

WEIRD TEXAS OUTLAWS

An original screenplay by

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"WEIRD TEXAS OUTLAWS"

FADE IN:

A MAP OF TEXAS. CAMERA MOVES IN ON AN AREA JUST NORTH OF
THE MEXICAN BORDER KNOWN AS WEST TEXAS.

Designations on the map appear as the grand state looms ever larger, small towns clustered around an area branded in spooky type as: THE GILA MAZE.

Now, the map begins to burn from the center out, just like on an old Bonanza episode. Revealing:

A FIRE consuming an old motorcycle.

A TUMBLEWEED is urged past by a hard hot wind. CAMERA follows, leaving the burning ambiguity behind...

Hot, dry, desert. Unending for hundreds of miles in any direction. Until that rolling bush drops off a ridge and WE FIND: CROW TEXAS, a tiny town 33 miles off the "old road."

CENTER OF TOWN - MORNING

A small park, surrounded by a business section of Mom and Pop stores-- Local bank, a Mighty G Mart/gas station, an antique store etc.

A WEATHERED BANNER flaps in the wind over the park bandstand.

Plan now for the 6th Annual
Reptile Festival!
Bring the whole family!

EXT. MIGHTY G MART - DAY

VERY CLOSE - DUSTY HAWKINS, a driven yet naïve young man just into his twenties, ponders the lonely bank building with questionable deliberation.

WIDER: He wears an apron emblazoned with the Mighty G's Logo and leans on a long broom.

Purposefully, he casts aside these adornments, climbs into an old red truck parked at the curb, and DRIVES ACROSS THE STREET to the front of the bank.

INT. BANK - A COUPLE MOMENTS LATER

Dusty marches up to the prettiest girl there, one DARLA BRISBIE. She's cute all right, also sassy, stubborn and proud. Dusty interrupts as Darla assists a TELLER.

DUSTY
Well I come for an answer, Darla.

DARLA
Well, you can see I'm working,
Dusty.

DUSTY
Well that ain't any answer.

DARLA
Well, it's the answer I'm givin.

DUSTY
You know what's on the table.
You know what I'm good for.

DARLA
I know that you think you know.

DUSTY
What?

Darla is now assisting another Teller.

DARLA
What?

DUSTY
You're confusing me.

DARLA
How do you mean?

Dusty blinks. Still confused. Then:

DUSTY
I come for an answer.

DARLA
Well you're just goin' in circles,
aren't' you.

DUSTY
Stop all this. You know
what I'm talking about.

Darla does. She likes to see Dusty riled up.

DARLA
I can't give you an answer.
Not until Daddy's back.

DUSTY

Oh, so, the big bank president
daddy's left in charge can't
make a decision on her own?

DARLA

If that's your idea of how to soften up
the possible purveyor of your future
loan, it's not going to work.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE BANK - SAME

ROY DANGO a young man barely older than Dusty exits a black
Mercedes-- ridiculous in this heat except for the fact that
cars like this have the best air conditioning around.

He's nearly run down by a group of BURLY BIKERS roaring
through town on loud motorcycles.

Grimacing at the dust, he attempts to wave it away and to
wipe its residue from his expensive Nitti suit. This
attracts the attention of a couple BIKERS.

BIKER #1

Got a problem, slick?

BIKER #2

Saw you flip us off.

ROY

Well sure, I thought I'd challenge
the whole lot of you boys to a fight.

BIKER #1

Well, if that's what you want--

ROY

Kidding, gentlemen, kidding. I'm
just allergic to dust, I meant no
disrespect.

The Bikers glare and then drive on.

ROY (CONT'D sotto:)

How could I expect a group of
Neanderthals to enjoy any sort of humor
at all? All my mistake, really.

Roy heads toward the bank. What he may lack in classic good looks, he makes up for with a self confident charm

ROY (CONT'D)
Welcome back, my friend, right back to
assbackward US of A.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Roy strides toward the desks opposite the tellers where Darla and Dusty are still arguing. A moment goes by before the two of them notice him standing there.

DARLA
Oh, my...

DUSTY
Well well...

DARLA
What, are you doing here?

DUSTY
'sides wearin' too much cologne, as per
usual.

Roy considers Dusty, inhales through his nose.

ROY
It is available, Dusty, takes the hint
of dirt right off of a man.

Dusty inhales right back.

DUSTY
And pours the big city right on.
(he chuckles)
'Course, guess you was always dreamin'
'bout that when ya left.

ROY
Well, I'm back. For a couple of days
anyway.

He leans a longing eye toward Darla.

ROY (CONT'D)
I could use a guide this evening.

Blushing, Darla starts to reply but Dusty cuts her off.

DUSTY

Randy Hopper an' his pack mules can still take ya out to the salt flats an back. I'll get ya a coupon at the Mighty G--

ROY

-- Actually...

(to Darla)

I'm going to need to speak with your father.

DARLA

Daddy's on vacation.

ROY

I see. Then, who's in charge?

Darla's pride rises like a loaf of sour dough. She turns her desk ID so that he can see.

DARLA

Only the acting President. Tell us, Roy Dango--

ROY

-- It's Charles.

DUSTY

What's that?

DARLA

Huh?

ROY

Charles, Roy Charles the third, actually. See, in New York, a little name change like that takes a man a long way.

DUSTY

Well, didn't you already go a long way what to get there?

ROY

It's a long way from here, yes.

DUSTY

But you said-- huh?

Darla abates the confusion.

DARLA
Just tell us, Roy, why are you back?

DUSTY
Yeah, 'cause if you don't mind, we was
in the middle of something--

Roy lends Dusty a look he'd reserve for an unusual insect.

ROY
Does the acting President have an
office where we can talk in private?

Darla gestures toward a private office.

DUSTY
Huh! I'm asking flat out now, Darla.
What about my loan?

DARLA
We'll obviously have to take this up at
a later time.

DUSTY
Maybe, maybe not. There are other
banks around.

She meets his challenge with a saccharine smile. Roy nods
at Dusty.

ROY
Nice to see you too, Dusty.

INT. PRIVATE BANK OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

That smile has been wiped off of Darla's face.

DARLA
You want to do what!?

ROY
Head office sent me back. We're
closing this branch and replacing it
with a cash machine.

CUT TO:

MEANWHILE, WAY THE HELL OUT IN THE DESERT...

An extra long, once aqua marine-- (now hopelessly faded by
the sun) Winnebago sits at the edge of desert ravines.

It's got hundreds of stickers from all over the USA slapped on the rear.

Two MEN are panning for gold near it in a thin spit of a creek. They are huge and are in fact JAPANESE SUMO WRESTLERS gone to flab, (if that could be ascertained from a glance).

OWEN, who's ample stomach is barely concealed by a faded T shirt that reads: "Budweiser River Run 82" glares at his brother with disdain.

MOE's fashion sense picks up where his brother's wanes. His xtra large T-shirt shows a cartoon of a woman before and after eighteen beers.

Moe digs into a cooler for a ''fresh'' Budweiser.

Whenever they speak, it is in GUTTERAL, FLUENT JAPANESE.

SUBTITLES appear as this occurs.

OWEN

What the hell you openin' a new
beer for when ya haven't finished
that last 'un?

MOE

What the hell you keeping track
Fer, you fat son'a'bitch.

OWEN

I'm keeping track of the ice you
bloated bastard.

MOE

Piss off, ya corn suckin' spew of
Dog vomit.

OWEN

Who you callin' a spew? Ya
disgustin' Hunk-a white trash!

MOE

What's that? You callin' me white
trash? Least I had the class to
divorce my wife.

OWEN

I'm calling you white trash, you white trash hunk of white trash. Damn, I can see the crack in your big fat ass.

MOE

You come over here and say that!

OWEN

I said what I said! I ain't gonna do you no favors.

MOE

Course you're not! Coward!

OWEN

White Trash!

MOE

Dog Spew!

As their argument grows, CAMERA CRANES UP above the nearby ravine edge and finds:

A CLASSIFIED FACILITY

Further out in the middle of desert Hell. Set within that sea sized maze of low berms and craggy ravines.

Rain clouds unload over it. THUNDER rumbles ominously.

INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - DAY

Full of GOVERNMENT SCIENTISTS who are never in too much of a hurry. After all, they are on government grants and never have to show much progress.

However...

INT. AN OFFICE - SAME

One enraged and obviously driven scientist is typing an E-mail furiously at his desk. Mouthing the words of anger.

ENRAGED SCIENTIST

I... have... watched my ideas...
stolen and... abused... with
uncompromising... regularitE...

He misspells Regularity and has to back space.

ENRAGED SCIENTIST (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Now you pompous... know nothings!...
are going to... pay. Big time!

HIS HAND

punches ENTER and the screen says: "SEND TO ALL"

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

Two bureaucrats are leaning back in their chairs, examining
a new set of golf clubs.

BUREAUCRAT #1
So, you think the Pings make a
difference?

BUREAUCRAT #2
Two grand just for the irons.
They'd better make a difference!

Enraged Scientist storms inside.

BUREAUCRAT #1
Sort of looks like a lollypop
When he's worked up like that.

Bureaucrat #2 explodes with a loud guffaw.

BUREAUCRAT #2
Damn, that's good! That's a riot!

Enraged Scientist pulls out a pistol and puts it to his
head. He pauses for a dramatic moment.

The Bureaucrats burst out laughing.

BUREAUCRAT #1
What's wrong today, Pinhead?

BUREAUCRAT #2
Someone take your pencils again?

They both roll with their own laughter.

ENRAGED SCIENTIST
Laugh a last time. Then check your
terminals.

And he SHOTS himself in the head.

BUREAUCRAT #1

WHOA!

Bureaucrat #2 is horrified by blood on his golf clubs.

BUREAUCRAT #2

WHOA!

As their astonishment wanes, a sexy otherworldly COMPUTER VOICE rises in b.g.:

SEXY COMPUTER VOICE

A new message, has arrived.

BUREAUCRAT #1

Hey. Check it out...

They both see the COMPUTER SCREENS flashing with:

FAIL-SAFE DEVICE INITIATED
24 SECONDS TO FACILITY DESTRUCT

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

They are running as fast as they can in a blind panic.

INT. BUREAUCRATS'S OFFICE - SAME

Enraged scientist is brain dead, but still quivering with autonomic responses, eyes fixed on:

COMPUTER SCREEN

As the countdown approaches "0"

EXT. THE FACILITY - SAME

It explodes like a one hundred kiloton nuke.

The shock wave rolls across the desert and OVERTAKES CAMERA.

FADE OUT:

SUPER OVER BLACK:

60 MILES EAST, ACROSS THE DESERT

FADE IN:

On a SHOTGUN BARREL. Huge: Pointing AT CAMERA It goes off with a BOOM!

VIRGIL (O.S.)
This here's a robbery!!!

Two MENACING GUYS, armed to the teeth, are robbing a bank. The guy near the door is REGGIE. Near the tellers is his no good cousin VIRGIL.

VIRGIL (CONT'D) (CONTÍD)
Try it, hero...

He swings the shotgun barrel toward the

BANK MANAGER

who's hand is poised over an ALARM button.

They lock eyes. And the Bank Manager sucks in a gasp and thinks better of it.

REGGIE
I WANT ALL THE MONEY IN THIS PISS
POOR EXCUSE FOR A BANK IN THE BAGS
RIGHT NOW!!!

VIRGIL

hustles from teller to teller, collecting what he can.

VIRGIL
Tell 'em, Cuz'!

REGGIE
Done that, Cuz'!

EXT. FRONT OF THE BANK - THAT MOMENT

The quiet town. A clone of Crow and several other desert town's we'll see.

A TEXAS RANGER'S CRUISER

rolls up in front of the bank.

TAD MCDONNELL exits the car, chewing on a toothpick.

Calm in almost any situation, Tad's a strapping guy in his 50s who's face has been chiseled by the sun and a lifetime of law enforcement.

A YOUNG WOMAN

runs screaming from within and bumps right into Tad. Banking off of him, she runs off down the street.

Tad swallows the toothpick, gags, starts to cough, as Reggie and Virgil run out of the bank.

They climb into a sky blue, Malibu, convertible (a 'BU) with white stripes and a raised manifold on the hood.

Tad begins to turn blue, staggering... until--

WHAM! He's struck by the side of the getaway car.

That knocks the toothpick from his mouth.

Coughing, he pulls his vintage Winchester .45. But the impact has injured his aimin' arm.

He FIRES off several rounds, manages only to hit his own car and CURSES.

Cradling his injury, he scrambles behind the wheel of his car and gives chase.

INT. TEXAS RANGER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

TAD has slung his injured arm with his ammo belt, his eyes squinting through the dust.

EXT. HIGHWAY - THE CHASE - SAME

The cars, trading GUNFIRE, roar out into the open desert.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROW - ABOUT THE SAME TIME - DAY

DUSTY'S TRUCK BACKFIRES as it pulls up in a swirl of dust outside of the MIGHTY G MART.

INT. MIGHTY G MART - DAY

Dusty speaks earnestly with MR. MARSUPIAL, a barrel chested man of middle eastern descent.

DUSTY
Thing is, Mr. Marsupial, I've been a good and loyal employee for a long time now--

MR. MARSUPIAL
Six months.

DUSTY
What?

MR. MARSUPIAL
You've only worked here six months.

DUSTY
Well I've been loyal, haven't I?

Mr. Marsupial considers for a moment.

MR. MARSUPIAL
What do you want, Dusty?

DUSTY
I know you got the Mighty G up for sale and I just want you to know, I am an interested party.

MR. MARSUPIAL
But you haven't any money.

DUSTY
Well, I'm thinking we can work that out.

MR. MARSUPIAL
How will we work it out if you have no money?

DUSTY
Well, well, I'm trying to talk to you 'bout that very thing.

(beat)
Thing is, I'm searchin' for a benefactor what to help me begin an entrepreneurial odyssey.

MR. MARSUPIAL
I don't understand.

DUSTY
Don't understand what?

MR. MARSUPIAL
What?

DUSTY
What?

MR. MARSUPIAL
I am confused.

Once again, Dusty is confused as well. He takes a deep breath.

DUSTY
Thing is, Mr. Marsupial, I'm interested in buying the Mighty G.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NEAR BEAT TO SHIT WINNEBAGO - SAME

Moe and Owen are staring at the mushroom cloud that has bloomed in the wake of the explosion.

Now, bits of the facility begin to rain around the Winnebago. Moe is nearly struck by a toilet, Owen dodges shrapnel and a welded cluster of computer parts.

OWEN
(in Japanese)
Find cover!

The brothers, who are surprisingly light on their feet, back up under the tarp of the 'Bago and watch as

A SET OF PING GOLF CLUBS

smashes down into the small creek.

All at once, Moe runs back out.

OWEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What are you doing!?

Moe scoops up the Budweiser beer cans, dodging more pieces of debris. He makes it back.

He hands a Bud to Owen, who understands. Both take a drink and watch.

CUT TO:

FACILITY DEBRIS

falling elsewhere across the desert...

One particularly unusual piece lands on the wing of a Saguaro cactus. The cactus bends, cushioning the fall and before it's thrown by the reverse bow, WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of it.

It's a football sized metal canister, painted RED and slapped with all kinds of "warning" decals. Plates of thick Plexiglas at its center, house a kind of neon red fluid.

It's flung as the cactus snaps back and this time the canister lands on a pile of desert rocks, SHATTERING the Plex into a dozen pieces.

A HISS of liquid-gaseous matter sprays out under high pressure, right across a nest of

GILA MONSTERS

These are ugly, puppy sized lizards, dusty black with striking reddish orange markings painted across their withered, bloated and wrinkled hides.

For the most part, they don't do an awful lot in the hot sun, lots of basking, however, they have wide jaws and are blessed with poisonous teeth.

One of the creatures begins to twitch and convulse in reaction to the nebulous material that washes across it.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - GETAWAY CAR - SAME

Reggie FIRES at Tad behind them.

NEW ANGLE

The cars are traveling at speeds over eighty miles an hour.

ON TAD

Grabbing bullets off of his ammo belt with his teeth and loading them one by one into that monster .45.

His windshield is blown out.

NEW ANGLE

the Texas Ranger Car fishtails, nearly goes out of control, spins a 180.

TAD

struggles for control, fights to maintain it.

He comes out of the 180 and punches the gas.

FIRES that gun.

IN THE 'BU

A bullet tears through the passenger seat and right through Reggie's shoulder.

REGGIE

Ah--God--Son of a--

WITH TAD

He picks up the microphone

TAD

You got Tad McDonnel here, pursuin' suspects in the Holden bank heist, think I winged one of 'em and I'm closin' in.

EXT. FROM THE AIR - DAY

The two cars roar ahead, trailing plumes of dust.

NEW ANGLE

Ahead of them the flat desert changes. A maze like cluster of ravines appears, hundreds of miles long and an equal number of miles wide.

It's all the natural result of some primeval now dried river.

INT. TAD'S CRUISER - DAY

Tad's dead eyed squint is wiped from his face. He sits up.

HIS SIZE 13 BOOT

SLAMS down on the brake.

ANGLE - A SIGN ALONGSIDE THE DIRT ROAD

Announces the imminent edge of THE GILA MAZE. Tad's Cruiser SCREECHES to a stop just IN FRAME. The sign boldly reads:

NO MOTORCYCLES

NO HIKING

NO SHOOTING

NO EXIT

BEYOND: The single dust trail of the Bu twists into the first of the maze-like ravines.

TAD

climbs out of his car and stands there beside that sign, but he won't take one step beyond it.

TAD

Oh my no. You can't be that dumb.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PECOS APARTMENTS - AFTERNOON

Dusty chews on a reed, waiting out on the porch of the apartments. He speaks to an old dog lying on the floor.

DUSTY

Bet'cha Donald Trump didn't start with nothin'. I know good & well, he musta found a benefactor somewhere.

The old dog yawns and shuts its eyes.

DUSTY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Hang it all, why is it that a woman can't see when a man's tryin' to build a future for the both of 'em?

ACROSS THE STREET

Darla pulls her late model Volkswagon bug up to a perfect little house with a white picket fence.

She climbs out, sees Dusty, and starts crying, then runs into the house.

EXT. SIDE OF DARLA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty uses a drain pipe to scale the side of the house.

He reaches for a second story window almost falling in the process. It's locked so he knocks.

DUSTY

Damn Darla, open on up!

She opens the window.

DARLA

Why don't you just knock out front like normal folk.

DUSTY

'Cause I happen to know you won't come to the door when you're upset.

He climbs into the window and into

INT. DARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's like a little girls' room, with stuffed bears on the bed and yellow and white striped wallpaper.

DUSTY

Is all this fussing because I broke up with you again?

Darla stops crying on the spot.

DARLA

Oh my, what a prideful man you've become. I broke up with you!

DUSTY

Well now that isn't how I remember it at all.

DARLA

Well I can't be expected to imagine what you believe you think you remember.

DUSTY
That's... Huh?

DARLA
What?

DUSTY
That's what I'm asking!

DARLA
What?

Dusty narrows his eyes, refusing to be confused for the third time in one day.

DUSTY
You got a gift, Darla.

DARLA
What do you want? I hope all this fuss about loans and mini marts isn't about us getting back together.

DUSTY
Hah!

They both fold their arms. Then they both drop them, then they both fold them again. All at the same time.

DUSTY (CONT'D) (CONTÍD)
Stop it!

DARLA
You stop it.

Antagonized, Dusty drops his arms.

DUSTY
Oh I don't got time for this! I'm trying to begin an entrepreneurial odyssey and you are not helping. I come here to continue our conversation from the bank.

And at the mention, Darla lets out a loud WAIL.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - GILA MAZE - AFTERNOON

Virgil WAILS as Reggie tries to cut the bullet out of his shoulder with a knife.

VIRGIL
Get the hell away from me!

REGGIE
Hold still. It's gonna
in-fect.

VIRGIL
In-fect!? I'm gonna die from
lack of blood. Give me that!

He yanks the knife out of Reggie's hand.

VIRGIL (CONT'D) (CONT'ID)
The hell do you think this
is? The old west?

REGGIE
I'm just trying to help.

VIRGIL
Just, we just have to find a hospital
when we... where the hell are we?

REGGIE
Dunno. We was drivin' and drivin' and
you passed out and came too, passed out
again and then the car ran out of gas.

VIRGIL
You tellin' me we're lost? What you're
sayin' is that I'm bleedin' to death
and that we are lost!?
(beat)
Yeeooooowww!

A Gila Monster bites a chunk out of his arm.

VIRGIL (CONT'D) (CONT'ID)
What the--!?

REGGIE
Now where the hell did you find that
thing?

VIRGIL
Where do you think I found it you
idiot! This God forgotten dried out
patch of desert! Where we is *lost!*

Reggie gets his gun out by now and BLASTS until it dies.

VIRGIL (CONT'D) (CONTÍD)
Man that stings.

THE GILA MONSTER

its guts spilled open, sizzles. All kinds of mucousy white fat oozes from its body and coagulates there, closing the wounds.

It heaves and huffs and puffs, but it doesn't die.

VIRGIL (CONT'D) (CONTÍD)
Why is it doing that?

REGGIE
(pointing to Virgil's arm)
Uh, Virg...

The wound on Virgil's arm is turning black around the edges.

VIRGIL
Oh ain't this been a prince of a day!

EXT. EDGE OF GILA MAZE - DUSK

Several cop cars are gathered. A helicopter has landed.

SPECIAL AGENT BLAKE BLACK

strides through the melee. Blake's black, and dresses upscale.

He walks up to where Tad's been explaining things to two other FBI AGENTS. One of them hands Blake a note pad.

Blake peruses the notes and then looks up at Tad.

BLAKE
One thing about your story
doesn't click.

That quiets all. Tad's steely squint tightens.

TAD
And, you are?

BLAKE
Blake Black. FBI.

TAD
FBI huh? Seems like a bit much for a
local savings bank.

He looks around for the other agents.

TAD (CONT'D)
Don't they usually send you boys out as
a team?

BLAKE
(he smiles)
Well, maybe in these parts, you might
need a circus of Rangers to chase a
couple of men, but back in Washington,
we do think of the taxpayer and his
yearning for an efficient use of
manpower.

Tad absorbs the barb. Refuses to be baited.

TAD
Washington...that a fact? Well, you
got out here pretty quick I'd say.
Who'd you say called you boys in?

Blake turns to face Tad square on.

BLAKE
How I got here and who called me in is
really none of your concern. What
should be, is why, when you were right
on the tail of this scum, you stopped
right here and let them disappear into
the desert. Can you explain that to
me?

Tad squints. He's being played and he doesn't like it.

TAD
Well, you sure ain't from around these
parts, now are ya.

BLAKE
I don't see what that has to do with
anything.

TAD
S'got to do with the fact that we are
standin' on the edge of the Gila Maze.

Tad's eyes squint even harder.

TAD (CONT'D)

You never heard of it?

Blake shoots an amused look at his fellow agents.

BLAKE

I'm afraid we're unaware of any
of your, local...uh...eccentricities.

One of his fellow agents laughs.

TAD

You don't go in there, 'less you're a
desperate scoundrel too stupid to
realize what it is you're doing.

BLAKE

I see, and why would that be?

TAD

Cause chances are, you'll never come
out.

(beat)

It borders five counties, she does.
Gila Maze is sort of like a cross roads
they say. It all looks the same in
there. You can't tell right from left,
North from South, you just get deeper
and deeper and eventually you run out
of water and then you panic and it does
no good 'cause you ain't never gonna
see the outside of that place again.

BLAKE

Gila Maze.

TAD

And that's only the half of it.

BLAKE

Okay, I'll bite, what's the second
half?

TAD

You'll get bit, is what you'll do.
Gila Monsters. Size of gaters in
there.

BLAKE

What the hell is a Gila Monster?

TAD

Sort of like a big fat lizard 'cept loaded with poison and spite on a good day. Devil's pets, they say. And out there live the biggest, meanest ones on the planet. You get bit by one of 'em out in this heat and you got more worries than you had before.

Blake takes another gander at the desert.

TAD (CONT'D)

No sir, ya'll might as well wrap up your outfit and head on back to wherever ya come from. Them's a pair of dead bank robbers for sure.

BLAKE

How colorful. But where I'm from, we don't leave things to chance. Gibson!? Clooney!?

Blake's Clones, who bear the unusually familiar family names of Gibson and Clooney, snap to.

GIBSON/CLOONEY

Sir, here sir!

Blake signals a "whirling" motion with his fingers and they turn back towards the helicopter.

TAD

You're not goin' in there?

BLAKE

We'll be in a helicopter.

TAD

You don't understand. There's dust devils a mile high what funnel over it. You're puttin' yourself and your men at a terrifying risk.

BLAKE

Look at me. I'm shaking.

Tad's tight squint only tightens over the sarcasm.

EXT. DESERT - THE HELICOPTER

With dramatic flair, it lifts off into an angry red sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA MAZE - DUSK

Virgil is going through a terrifying kind of a transformation.

Growing over his skin are black and red streaks, like a tattoo of some South American rain forest tribesman.

Except that this is the desert.

REGGIE

leans over him, a tad concerned.

Virgil is convulsing, frothing at the mouth. And then, all at once, he sits up with a zombie-like expression.

Then he bites his no good cousin on the shoulder.

REGGIE
Yeaaaahhhhhh!

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Flying over shadowy, twisting ravines. Blake, Gibson and Clooney are loading weapons.

BLAKE
Okay, nice and easy and by
the book.

The radios that they wear hush with a blanket of static.

CLOONEY
Radio's just went dead.

GIBSON
What's that?

Up ahead, a real blanket approaches.

PILOT
Looks like,

The blanket envelops them.

PILOT (CONT'D) (CONTÍD)
DUST STORM!!!

Caught in the blinding storm, the pilot struggles to no avail.

THE HELICOPTER

spins out of control in a completely ambiguous cloud of absent equilibrium.

... until the GROUND looms up below them,

And the helicopter SLAMS into it.

The canopy disintegrates as does most of the helicopter. The pilot has a moment for one scream before the fragmenting rotor blades literally cut that short.

The others are hurled around like wet laundry during a spin cycle until the smoking wreckage settles.

Blake climbs from within. He is unhurt and calmly wipes the dust off of his suit. Clooney and Gibson crawl out after him looking pretty beat up.

BLAKE

Let's have an inventory
Sound off!

GIBSON

Gibson, sir. Intact.

CLOONEY

Clooney, sir, possible fracture
of two fingers and there's some kind of
a piece of metal in my left foot.

Blake shoots the potential injury a dark look.

BLAKE

Mobility?

CLOONEY

Marginal, sir.

Blake mulls it over, then pulls out his gun.

GIBSON

My God sir, it's just a couple broken
fingers!

CLOONEY
I can walk, I can try!--

BOOM! The gun goes off.

A rattlesnake inches away from Clooney is blown to smithereens.

Blake lifts the lifeless snake for a closer look.

BLAKE
Reptiles. Never cared much
for the squirmy things.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CLOSE: A TATOO OF A SNAKE - NIGHT

on a muscled, dirty bicep.

HEAVY METAL MUSIC thunders.

A GROUP OF BIKERS

are drunk and carrying on out in the desert where no one's gonna bother 'em.

They are roaring around on their cool Harley Davidson Motorcycles, kicking up dust, shooting off weapons, drinking, fighting, then drinking again and coasting on enough crystal meth to send a herd of elephants charging over a cliff.

THEIR GIRLS

match the guys beer for beer. By the light of several bonfires, they are all having one hell of a good time.

EDGE OF THE GROUP

A "guns for drugs" deal is going down.

A pair of Bikers hand over a duffel filled with meth in exchange for several crates of weapons stenciled with

"Property of the Italian National Army"

TWO GUYS, probably mafia members who've screwed up and have been banished to the South Texas desert, examine the meth, then nod.

It's all going along in a very civilized manner.

That is...

Until a pair of strangers appear on the crest of the nearest ravine edge...

CLOSER - STRANGERS

Definitely Reggie and Virgil, with tattoo-like markings on their faces, necks and arms very much like the camouflaged design of a Gila Monster. Their eyes are yellow and as hollow as a desert well.

BIKERS

after a few moments, they begin to notice the strangers' approach.

BIKER #1
What the hell do you want? You're
standing on Raider's desert!

At the mention of the biker group name, they all yell out "Raider's Desert!"

Virgil and Reggie ignore this cheer and walk on.

Another Biker comments.

BIKER #2
Nice toos...

Virgil and Reggie start checking out the motorcycles, setting their sights on a pair of vintage Harley Davidson models.

BIKER #1
Them son'o'bitches're messing with our
rides!

And no one messes with the Raiders' rides.

The Bikers drag Virgil and Reggie away from the cycles and start KICKING THE SHIT out of them.

BIKER BABES

getting off on the violence, yelling for their men to "kick ass."

But from the interior of that pile of bodies, something terrifying happens...

SCREAMS RISE...

A gunshot goes off, then another, and then blood begins to fleck the fighting men and soon after that, the struggle turns, and the Bikers begin panicked attempts to escape.

Reggie and Virgil have ripped enough guns, knives and clubs off of the Biker's bodies to kill every one of them with violent, merciless efficiency.

EXT. A HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

A BIKER GIRL, screaming to anything out in the desert that will listen runs up over a rise.

The two Banished Mafia guys run with her.

Until they are shot several times in the back.

They tumble down the embankment on both sides of her, somehow keeping up as she runs and runs.

ATOP EMBANKMENT

Virgil aims at Biker Girl as--

She scampers between some boulders and disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL HOUSE JUST BEHIND MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Tad's bullet pocked cruiser pulls into the drive.

INT. TAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTHA, Tad's wife is cooking a pot roast as Tad drags himself into an old TV chair.

Martha approaches him, she's younger than Tad, pleasant and pleasing. She walks down a hallway lined with all kinds of

PHOTOS AND AWARDS

which are a tribute to Tad's thirty year career with the Texas Rangers.

LAST PHOTO

Tad with Chuck Norris, wearing a goofy smile.

Martha turns down the volume on a short wave radio set up, quieting the static squawks of authorities elsewhere in the state.

She sets a beer on the TV tray beside Tad and winces at the sight of his injured arm.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Ouch!

TAD

Chase went bad.

MARTHA

Those bank robbers? Thought you all but had 'em rounded up.

TAD

Disappeared. Into the Gila Maze.

Martha lets out a gasp.

MARTHA

Good as dead.

TAD

I dunno.

MARTHA

How about a nice ol' piece of Dunberry pie?

TAD

I dunno.

MARTHA

Tad? Never seen you without a smile 'bout pie.

Tad shuts his eyes, sighs again.

TAD

Federal boys come in on account of it was a bank that was hit.

MARTHA

Makes sense.

TAD

They was laughin' at me.

He meets her eyes on that. Sips at the beer.

TAD (CONT'D)

Called me on my courage, Martha old girl.

MARTHA

I never seen any man more courageous than what's sittin' before me right now.

TAD

You ain't seen so much.

MARTHA

I seen enough.

TAD

Maybe they was right.

He pulls off his gun belt, loops it on the chair.

TAD (CONT'D) (CONT'ID)

Thing is, I could have chased 'em in.

MARTHA

Look at me.

Tad looks into those soft and warm eyes.

MARTHA (CONT'D) (CONT'ID)

You're my hero. Always have been, always will.

Tad hugs her, but his eyes are far away in thought, and fear at what his future might hold.

EXT. DEEP IN THE GILA MAZE - NIGHT

Painted by the light of a full moon. From somewhere deep within comes the mournful HOWL of a lonely coyote.

EXT. BIKER PARTY SITE - NIGHT

Lit by the dying glow of the Raiders' bonfire, Virgil warmly pets that infected Gila Monster, still alive and as

disgusting as ever. He places it into a Biker's saddle bag.

NEW ANGLE

Reggie and Virgil saddle up onto two of the more vintage cycles.

Kick start them.

And pull away from the massacre.

And away from CAMERA...

Until the images of their departure-- twin trails of dust-- meld into another the darkness the vast and endless desert.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sleepy eyed, Dusty drops a wad of butter into a hot skillet.

Behind him, Darla has fallen asleep on a couch. She stirs as the butter POPS and SIZZLES.

DARLA
You're still here?

DUSTY
Just watchin' for ya. You was pretty worked up.

A sweet thing to do. Darla is touched.

DARLA
I can't eat in this state of emotional distress.

DUSTY
Couple of toad in the holes will calm you right down.

Dusty tosses a couple of pieces of bread with holes in the center onto the sizzling butter.

DARLA
Oregano.

DUSTY
I know how to cook a toad in the hole.

DARLA

The common recipe doesn't usually call for it.

DUSTY

Who's common?

DARLA

What?

DUSTY

What?

Dusty levels a suspicious glance.

DUSTY (CONT'D) (CONT'ID)

Either you're tryin' to confuse me, or you're startin' to feel better already.

Dusty plops a couple of eggs in the middle of the bread. He turns to let it cook and takes a seat opposite Darla.

DARLA

He wants to close the bank.

DUSTY

(spits)
Roy Dango...

DARLA

Put in a ready cash machine.

DUSTY

(spits again)
And his, randy dandy suit and fancy pants new name...

DARLA

Thinks you can replace a whole bank full of people, hard working and dedicated people, with a bunch of buttons. Thinks you can replace a....

DUSTY

Rushed away from Crow, lookin' for God knows what, come back to show off.

DARLA

He was quite decked out, slick I'd call him.

DUSTY

Slick!? Looked like a puffy little city boy if you was to ask me.

Darla wails anew.

DARLA

Daddy finally offers me the opportunity to run things, and this has to happen. Why? I ask you, why?

Dusty takes her question seriously.

DUSTY

Well, I suspect it's a matter of progress, a cash machine's just as good as a bank. Lots cheaper to operate.

DARLA

How can you put a price on customer support!

DUSTY

Just using my business acumen. It's one of the first rules ya learn in Bright's Mail Order MBA program. Obliterate the salaries of bloated middle management.

DARLA

Bloated!? Dusty Hawkins, are you calling me fat!?

DUSTY

Well of course not, I just meant--

DARLA

You are low and mean, Dusty. I think you're mad because I won't fund your loan.

DUSTY

Well, now that we're on that subject--

DARLA

Ha! I should have known!

DUSTY

Well you can't know what I can't get out!

DARLA

I know what's in your heart, Dusty.
It's all about you, you and you.

DUSTY

That's not true at all. I'm just
tryin' to get you to see reason!

Dusty's words bring Darla new inspiration.

DARLA

Maybe you're right.

DUSTY

What?

DARLA

I just gotta convince 'ol RD to see
reason is all.

DUSTY

Huh! You ain't gonna convince Roy
Dango of nothin', 'cept for his own
ideas of how good he thinks he smells.

DARLA

He'll listen. He wouldn't have invited
me to brunch if he wasn't willing to
listen.

DUSTY

Brunch!?

The DOORBELL rings.

She springs to her feet, takes the spatula from Dusty and
quickly uses its reflective quality to apply a lip gloss.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - SAME

Roy is there. Darla opens the door.

DARLA

(courteous, but cold)

Roy.

ROY

Darla. It's a pleasure to see you
again.

DARLA

I'd like to reply with some, similar salutation, however, under the circumstances...

Dusty walks up behind Darla, glaring.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh. Hello.

Dusty says nothing as Darla throws on a sweater.

DUSTY

You really going to brunch?
(beat)
With him?

Darla disengages herself.

DARLA

We'll talk later, Dusty.

DUSTY

Later? Could be later's too late.

DARLA

What is it that you're threatening?

Dusty pushes past them both. He climbs into his old truck and leans out the window.

DUSTY

I might be drivin' to Havoc. Might just talk to another bank!

And he tries to start the truck.

But it just makes a sort of BUZZING electrical sound which quickly dies altogether.

Dusty climbs out with a groan of frustration, kicks at the old truck.

That hurts his foot.

He stifles a yell, and is about to kick it again when he realizes he's being watched.

He glares, but controls his voice.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

I'll get there somehow, just wait an' see!

And he slams the truck door and marches off.

Roy asides to Darla as he goes.

ROY
Volatile, isn't he?

Darla watches Dusty walk on up the street.

DARLA
He's something all right.

ROY
Does he own a gun?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

TEXAS SIZED CLOUDS tumble across the brilliant sky. Beside the lone snake of highway, Dusty tries to hitch.

A BIG RIG TRUCK slows. The door is thrown open. An older woman in her fifties in a John Deere hat-- as hard as a piece of leather left years in the sun-- beckons Dusty into the truck.

TRUCKER/GRACE
Hop on in, young fella.

And with a devoted look back at the Mighty G, Dusty does just that.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NEAR WINNEBAGO - DAY

Lynard Skynard plays on an old boom box. The batteries are low and Ronnie Van Zandt sounds drunker than usual.

MOE is in front of the Winnebago, frying a sandwich of peanut butter and melted cheese in two inches of Crisco in a skillet on the fire pit.

OWEN works nearby, attaching FACILITY DEBRIS they've salvaged to a rack on the rear of the Winnebago.

As he struggles to tie it all together, Owen notices some fluid on the bumper of the Winnebago. He touches it, then smells it.

He marches right over to where Moe cooks. As before, they speak JAPANESE. Subtitles ARE:

OWEN

Know what I got here?

MOE

A belly the size of a whale's. Hah!

Moe delights in his own indelible wit.

OWEN

This here, under my fingernail is bar-b-que sauce, blubber boy. What you left and never cleaned up day before yesterday.

Moe waddles over, taking a huge bite of sandwich. It oozes soupy grease onto his T-shirt.

He pauses to smell Owen's extended finger.

MOE

That there's catsup. You don't even know the difference between catsup and bar-b-que.

OWEN

That ain't the point, you pea brained moron.

MOE

Where does a bb brain like you get off callin' me pea brained.

OWEN

Measured ounce for ounce against all that body fat, percentages work right out.

MOE

That's it. Put up 'em up right now.

OWEN'

Well, I have attempted to behave in a civilized manner. I guess there's nothin' left cept' for to teach you a lesson!

Moe spits into his hands, lathering them with bits of cheese, peanut butter and potato chips.

MOE

Come on then.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Biker Girl, scrambles up a hill.

Her exigent flight across the harsh desert has dehydrated her and has torn her clothes and skin.

Atop the hill she pauses in her desperation, scanning the horizon line of empty desert.

There, a mere one hundred yards off, is a sign of civilization.

A BEAT TO SHIT WINNEBAGO

In a gulley before a bitter spit of a creek

And out in front of that is a sight so surreal, it is nearly impossible to believe.

NEAR WINNEBAGO - SAME

Moe STOMPS his feet. Owen mimes him. Both are stripped to their time-honored Sumo Mawashis.

Their hair fixed like seventeenth century samurai, they bow within a Dohyo (wrestling circle) etched in the hard desert floor.

And then--

Like a pair of bulls, they charge, slapping sweating flesh, each struggling for a hold.

This goes on for several moments.

Sweat and grease flies.

Much honor is lost as both men violate traditional Sumo rules by pulling hard on the straps girding each others' groin area.

Moments later, the struggle is broken up by

BIKER GIRL

who limps up toward the edge of the bizarre contest and manages to find her voice.

BIKER GIRL
H... Help me...

Moe and Owen blink at this odd apparition that has presented itself.

BIKER GIRL (CONT'D)
Please...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE DESERT - DAY

A single room shack beside the road is overwhelmed by a large glittering SIGN which reads:

WORLD'S BIGGEST METEOR MUSEUM
viewing hours 9 to 5

It's a roadside tourist attraction. A smaller sign beneath reads: "Last gas for fifty miles"

There are maybe four or five cars parked on the dirt out front.

And between them, an ominous sight

TWO VINTAGE MOTORCYCLES

parked near the gas pumps.