowers his sombrero as he half smiles and walks to the bar.

As Amos sits down, the bartender, SAM, a plump man of sixty-three with a silver handlebar mustache, approaches. Sam wears a white collared shirt and a bowtie.

BARTENDER

Amos.

AMOS

Samson.

SAM

Hear the news?

AMOS

Nah, I've been tied up most of the morning.

Amos takes a piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to Sam.

Sam unfolds the piece of paper. The paper is a wanted poster for the Soggins Gang.

SAM

Dead, I'm guessing?

AMOS

That's a lot of folks to fit in my back seat.

Sam shakes his head and turns to a fax machine like device. He hits a few buttons and a database screen is projected above the screen.

The Soggins Gang is highlighted and the paper is fed into the machine. Sam types DEAD on the file and closes the database.

SAM

You know, you'd make more if you brought one back alive?

Amos looks at his hands and squeezes them.

AMOS

I don't have much of a say.

Sam grabs a bottle of whiskey and puts it on the bar.

Amos looks at the giant projected screen above the bar. A news woman on channel ninety-nine smiles next to a picture of a space craft.

NEWS WOMAN

A new Earth like planet has been discovered just outside our solar system. Scientists have named it 'Genesis' and B.G.I. has already...

AMOS

Holly shit.

SAM

Yep, glad you heard it here first. They say it's three times the size of Earth. Damn B.G.I. is already claiming the whole damn thing. How quickly the world forgets.

AMOS

Really, they can just do that?

SAM

Well, not exactly. They call it a twelve-year exploratory mission, but let's face it, these bastards can do whatever the hell they want. I don't think anybody's asked them a damn question since that weird shit back in the nineties.

Amos stares at the screen and smiles.

AMOS

Ain't that American of them. Still.

Sam looks up at the space launch and then at Amos.

SAM

Quit dreaming, kid. You'll never be a space monkey for the same reason I was never a surgeon.

Sam holds up his hands.

A confirmation noise and light sounds.

SAM (CONT'D)

Besides, you're doing just fine down here.

Sam hands Amos a stack of money. Amos takes a few bills off the top and leaves them on the bar before putting the rest under his poncho.

Amos rises from the bar and takes the bottle of whiskey. He looks at the Television again.

AMOS

Still...

SAM

If there's still Whiskey in that bottle come tomorrow, I'd sure appreciate it.

Amos slings the bottle over his shoulder and walks to the back.

AMOS

Tomorrow is an illusion, Sam. Today is all we got.

Amos sits at a table and de-corks his bottle. He slides a bill into a small machine on the table and hits B7.

A small hologram of a man and a piano appear on the table in front of him. The pianist sits down and plays 'Life on Mars' by David Bowie.

Amos takes a swig from the bottle and watches.

LATER

Amos slams an empty bottle down on the bar. The place is nearly closed and vacant.

AMOS

Sammy!

SAM

OK, that's enough for one night, slugger. Why don't you find a place to lay down?

Amos sways uncontrollably and stares past Sam. After a moment, he slams the bar repeatedly.

AMOS

Sammy!

SAM

You're done, boss. Everyone knows it but you.

Amos grows serious and angry.

AMOS

You know what I could do to you?

SAM

Hey, Fuck, you know what I could do to you right now?

Amos smiles

AMOS

Sammy!... I'm going for a drive.

SAM

Yeah, good luck with that.

Sam holds up Amos's keys.

AMOS

Ah shit! Fine, but I'm going for a walk then because that's what I always wanted.

Amos leans deep over the bar.

AMOS (CONT'D)

And you know what, Sam? Do you even know?

Amos steals a bottle from behind the bar and runs out the door.

EXT. TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRDS

Riot exits the double doors and trips down the stairs of the saloon, leading to him falling face down on the ground. He's disappointed until he sees that the bottle of liquor has survived.

Amos stumbles off down the road to nowhere while he drinks from his bottle.

ROAD TO NOWHERE

Amos stumbles along continuing to drink. Eventually, he reaches a burned-out property. He stands near a rusted mailbox on the road looking at the remains of the property.

Suddenly, a flash inside Amos's head produces the image of a bald, fat man covered in blood holding a revolver.

Amos cringes on the dark road. He goes to take another drink, but after looking at the property, he throws the bottle at the porch instead.

After another moment of stumble swaying, a voice comes from behind him.

MAC

Hey, Junior.

Amos turns around. As he turns, he is struck with a handful of mini marsh-mellows.

AMOS

Ah, shit!

Amos tries to throw a punch, but it falls, and a black sack is placed over him.

COUNTY JAIL

Amos sits at a table in hand cuffs looking sickly.



The sheriff, MAC, a tall man with mutton chops and a cowboy hat paces and reads a file.

AMOS

Mac, I didn't have another...

Mac, the sheriff, raises a finger without looking away from the file.

Eventually, Mac closes the file and sits down.

MAC

Honest question, you wanna die?

AMOS

I wanted to be drunk, but everybody keeps getting in my way.

MAC

Oh, now you want to be a drunk like your dead daddy?

The image of a bald, fat man covered in blood holding a revolver flashes in Amos's mind.

MAC (CONT'D)

First you want to be a thief, then a lawman, and now a dead, drunk murderer like your dead daddy?

AMOS

We both know you're the only one who can say that shit and I think we both know you better stop saying that shit.

MAC

Fine, fine. Straight to business.

Mac opens up the file and looks it over again.

MAC (CONT'D)

Two locomotives, huh? Well, if I were you, I would have killed two locomotive drivers, because one got away.

Mac shows Amos the picture in the file.

MAC (CONT'D)

And the first thing that man did when he reached any kind of civilization was to report the incident to B.G.I.

Amos looks sad and tries to smile.

AMOS

Think they remember me? I haven't gotten a Christmas Card in ages.

MAC

Goddamn, boy, are you fucking lucky you weren't born on the East coast back in the nineties. It was a fucking genocide for anyone that can do half of what you can. If they decide to investigate the lead, that's it.

AMOS

That bad, you think?

MAC

If they come, I can't save you.

AMOS

I never asked you to.

MAC

I know...

A flash of a small boy sitting inside of a Mustang appears in Mac's mind. The boy is crying and covered in blood.

MAC (CONT'D)

I know. Listen, I got you booked as a drunk so we could keep this on the low down. Just take a nap, just take a damn minute to think about your next move, please. When you've had your rest, you can leave. Things are already in your cell and the cars in the lot.

AMOS

You drove Sally? Mac grins deeply and nods.

CELL

Riot enters the cell. His poncho and sombrero wait on the bed. As he puts them on, Mac watches from the bar slits in the cell door.

MAC

Please, just a minute. For me.

Amos sits on the bed for a minute and stares at Mac.

AMOS

Am I free to go?

MAC

Yeah, fine. You're free to go. Just this time, will you please...

As Mac opens the cell door, Amos stands and punches the wall. The second punch knocks a hole through the wall. A few more punches make the wall big enough to exit through, Amos Exits.

MAC (CONT'D)

Use the door...

TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRDS UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

Riot is in bed with a prostitute. She pours tequila in his mouth as she rides him. After screaming and finishing, the prostitute rubs Amos's face.

PROSTITUTE

Was that good, Honey? Amos smiles and sweetly agrees.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

Good.

The Prostitute pulls a sawed-off shotgun from the nightstand and holds it to Amos's throat.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

This is for my brother, Christopher. Burn in hell, you motherfucker!

The prostitute empties both barrels into Amos's neck.

Amos violently shifts in the bed, but he is completely unharmed. The prostitute is utterly shocked.

Amos smiles, grabs the prostitutes hips and thrusts upward into her. The back of the prostitute explodes in bed and her body goes limp.

Amos quickly dresses and takes a stack of money off the dresser.

AMOS

Tell Chris I say, hi.

## TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD'S

Amos slowly walks down the steps and to the bar. Sam comes up to meet him.

AMOS

Bottle of whiskey and a bucket of bleach for the second floor.

SAM

Jesus, again?

AMOS

If you keep hiring prostitutes with vendettas, you're going to have to keep hiring prostitutes and maids, Sam.

SAM

I'll take care of it. You interested in work?

Amos takes a big swig from the bottle and shakes his head no.

AMOS

Nah, I'm done with work, I don't want to see another wanted poster ever again. Laying low from here on out. Incognito for me.

Amos takes another swig and points.

AMOS (CONT'D)

And you know what, Sammy boy? You know what, and I know I've said it before, but I'll say it again, I am done with women. I don't want to see another one as long as I'm this sober.

Amos takes another swig.

SAM

Well, how about just one more?

Sam motions over to Amos's usual table. A young, distraught woman sits alone.

AMOS

Sam, Fuck! Come on, man.

SAM

Please, for me. Just talk to her. I promised you'd at least talk to her. You both seem to have a lot in common.

AMOS

Why, because I'm such a nice fella?

Amos puts his hand on Sam's shirt. As he pulls it away and leaves, Sam is left with a smear of blood all over his shoulder.

Amos takes the bottle and two glasses off the bar and walks to the table.

Amos sits down and fills the glasses. The young woman sits awkwardly and silent.

AMOS (CONT'D)

You got a name.

YOUNG WOMAN

My name is Corrine. Are you Mr., Mr. (Whispers) The Riot.

AMOS

Amos Theriot. Here, it's on me.

Amos slides a glass of whiskey across the table.

CORRINE

I don't drink.

AMOS

I think you better, darling. Makes the news hit softer.

CORRINE

Mr. Theriot, you're the only one who can help me.

AMOS

No, miss, I'm afraid I can't. Hence the drink and my apologies.

CORRINE

Please, you have to!

In a fluster, Corrine reaches into her bag and produces a family photo.

CORRINE (CONT.) (CONT'D)  
 They killed my entire family, Mr. Theriot. All these nice-looking people. I've traveled for so long. They said, they said you were the only one that could keep me safe and bring my family justice.

Amos takes a swig.

AMOS  
 Who's they?

CORRINE  
 Everybody.

Amos smiles.

CORRINE (CONT'D)  
 Everybody talks about you like you were the devil. The things you can do. I need a devil to stop a devil. But the real one.

AMOS  
 Yeah, who's that now?

CORRINE  
 B.G.I.

Amos hesitates to take a sip from his glass and then downs the remains and fills his glass again.

AMOS  
 How'd you get mixed up with them?

CORRINE  
 My father... my father worked for the B.G.I. space program. He was successful, he was... I didn't notice until now how uneasy he was acting. One morning I went for a jog. When I came back...umm...

EXT. CORRINE'S HOUSE - PAST

Corrine runs through her neighborhood on a bright morning. She wears running clothes, a baseball hat, and sunglasses. She has headphones on.

Blimps and giant holograms cover the sky. As Corrine reaches her home, A dozen vehicles are outside including two ambulances. Armed B.G.I. Guards patrol the perimeter.

A crowd has gathered beyond the Vehicles. A hologram of a red tent covers the house like caution tape.

Corrine slows her jog and stops inside the crowd. She watches as bodies are taken from the house.

GUARD

Move along folks, beat it.

After a moment, Corrine pauses and then turns. She begins running away as tears stream down under her sunglasses.

CORRINE (VOICE)

I didn't know what to do. I just knew I had to run. And I kept running, five miles. All the way to my Aunt's.

AUNT'S HOUSE

Corrine sits in her aunt's living room, sobbing. Her aunt comforts her. The telephone rings and the aunt leaves to answer it.

Corrine contains herself for a moment. She sees across the room on the mantle, a framed picture of her family. She begins to weep again.

AUNT

Hello, Whose this? Why yes, she's here. Who is this again?

Corrine hears the conversation and panics. She finds a jacket and her aunt's purse on a chair. Corrine grips the jacket and the purse and moves to leave out the back. Before she leaves, Corrine again looks at the framed picture of her family.

When the aunt enters back into the room, she notices Corrine is gone. Her family's portrait is missing from the mantle.

HYPHER LOOP

Corrine stares out the window of the Hyper Loop car heading west.

CORRINE (VOICE)

So, I started running. I just kept running...

## MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Corrine sits on a bed watching the television. The television is the only light in the room.

CORRINE (VOICE)

I stayed where I could. I've never been a good sleeper, but I stopped doing that completely... especially when it somehow got worse...

As Corrine sits on her bed, she's shocked by the news report.

NEWS WOMAN

...Authorities are now claiming twenty-year-old Corrine Burns is responsible for the massacre that rocked a New York Suburban neighborhood last...

## HIGHWAY - DAY

Corrine walks slowly along a highway with her thumb in the air. Cars pass by her without stopping

CORRINE (VOICE)

I promise you, sir, I tried to find help everywhere else. Everywhere.

## VARIOUS BARS

Corrine enters and stands in the doorways of various bars. She says the same thing every time.

CORRINE

I'm Looking for protection.

Several hired guns in each bar turn toward her and perk up.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

The horrible company B.G.I. is cl...

Everyone in the bar goes back to ignoring Corrine. Some laugh, some give the middle finger.

Corrine stands sadly in the doorway of every bar. The last bar that she's in, the bartender calls her over.

BARTENDER

No one around here can help you. There is one man...



The bartender hands Corrine a matchbook from Tequila Mockingbird's.

TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD'S - PRESENT

Corinne sits with damp eyes as she finishes her story.

CORRINE

I've been waiting all day. Just to meet the man they spoke of.

Amos tips his hat, takes a sip from his glass, and nudges the other full glass closer to Corrine.

AMOS

Thank you for the story. It was entertaining.

Corrine wipes her eyes and then reaches into a bag at her feet. She pulls the portrait of her family from the bag.

CORRINE

I just, um, wanted you to see all the people you'd be helping. I loved these people, Mr. Theriot, I would never hurt them. But someone did and I need your help.

AMOS

That's a real nice-looking picture. I'm terribly sorry for your loss.

Corrine smiles through tears running down her cheeks. She hugs the picture.

AMOS (CONT'D)

So, I am going to help you.

Corrine gasps and puts her picture back into her bag.

AMOS (CONT'D)

You're going to take that whole glass of whiskey and drink it down. Then you're going to go back into that bathroom and clean yourself up. And then you're going to get the fuck out of here because you need to keep moving. That's what you do now, you keep moving. And you do it alone.

Corrine sits quiet and puzzled.

CORRINE

You said, you said you'd help me.

AMOS

Just fucking did. I'll even watch  
your bag for free.

Corrine stares off broken as tears run down her cheeks  
Corrine slowly picks the glass off the table and downs the  
entire drink. Corrine wipes her mouth and goes into the  
bathroom.

Amos sits alone, aggravated, he fixes his hat and pours  
another drink.

BATHROOM

Corrine stands at the sink's mirror and stares at herself.  
She is numb and emotionless. She washes her face.

TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRDS

Two very large men in hats and overcoats enter the bar. They  
stand for a moment and survey the bar before they walk to the  
actual bar and call Sam over.

Amos spies them immediately and keeps his brim over his face.

Both men pull B.G.I. badges from their coats and then one of  
the men pulls out a picture of Corrine and shows it to Sam.  
Sam looks at the picture and shakes his head 'No'.

Amos looks at the picture in the B.G.I. man's hands and then  
down at the family portrait protruding out of Corrine's bag.

Corrine walks out of the bathroom, sullenly.

Amos spots her and then looks at the B.G.I. men at the bar.

Corrine also spots the men at the bar. She lowers her head  
and walks into the crowd of people dancing further into the  
bar as a holographic band plays on the stage.

Amos watches Corrine.

AMOS

Good girl.

The B.G.I. men continue further into the bar showing people  
the picture. Amos watches as they get closer to Corrine.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Ah, shit.

Corrine tries to strike up a conversation with a man. He walks away.

The B.G.I. men approach Corrine. She turns around and knows that she is caught. The men take her by the arm and begin to drag her by the arm.

She kicks and protests, but the music is too loud. The people she is dragged through toward the exit all look away in shame.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Ah, shit.

Before Corrine is completely dragged from the bar she looks back once more at Amos.

Amos looks at Sam. Sam holds his arms in sadness. Amos looks down at the portrait of the Burns family.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Ah, Shit!

Amos pours two big glasses of whiskey

AMOS (CONT'D)

Ah, shit! Ah, shit, Ah, shit! Ah, shit! Ah, shit!

Amos drinks both glasses of whiskey fast, one after the other.

Amos grabs Corrine's bag.

TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD'S

Amos exits the double doors holding Corrine's bag.

Four large SUVs and at least fifteen armed men stand around Corrine. They begin loading her into one of the SUVs.

AMOS

Hey, my dudes! Just a minute now.

The men stop what they are doing. Corrine looks in disbelief at Amos.

AMOS (CONT'D)

That young lady promised me a dance  
and I ain't wasting my dollar.  
Jukebox don't give refunds.

All of the men pause for a moment. Then they all pull their guns and unload into Amos.

Amos falls to the ground. Corrine shrieks in terror. All of the guards turn back around and continue.

AMOS (CONT'D)

I guess I'm going to have to teach  
you boys the value of money.

As the men turn back around, Amos is already on his feet, unharmed and smiling.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Evening, gentlemen. Name's, The  
Riot. I'm pretty fucking funny.

Amos jump kicks into one of the men and the man's back explodes as if it had been shot point blank with a shotgun.

All of the men look terrified as they pull their guns again. Amos has already punched two guards in the face and their heads explode.

The man holding Corrine grabs her and runs around the SUV to safety.

More screams come from the men as blood and bone continue to fly through the air.

The man holding Corrine leaves her violently, forcing her backwards. As he reaches the end of the SUV, Amos appears and punches the man's body away.

Covered in blood, Amos wipes his hands together as he walks toward Corrine. Amos stands over her and offers out his hand.

Corrine looks at Amos's hand. Corrine looks around at the blood and bones. Corrine looks at the hand again.

CORRINE

Fuck it.

Corrine grabs Amos's hand and he lifts her up.

INT. MUSTANG

Amos and Corrine sit in darkness with only the light coming from the radio. As a soft newscast finishes, Amos turns off the radio.

AMOS

That's what I thought. No ones looking for us yet.

CORRINE

That, that was so many dead men, everywhere. You tore them open everywhere.

AMOS

Yeah, it was pretty gross, but those private security Fuckbois had it coming. Sam and them will clean it all up before the real law gets there.

CORRINE

We're safe?

AMOS

For now, as much as we can be. Should be fine where we're going.

CORRINE

Where are we going?

AMOS

Better you don't know. I promise, it's safe. That's all you need. It's still a few hours away. You should get some rest.

CORRINE

I don't sleep anymore, Mr. Theriot.

AMOS

Well, if you want to try, I won't bother you.

There is a long silence in the car as Corrine stares out the window.

CORRINE

Why did you decide to save me?

Theres another long silence. In Amos's mind, he sees the image of his mother by his bedside, smiling and stroking his head.

AMOS

I didn't, I haven't, I probably  
won't.

There's a long silence

AMOS (CONT'D)

I don't know. You started reminding  
me of some one. I started reminding  
me of some one, I guess.

Amos sees Mac inside his mind carrying a young boy wearing a  
poncho. There's another long silence.

CORRINE

My father was a good man, Mr.  
Theriot. I just wanted you to know  
that.

AMOS

Wouldn't know what they looked  
like.

ALLENTOWN ARIZONA - SUNRISE

The mustang is parked on a ranch of many lush, beautiful  
acres of land.

Amos turns the car off and notices Corrine as drifted off to  
sleep slightly.

AMOS

Hey.

Corrine wakes up, startled. She looks around, then wipes her  
eyes and looks at Amos.

AMOS (CONT'D)

I guess the lingo's different back  
East. We usually call that  
sleeping.

Corrine smiles.

AMOS (CONT'D)

We're here. Now, I need you to stay  
in the car and don't make a single  
noise.

CORRINE

Should I be concerned?

AMOS

Hell no! It's just sneaky-sneaky.  
But don't make a sound or they'll  
slit my throat and probably murder  
you too.

Corrine looks really concerned.

AMOS (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Shit, I'm just fucking with you.  
I'm sorry, I'm real tired.

EXT. MUSTANG

Amos exits the Mustang and starts to creep along the car.  
Corrine continues to look really concerned.

Amos strides low and quick toward a large tree. After a  
moment of the land staying silent and empty.

After another moment, Amos creeps to the side of a barn and  
waits. As Amos waits the small window above him slowly opens  
without his knowledge. After the small window is opened, two  
arms slither out holding knives followed by a head and torso.

INT. MUSTANG

Corrine sees from the car, yelps, covers her mouth, and slinks  
far down in her seat.

EXT. MUSTANG

When the stranger is mostly out of the window and knows that  
Amos still hasn't noticed him, the man lowers down and puts  
both blades to Amos's neck. Amos freezes and smiles.

JOE

Who are you, white man?

AMOS

Brother, always brother.

JOE

Not my brother.

The man, JOE, a young Navajo male, withdraws his knives and  
crawls out of the window.

JOE (CONT'D)

My brothers are much, much faster.

Amos and Joe smile and laugh as they embrace.

INT. MUSTANG

Corrine peeks over the dashboard and sees that everything is safe.

CORRINE  
Oh, Thank god!

EXT. MUSTANG

Amos pulls back and looks Joe over.

AMOS  
Damn, Joe, it's been a minute. Good to see you. I'm surprised I made it out of the car. Thought I might be getting better.

JOE  
No, I knew you were coming.

AMOS  
Yeah, ancient technique or some shit?

JOE  
No, security cameras or some shit you fucking racist white man. They start five miles down the road. It's been a couple minutes since you've been here. Come, we've missed you.

Joe hoists himself back into the small window.

JOE (CONT'D)  
And bring your scared white woman.

Joe disappears and Amos begins walking back to the car.

BEDROOM

Corrine unpacks her things as she sits on a small bed in a small wooden room. She holds a B.G.I. Jacket patch in her hand and studies it carefully.

A knock comes on the door.



CORRINE

Come in.

Amos ENTERS.

AMOS

Settling in all right?

Corrine nods and smiles as she places the patch on a stack of folded clothes.

CORRINE

Everybody is so nice here.

AMOS

Yeah.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - PAST

A memory forms in Amos's head of a young Mac standing behind him and holding his shoulders. Young Amos is sad and will not look at the chief and the young boy in front of him. The young boy, a young Joe, takes off his sombrero and hands it to Amos. Amos smile and looks at him.

BEDROOM - PRESENT

AMOS (CONT.)

Not usually to people not from here, good for them, right? Point is, nobody is welcome here who isn't welcome here. Doesn't matter who, and we are welcome here.

CORRINE

I like that.

Beat.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Mr. Theriot, I don't know how I can ever begin to pay you for...

AMOS

Oh, shit, is that a flight patch?

Amos crosses and sits on the bed. Amos picks up the patch.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Is it real?

Corrine smiles and nods.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Man, that's cool. I always wanted to be an astronaut. Your pop, was he, was a legit...?

Corrine huffs and looks out the window. She smiles and nods again.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Hey, you think your pops, you think he would a thought that I could have been, like maybe I had a shot at being like him?

Corrine takes the patch from Amos.

CORRINE

My father always said that the number one thing an astronaut needs is bravery.

Corrine places the patch back in Amos's hands and closes it tightly.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

And you're the bravest man I've ever met besides him.

Amos smiles and lovingly stares down at the patch.

AMOS

Can I keep this?

CORRINE

Please. I don't want it anymore. Please keep it safe.

AMOS

Cool.

Amos stands and walks to the door.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Well, they're cooking something good, should be ready soon. Come get some food and then I want to show you some real horses.

Corrine smiles and nods.

AMOS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna keep this.

Amos shakes the patch in the air and leaves. Corrine slowly becomes upset and weeps.

#### TRAIN STATION

People exit a large train near a small open station. The last to exit is a man, MURRAY, who's four feet tall. Murray is almost mistakable for a child.

Murray wears a small derby, short sleeve collared shirt and suspenders. He holds a tattered rolled up magazine under his arm as he walks.

Although he is one man, he talks to himself with two distinct voices, the other being SWEETS. A close up reveals one of Murray's eyes are blue and the other is purple.

SWEETS

Murray, how far is it now?

MURRAY

Should be a few miles. We should walk from here.

SWEETS

Brilliant! Time to finish reading my 'Tiger Beat'.

MURRAY

I ain't reading that shit again.

SWEETS

Nonsense, Murray, it's vintage. It's like a time capsule. A slice of life, a photograph of 2015.

MURRAY

Looks like it was just as annoying as this year to me.

Murray walks along a long wall, his shadow is a monstrous ten feet tall.

SWEETS

No, come on now. Don't be like that, brother, it's all in good fun. There are even quizzes! Like...

Murray begins turning through the old pages of the magazine.

SWEETS (CONT'D)

Ahh! Yes, now, Which Disney princess are you most alike?

MURRAY

Shit's stupid, I'd rather talk about which one I'd bang.

SWEETS

Well, that's an entirely different question, Murray, and focuses the opinion away from myself and the good people at Tiger Beat.

MURRAY

So, which one would you fuck?

SWEETS

Brother, no! Vulgarly is unnecessary. I will change the question to better suit both of our needs. Which Disney princess do you think would be my best mate? How's that?

MURRAY

You?

SWEETS

Of course.

MURRAY

I don't know, who's that dame that ran around the bell tower with that mongoloid?

SWEETS

I'm afraid I wouldn't count her among the Disney princess, Murray.

MURRAY

All right. Who was that one that fucked that giant bear thing?

SWEETS

Pardon?

MURRAY

You know, the big monster fuck that lived in a castle?

SWEETS

Ah, Belle. I believe you're referring to Beauty and the Beast.

MURRAY

Yeah, that bitch. I'm sure she's a gold-digging weirdo who digs freaks with giant cocks. So, yeah, her.

There's a long silence as the man walks.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Well?

SWEETS

All very well, Murray.

MURRAY

Oh, fuck off. You're really going to make me ask and actually play your stupid fucking game?

SWEETS

Wouldn't hurt the circumstances.

MURRAY

Fine, Sweets. Who the fuck is going to take on a bastard like me?

SWEETS

Honestly, Murray, I'd rather not say.

MURRAY

Well why the fuck not?

SWEETS

I wouldn't want to offend you, brother.

MURRAY

They're all fucking princesses, how you planning on fucking offending me? What, Snow White because of the dwarves and shit? Very funny.

SWEETS

No, brother, not at all. I think you two would be dreadful partners.

MURRAY

Fine, prove it. Who you thinking?

SWEETS

Alright, Cinderella.

MURRAY

Cinderella? That's supposed to fucking offend me? A beautiful blonde that cleans the house and can still get all dolled up for dancing and shit?

SWEETS

Well, Murray, it's not the choice that is supposed to be offensive, its the reasoning behind it.

MURRAY

Oh, please, go on, professor.

SWEETS

You just seem to have a lot in common, in my opinion.

MURRAY

Whats that?

SWEETS

Well, that you're both, to put it simply, a couple of assholes.

MURRAY

Fine, now I'm interested.

SWEETS

Well, yes, Cinderella on its surface appears to be the story of an abused servant girl turned royalty by the use of magic and her own loving heart but it's nonsense. According to Bettelheim, Cinderella gladly does the household chores and takes everyone's abuse, not out of fear or wavering self-esteem, quit the opposite.

MURRAY

OK?

SWEETS

She's simply doing it because she thinks she's actually better than everyone, the stepsisters, the stepmother, her father, the prince, fucking everyone, man. She's not actually putting up with anything, she's being condescending. She's a fucking asshole.

MURRAY

Ha! What do you know? Yeah, I'd probably give it to her.

SWEETS

Well, we both knew that already.

Murray walks past the dilapidated sign for El Lobo.

MURRAY

Alright, that was fun, I guess, but we're getting close. Try to keep it down until I give the signal. Think about Beetlejuice or whatever.

SWEETS

Bettelheim.

MURRAY

Who gives a fuck?

TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD'S

Murray enters Tequila Mockingbirds. There are at least fifteen men in the bar, but the bar itself is slow and quiet. All the men look at Murray as he enters. They all laugh and then go back to their business.

Murray sneers and walks to the bar.

Murray sits on a stool and barely reaches over the counter. Sam looks at him and then looks away.

Murray taps on the bar. After another minute of no recognition, he pounds on the bar and clears his throat loudly.

Sam shakes his head and slowly walks over. Sam shrugs.

MURRAY

Jack and Coke.

SAM

How about a please and some ID?

MURRAY

I'm old enough.

SAM

Yeah, well you look like your seven.

Murray takes his ID from his pocket and hands it to Sam. Sam looks it over.

Sam tosses it back and pours the drink. Sam holds the drink in front of Murray.

SAM (CONT'D)

You got money for this?

MURRAY

My partner handles the finances.  
He'll be along momentarily.

Sam begrudgingly puts the drink down and stares at Murray.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Say, while I have you staring at me like a fucking asshole, I wanted to ask you about an incident here last night.

SAM

Ain't nothing happened here last night.

MURRAY

No, you sure about that? Nothing involving a lot of men with SUVs? Shotguns? A young woman and a mysterious savior? None of that shit ring a bell?

SAM

We got bar food if you're hungry. I'm gonna need to see some actual money before you put in an order.

MURRAY

It's just, if some crazy shit happened, like I was told some crazy shit happened last night, I'd remember that.

SAM

Yeah?



MURRAY

Yeah, and if I was going to lie about some crazy shit not happening that obviously happened and I obviously fucking saw it, I'd do a better job of cleaning up the dry blood and empty shells around the entrance to my shit hole fucking bar.

After a silent stare. Sam leans over the bar and spits in Murrays drink.

SAM

Drink's on me. Finish and hit the fucking road while you can still walk out of here.

MURRAY

What, are you fucking deaf and stupid, old timer? I said I'd pay for this shit swill and that my associate would be handling the bill. Maybe after you meet him, you'll be more eager to answer some questions.

SAM

Nah, he ain't saving your little ass.

Sam motions toward the door and a few men stand and watch the entrance with bats and pool cues.

Murray's voice dramatically changes.

SWEETS

Already here, love.

Murray begins to swell and howl as he transforms into Sweets, a ten-foot-tall monster with bulging muscles and a heinous looking face.

EXT. TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRDS

Screams and crashes can be heard inside the bar. Two severed heads fly through the saloon doors and splatter on the ground.

## INT. TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRDS

The bar is absolutely destroyed. There is blood and body parts everywhere. On what is left of the bar, Sweets the monster holds Sam by the neck. Sweets holds a map in the other hand.

SWEETS

Circle it.

Sam lifts his bloody hand up and circles the NE mountains on the map in his own blood.

SWEETS (CONT'D)

Good, good.

MURRAY

Fuck it, makes sense, right? You think?

SWEETS

This one has no reason to lie to us anymore.

When Sam is completely revealed on the bar, his bottom half is missing, and his organs are pouring out of his abdomen.

SAM

Kill...me.

MURRAY

Can I get a please, you fuck?

SAM

Plea-

Sweets crushes Sam's skull and it splatters in his hand.

## EXT. TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD'S

A four-foot man wipes his bloody hands on a clean towel as he exits the bar. He looks around for a minute before beginning his walk North.

SWEETS

So, what are you thinking? Head straight there or get breakfast first?

MURRAY

Several breakfasts. Lets give 'em a few days. Let 'em think they're hiding.

## ALLENTOWN ARIZONA RESERVATION - TWO DAYS LATER

Corrine rides a horse through an open, beautiful field as Amos and Joe watch from a fence. She eventually walks the horse to the fence, dismounts, and ties the horse to a post.

Amos and Joe clap and cheer.

JOE

You learn quick for a city girl.  
Hell, this one still can't figure  
out how to do it properly.

Joe signals to Amos and Amos gets irate.

AMOS

Bunch of horse shit!

Amos jumps the fence and rushes toward the horse as Corrine passes him and stands next to Joe.

As Amos approaches the horse, the horse bucks and Amos backs off slightly.

JOE

We better be careful, boy can't  
take a punch.

CORRINE

I find that hard to believe.

JOE

Why?

CORRINE

Well, because I've seen Mr. Theriot  
take several shotgun blasts and not  
even bleed.

JOE

So?

CORRINE

So, with all due respect, I doubt a  
kick from a horse would faze him  
much.

JOE

I have seen that man take bullets  
and dynamite, a grenade. I've seen  
him stop an eighteen-wheeler  
tractor trailer going ninety like  
it had crashed into a mountain  
side.

CORRIN

Right.

JOE

Right. He absorbs them and then he is capable of inflicting that same damage.

CORRINE

Mr. Joseph, I think I've missed your point.

JOE

Bullets do not hate. Dynamite doesn't fill with anger. Trucks don't have feelings. There is nothing behind an explosion, just an explosion.

Amos approaches the horse again and it continues to buck.

JOE (CONT'D)

But there is rage and fear behind the kick from a horse. And there is hate and pain behind a man's fist.

Joe turns so that Amos can't see his face.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to be cute or clever, Ms. Burns. It's a warning. He can't take a punch. I suggest that if you're around when he eventually does, you leave.

Amos still can't get control of the horse and it eventually gets loose and runs away from him.

Joe claps and laughs loudly.

JOE (CONT'D)

Way to go, Tex! Say, have you tried not being a fucking asshole?

Amos turns around and gives Joe the finger.

JOE (CONT'D)

It worked just fine for her.

Corrine laughs and then covers her mouth.

## CAMP GROUND ON THE RESERVATION - NIGHT

Joe, Amos, and Corrine sit around a fire. Joe plays guitar as Amos drinks and Corrine tries to sing along. She is also a little drunk.

Eventually the song finishes, and everyone claps. Corrine yawns deeply.

AMOS

Alright, call it?

JOE

Yeah, I could sleep.

CORRINE

Gentlemen, please don't cancel the celebrations on my account. I'm sure I'll get a second wind soon.

Corrine begrudgingly yawns again.

AMOS

Nah, you're done, girly. I'm calling it. Besides, we like to show you city girls the real reason why we camp.

Joe pours water on the fire. After the smoke extinguishes, and their eyes adjust, the sky is lit up by billions of stars.

## CAMPGROUND ON THE RESERVATION - SUNRISE

Amos and Joe are in a deep sleep by the fire. Amos eventually comes to when he hears a small yelp and a car door shut.

As Amos sits up, he sees his mustang's taillights ignite before the car pulls away.

AMOS

What the fuck is this kind a shit?

Amos puts on his boots and his poncho as Joe sits up and realizes what has happened.

JOE

What the hell is going on?

AMOS

They took her. Someone snuck onto your fucking land and took my girl.

JOE  
They took Corrine?

AMOS  
Yeah, her too. Get me your fastest horse.

JOE  
I don't think you on a horse is a good idea. Especially a fast one.

AMOS  
It ain't. You got a better one?

JOE  
Not really. Now I can't stop thinking about horses.

AMOS  
Get the horse.

JOE  
I'll get the horse.

OPEN PRAIRE

Amos and Joe ride horses alongside one another. Amos looks at a scanner tracking the mustang. Amos points.

Joe pulls out a spyglass and spots the mustang ahead near a small, rundown translation. Joe sees a small man lugging Corrine forcibly to the train. Several men take her onto the train and Murray also enters the train. The train begins to pull away.

JOE  
Train! They got her on the train.

AMOS  
Really? I fucking hate trains. Get my car and this horse when I jump.

JOE  
How the fuck am I supposed to transport a car and two damn horses?

AMOS  
I don't know, Ancient Technique.

Joe gives Amos the finger as Amos pulls ahead.

Amos reaches the caboose and jumps onto the platform. He slips and almost falls off. Eventually, he pulls himself up, wipes off his poncho, and ENTERS the train.

INT. TRAIN

Amos ENTERS the car. Immediately, thirty men are waiting for him with their high-powered guns drawn.

Amos catches his breath and looks around.

AMOS

Fuck! Had to be a fucking train, huh? What I just did wasn't easy. I had to ride a fucking horse and jump onto shit.

The men all cock their guns.

AMOS (CONT'D)

And I almost fell! I bet you bastards wish I fell. You'd be better off, laughing and shit at me, eating shit.

Amos yawns and fixes his hat.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Got me up all fucking early. I just don't feel like myself today.

One of the men fires into Amos and he is unfazed.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Ok, you're an asshole. That guy, that guy's a fucking asshole everybody. I wasn't even done talking.

The men are stunned. Another man fires his gun at Amos. Amos is untouched.

AMOS (CONT'D)

You Fucks! Damn it, what the hell did I just say? Fuck it, you guys aren't even worth it. Names the Riot, blah blah blah, hope you bastards like dying on a train.

Amos jump kicks the closest man to him. The mans guts explode out his back.

EXT. TRAIN

The train car lights up with gun fire and explosions. Amos continues to make his way through the car.

AMOS(O.S.)

See what I'm talking about? Like, I'm trying my best to kill you all and I'm just wobbling all over the fucking place. Is it fun for you? It's annoying as shit for me.

NEXT TRAIN CAR

Amos enters the next car covered in blood. Thirty men with metal baseball bats wait for him.

AMOS

Oh, thank God, the Quiet Car.

All the men rush Amos, surround him and beat him. A moment later the men start flying off one by one as blood splatters all over the car.

Amos punches and kicks his way through the men, and they are all left dead or nearly dead.

Amos enters the next car.

NEXT TRAIN CAR

Amos enters to a room filled with thirty men with chainsaws, swords, and maces.

AMOS

Sure are making me kill a lot of fucking people today.

Amos jump kicks a barrage of swords and chainsaws.

NEXT TRAIN CAR

Amos enters a small empty car. The car is covered in all kinds of metals and led. The car looks impenetrable.

The train begins to slow down and finally stops.

A small table lifts out of the floor of the car. The table holds a bottle of Whiskey.

A speaker crackles from the ceiling.



ABNORS VOICE

I promise you, it isn't poison, Mr. Theriot.

Amos slowly walks over to the table and picks up the bottle. He uncorks the bottle and sniffs the whiskey.

AMOS

Eh, fuck it.

Amos takes a large swig from the bottle.

ABNOR'S VOICE

We wanted you to be comfortable, since you will be in this cage until we can figure out what to do with you.

Amos steps towards the wall and rubs it.

ABNOR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I assure you, Mr. Theriot, our top scientists have guaranteed us this room is impenetrable.

AMOS

Says you, you dumbass voice, and a bunch of dumbass scientists.

While still holding the bottle of whiskey, Amos punches the wall with his other hand. The car begins to shriek.

Amos punches twice more and daylight spills into the train car.

EXT. BROKEN TRAIN CAR

Amos emerges from a hole in the car. The train sits on a track next to a deep cliff.

Thirty yards away, a much older version of Abnor Barlow holds Corrine by the arm. Abnor is surrounded by many heavily armed guards.

ABNOR

So, he has the patch, your savior? You either lied to him, you little fucking liar, or didn't tell him at all.

CORRINE

Like I could. All I know is it's  
keeping me alive.

ABNOR

For now.

Abnor snaps his fingers.

ABNOR (CONT'D)

Gentlemen.

Murray emerges from the crowd. Murray begins running full  
speed toward Amos.

As Murray runs, he begins to transform into Sweets.

Amos is shocked and his mouth hangs wide open.

AMOS

Holy fuck...

Amos finally realizes how big Sweets is as he comes within  
ten yards of Amos.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Ah, shit. Yep, he's coming for me.  
Alright, get ready everybody.

Amos chugs the bottle of whiskey and finishes just before  
Sweets howls and throws a right hook into Amos's face.

Amos hunches to the ground.

Sweets is stunned that Amos's head is still attached.

Amos clutches his shaking hands into fists. Veins burst out  
of Amos' arms, neck and face. Pure red fills his eyes.

Amos lets out an ungodly scream that scares everyone,  
including the crowd thirty yards away.

Sweets winds back for another punch. Before Sweets can  
deliver his punch, Amos hops into the air and fiercely  
punches Sweets right in his face.

Sweets cries out as he fly's backwards in the air ten feet  
and lands on the ground.

As Sweets lies dead, Half of his face is Murray's. Half of  
Sweets' torso is Murray's. The arms and legs on opposite  
sides of the body are also Murray's.

Amos screams again in his rage and runs toward's Sweets' corpse.

When he reaches the corpse halfway through its transformation, Amos field goal kicks the corpse and it splatters into multiple pieces.

Amos continues to run in his rage toward the men holding Corrine. When Amos is ten feet from the crowd, he sees Corrine. Amos halts and fights himself. .

Amos finally lets out a growl and runs toward the deep cliff instead and jumps off.

CORRINE

There goes your patch. Good luck with that.

ABNOR

He seems to like you well enough. I'll just have him bring it to us.

Corrine laughs. Abnor clenches her throat.

ABNOR (CONT'D)

Your father's dead, Ms. Burns, your mother and sisters will follow if you don't cooperate, you thieving whore!

Abnor motions to his guards. The guards lean into their head pieces and several helicopters appear within seconds. Abnor loosens his grip on Corrine's neck.

ABNOR (CONT'D)

But you're still alive. Maybe you and I can finally make that deal.

Abnor escorts Corrine to the helicopters.

BOTTOM OF CLIFF - NIGHT

After the sun has finally set, Amos awakes at the bottom of the cliff. Amos rubs his face, collects his hat, and remembers what happened. Amos begins to climb the high cliff.

CLIFF TOP

Amos reaches the top of the cliff. Amos walks to the train tracks and finds that the train and the bodies, all of the blood is gone. A full bottle of whiskey lays next to the track with a note attached.

Amos picks the bottle up off the ground and reads the note. The Note is on B.G.I. stationary. The note reads: If you want to see her alive again, bring the flight patch to HQ.

Amos opens the bottle and drinks as he walks the tracks back to civilization.

#### DESERT WASTELAND - DAY

A towering, cold building of over a hundred floors stands in the middle of a wasteland. A white mustang with a blue racing stripe approaches. The car flies through several guard posts, unstopped.

The car continues to barrel toward the entrance of the building. Once the car reaches the building, it does a swift turn and stop.

The car sits for a minute. Amos slowly exits the vehicle. He looks around and slowly walks to the buildings revolving doors.

#### INT. B.G.I. HEADQUARTERS

Amos enters the building. As he steps into the room, hundreds of heavily armored and heavily armed guards placed on the first, second, and third floor of the building's open lobby raise their weapons. Amos tips his hat.

AMOS

Afternoon, gentlemen, names The Riot.

Amos pulls a stick of dynamite from under his poncho along with a match. Amos strikes the match and lites the dynamite.

AMOS (CONT'D)

This is gonna be fucking hilarious.  
I promise.

Amos places the stick of dynamite back under his poncho and turns from the crowd. There is a large explosion. The room fills up with smoke.

Before the smoke can begin to fully clear from the room, Amos emerges with a jumping punch and kills the guard in a group of five close to him. The guard instantly explodes and kills the guards around him.

As more smoke fills the room, Amos begins punching and kicking the columns holding up the second floor. More explosions and smoke fill the room.

The second floor begins to fall, and all the guards fall into the smoke. The third floor begins to shake and crumble as well.

Through fire and blood, Amos eventually emerges to the elevator of the building. The elevator doors open, and more armored guards pour out.

#### TOP FLOOR OF BUILDING

Abnor watches all of the footage from his desk until the footage fills with smoke and disconnects. Corrine sits on a fancy couch crying.

Abnor stands and walks toward the elevator. He watches while the elevator from the first floor begins to rise until it reaches him. The doors open. Abnor steps behind his desk. Amos ENTERS the room.

AMOS

Hey. Sorry it took me so long getting up here. Corrine, you ready to skedaddle?

ABNOR

Mr. Theriot, you do continue to impress me.

AMOS

Oh, Shit! You're the... you're the stupid voice from the box they thought wasn't shitty.

ABNOR

Mr. Abnor Barlow, in the flesh.

AMOS

Cool.

Amos turns his attention away from Abnor and motions to Corrine.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Can we get the fuck out of here, please?

ABNOR

That depends, Mr. Theriot. Have you brought the flight patch we discussed?

AMOS

Nah, that things rad as fuck, I'm keeping that. Corrine lets go.

Amos motions again to Corrine. Hesitantly, Corrine walks slowly over to Amos and stands next to him.

ABNOR

I'm afraid you are very mistaken, Mr. Theriot. You are quite amazing, but dumb as the average man I must say.

AMOS

What was your name, mother fucker? Well, Motherfucker, I could kill you right fucking now and end this whole...

Amos's eyes go wide.

ABNOR

The patch is no longer required to save my new associate, it was to save you.

Corrine quickly backs away from Amos. She is weeping. Corrine is holding a bloody scalpel.

CORRINE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry. He said they'd let me go. I didn't think it would work, I didn't...

Amos pulls his hand from his gut and sees his hand is covered in blood. Amos begins to back away.

Abnor Smiles wildly and races from behind his desk to watch Amos stumble backwards.

ABNOR

I'm sure she fed you some sob story about the family farm or a murdered genius father, but it's all bullshit. Her father couldn't stay sober enough to not piss himself and I only murdered him after she stole my property. She's just a thieving whore who got the better of a now dead flight crew member.

CORRINE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

AMOS  
Yeah, me too.

Amos throws himself backwards out of the window.

EXT. BUILDING

Amos free falls backwards while he holds his gut. Corrine and Abnor watch from the broken window.

Amos eventually hits the ground, leaving a crater. Besides his gut wound, he is unharmed.

Amos stands and stumbles toward his car. Three guards try to apprehend him. Amos throws wild punches in his wounded state, eventually landing one and causing the guard to splatter into nothing. He kicks another. The third guard runs away. Amos enters the Mustang and drives away swerving.

ABNOR  
Very good! Exceptional! You have earned every moment of your new life. We'll take it from here.

Abnor leaves the window. Corrine continues to stand and weep as she watches the Mustang disappear into the distance.

HIGHWAY

The Mustang finally swerves and goes off road miles from El Lobo.

A moment later, a police siren in the distance swirls and races toward the vehicle.

The police cruiser stops behind the vehicle. Mac EXITS the vehicle and runs toward the Mustang's car door. Mac opens the door and finds Amos bleeding and tears forming in his eyes.

A flash in Mac's eyes show a scared, crying kid covered in blood in the same mustang.

AMOS  
They got me Mac...

MAC  
Move the fuck over.

AMOS  
Yeah, you better drive.

Mac moves Amos over and enters the drivers seat. The Mustang again races down the highway.

ALLENTOWN ARIZONA RESERVATION MEDICINE ROOM

Mac enters a room carrying Amos. Several people help put him onto the table. Medicine men begin to chant and work on Amos as he screams and tries to fight. Mac watches from the corner and a tear rolls down his eye.

BEDROOM

Amos lies in a bed asleep. His middle is wrapped in gauze. Eventually, Amos wakes up.

MAC  
Morning, Junior.

Mac stands in the corner, holding his arms and smiling.

AMOS  
Hey, Mac. Man, I could use a...

Mac unwraps his arms revealing a whiskey bottle and walks to Amos. Mac hands him the bottle.

AMOS (CONT'D)  
You know me too well.

MAC  
How you feeling?

AMOS  
Like I need a drink. But seriously,  
that shit hurt. Is that what people  
are feeling when I hit them?

MAC  
Yeah, probably.

AMOS  
Fuck, I'm an asshole.

MAC  
Yeah probably.

Mac rises and goes through his pockets.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Doesn't mean people don't care  
about you.



Mac hands Amos something wrapped in cloth. Amos unwraps the cloth. A flight patch is revealed from the B.G.I. mission. Amos's eyes go wide and he looks confused.

MAC (CONT'D)

Got a buddy that just retired. It took some of my best reserve, but I wanted to get that for you.

AMOS

Thanks, Joe.

Amos rubs the patch lovingly.

MAC

Afraid it's a going away present, kid. We gotta move you fast up north and maybe to Canada from there. Fuck, maybe even Russia. You might have to keep moving for a while. I don't think they're gonna stop coming for you.

AMOS

When you saved me, Mac, was it worth it?

MAC

Which time

AMOS

Both, all of them? Was it worth it? Did it feel good at all?

MAC

Honestly?

AMOS

Please?

MAC

It sucks.

Amos laughs and takes a swig of whiskey.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's shitty to worry about you, Amos. But the fact that I care enough to worry about you... That because of what I did I get to worry about you and not regret it... ain't nothing better.

AMOS

Yeah?

MAC

Fuck yeah, idiot. Can you move? We gotta go.

AMOS

Hey, Mac, remember that dumb story you told me when I was young about the dumb kid trying to save the starfish on the beach, but he couldn't save them all?

MAC

I don't think it's dumb, but yeah, I remember.

AMOS

If one of those starfish that kid saved, I don't know, saved another starfish, you think the kid would a been alright with that?

MAC

You asking me or the kid?

AMOS

I'm saying, I think you're gonna have to come after me, Joe. I got a make sure a starfish stays in the bucket.

There is a long silence.

MAC

Man, that Sally is fast.

Mac begins to exit.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'll always give you a head start.  
I love you, Mouse.

Tears form in Amos's eyes.

ROAD - PAST

Mac takes off his poncho and wraps it around Young Amos. Mac carries young Amos. Young Amos hugs Mac close and wipes his tears on Mac's shoulder.

BEDROOM - PRESENT

AMOS

I love you, Big Mac with Cheese.

Mac wipes his eyes and Exits. Joe Enters.

JOE

Hey, brother.

AMOS

Hey Joe, where you going not drinking this whiskey?

Joe makes air guitar and mouth noises coinciding with Jimmy Hendrix's Hey Joe. When Joe reaches Amos, he takes the bottle and takes a drink.

AMOS (CONT'D)

How'd you fuckers manage to save me?

JOE

You know, just stuff.

AMOS

Oh yeah, what kind of stuff?

JOE

Stuff. Let it go.

AMOS

Like old stuff?

JOE

I'm not fucking saying it.

AMOS

Come on, I almost died.

JOE,

Fine! We used ancient techniques you white, racist motherfucker.

AMOS

Yes, thank you! That was one hundred percent worth getting stabbed for.

Joe steals Amos's Jell-O cup from the nightstand.

JOE

Just for that Im taking your Jell-O. You get no Jell-O.

AMOS

That's a shame, I bet it's an old family recipe. Probably has a certain way of making it.

Joe laughs.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Seriously though, we gotta talk.

JOE

They're coming here, aren't they?

AMOS

Even if you move me. They won't be fucking around. They know I'm wounded, and they want the kill.

JOE

So, what now?

AMOS

I'm thinking, the only plan we got, is plan: Omega One Zero One Five Zero Two Apocalypse Alpha Prime Time.

JOE

Seriously?

AMOS

Serious as plan: Omega One Zero One Five Zero Two Apocalypse Alpha Prime Time.

JOE

Dude, you really think that plan in case the government showed up to take you, as a goddamn child, is really gonna play out in real life?

AMOS

You got a better idea?

JOE

Is that even an idea?

AMOS

Yeah, as long as you fine folks still have the hardware.

JOE

Yep. It was a hundred years old then and it's even older now.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

And the only reason they even let us around that thing is because they were positive it was a dud.

AMOS

Only one way to find out.

Joe shakes his head, mutters curse words, and takes a long drink from the bottle.

JOE

Everyone is going to be really fucking pissed about this.

AMOS

Yeah, but these fucks will never bother anybody ever again. They'll be too busy cleaning up their shit.

JOE

Fine, where do you want me to meet you?

AMOS

I don't know. Whichever way the wind is blowing.

EXT. ALLENTOWN ARIZONA RESERVATION - SUNRISE

As the sun rises over the North East Mountain Reservation, dozens of black hawk helicopters and armored tanks descend onto the property.

Heavily armored and armed guards sweep the small, rustic town and find all of the houses and barns are completely empty. Written on the walls in red on every piece of property are the words 'THIS WAY' with arrows pointing.

A large group of guards continue to follow the signs and arrows to a small shack falling apart on the outskirts of the reservation as the tanks and helicopters follow.

As the guards get close, the door reads: In here, It's fine, I promise.

The Armed men look at each other cautiously. Eventually, one of men opens the door. After a moment, several men begin entering.

INT. SHACK

The men enter a pitch-black shack. They turn on their raffle lights and scan the room. A single match is lit, and all the guards focus on it.

Amos is sitting with a bottle of whiskey and a cigar in his mouth. After lighting the cigar, he uses the match to light the lantern next him.

AMOS

Hey, guys, how you doin'? Names the Riot. You Fuckbois ever seen one of these babies?

Amos moves the lantern over and reveals a rusted atom bomb from the 1950's. All the men drop their guns and EXIT the shack quickly.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Aw, where you going? I was just about to light this sucker.

Amos reaches behind him and picks up a revolver.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Whatever, your loss, dummies.

Amos cocks the pistol and aims it at the bomb. Amos stops before pulling the trigger.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm a fucking genius, I know what I'll do, I'll outrun a fuck atom bomb. Where do they get these guys, like, what's the entrance exam like? Christ.

Amos points the gun at the bomb again and fires. He misses.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Up, what an asshole! Sitting here calling everyone dumb. Alright, here we go.

Amos points the gun at the bomb again and misses.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Fucking fuck! I hate these god damn things. This is why I don't fucking use them. Fuck it!

Amos points the gun at his head and fires. Then, Amos punches the Atom Bomb.

AMOS (CONT'D)  
There, that di...

The atom bomb detonates.

EXT. FAR AWAY - SAME TIME

Joe watches through his spyglass as he and his people watch from a faraway distance as a booming mushroom cloud destroys their entire reservation, the tanks, and the black hawk helicopters.

A small dot flies from the explosion toward the West. The entire crowd watching follows the dot with extended, pointing hands, together.

Joe Leaves his people on horseback and rides toward the dot.

BAREN ROAD

Amos, in Tattered underwear with the odd glow of the cloud behind him, walks toward Joe waiting for him. Joe is sitting on a motorcycle with a side car.

As Amos approaches, Joe meets him, but is hesitant to touch him.

JOE

Looked like your dumb ass kiddy plan actually worked. You still feeling it, I mean, you think this will work?

AMOS

I don't know, Joe. I've never been that fucking blown up before. I hope or I'm gonna look like a real shit head. You bring it?

JOE

Yeah.

AMOS

Are you sure it's the right one?

JOE

If it's the one you told me to grab, it's the right one.

AMOS  
good. I'll save the other one for a  
rainy day.

Amos and Joe stand in silence for a moment.

AMOS (CONT'D)  
Well?

JOE  
It's just, I don't want to blow up.

AMOS  
Yeah, don't want to carry that  
around with me either, dumb-dumb,  
thats why we're taking all  
precautions.

Joe motions toward the old cycle with a side car.

JOE  
This, this is a precaution?

AMOS  
Oh yeah.

JOE  
And string, you think string makes  
this all safe?

Joe pulls the flight patch made into a necklace by string out  
of his pocket.

AMOS  
Well, it looks just lovely. If you  
wouldn't mind.

JOE  
Ok, ok, fuck it.

Joe closes his eyes and slowly puts the celiac around Amos's  
neck.

AMOS  
Boom.

Joe Opens his eyes.

AMOS (CONT'D)  
I think that's the first time I've  
ever seen you worried.

Joe and Amos mount the bike.



AMOS (CONT.) (CONT'D)  
Once around the park please,  
driver.

The motorcycle speeds off down the road.

EXT. B.G.I. HEADQUARTERS

Amos walks along the long dirt road toward the building. The guards at each checkpoint lean into their ears and then allow Amos to keep moving closer to the building.

Amos reaches the building's entrance which is completely destroyed from his earlier time there and stares up at the top floor.

Minutes later, Abnor and several of his guards exit through the rubble of the entrance. Abnor approaches a still basically naked Amos wearing the flight patch as a necklace.

ABNOR

I must say, I'm rather surprised that you would come back here. To be honest, I'm a little more surprised you survived the blast.

AMOS

Well, you know what they say about assuming, right? You make yourself look like a fucking asshole.

ABNOR

Indeed. I see you've brought me the flight patch.

AMOS

Yeah, I figured we could cut a deal or something. It's just a stupid patch, right?

ABNOR

Of course, I'm glad that we can talk like reasonable men.

AMOS

Just out of curiosity, are all these flight patches the same, or is this one extra special?

ABNOR

Extra special. Embedded codes and quantum nano computing, things you and I couldn't begin to understand.

(MORE)

ABNOR (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought. I don't know, they're all kind of special to me. Anyway, first things first.

AMOS

First thing, I want Corrine safe. You don't get to fuck with her at all in any way.

ABNOR

Fellow, I'm sorry you don't understand. As far as I'm concerned, Corrine is my number one assassin. You killed my other one and much too many of my men.

But she did what they couldn't do. I am in her debt.

AMOS

So, she's safe?

ABNOR

Of course.

AMOS

Prove it.

Abnor snaps his finger and a pad is brought to him. Abnor holds the pad in front of him and the screen displays live security camera footage from inside the restaurant where Corrine is currently working at a restaurant. She is greeting and taking orders from a couple.

ABNOR

We've given her a new name, Lacey, or Jacey, something very white trash, I can't remember. We've given her a new life back East, a new job, an apartment. We offered to send her back to her mother and sisters, but she was too ashamed. I don't blame her, she is a true piece of shit.

AMOS

How do I know that's her and that she's safe?

ABNOR

What would you like our little monkey to do?

AMOS  
Have her wave.

Abnor presses a button on the screen.

ABNOR  
Make the monkey wave.

On the screen, the male from the table leans over and whispers to Corrine. She drops her head and her lip quivers. After a moment, Corrine looks up at the screen and slowly, sadly waves.

ABNOR (CONT'D)  
Alright that's enough.

Abnor tosses the device behind him.

ABNOR (CONT'D)  
Here's the deal, Mr. Theriot. I will leave the girl alone from now on, and you as well, because I want you to come work for me. As I've said, you killed my top assassin.

There is an opening.

AMOS  
You really think after all this shit I'd come work for you?

ABNOR  
I'll make you richer than god.

AMOS  
Ah, fuck it, alright.

ABNOR  
Well, that was simple. Thank you. Now, the patch.

AMOS  
I think a handshake is in order first. I don't do deals without a handshake.

Amos extends his hand. Abnor stares at it cautiously. Abnor eventually smiles and extends his hand. Amos pulls his hand back.

AMOS (CONT'D)  
If you don't mind, I'd like to hang on to this patch for another minute or two. Makes me feel legit.

(MORE)

AMOS (CONT'D)

Like an actual astronaut launching into space.

ABNOR

Whatever you'd like. I don't mind if you hold my expensive things, only if you keep them. I'm just glad we're partners now. I truly believe if you can't beat them, join them.

Amos nods and extends his hand again. Abnor extends his. Amos pulls his back again.

AMOS

You could have beat me real easy, you know?

ABNOR

How?

AMOS

Like you could have thrown a pillow at me?

ABNOR

Pardon?

AMOS

Yeah, or like some soft dirt, or a teddy bear, I would have been weak as shit.

ABNOR

Really!?

AMOS

Oh yeah, you could have done anything you wanted to me.

ABNOR

Really!?

AMOS

Yeah, this whole conversation is pointless, which is just splitting my sides. At any time, you could have thrown your handkerchief at me and you would have had everything you wanted. You could have caged me up and studied me for years.

Abnor is in complete shock and slowly reaches for his handkerchief.

AMOS (CONT'D)

But, you didn't. Instead, you let me walk right up to you with a goddamn atom bomb. Who's the fucking idiot, you Fucking idiot?

Amos pulls his leg back and kicks Abnor square in the balls. Abnor's face is engulfed in pain before the Atomic explosion engulfs him and the building.

Amos is rocketed into the sky, laughing hysterically.

INT. CORRINE'S APARTMENT

Corrine enters her apartment and immediately begins crying. Her eyes are dark from no sleep. She pours whiskey and sits on the couch. The apartment is dark, and Corrine turns on no lights.

On the table is the picture of her family. Corrine stares at it as her eyes begin to Well. Corrine looks at herself in the picture and she has to turn the picture away slightly out of disgust. Corrine takes a large drink and turns the television on.

On the screen are pictures of multiple explosions and the headline reads: B.G.I Headquarters obliterated in terrorist attack. Corrine stares at the screen in complete disbelief. She flips through multiple channels and each one is reporting the explosion.

Still in shock, Corrine stares back at the portrait of her family. She turns the picture back to face her. She smiles widely as tears roll down her cheek.

Corrine sits much more comfortably on the couch, almost lying down. She smiles broadly as she continues to watch the news program. As she watches, her eyes become heavier and heavier as they eventually close while she is still smiling.

OPEN DESERT

The Mustang flies over a ridge and drives into the open desert.

INT. MUSTANG

Amos is screaming behind the wheel. He looks in his driver side mirror and then looks worried. Amos then looks up at his rearview mirror. A flight patch is dangling from the mirror.

Amos smiles, bangs on the wheel multiple times, continues to howl, and hits the gas.

EXT. MUSTANG

The Mustang zooms alone into the open desert as the sun is setting. After a moment, an army of police vehicles and helicopters give chase.

END