

# **DRIVE ANGRY**

by

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WGAw

EXT. LAUGHTER, COLORADO - DAY

Half a dozen abandoned shacks and a boarded up gas station make up the central hub of Laughter, Colorado. She'd be a ghost town 'cept the ghosts considered her a shithole ages ago and baled. The buck ten for leaded sign gives us an idea how long ago this place went dry.

Suddenly an old Chevy RIPS around the corner, wheels sending PLUMES of dust skyward.

INT. OLD CHEVY - DAY

Three grimy looking fuckers are stuffed into the cab. FUCKING DRIVER looks as though he may piss himself. FUCKING MIDDLE twists around, glares through the back glass and FUCKING PASSENGER white-knuckles a tire iron.

FUCKING DRIVER  
Goddamned old man!

FUCKING PASSENGER  
I thought he was dead! She said he was dead!

FUCKING MIDDLE  
I don't see him. Just go. I think we lost him.

EXT. LAUGHTER - MAIN STREET - DAY

They race through the dusty derelict little town, peeling for the main road in the distance when they round a corner --

--to face a '70 PLYMOUTH ROADRUNNER, beat to shit, engine screaming. SPEEDING head on. This ain't chicken because these three Fuckers don't even have time to react before:

MILTON

"The Old Man", shock of white hair, drives the Roadrunner, locks the tires and spins the wheel.

The Roadrunner fishtails, slides sideways AT THEM!

The truck's gonna ram the driver's side. At least it would but:

MILTON AIMS A SHOTGUN through the driver's side window. Fearless. Pissed off. He FIRES!

The shot BLOOMS right at us! Then SLOWS TO NEAR FROZEN - Hanging in mid-air - suspended, like we could touch it:

TITLE CARD appears--

**"DRIVE ANGRY"**

--then the shot BURSTS through the title! SHATTERING the words right at us!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...EXPLODING into the hood of the Chevy! The hood RIPS up, SLAMS the windshield.

Truck CAREENS out of control!

Milton GUNS the Roadrunner away from truck...but...

KRAACK - The Truck nails the Roadrunner's rear quarter panel.

Roadrunner and truck go into a spin. A tornado of dust SWIRLS around the two vehicles.

The Roadrunner SPLINTERS into a boarded store front!

The Truck HITS a ditch and UPENDS. Flips. SLAMS into the dirt on its roof, wheels SPINNING.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Smoke HISSES from the totalled Roadrunner. Door creeks open. Milton emerges slow and sure. He crosses toward the Chevy.

Fucking Passenger rises from behind the truck and rushes Milton, tire iron held high over his head!

Milton spins and KUH-FOOM!

--blows Fucking Passenger's hand clean off! Passenger screams as Milton snatches the iron out of the air and --

KER-ACK!

-- slams it across his face! Passenger drops. Hard.

Milton stoops, removes Passenger's wallet, digs the cash out.

OVER MILTON'S SHOULDER

Fucking Driver scrambles from behind the wheel, springs to his feet and runs.

Milton spins, BLOWS his knee apart from 20 paces. Driver SCREAMS and face-firsts the cracked pavement.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Fucking Middle drags himself from the passenger side. He got the worst of it. Looks like his face went through the windshield. He looks up --

-- into the barrel of Milton's shotgun. A beat.

FUCKING MIDDLE  
I'll never tell you where they've  
taken her...NEVER.

MILTON  
I know.

The EXPLOSION vaporizes what's left of his face.

ON FUCKING DRIVER

As he tries to stand but his lower leg dangles from a piece of cartilage. He falls, WRITHES on the ground. He looks up at Milton standing over him.

FUCKING DRIVER  
You...you took my leg you fuck!

Milton presses the shotgun barrel into the man's good knee.

FUCKING DRIVER  
Wait. Wait!

MILTON  
Where is she?

FUCKING DRIVER  
I...I don't...

Suddenly Fucking Passenger, flattened by the tire iron, sits up, dazed. Sees Milton. Spots the iron. Goes for it.

Milton spins and KAFOOM!

Blows Fucking Passenger to hell.

FUCKING DRIVER  
Stillwater! Stillwater Marsh! I  
don't know where exactly. They  
call it Wolf Deer Run, that's all I  
know. I swear!

Milton digs Driver's cell phone out...stares at it for a moment, drops it, finds wallet, takes cash.

FUCKING DRIVER

But you're too late. You gotta know that. Next full moon she's dead. Nothing you can do. She's dead and hell will walk the earth--

WHAM!

Milton shoves the barrel of his shotgun into the man's mouth, breaking a couple teeth in the process.

Milton hisses, his throat dry, like a man who hasn't quenched his thirst in a decade.

MILTON

You tell him I'm coming. You got that? I'm coming to get her back. You tell him. Tell him I'm gonna kill every last one of you fuckers.

Milton turns on his heels. Walks into the dust and doesn't look back.

EXT. FAT LOU'S ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Black smoke billows from the BBQ of this shithole diner. It's the only building as far as the eye can see. The lot dotted with vehicles past their prime. A muscle bound '67 GTO stands out.

INT. FAT LOU'S ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Covered in a thick layer of cooking grease, this is one of those diners where white trash goes to die. Half a dozen PATRONS sit at bar and booth as a young American Indian couple, MARY and DALE, enter with their children 2, 4 and 7.

Two waitresses, PIPER (25) and NORMAJEAN (57) stand at the kitchen pick-up window. Through which we can see the joint's owner, FAT LOU, dripping sweat into a pile of scrambled eggs. Fat Lou is fat. Holy fuck fat.

PIPER

So I tell him, I says, "Frank, that's it. No more free milk. You gonna have to buy the cow you son of a bitch."

NORMAJEAN

But you're not fat, Piper

PIPER

Wha? No, NormaJean, "buy the cow."  
Marry me? He's got to marry me.  
I'm sayin I cut him off.

NORMAJEAN

You cut him off?

PIPER

Not just yes but hell yes! No  
tits, no ass. And I told him if I  
see that big ol' dick of his  
anywhere near my face I'm gonna  
bite it in half.

Normajeane giggles with embarrassment.

NORMAJEAN

You said that? How long's it been?

Piper frowns.

PIPER

Well, it's only been two days but  
that's like a decade in horny  
fucker years.

NORMAJEAN

So he bought you a diamond?

PIPER

A diamond? God no. If Frank had  
money for a diamond I would have  
jacked his sorry ass ages ago and  
put this shithole life in the rear  
view. But he did get down on his  
knees and ask me to be his bride.

NORMAJEAN

No way.

PIPER

Yes way!

NormaJean grabs Piper in a great big hug.

NORMAJEAN

Oh! Piper!

PIPER

I KNOW!

FF-FF-FFUMP!

Something yellow peppers them both. The girls look up as --  
Fat Lou SLAMS two plates of food into the window.

PIPER

Did...did you just throw scrambled  
eggs at us?

FAT LOU

I don't pay you bitches to stand  
around. Now get the fuck back to work!

Piper snatches one of the plates.

She delivers it to a Patron sitting at the bar, then turns  
toward the newly arrived customers.

The American Indian couple scans a menu...

...and Milton (the old guy from our opening) scans her...he  
quickly looks down at an unfolded map of Colorado as --

NormaJean steps up to Milton.

NORMAJEAN

Hello beautiful, coffee?

MILTON

That'd be great. Tell me,  
Stillwater Marsh around here?

NORMAJEAN

(shrugs) Stillwater...doesn't ring  
a bell. I'll get that coffee.

But Milton makes eye contact with Mary, the Indian mother.  
She quickly looks away. She knows something...

Milton opens his mouth to speak as--

--Piper approaches the American Indian couple.

PIPER

Hi guys, I'm Piper. Can I bring  
you something to drink?

MOTHER MARY

We'll take this.

Mary points to the menu, Piper leans in, reads.

PIPER

"She's a Brickhouse" breakfast.  
Ten monster flapjacks for 4.99.

MOTHER MARY

And five waters.

PIPER

Five waters. And what can I get for...

Father averts his eyes. He's embarrassed.

MOTHER MARY

That's it. Just the pancakes. If  
that's okay?

Piper stares at them as if for the first time. Shit...  
they're hungry. And broke.

PIPER

Oh. Of course. Coming right up.

Piper shoots Milton a look as she crosses to the kitchen.

Milton rises slightly. He's clearly trying to get Mary's  
attention. She's ignoring him.

Piper calls through the window to Fat Lou.

PIPER

One brickhouse.

She turns and stops suddenly. Stares at a pile of muffins  
kept fresh within a glass cake stand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary can no longer avoid Milton's stare.

MILTON

Stillwater Marsh? You know it?

Dale, the father, keeps his back to Milton as he speaks.

DALE

No. We don't.

MILTON

It's important.



MOTHER MARY  
You're in the wrong state.

DALE  
Mary!

MILTON  
And what state Should I be in?

Dale turns, glares at Milton.

DALE  
Nevada. Catch the 50 and cut across.  
It's a two day drive from here.

MILTON  
And Wolf Deer Run?

DALE  
Never heard of it.

The 7 year old LITTLE GIRL'S eyes brighten.

LITTLE GIRL  
Yes you have daddy. Wolf Deer Run,  
that's where The Smiling Man takes  
the wicked children to see the  
Mother of all things.

Mary SHUSHES her Little Girl and pulls her close.

MILTON  
Mother of all things, that sounds  
very interesting.

LITTLE GIRL  
Oh it is! The Mother of all things  
bleeds black tears unto those who  
cut her--

Mother places her hand over her daughter's mouth.

MOTHER MARY  
It's nothing. Just a story parents  
tell to their children. Like the  
boogey-man or the tooth-fairy.

A plate filled with muffins thumps down before them. Piper  
leans in with three kiddie cups.

PIPER  
And three milks.

MOTHER MARY  
But we didn't order--

PIPER  
(whispers) --On the house.

She winks and moves away...eyeing the kitchen window. She doesn't notice...

MILTON

staring at her again. An impressed smirk on his face. Suddenly NormaJean steps in front of him.

NORMAJEAN  
So, aren't you gonna ask what time my shift ends? Full moon tonight. I'm always a little 'randy' during full moon.

MILTON  
Full moon's three days off.

NORMAJEAN  
(she touches his hand)  
You sure 'bout that, sweetie?

MILTON  
Pretty sure. (looks outside) Hell of a ride out there. Yours?

NORMAJEAN  
The GTO? I wish.

MILTON  
(glances at Piper)  
Hers?

NORMAJEAN  
Sure but if you're lookin' for a ride...

MILTON  
And would you be gentle?

NORMAJEAN  
Life's too short for that, sweetie.

INT. FAT LOU'S ROADSIDE DINER - KITCHEN - DAY

Piper enters with two dirty plates, scrapes them and drops them into a soapy sink. She turns right into --

FAT LOU

He glares down at her.

PIPER

Jesus Lou, back the fuck off.

FAT LOU

"On the house"? On the fucking house?

PIPER

Oh relax. We gotta toss them muffins out today anyway.

She sidesteps him, exits the kitchen.

INT. HIGHWAY 50 - FAT LOU'S ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

As Piper crosses toward the bar, Lou grabs her from behind, spins her around.

PIPER

Get your hand off of me!

His fat fingers tighten around her shoulder.

FAT LOU

You get over there and you charge them for those muff...

Piper strikes. Like a snake. Her hand reaches beneath the fat of his belly and vice grips his balls. Hell, we even hear the CRUNCH.

Fat Lou GASPS and doubles over allowing Piper to SLAM her forehead into the bridge of his nose!

KER-RACK!

PIPER

I told you, you fat fuck son of a bitch, never to touch me again!

His nose seeps blood.

FAT LOU

Let...go...of...my...

She SLAPS him across the face with her free hand.

PIPER

Shut up.

She takes a step backwards, but keeps her hand clamped to his nuts. He has no choice but follow.

She pulls him up to the American Indian family.

PIPER

Tell'em.

FAT LOU

Wha...what?

We see it in her face. She squeezes. Lou's eyes go wide...flutter...he's about to pass out.

PIPER

Tell them...the muffins...are on the house.

FAT LOU

On. The. House.

She lets go. Lou drops to his knees, then timbers to the floor as Piper turns to the family.

The children are huddled, terrified against their parents.

PIPER

I'm sorry your kids had to see that. Put some honey butter on those bran muffins and they taste an awful lot better.

Piper turns and crosses toward the door.

NormaJean is pale as she watches her go.

Piper brushes past Milton's booth. His cup is there but Milton is gone.

EXT. FAT LOU'S ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

We're close on a car door as it SLAMS.

CLOSE ON GLASS PACK EXHAUST PIPES as the car RUMBLES with life. An "I brake for pussy" bumper sticker stands out.

THE BACK GLASS vibrates as MUSIC blares from within.

INT. GTO - DAY

Piper's French manicured hand wraps the floor-mounted gear shift like a cock and SLAMS it into drive.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DAY

With Piper behind the wheel the GTO tears onto the highway...

...and blows passed Milton, as he walks west, duffle bag thrown over his shoulder.

INT. GTO - DAY

Piper SINGS. She's empowered. Then...

KA-THUNK.

She grips the wheel.

The RPMS drop.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DAY

The GTO pulls off the road...white smoke HISSES from beneath the hood.

CLOSE ON ENGINE as the hood POPS.

Piper waves a hand in front of her face as the smoke devours her. She COUGHS. Stares. It's clear she don't know jack shit about engines.

FOOTSTEPS. Piper slips the keys between her fingers. Ready.

Milton appears through the smoke.

MILTON

Car trouble?

Piper stares. It's the way he said it. Too knowing.

Milton glances at the engine.

MILTON

Oh, that's not so bad. I can fix that for you if you like.

PIPER  
I would. Thank you.

MILTON  
If you give me a lift.

PIPER  
I'm only going as far as Blackfoot  
Falls. The truckstop there.

MILTON  
And I'd be much obliged.

Milton leans in, flicks something then rises and THUMPS the hood shut with a smile.

MILTON  
Shall we?

INT. GTO - DAY

Piper behind the wheel focuses on the road. Milton sits in the passenger seat, hugs his duffle bag, glances at Piper.

Suddenly Piper turns on him.

PIPER  
Get it straight old man. I ain't  
sleeping with you.

Milton chuckles.

MILTON  
Darlin, my days of bedding a gal ten  
minutes after I meet her are over.

PIPER  
Yeah. Well, that's good to hear.

MILTON  
(to himself)  
For now, anyway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - LAURA'S TRUCK STOP MOTEL - DAY

Several big rigs are parked near the truck stop. A few derelict vehicles outside the adjacent run down old motel. Piper's GTO pulls in and parks near the road.

Piper climbs out. Milton rises stiffly and crosses toward her as he tosses the duffle over his shoulder. He offers his hand, gives her a smile.

MILTON  
'Preciate the ride, ma'am.

Milton crosses toward an old Superman style phone booth.

EXT. LAURA'S MOTEL - DAY

Piper inserts her key, glances back at Milton.

He's in the booth now, his back to her.

Piper turns the key and opens the door.

INT. LAURA'S MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

First thing we see is MONA'S naked ass and back. Long red hair, she is riding a naked FRANK. Neither realizes Piper has opened the door.

MONA  
Oh Frank, you know how long I've  
wanted to feel you inside me?

FRANK  
Faster.

MONA  
Oh, you want it faster?

Mona thrusts her pelvic the tiniest bit faster.

Suddenly Piper's hand clinches a handful of red hair and yanks! Mona SCREAMS in pain, Frank YELPS in fear as Piper drags Mona backwards off the bed.

EXT. LAURA'S MOTEL - DAY

Piper drags Mona, KICKING and SCREAMING, into the lot, then drops her and whirls toward the room--

-- where Frank struggles, desperate to find his pants.

MONA  
What's the matter with you?! You  
psycho bitch from...

Piper spins on Mona, points a finger in warning.

PIPER

Don't.

It shuts Mona up.

Piper storms back toward the room.

HER POV

Frank hops with one leg in his jeans. He sees her coming. Although he's a big fella, he looks scared.

Suddenly Mona steps in front of Piper and SLAPS her across the face!

MONA

Fuck you, Piper, we're in lo--

WHAM!

Piper clocks Mona!

Mona stands there...dazed. Swaying. Confused.

PIPER

What was that? I didn't catch that last word.

MONA

Oh...I...I said...we're in lo--

WHAM!

This time Mona stumbles backwards and CRASHES into a metal chair on the motel porch.

Piper brushes passed her.

INT. LAURA'S MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Piper stuffs a gym bag with clothes.

FRANK

Now baby, just hold on.

PIPER

I'm warning you, Frank. Don't come near me.



FRANK

Look, sooner you accept this is  
your fault, the better.

Piper stops, turns, stares.

FRANK

Baby, I can't just turn it off.  
Now you know that. I gotta have  
it. At least once a day. It's in  
the wiring. You did this. You  
made me cheat on you. You're lucky  
I'm not more pissed about it.

Piper stares for a moment. It's like she's been sucker  
punched. Then she zips her bag and crosses to the door.

FRANK

Piper! Now cut it out. Enough  
with the drama!

INT. HIGHWAY 70 - LAURA'S MOTEL - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Milton watches Piper's room. It's clear the phone to his ear  
is a fake out.

Suddenly a look crosses his face. He jerks around.

HIS POV

THE GAS STATION ACROSS HIGHWAY 70

...the garage. A grimy looking GREASE MONKEY is staring at  
Milton, cell phone to his ear. He sees Milton see him,  
quickly backs into the shadows.

FRANK (O.S.)

Piper!

EXT. LAURA'S TRUCK STOP MOTEL - DAY

Piper exits, glances at Mona, sprawled out unconscious in the  
metal chair, an ASIAN MAN in a Hawaiian shirt SNAPS pictures  
of her.

Piper snatches the camera and flings it against the wall  
where it SHATTERS.

ASIAN MAN

Hey?!

PIPER

Pervert.

Piper stomps across the lot as Frank exits, calls to her.

FRANK

Baby, Please. Now hold on. Can we talk about this?

Piper keeps walking. Never looks back.

FRANK

Piper, stop this! You got nowhere to go and you know it.

PIPER

I'll go to San Francisco and stay with my cousin.

FRANK

(Realization) Whoa. You ain't taking my car.

Piper pulls out the keys, twirls them on her finger.

FRANK

I said, you ain't taking my car, bitch.

Frank grabs her by the shoulder. Piper spins and --

WHAM!

-- punches him in the face. Caught off guard, Frank stumbles, nearly goes down.

PIPER

Your car?! Who's been making the payments you out of work, skanky Mona fucking piece of shit?!

She drops the gym bag and launches into him. A blur of FISTS and CLAWS. The tears flow. Heartbreak, anger, humiliation.

Frank stumble backwards. Tries to block the blows. WHAM!

FRANK

Stop...

WHAM!

FRANK

...hitting me!

She swings but this time Frank lashes out.

KUH-RACK!

He punches her in the face. Hard. She drops to her hands and knees. When she looks up, her teeth are caked in blood.

FRANK

You're insane, you know that? Look what you made me do!

She staggers to her feet, sways before him.

FRANK

Come on, I'll get you some ice--

She SPITS blood in his face and SWINGS!

He blocks the blow and BACKHANDS her with the force of thunder. She spins and SLAMS into the ground. Doubtful she'll get up this time, then --

QUIET LAUGHTER

Frank stares as Piper rolls over.

PIPER

Frank. Sweetie. I'm gonna tell everybody what I caught you doing with my pink dildo.

Her laughter becomes a hysterical fit.

FRANK

That's it.

He drops on top of her, his fingers curl into a fist.

FRANK

You don't wanna fuck me? Fine. When I'm done nobody's gonna wanna fuck you. Ever.

PIPER

Go to hell.

Frank raises his fist into the air. Then...

MILTON (O.S.)

Hey.

Frank looks up as a boot catches him under the chin, lifting him off Piper.

Piper stares through blurry eyes as Milton drops on top of Frank, pounding him with his fists.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. COLORADO PLAINS - DUSK

The sun is a glow to the west. The horizon dances and shimmers. Then...is that...yes. Someone is out there. Walking toward us. As if they appeared within the heat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We start close to the ground. Dress shoes. Suit pants.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The ACCOUNTANT. Least he sure as shit looks like an accountant in blue suit and purple power tie. Not especially large. Nice looking face. Something trustworthy about him. Friendly even.

He loosens his tie, slips his jacket off and tosses it over his shoulder. There's a bounce in his step.

INT. FAT LOU'S ROADSIDE DINER - DUSK

NormaJean looks up as the Accountant enters.

NORMAJEAN

Have a seat sweetie. Mary there  
will be right with you.

Indian Mother Mary turns. Piper's replacement. She stops in her tracks. Stares at the Accountant.

He winks at her.

A shiver runs through Mother Mary. She backs away then rushes from the diner.

NORMAJEAN

Mary?!

Fat Lou leans from the Kitchen window.

FAT LOU

Where's she going?

The Accountant turns to Lou. Stares. Then --

ACCOUNTANT  
You. Fat fuck. Come here.

Lou stares.

FAT LOU  
What did you call me?

The Accountant smiles.

Fat Lou vanishes from the window then BURSTS from the kitchen.

FAT LOU  
I said, what did you call--

ACCOUNTANT  
--I called you 'fat fuck' and we had better leave it at that unless you'd prefer I call you 'dead fat fuck.'

FAT LOU  
Wha-what?

ACCOUNTANT  
I'm looking for someone. An old man. White hair. Five-eleven.

The Accountant smells the air, embraces it.

ACCOUNTANT  
He was here earlier. Traveling light. Likely on foot.

FAT LOU  
Who are you?

ACCOUNTANT  
I'm the Accountant.

FAT LOU  
That's supposed to mean something to me?

ACCOUNTANT  
It will if I add you to the books. And if you don't tell me what I want to know...

NormaJean opens her mouth to speak. Shuts it.

The Accountant turns to her, quickly. So quickly she takes a step back.

ACCOUNTANT  
You had something to say?

NORMAJEAN  
He was here. Earlier.

ACCOUNTANT  
Yes. We've established that.

NORMAJEAN  
Terrible tipper.

ACCOUNTANT  
I'm sure he was. Where did he go?

She points.

NORMAJEAN  
That way. West. On foot.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - NIGHT

The GTO THUNDERS past.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Piper is curled up in a fetal position in the big back seat. She sits up slowly. Her eyes are blackened. But clearly Milton has cleaned her up. She props herself on an elbow, looks at the jacket covering her.

Milton is driving. He gazes out the window...up to the sky.

Piper looks.

The MOON hangs a few days from full.

Piper slides over the seat, drags Milton's jacket with her, then slips into it, wrapping herself as if cold.

MILTON  
Want me to roll the window up?

PIPER  
You didn't kill him did you?

MILTON

No but he'll likely piss blood for  
a day or two.

PIPER

Thanks for that.

MILTON

Hungry?

He gestures through the windshield as they pass a "Welcome to  
Utah" sign. Beyond, there are lights ahead.

PIPER

Utah?

MILTON

You mentioned San Francisco.

PIPER

Appreciate what you done for me  
back there but I ain't takin you  
all the way to--

MILTON

--My business is in Nevada. Can  
you get me that far?

PIPER

What business?

MILTON

I'm looking for someone. You  
hungry or not?

Piper considers for a moment, then--

PIPER

Yeah. I could eat.

MILTON

Name's Milton. You're Piper,  
right?

PIPER

You try to kill me and dump me in  
the desert I'll cut your nuts off.

MILTON

Fair enough.

INT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Pool tables, old pin ball machines and an odd mix of BIKERS, COWBOYS and the SLUTS who love them.

Piper and Milton slide into a booth. Piper eyes a Latino BUSBOY, nice biceps, jeans too tight.

ROY, a greasy fella in his fifties approaches, big happy looking fucker, owns the joint.

GREASY FELLA

Greetings folks, welcome to the  
Bull by the Balls...

He stops. Smile fades. Stares at Milton, mouth agape.

MILTON

Roy.

ROY

Milton?

Roy doesn't even try to hide his dislike of Milton.

ROY

Thought you were dead.

MILTON

You *hoped* I was dead. Not the same.

ROY

You planning on staying?

Milton eyes a door marked "Motel Guests".

MILTON

Got a problem with that?

ROY

Your money's good as any I'spect.  
But be gone by dawn.

With Roy turns his back on them and walks away.

PIPER

What was that all about?

MILTON

Back in another life I used to  
drive a truck through these parts.



PIPER  
And you'd spend the night here?

MILTON  
I'd spend the night here fucking  
his wife.

Suddenly Milton twists around, stares toward the bar.

PIPER  
What's wrong?

MILTON  
I...nothing I guess.

A large breasted waitress, fuckin' hot for a woman in her fifties, approaches with chips and salsa. Eyes Milton.

CANDY  
Well, hello. I'm Candy. Start you  
off with some drinks?

MILTON  
Beer.

PIPER  
Same.

Candy plops two pens and index cards on the table.

CANDY  
And I'll need to see your IDs.

Piper pulls her license absently and slides it over, begins filling out the card.

MILTON  
What is this?

PIPER  
Guess it's been awhile since you  
drove that truck through here.

CANDY  
You want a drink? You gotta be a  
member. Dry county.

MILTON  
You're kidding.

CANDY  
Welcome to Utah, Mr...

She takes his license.

MILTON  
Call me Milton.

CANDY  
This license isn't just expired.  
It's an antique.

MILTON  
Fine, then bring me a milk.

She tosses his card on the table.

CANDY  
For you, gorgeous, we'll break the  
rules. Shhhh, don't tell nobody.

Milton watches her go. Drinking her up.

PIPER  
You gonna tap that?

MILTON  
Tap what?

PIPER  
Jeez, Milton, how long's it been?  
Sounds like you used to stick it in  
anything with a crack.

MILTON  
Yeah. Well. I've been distracted.

PIPER  
Suit yourself. But nobody reaches  
the end and says, "Wish I hadn't  
fucked so much."

Milton's gaze returns to Candy. Even a man as driven as he  
needs a reboot sometimes. Candy catches his look, smiles.

Piper slides from the booth.

MILTON  
Where are you...?

PIPER  
I'm gonna do my nails, take a hot  
bath and sleep in a warm bed.

MILTON  
What about your beer?

PIPER

You drink it. See you at dawn.

But she walks right passed the "Motel Guests" door and approaches the Busboy, who's already eyeing her.

As she does, our focus settles on a shadowy area at the back of the bar. JONAH KING steps into the light. Ruggedly good looking. He wears a necklace with something bulky hidden beneath his shirt. There's an old scar under his left eye but a scar on this guy simply adds to his fuckabilty factor. He glances at Milton then --

JONAH KING

It's Roy isn't it?

Roy spins from the bar, smiles a friendly smile.

ROY

Sure is. Get you a drink friend?

JONAH KING

Fantastic place you have here. You don't happen to rent it out for parties do you?

ROY

We sure do. You planing a party?

Again Jonah glances at Milton.

JONAH KING

Oh yes. Tonight, in fact.

INT. LAURA'S MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The Television chatters away with local nightly news. Frank ignores it, paces on the phone. As he does, we see Jonah King's face on the TV. The same guy from the bar. Archive footage of him preaching, warm, friendly.

FRANK

Mom...Mom...Mom! Would you shut up and listen?! I've lost her for good this time. She's gone. I just want my car back. (a beat) Because...because...arrrg! Because I smacked her one, okay?!. Smacked her a couple of times, in fact. (a beat) You don't think I know that?! Mom...Mom! It's over! End of story. She ain't coming back. Mom...mom...Mom!

TV NEWS

Reverend Jonah King, the self-proclaimed prophet whose church has come under fire for his anti-establishment messages, is wanted for questioning in the brutal murder of the young parents. While police say this is a routine questioning witnesses place King in the area and we have recently learned that King had a prior relationship with one of the deceased.

KNOCK KNOCK

FRANK

I gotta go.

Frank clicks his phone shut, jerks the door open to find --  
The Accountant smiling at him.

ACCOUNTANT

There was an old man, yes?

FRANK

Wha?

The Accountant sniffs the air.

ACCOUNTANT

White hair. Angry with attitude.

FRANK

Sumbitch kicked me in the face.  
Who are you?

ACCOUNTANT

I'm the Accountant.

FRANK

The wha? I called the cops, not a bean-counter?

ACCOUNTANT

The old man? Where did he go?

FRANK

Fuck should I know where he went?  
I woke up and all three were gone.

ACCOUNTANT

All three?

FRANK

The bitch, the old man and my car!

ACCOUNTANT

What kind of car?

FRANK

You know what, fuck you. You ain't  
no cop. I'm done talking.

Frank starts to close the door but the Accountant grabs his  
wrist, twists him around and shoves him into the room!

Frank doesn't stumble forward. He flies. Lifted off the  
ground his toes drag the floor, Frank SLAMS into the opposite  
wall and bounces into the dresser.

FRANK

You son of a --

Frank staggers to his feet. Dazed. Mouth bleeding. He  
wipes blood onto the back of his hand.

FRANK

You...you made me bleed.

Frank pulls a baseball bat from behind the dresser.

FRANK

You leave me no choice but to beat  
you with this Louisville Slugger.

Frank takes a step, swings at the Accountant.

The Accountant dodges.

Bat SMASHES down on the TV. SPARKS & GLASS fly.

The Accountant STOMPS on the bat, SNAPS it in two.

SLOMO: The short end rips from Frank's hands, knocks him  
backwards. The piece spins in the air - for a second, hangs  
there until...

The Accountant snatches it, letting his follow-through gather  
momentum.

Frank can only watch as the Accountant -

HURLS THE JAGGED TIP OF THE BAT RIGHT AT HIM --

The tip STRIKES Frank in the shoulder with such force, it impales him up to the knob. Drives him backwards where it embeds into the wall!

The Accountant grabs the broken barrel end of the bat, tosses it from hand to hand with a loud SLAP of flesh on wood.

ACCOUNTANT  
What kind of car?

FRANK  
(dazed) I...what?

ACCOUNTANT  
Your car. What kind is it?

Frank stares down at the bat protruding from his shoulder.

FRANK  
Wha...what did you do?

The Accountant reaches out and twists the bat. Frank SCREAMS out in pain.

ACCOUNTANT  
Answer the question.

FRANK  
A '67 GTO! Arrgg!

The Accountant turns and walks toward the door. Stops to eye a framed photo of Piper and Frank on the dresser.

FRANK  
Hey! Just hold on!

The Accountant pivots and flings the barrel of the bat.

FRANK'S POV

It's coming right at his face. Frank tries to dodge...twists his head...no good.

The other end of the broken bat RAMS through his face, PINS his head to the wall. The words Louisville Slugger just visible where Frank's face should be.

EXT. LAURA'S MOTEL - NIGHT

The Accountant exits as two STATE TROOPERS approach, their vehicle parked behind them.

TROOPER #1  
Frank Raimi?

TROOPER #2  
You called about a stolen car?

The Accountant gestures over his shoulder.

ACCOUNTANT  
In there.

Trooper #1 moves toward the opened door. The Accountant steps in front of Trooper #2.

ACCOUNTANT  
I'm looking for someone. Five-  
eleven. White hair. Driving a '67  
GTO. He's traveling with her.

He hands Trooper #2 the framed photo.

TROOPER #2  
Excuse me?

The Accountant pulls a shiny, ancient coin, worn from being worried over the years, from his pocket. He tosses it, the coin catching the light, glinting madly. Trooper #2 stares at it. Can't seem to take his eyes off it.

Trooper #1's eyes widen as he stares into Frank's room.

TROOPER #1  
Jesus.

He pulls his gun. Points it at the Accountant.

TROOPER #1  
Keep your hands where I can see them!

ACCOUNTANT  
Troopers, this is your lucky day.

Trooper #2 is watching the hypnotic glinting coin.

ANGLE - High looking down on the trio as the coin spins right in front of us - we glimpse the ancient face in the worn silver - Roman maybe?

TROOPER #1  
Show us your hands, asshole.  
(to his partner)  
What's the matter with you?! Draw  
your weapon!

Trooper #2 slowly reaches for his gun until...

The Accountant snatches the coin from the sky, thrusts it at the two cops.

ACCOUNTANT  
Here. Look at this.

They don't see a coin. But a badge. Letters F.B.I. on it.

TROOPER #1  
You're... you're a Fed?

ACCOUNTANT  
In pursuit of a white haired man. John Milton. He's travelling with the girl in this picture.

Trooper #1 fixes his eyes on the photo of Piper & Frank in his partner's hand. Lowers his weapon.

TROOPER #1  
But, that guy, in the room. He's -

ACCOUNTANT  
--Dead. Yes. I'd say it's unfortunate, but I'd be lying. World won't miss him. Look, troopers. I need your help with my pursuit of this fugitive. If we, we three, can apprehend him...you are ambitious, correct.

TROOPER #2  
I guess...

TROOPER #1  
Yes, we are...

ACCOUNTANT  
Wasn't actually a question. I can tell you are. Success will mean promotion. Pay raise. I guarantee it. Now we are going to hunt this Milton, we are going to find the GTO he's driving and when we find him, you will shoot to kill. You understand? Shoot. To. Kill.

The Accountant's voice is velvet. Hypnotic. Seductive. Purposeful. Promising glory with a hint of damnation.



TROOPER #1  
That's against protocol...

ACCOUNTANT  
This man is highly dangerous. He has killed and will kill again. He must be taken down on sight. The time it takes you to follow your protocols is the time it takes him to end your life.

The Accountant crosses to the cruiser's back door, the coin disappearing back into his pocket.

ACCOUNTANT  
Shall we?

INT. BULL BY THE BALLS MOTEL - NIGHT

We're staring into two motel rooms. We're cheating...the wall that divides the rooms...divides the screen. The beds in each room butted up against the dividing wall.

On one side we see Piper, on her back. Still clothed. At her feet, on his knees and completely naked, the Busboy. He's painting her toenails.

On the other side we see Milton, on his back. Candy riding him like a fucking big-titted stallion. Candy is a SCREAMER.

The Busboy looks up, timidly. Then...

BUSBOY  
Uh, are we gonna do it?

PIPER  
Well, I don't know, baby. Depends on how well you do those nails. Now pay attention. You might need to redo that one.

He hunches over and gets back to work. As Piper ties her hair up with a pink bandanna. Candy's SEX SCREAMS are starting to annoy the fuck out of her.

She twists around with frustration and POUNDS the wall.

PIPER  
Shut the fuck up in there!

Milton twist and POUNDS the wall right back.

MILTON  
You shut the fuck up!

That's it!

Piper swings her legs off of the bed. Busboy wasn't prepared and topples backwards to the floor.

PIPER  
(giggles) Oh! Sorry, I didn't  
mean...

She stops. Stares.

Movement. Someone stepped quickly away from the window.

INT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Piper BURSTS into the room ready to kick ass and take names.

But...the place is...empty. Food still on the plates. Beer in the mugs. The TV over the bar is still on.

We see footage of a Nevada Amber Alert. "Baby Tabitha still missing" A photo of a baby in pink onesie. Then appearing beside it...the photo of Jonah King.

TV NEWS  
...issued an all points bulletin for  
Jonah King's immediate detention in  
connection with the murder of a young  
married couple in Loveland, Colorado.  
Their infant girl is believed to have  
been abducted by this religious sect.  
A nation-wide Amber Alert is now in  
full effect.

Piper stares at the TV for a moment, then scans the bar.  
What the fuck?

She eyes the EXIT sign where an assortment of athletic  
equipment hangs from the wall.

EXT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR - BACKLOT - NIGHT

Piper exits with a hockey stick.

A few cars are left in the lot. A black Chevy van with flames  
stands out, parked in front of a barn/storage building.

Piper crosses to a window in the bar/motel.

THROUGH WINDOW

Busboy sits on Piper's bed. Still naked. He holds her nail polish to his nose. Sniffs. Jerks his head back.

PIPER

Imbecile.

A NOISE

Piper spins, grips the hockey stick.

No one. The cars are empty. The barn looks undistur...

A light GLOWS within the barn, bleeding through the wood slats. Then...

CRREEEEEEEEK...barn door slowly swings open.

...revealing THREE SILHOUETTES backlit by a hanging lamp. One holds a shovel. The other heaves an ax over his shoulder. The third holds a shotgun.

The side door on the flamed van slides open. TWO SILHOUETTES step out. Baseball bat and machete.

FOOTSTEPS

Piper spins as THREE DARK FIGURES appear around the side of the bar/motel. Sledge hammer, iron pipe, sickle.

Surrounded. All seven begin walking toward her.

Piper rushes back inside.

INT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR - NIGHT

Still empty. Piper turns toward the door marked "Motel Guests" then hesitates.

Instead she dives under a booth table...as...

The back door opens.

PIPER'S POV

LEGS. Three sets. Beat up sneakers. Work boots. Cowboy boots with a duct tape patch.

A door opens. Piper sucks in breath. More legs appear.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shadows approach the desk counter near the "Motel Guests" door. There's an open guest book on the counter top.

CLOSE ON GUEST BOOK

As a weathered hand comes into view. A finger traces down to the last two entries.

Piper Lee RM 111

John Milton RM 112

INT. BULL BY THE BALLS MOTEL - MILTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Candy's still on top. She is, as we say in the fuck industry, "close".

CANDY

Close'm'close'm'close'm'close.

Suddenly Milton's head jerks toward the door.

His hand shoots beneath his pillow as--

The door BURSTS OPEN!

MAN WITH AN IRON PIPE held high rushes into the room.

Milton comes up with a 357 hand cannon!

KAFOOM!

IRON PIPE is BLOWN backwards into MAN WITH MACHETE!

Milton thrusts upright, suddenly Candy finds herself beneath him as --

Machete HEAVES Iron Pipe to the side and rushes toward Milton as -- KAFOOM! He's blown off his feet!

KER-SMASH!

The window shatters as a MAN WITH BASEBALL BAT dives, hits, rolls and comes up swinging!

Milton snakes an arm beneath Candy and rolls from the bed with her! As they fall--

The bat SLAMS onto the mattress just missing them as --

KA-BOOM!

Milton turns Baseball Bat's head into a canoe!

Milton on bottom again as they crash to the floor, still intertwined.

FWOOM!

The door adjoining Milton and Piper's room EXPLODES open at his feet!

MAN WITH AXE and MAN WITH SHOTGUN enter!

Milton, presses Candy's face into his chest, twisting his body to shield her as his 357 THUNDERS twice!

Shotgun's eye vaporizes in a mist! He drops to his knees. Man with Axe clutches his throat...blood gushing...turns and flees back into the adjoining room as --

KUH-FWAM!

The bathroom door flies open!

MILTON'S POV

Staring under the bed, Cowboy boots with duct tape patch appears.

Chamber opens. Shells drop to dirty carpet. Milton rolls Candy over, still connected. Fumbles in his bag on the floor.

COWBOY with SLEDGE HAMMER freezes at the carnage. Can't see Milton. Because he's hidden by the bed.

COWBOY WITH SLEDGE

Old Man. You know you can't stop  
what's comin' That little girl's  
as good as dead.

TWO BULLETS slide into the 357. Chamber SNICKS shut.

Milton aims under the bed. FIRES!

Half the man's foot is blown to hell! He hops then crashes to the floor!

He and Milton make eye contact beneath the bed...a nanosecond before Sledge Hammer's forehead implodes.

A NOISE

Milton rolls Candy beneath him again and raises his head just in time to see--

MAN WITH SICKLE enter!

He stares at his dead comrades in rage then glares at Milton.  
The glare becomes fear.

Milton's already aiming the 357, then --

CLICK. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK

Sickle smiles, raises the bladed weapon and--

KUR-RUNCH!

The top of his head SPATTERS BLOOD as a hockey stick crashes  
down from above and behind.

Sickle drops to the floor revealing Piper, white knuckling  
the hockey stick...her face pale.

MILTON

Thanks. Apparently I shot my wad.

Milton stares down into Candy's face.

Her whole body QUAKES...CONVULSES. She sucks in breath and  
opens her eyes.

CANDY

Jesus Christ. You're the best fuck  
I've ever had.

Piper crosses to the adjoining room.

CANDY

Hello? Do you mind?! We're...

Candy sits up and suddenly takes in her surroundings. She  
SCREAMS, wraps herself in a sheet and flees from the room.

PIPER'S POV INTO HER ROOM

Man with Axe is lying face down in his own blood. Dead. But  
it's Busboy who draws Piper's attention. Lying beneath blood  
drenched white sheets. He never saw it coming.

PIPER

Aw, hell.

Milton, in pants, pulls his shirt on, rolls Man with  
Shotgun's face with his boot. Reloads the 357.

MILTON

I definitely got their attention.

PIPER

What. The fuck? You know these people?

Milton flings his duffle over his shoulder.

MILTON

Come on. There are probably more.

EXT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR - FRONT - NIGHT

Jonah King slips from the bar and rushes toward a parked Sedan. He POPS the trunk and grabs a gym bag. As he crosses toward the Driver's side door...

The gym bag starts to CRY.

JONAH KING

Shhhh. Don't cry little precious.

FF-FFUMP! Two doors shut.

Jonah King turns, freezes.

Our two State Troopers stand near their parked cruiser, staring from Jonah to the CRYING gym bag.

For a cop, this is that one in a life time event. A career maker. News. Media. Leno. Then--

The cruiser's back door opens. The Accountant steps out. He ignores Jonah King and the crying gym bag.

ACCOUNTANT

Troopers. Remember why we're here.

He walks by them towards the front door of the bar.

Both Troopers turn and move around the side of building.

Jonah King...stares...stunned, he absentmindedly scratches at the old scar on his face then leaps into the Sedan with the gym bag, engine ROARS to life.

EXT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR - BACK LOT - NIGHT

Milton and Piper exit into the back lot.

PIPER

Milton, I'm serious! I want some answers!

They turn as the SPEEDING Sedan tears onto the highway. As it disappears behind the barn it reveals --

--Man With Shovel. He FLINGS the barn doors open, stares at Milton and Piper for a moment then vanishes within.

MILTON

Yeah, we both want some answers.

Milton moves toward the barn as--

The State Troopers walk around the bar.

Everyone freezes.

The Troopers stare from Piper to Milton, then back to Piper. Recognition.

MILTON

Aw fuck.

Milton grabs Piper, places himself between she and the Troopers as they go for their guns.

MILTON

Come on!

Milton pulls the 357 and opens fire!

The Troopers, emboldened and fearless, stand their ground and shoot back!

FFFUMP!

Milton staggers, clutches his side. A crimson spot spreads across his belly. Piper tries to catch him as he stumbles, falls to one knee, his duffel tumbles to the ground, clothes spilling from within.

PIPER

No!

The Troopers keep FIRING!

Piper stares down at Milton's open duffel. There's a gun lying within the spilled clothes. An ancient six shooter. We get just a glimpse, but we can tell this isn't just any old gun. There's detailed inscriptions scrawled into the metal. The steel of it is thick, tarnished and somehow angry.

She reaches for it.



MILTON  
No! Not that one.

He shoves the 357 toward her. Piper snatches it without hesitation, rises and --

KUPOW!

Trooper #1's chest EXPLODES. The force spins him...still firing...he SHOOTs Trooper #2 in the ear!

Both men crash to the ground. Dead.

KAFOOM!

The barn doors explode outward as a big Dodge truck powers toward the highway, Man with Shovel behind the wheel.

Piper turns to find Milton struggling toward the GTO.

PIPER  
What are you doing?!

MILTON  
Have to stop him...

PIPER  
Milton! Those cops weren't trying to arrest us!

MILTON  
No. They weren't. Get in.

Milton climbs behind the GTO's wheel.

PIPER  
I'll drive.

MILTON  
You gotta patch me up. I'll drive.

Piper fumes but climbs into the passengers seat.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

The car RUMBLES to life!

PIPER  
They were trying to kill us!

MILTON  
Yes.

PIPER  
They were trying to kill you.

MILTON  
Yes.

Milton floors it! As the GTO fishtails toward the highway--  
THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The Accountant steps from the back door of the bar.

Hunter and Hunted glare.

MILTON  
Christ.

Piper's attention is still on the dead cops.

PIPER  
Christ is right! They start  
shooting with no warning?! What  
are you, a murderer? You escape  
from prison or something?

The GTO tears onto the highway!

IN REARVIEW MIRROR

The Accountant just stands there...fading into the darkness.

PIPER  
Well?! Which is it?!

MILTON  
Both.

Piper raises the gun, points it at Milton.

PIPER  
What have you gotten me into? I  
should...I should...Jesus, I just  
killed a cop! I'm going to prison.  
Give me one good reason I shouldn't  
shoot you in the face.

MILTON  
Because I'm driving.

PIPER  
You know what I mean!

Milton gestures through the windshield, toward the distant brake lights ahead.

MILTON

They took my grand-baby. Took my grand-baby and killed my...

He breaks off. Looks away.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

We see the lighted Amber Alert sign come into view and quickly blur passed.

Piper stares at Milton.

PIPER

The little girl on the news? The baby girl they're looking for?

Milton nods.

PIPER

But the news said the baby's parents were...

Piper stops.

Milton's eyes glisten. He speaks in a whisper.

MILTON

Sons of bitches killed my daughter.

Piper stares. Milton steadies himself.

MILTON

So Yeah. I busted out. And I'm gonna get my grand-baby back. I'm gonna get her back and I'm gonna kill every last one of the fuckers.

(a beat)

You want out, I'll understand.

Piper considers, then --

KUH-FWAM!

They both slam into their seats as the GTO is rear-ended.

EXT. GTO - NIGHT

It's the Trooper's cruiser. The Accountant, face blank, sits behind the wheel.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Milton fights with the wheel as the muscle car fishtails. He mashes the accelerator pulling out of the spin!

MILTON  
In the back seat. Now.

PIPER  
What? Why?

MILTON  
Now!

Piper scrambles into the back seat as Milton watches the cruiser pull up along side him.

MILTON  
Shotgun. It's already loaded.

Piper digs the shotgun from the duffle and heaves it into the front seat.

MILTON  
Have the other one ready. Not the  
357. The OLD one.

THROUGH PASSENGER WINDOW

The cruiser pulls up and matches the GTO's speed. After a beat the Accountant turns and smiles at Milton.

Milton smiles back, lifts the shotgun, shoves the barrel through the passenger window.

BOOOM!

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DRY GORGE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The cruiser's driver's side window explodes.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

MILTON'S POV

The Accountant brushes shattered glass from his shoulder.

When he looks back at Milton its with a face of arrogance. A cat toying with a three-legged mouse. He pulls the cruiser next to Milton. Matches the GTO's speed. Shouts across.

ACCOUNTANT

It's over, Milton. Stop the car.

MILTON

I can't do that.

ACCOUNTANT

Really? What makes you think you have a choice?

MILTON

I got something I gotta do first.

ACCOUNTANT

Then you should have done it a long time ago.

MILTON

I didn't have to do it a long time ago!

ACCOUNTANT

Milton, I will kill that nice woman in the backseat to get to you.

MILTON

I won't let you do that.

ACCOUNTANT

Again. What makes you think you have a choice?

MILTON

(to Piper)

Now.

Piper hands Milton the ancient Six Shooter. Milton snatches it, points it across the gap between cars, pulls back the hammer with a thunderous...KUH-THUNK.

MILTON

This does.

The Accountant's eyes widen.

SSHHU-BOOOM!

It's as if God tripped, fell and the entire earth shook as a result!

The recoil nearly rips Milton's arm off.

We travel with the slug, fire trailing it, as it SLOMOs toward the Accountant...his eyes continuing to widen...the muscles in his face contracting.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

The Accountant cuts the wheel. Hard.

He wracks his head around as the slug just kisses his cheek.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DRY GORGE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Cruiser SLAMS into the guard rail! The back-end rockets forward as the cruiser goes into a spin.

The GTO fishtails away.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Milton fights with the wheel as --

IN REARVIEW MIRROR

The Cruiser bucks up and over the guard rail.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DRY GORGE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Cruiser, spins like a top, helicopters out over the nothingness and plummets to the dry valley below.

KER-FRUNCH!

And flattens sending out a dusty shockwave in all directions.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Milton manages to stop the GTO before it slams into the rail. The GTO BUCKS and STALLS.

He breathes a sigh, then turns and stares in the direction they'd been going.

He can just make out the fleeing Cultist's tail lights.

The back door opens. Piper leaps out.

MILTON  
Piper! Wait!

Milton watches the taillights vanish over a distant ridge.

He starts the engine...then hesitates...

THROUGH BACK WINDOW

Piper approaches the destroyed guard rail.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DRY GORGE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Piper stares into the valley below.

HER POV

We can just make out the flattened Cruiser in the light of the three quarter moon. No fireball. No smoke. No sign of movement. Just flattened metal.

PIPER  
He's not one of the ones who took  
your granddaughter, is he?

MOVE TO REVEAL

Milton stands behind her. Shakes his head.

MILTON  
Someone else.

PIPER  
Is there anyone not trying to kill you?

Milton stares up the road. Piper considers, then --

PIPER  
Come on. I'll help you. But  
we're dealing with that first?

She points to his blood soaked shirt.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - NIGHT

The GTO THUNDERS beneath a starry sky.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SPEEDOMETER

The needle hovers at 95 mph.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Piper behind the wheel. Milton, shirtless, his stomach wrapped in homemade bandages, grabs his shotgun, reloads.

MILTON

My daughter got mixed up with the son  
of a bitch right out of college.

PIPER

She knew him? She knew Jonah King,  
the man they think killed...

She stops herself.

MILTON

She knew him. The world was in a  
fuckin tailspin and King was  
preaching quiet revolution.

He places the shotgun on the dash, grabs the 357.

MILTON

It was four months before she  
realized 'quiet' meant hiding in  
the basement, cutting the heads off  
chickens.

PIPER

Jonah King was into voodoo?

Milton reloads the 357, slowly, methodically.

MILTON

Voodoo, the occult, not much he  
wasn't into. When she told him she  
was leaving, he helped her pack.  
Gassed up her car. Cooked her a  
hot meal. Then while she slept he  
broke her leg in three places with  
a tire iron.

PIPER

Jesus.

She twists her pink bandanna nervously in her hands.



MILTON

She learned her lesson. Was a good little follower for eighteen months. That's when they met with some witch doctor bullshit artist in Chinatown. It was Chinese New Year so the place was wall to wall slants. She saw her chance, stabbed Jonah in the face with a souvenir corkscrew and vanished into the crowd.

PIPER

Milton. Your daughter was in a cult for two years and you didn't know? Why didn't you help her?

Milton grabs the ancient six shooter. It's got real weight. His blood-stained fingers run down the scrolled steel. The gun almost seems alive. Pops the chamber.

MILTON

I didn't find out about any of this until...until I got locked up.

Only two bullets left. He SNAPS the gun shut.  
Shoves it into his duffle.

PIPER

Not gonna reload?

MILTON

Only had three bullets to begin...

PIPER

Milton.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Lights ahead. Several. And road flares. There's been an accident.

Milton eases the shotgun into his lap.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CRASH SITE - DAWN

Several vehicles and an RV block the road. The PASSENGERS scramble back and forth. There's a jack-knifed flatbed, a crumpled Station Wagon and the Cultist's Dodge truck is overturned on the shoulder.

INT. GTO - DAWN

PIPER  
That's his truck.

MILTON  
Stay put. I won't be long.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CRASH SITE - DAWN

Milton climbs from the GTO and crosses toward the overturned Dodge. He lets the shotgun dangle at his side, keeping it hidden behind him.

TATTOOED GUY and SKANKY GAL stand near the RV with MAN IN LEATHER JACKET. BUSINESS WOMAN paces on her cell phone.

Milton glances at MAN WITH WIG sitting in the driver's seat of his station wagon, his face in his hands. LADY IN LEOPARDSKIN HOTPANTS kneels beside him. In the passenger seat, BURLY DUDE's on his phone. Watching Milton.

There's a couple near the overturned Dodge. TRUCK DRIVING WOMAN gazes into the upsidedown cab. THIN OLD MAN rises and nods as Milton approaches.

THIN OLD MAN  
I think he's gonna be okay.

MILTON  
Is that right?

In a swift move, Milton RATCHETS a shell into the chamber, drops to one knee, aims into the cab.

MILTON'S POV

The cab is empty.

Somewhere near, we hear a MUFFLED BABY'S CRY.

CLOSE ON MILTON'S FACE

Realization. Shit. But it's too late.

A snub-nosed .38 appears at his temple.

THIN OLD MAN  
I wouldn't.

PIPER (O.S.)

Milton!

Milton rises slowly and takes in the situation.

Tattooed Guy comes up fast behind the GTO. We get a good look at him. It's Man with Shovel. Piper's getting out, doesn't see Tattooed Guy until he's grabbed her. Presses the pistol in her ribs.

PIPER

Hey! Let me go, fucker!

She goes to fight but Man in Leather Jacket approaches her with an axe. Burly Dude is with him.

MILTON

Don't Piper! (to Thin Old Man)  
Let her go. She's a pain in the  
ass you don't want.

Milton still hasn't let go of his shotgun.

THIN OLD MAN

Drop it. Or we'll gut her.

To emphasize the point, Truck Driving Woman pulls a Rambo Knife from her purse and smiles a missing toothed smile.

Milton drops the shotgun as --

--Man With Wig steps from his car with a scoped hunting rifle. Lady in Leopardskin rises revealing a baseball bat with nails and spikes protruding from the end.

Skanky Gal and Business Woman open the RV's door.

Jonah King steps from within then smiles down at Milton. He cradles a baby in his arms.

JONAH KING

Milton, isn't it? Why are you here?  
Why are you making such a fuss?

MILTON

Isn't that obvious, you sick fuck?  
I'm here for her.

Milton gestures toward the baby.

JONAH KING

What's obvious is that you clearly  
abandoned your daughter.

(MORE)

JONAH KING (cont'd)

Crushed her so completely that she told everyone you were dead. No, Milton, I cannot in good faith hand over this child to you.

MILTON

But sacrificing her under the full fuckin moon, that's okay?

JONAH KING

Okay? Milton, your granddaughter is unbelievably blessed. Look around. The world's on fire. Companies own our governments and the people suffer. Daily. And will continue to suffer until change comes. And change will come. Thanks to your granddaughter, Milton. She will open the door to a new world order.

MILTON

Your BS don't work on me. You killed my daughter but I won't let you kill my grandbaby.

JONAH KING

Your daughter's death was an accident.

MILTON

No shithead, it wasn't. I saw the whole damn thing. I saw who you are when no one's lookin'. And I saw what that night cost ya.

Jonah's armor cracks a little as Milton faces the others.

JONAH KING

Milton, you're embarrassing your--

MILTON

(to the crowd)

--What was it three or four days before he showed after killin my little girl? You jerkoffs didn't notice he was walking a little stiff?

Milton glances at Skanky Gal and Business Woman.

MILTON

When's the last time he shared a bed with either of you? Before that night, right?

The girls shoot a nervous glance at Jonah.

MILTON

You forced my daughter onto her  
knees, you sonofabitch. And she made  
you pay for it.

Jonah stares at Milton in shock. How does he know?

MILTON

But don't take my word for it. Ask  
him. Leather Jacket was there.  
Jonah made him swear not to tell.

Jonah lifts a .38 auto from within the baby's blanket and  
shoots Leather Jacket in the forehead.

Piper SCREAMS. The Baby starts CRYING.

Jonah shoves the baby into Skanky Gal's arms then swings the  
gun toward Milton.

JONAH KING

Put the blonde in the RV.

Tattooed Guy shoves Piper toward the RV as Skanky and  
Business woman climb in with the baby.

Jonah aims the gun at Milton's face.

MILTON

I'm only gonna make this offer  
once. Give me my granddaughter and  
I'll let you liv--

KAPOW!

He shoots Milton in the left eye! Milton's head snaps, he  
falls to the ground on his back.

PIPER

No!!!

Tattooed Guy shoves Piper into the RV.

INT. RV - DAWN

Skanky tries to calm the crying baby. Tattoo shoves Piper  
onto the travel couch then hands the gun to Business Woman.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Please. Try something.

Jonah climbs into the RV, closes the door.

JONAH KING

Let's go.

PIPER

You killed him! You bastard you --

WHACK!

Piper's head rocks back as Business Woman pistol whips her.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Next time I shoot that mouth right  
off your face.

Jonah gazes out the window as the RV pulls away, Piper's SOBS rising behind him.

JONAH'S POV

Milton's body lays there. Unmoving. His one eye staring skyward. Void of life as the RV pulls away, leaving the cluster of cars, the wreck and body of Milton behind.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CRASH SITE - DAWN

Man With Wig pops the back of the Station wagon. Truck Driving Woman and Thin Old Man lean in, snatch two shovels.

Burly Dude drags Leather Jacket's body next to Milton's as the others join him.

They gaze down at Milton, his one eye open and unseeing. A single tear runs from it. The other, pools blood where the bullet entered.

MILTON'S GOOD EYE TWITCHES.

Everyone stares. Did they just see that right?

THE 357 COMES UP IN MILTON'S HAND - FIRES!

The bullet RIPS BURLY'S SCALP WIDE. He stumbles back.

The others recoil.

Burly ROARS, blood streaming from his head wound - charges Milton with the ax.

MILTON unleashes rapid fire lead from the 357!

Burly's blown back! The others scatter as Milton staggers to his feet! He grabs the shotgun, leans on it for support.

ON GTO

AS Milton stumbles to the open passenger door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MAN WITH WIG comes from the back of the Station Wagon with the scoped hunting rifle. Aims.

BLAM - His shot rips into the GTO, blows the side mirror off.

Milton FIRES back with the shotgun - forcing Man with Wig back behind the wagon.

INT. GTO - DAWN

Milton falls heavily across the front seats. Ties Piper's bandanna around his head, covers his now gaping eye.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CRASH SITE

Man with Wig hasn't had enough yet. He aims the rifle. Moves into the road. Can't see Milton in the car, but that doesn't matter. He knows he's there.

BLAM.

INT. GTO - DAWN

The windshield SHATTERS. Glass splinters down on Milton. He reaches for the keys.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CRASH SITE - DAWN

The Cultists jump at the sound of the GTO's GLASS PACKS!

Dust rips skyward as the GTO barrels toward them!

They scramble, clawing at one another to get out of the way. All except Man With Wig. He's playin' hero, lines Milton in his sights. But what he sees shakes him to his core.

POV THRU SCOPE

MILTON, face bloody and twisted with rage.

Man with Wig screams, falls, tries to roll out of the way.

FU-FUMP!

The wheels pound over both of his legs, SHATTERING them!

INT. GTO - DRIVING - DAY

Milton flips open the 357 as he FISHTAILS the GTO back onto the highway. He dangles the 357 out the window.

EXT. GTO - DAY

Empty shells DANCE onto the blacktop, several SKITTER down onto the cracked Earth and OS.

ANGLE - moving fast, the GTO's wheels consume the frame.

MATCHING TO:

A bicycle tire SKIDS to a stop before us. Then a second.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

Two TEENAGERS sit on beat-to-shit mountain bikes, staring.

THEIR POV

The cratered cruiser lies on its crushed roof, both doors shut. No windows visible.

TEEN #1 lights a chillum pipe, inhales. Holds it, passes the pipe, then speaks as only a pothead can.

TEEN #1

Think anyone's in there?

TEEN #2

(inhales, holds, passes)

I guess. Doors is still closed.

TEEN #1

(inhales, holds)

Bet it's sick. Wanna look?

KWU-FOOM!

The driver's side door launches right at us!



...nails Teen #2 in the chest, knocking him ten feet backwards where he skids on his back.

TEEN #1

Jesus!

The Accountant rolls from the cruiser, stands, brushes himself off as he strides forward.

ACCOUNTANT

Carpenter and despite what you've heard, prefers short hair.

Teen #2 sits up suddenly, coughing.

TEEN #2

You...you nearly killed me!

ACCOUNTANT

Not even close. I won't see you again until...

He tilts his head, as if reading a sign too far away.

ACCOUNTANT

...until you're seventy-three.

He glances at Teen #1, then --

ACCOUNTANT

You, I'll see in three months.

And with that the Accountant turns and strides away.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - MOVING - DAY

The RV RUMBLES past, running faster than an RV should.

INT. RV - DAY

Jonah glances through the back window. Double takes.

HIS POV

A rapidly growing black blotch on the road. In seconds that blotch reveals itself as the GTO ripping up the highway, gaining fast. The baby SCREAMS in the background. When Jonah speaks...it is with wonder.

JONAH KING

Look at this. He's still coming.

TATTOO  
Who's still coming?

JONAH KING  
The old man. He's alive.

TATTOO AND PIPER  
What?

Piper tries to stand. Business Woman backhands her!

BUSINESS WOMAN  
Stay down! That's impossible!

TATTOO  
You shot him in the face! He can't--

JONAH KING  
Don't you see? We stand at the  
crossroads! Did you think we would  
just idly change the world? The  
forces of evil challenge us! This is  
wonderful! We show ourselves to be  
worthy. I'm so very proud of each  
one of you.

Tattoo and Business Woman beam.

Skanky pulls her tit out, shoves it in the baby's face. The  
kid goes quiet as --

The back glass SHATTERS.

Everyone ducks!

EXT. GTO - DAY

Milton leans out the driver's side with the shotgun in his  
left hand, his one good eye squinting as --

KAFOOM!

He fires at the RV!

He RATCHETS another shell into the chamber, takes aim  
then...hesitates...

IN REARVIEW

The front end of a fast approaching vehicle!

WHAM!

Milton's head snaps back as a 90 Corvette slams into the back of the GTO.

EXT. 90 CORVETTE - DAY

Lady in Leopardskin behind the wheel, her eyes insane.

Behind the Corvette we see a '92 Lincoln, Thin Old Man driving. Truck Driving Woman in a '95 Viper.

INT. GTO - DAY

Milton struggles to pull the shotgun back inside...struggles to keep the big GTO on the road.

Distracted by the newcomers...we see what Milton does not.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The RV pulls off the road to the left.

Milton looks up just as he passes the turn off.

MILTON

Shit!

He SLAMS on his brakes.

INT. 90 CORVETTE - DAY

Leopardskin's eyes go wide. Survival kicks in. She jerks the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - THE CHASE - DAY

The Corvette slams into the side of the Viper!

The Lincoln cuts hard right.

All three cars shoot pass the GTO.

Milton cuts the wheel left and floors it!

INT. RV - DAY

Piper watches as the bucking RV forces Jonah and Business Woman to turn their backs on her.

Piper leaps from the couch, rushes up behind and shoves them toward the shattered back window!

Jonah snatches a cabinet, drops his gun!

It slides beneath the foldout bed.

But Business Woman hits the giant opening and flips up and out of the RV!

INT. GTO - DAY

Milton looks up as Business Woman SLAMS into the ground and TUMBLES just out of his path. She sits up...dazed. Alive.

Milton swerves...just enough...to...

KAFWAM!

What doesn't explode from the force KUH-THUMPS as the GTO bucks over her body.

Milton grits through the pain. A bloody angry smile.

INT. RV - DAY

Jonah stares out the back glass in shock.

PIPER

Oops.

JONAH KING

I am patient and forgiving, but that was wrong of you.

He turns to her.

JONAH KING

I'm going to kill you now. And then I'm going to rape your corpse. So that in the afterlife you might consider your sin this day.

Piper CRACKS her knuckles.

PIPER

Great. Between now and then. I'm'a fuck you up.

He takes a step and swings a punch.

But she leaps at his face, closing the gap too quickly. Her French Manicure digs in. Jonah screams. They both go down!

The baby WAILS.

Skanky crawls into the cramped sleeper-bunk above the driver. Pulls the baby with her, tucks back into the corner, away from the battle in the RV's cabin.

INT. GTO - DAY

Milton is gaining when --

BOOM!

The back glass SHATTERS.

EXT. DIRT PATH - DAY

Truck Driving Woman gains on Milton in her Viper. She's being blanketed in dust. BOOM! She fires a .44 Magnum.

INT. GTO - DAY

The radio and dash explode!

MILTON  
Son of a bitch.

Milton snatches the 357, points it out the back glass and opens fire.

BOOM!

Milton's POV

A white dot spider webs the Viper's windshield left.

BOOM!

Windshield middle!

BOOM!

The windshield suddenly turns red from the inside as a dot appears in front of the driver.

The Viper jerks right drifts off of the dirt path!

FOOM

The Lincoln bursts through the dust cloud behind it. Thin Old Man leans from the driver's window, FIRES.

Slugs PEPPER the GTO.

Milton spins in his seat.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The RV has pulled ahead and vanishes over a hilltop.

Milton FLOORS it!

INT. RV - DAY

Piper on top, Jonah's face looks like he ran into a barbed wire fence! He howls in pain and manages to slip a hand around her throat!

Piper feels it. His fingers tighten. He shoves her away from him...she can no longer dig into his face.

Her arms flail. Reaching for anything. Grasping.

Her face turns red. Eyes bulge. Fuck.

She claws his shirt open.

And there...hanging around his neck is a small corkscrew. Chinese in design.

She snatches it and --

SHUNK!

Stabs it into Jonah's shoulder, twists it deeper in.

He SCREAMS. Releasing her!

EXT. DIRT PATH - HILL TOP - DAY

Quiet.

FOOM!

GTO rockets over the hill top, clears the ground ten feet!

The moment the GTO touches down, Milton BRAKES!

Milton JOLTS the car into reverse! Tires SCREAM in protest!

The GTO jerks backwards...climbing toward the top of the hill in reverse when Milton SNAPS the wheel.

The GTO 180s, comes to rest just on this side of the hilltop.

Milton casually leans out of the driver's side window with the shotgun in hand. He points it skyward as--

FOOM!

The Lincoln ROCKETS over the hilltop...and passes directly over the top of Milton.

Milton's one good eye zeroes in on the massive gas tank beneath the back of the car.

Milton squeezes the trigger.

The back end of the Lincoln EXPLODES as --

--The Corvette rockets over the hilltop!

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

Lady in Leopardskin's face drops.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The Lincoln fireball SLAMS into the ground before her!

Lady in Leopardskin shields her face as --

EXT. DIRT PATH - HILL TOP - DAY

KER-FWAM!

She slams into the burning vehicle and spins out of control!

INT. GTO - DAY

Milton kicks the car into drive, jerks a 180 and speeds off toward the RV.

INT. RV - DAY

Jonah sits up...he pulls at the corkscrew and screams. It won't budge.

He glares at Piper.

She scans for a weapon. Nothing. She snatches an umbrella from a coat rack. It'll have to do...

There's a machete hanging beneath it.

She drops the umbrella grabs the machete. Smiles at Jonah.

PIPER

Give me the baby and I'll make the pain go away.

Suddenly everyone SLAMS into the side of the RV!

EXT. RV - DAY

Tattoo pulls the RV back onto Highway 70!

INT. RV - DAY

Piper clings to the old stove. She watches in horror as --

Jonah's gun slides from beneath the foldaway bed. It slides right up to him.

He snatches it.

Piper leaps through the door.

INT. GTO - DAY

Milton is gaining as --

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Piper swings out, clinging to the door for dear life!

EXT. RV - DAY

Piper SLAMS into the side of the RV. She tries desperately to hold on as --

Jonah leans through the door. Gun in hand.

JONAH KING

Goodbye, child.

MILTON (O.S.)

Hey, dickless.



EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CHASE FINAL - DAY

Jonah looks up. Milton is driving beside them, shotgun in hand, barrel aimed right at Jonah!

KUH-FWAM!

But before Milton can get his shot off --

The Corvette SLAMS into the back of the GTO!

Milton fires! Blowing a hole in the side of the RV a foot to the right of Jonah's head!

Jonah leaps back inside the RV.

Piper clings on for dear life but she's slipping.

INT. GTO - DAY

Milton jerks the wheel.

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

Lady in Leopardskin slows as Milton's GTO goes into a spin. There's a smile on her face. She thinks he's lost control!

Until the GTO does a 180. Milton now driving in reverse. His shotgun pointing through the remnants of windshield...

...directly at Lady in Leopardskin.

BOOM!

Her head goes buh-bye.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CHASE FINAL - DAY

The Corvette swerves off of the road, jumps a ditch and flips thirty or forty times.

EXT. RV - DAY

Piper slips. Slips again. It's over. She knows it. Damn.

She falls.

FUMP.

And lands on the hood of the GTO.

EXT. GTO - DAY

She looks up, through the GTO's windshield into Milton's battered face. He stretches his hand out to her. Piper snags it before slipping off into oblivion.

MILTON

Got ya.

Piper nods, crawls toward the windshield, Milton tries to pull her in as --

KUH-THUNK....CRUNCHCHCHCH...

A horrible sound of grinding metal roars from beneath the GTO's hood.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CHASE FINAL - DAY

The GTO pulls to the side of the road.

Milton leaps out and stares.

He can just make out Jonah standing in the back window... holding his granddaughter.

Piper eases from the hood.

She stares at her bandanna, at the blood on his face.

PIPER

Jesus, Milton. How?

She pulls him close...looks at the back of his head.

MILTON

It's still in there. The bullet. I can feel it.

PIPER

But how...how are you still alive?

He stares back toward the RV. Just a dot on the horizon now.

MILTON

Ain't got time to die.

PIPER

I tried, Milton. I tried to get her back.

MILTON

I know, baby. I know. Jonah only had about twenty followers. We hurt him good today.

PIPER

Fuckin devil worshipers freak me out. They mess with powers that should be left alone. Turns my shit white.

MILTON

Powers. It's all bullshit.

PIPER

No, Milton. It's real. Ghosts, UFOs, bigfoot, that's the bullshit. The Devil and demons? Once those doors are opened you're fucked.

Milton rolls his one good eye.

Piper turns back to the GTO. Smoke hissing from the engine.

PIPER

What do we do now?

MILTON

I used to know a guy lived out this way. You got one of them portable phones?

PIPER

Portable phones? You mean a cell phone? Yeah, in my bag.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - CRASH SITE - DAY

WE ARE CLOSE ON THE CRACKED EARTH

As a hand slams into view, fingers with dirt crusted nails curl...dig into the ground.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Man With Wig crawls toward us. He's pale. Eyes dim.

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL

His busted, mangled legs have left a slug trail of blood and fluid stretching back to the highway.

Left hand hits the ground, right hand digs into the dirt. He drags himself forward a few inches.

HIS POV

He's crawling toward the Station Wagon.

Someone...somewhere...is HUMMING

Wig turns, squints.

A SILHOUETTE APPROACHES

Back lit by the early day sun. There's a bounce in his step.

Wig holds his hand out to the savior as--

The Accountant's smiling face becomes clear.

ACCOUNTANT  
Scorcher today, huh?

He takes a big long swing from an oversized water bottle.

MAN WITH WIG  
Help me...

ACCOUNTANT  
Christ on a cracker. My apologies.

The Accountant grabs the man by the collar and drags him into the shade of the Station Wagon where he flips him around into a sitting position.

Wig's shirt falls open revealing a pentagram tattooed above his left breast.

ACCOUNTANT  
What's that supposed to mean?

MAN WITH WIG  
It's a symbol of our pact with Lord Satan.

ACCOUNTANT  
Pact huh? That's cute. Funny he's never mentioned you.

Wig stares down at his mangled legs. The Accountant notices.

ACCOUNTANT

Yeah, those are fucked. Here, have some water.

Wig takes the offered water as Accountant kneels before him.

ACCOUNTANT

Milton's work I take it?

MAN WITH WIG

Ran me over with his...how do you...? Who are you?

ACCOUNTANT

I'm the Accountant. I'm curious. And I never get curious. What do you people want with Milton?

MAN WITH WIG

You're the who?

The Accountant smiles, places his hand around Wig's clearly shattered femur and squeezes.

Wig's body convulses! He SCREAMS.

ACCOUNTANT

Does it matter? Milton. Why is he important to you?

MAN WITH WIG

He isn't! He's the one chasing us!

ACCOUNTANT

Why?

Wig stares...searches for an answer.

The Accountant snatches a mangled ankle and twists. Wig's body stiffens and he SCREAMS.

MAN WITH WIG

Because! Because of what we did. Because of who we took.

ACCOUNTANT

Color me curious. What DID you do and who DID you take?

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 - DEAD GTO - DAY

CLOSE ON

The blood stained pink bandanna. The wind pushes it gently down the black asphalt.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Milton sits on the GTO's hood. Piper stands between his legs cleaning his wound.

PIPER

Lemme know if I hurt you.

MILTON

Do what you gotta do. You get used to the pain.

Piper pulls a black bandanna from her pack, there are white skulls on it. She folds it, ties it around Milton's head.

PIPER

There. That's better.

When she moves aside we see she's lined up a skull over his missing eye.

A VEHICLE APPROACHES.

Milton slides from the hood, steps protectively in front of Piper as a banged up wrecker pulls toward them, pulls to the side of the road.

POV FROM APPROACHING VEHICLE

From this angle it looks as though an innocent old man and his granddaughter are having car trouble.

POV FROM BEHIND THE GTO

From this angle we can see Milton concealing the shotgun behind him. Piper stands close, her hand on the handle of the 357 protruding from his waistband.

ON WRECKER

As the DRIVER steps out...stands half hidden by the door as we --

MOVE TO REVEAL

Like Piper, the Driver has his right hand tucked behind his back, wrapped around the handle of a .44 Magnum.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Thought you were dead.

Now we get a good look at him. His name's WEBSTER. An old black man, as tough as Milton is angry.

PIPER

Why does everyone keep saying that?

WEBSTER

Because he IS dead. Sure as shit supposed to be anyway.

Webster and Milton eye one another for a long beat then --

WEBSTER

I carried your coffin, old man. I was there the day we put your ass in the ground.

Piper stares at Milton. Milton stares at Webster.

MILTON

Webster, you gonna yank that .44 or just keep stroking it?

WEBSTER

That depends. How's this possible?

MILTON

You heard about my daughter?

WEBSTER

(softens slightly)  
I did.

MILTON

Then you know why I'm back.

PIPER

Back? Back from where? What. The Fuck. Are you two talking about?!

WEBSTER

It true they took the little one?

Milton nods.

Webster considers for a long beat, then releases the .44.

WEBSTER

Put her in neutral. I'll pull the truck around.

But Piper can't tear her eyes away from Milton.

EXT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Police tape, half a dozen state and county cruisers. Three meat wagons and a news van. Humans buzz the scene like insects. The two dead State Troopers lie where they fell. Undisturbed. ROOKIE stands out. Young, county uniform, wide eyed. Very busy at having no idea what he should be doing.

He scans the ground. His eyes go even wider.

ROOKIE  
Sarge! Sarge look at this!

Rookie squats to the ground as SARGE, leather skin, approaches, stares, frowns.

SARGE  
Yeah?

ROOKIE  
Cigarette butt.

SARGE  
I see that.

ROOKIE  
Sarge! It's less than twenty feet from the victims!

SARGE  
And less than three feet from the ash bin.

Sarge points to an ash bin filled with sand. Over a hundred cigarette butts salute the sky.

SARGE  
Pay attention, Rookie.

But Rookie's attention has quickly OCD'd elsewhere.

ROOKIE  
Hey!

HIS POV

CAP, an American Indian man walks the crime scene. Jeans, cowboy boots, a "Dumbledore Dies On Page 596" sweatshirt. His dress may look out of place but his face and attitude are all business.



ROOKIE  
You! You can't be here!

Rookie rushes forward.

SARGE  
Rookie!

ROOKIE  
Sarge, this joker can't just stomp  
around the crime scene.

Sarge catches up, nods with respect to Cap.

SARGE  
Captain. Sorry about that.

Cap looks up then stares at Rookie's feet.

CAP  
One of yours?

SARGE  
Yessir, I won't let it happen  
again.

CAP  
Get him out of here.

SARGE  
Cap, he's green, that's all.

CAP  
He's standing on evidence.

Rookie leaps back revealing two shell casings.

Cap kneels, stares.

CAP  
357.

Suddenly a Uniformed Officer leans from within the bar.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Cap! We got a live one.

INT. BULL BY THE BALLS BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Several officers motion Cap behind the bar toward an open cabinet. Cap crosses to the cabinet and kneels.

Candy hides within. Naked, hugs her knees. Shivers.

CAP

(to men)

Get me a blanket. And get a medic  
in here.

He turns to Candy, offers a comforting smile.

CAP

You're gonna be okay now. I won't  
let anything happen to you.

CANDY

He...he killed them. He killed all  
of them.

CAP

Who did?

CANDY

No. You don't understand, we was  
fuckin'. He killed them while we was  
fuckin'. That's never happened to me  
before, has it happened to you?

Cap turns to Sarge who is standing near.

CAP

Let's get a shrink in here too.

EXT. WEBSTER'S WRECKER - DUSK - EST.

A giant barn surrounded by an army of muscle car's laid to  
rest on cement blocks.

INT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - DUSK

Engines dangle from assorted winches. Auto tools hang from  
the walls. Stacks of tires, a pile of carburetors.

Webster throws a lever.

The wrecker winch lowers the GTO.

Piper crosses to the front, pops the hood. Webster joins  
her, stares at the engine. Frowns.

WEBSTER

Engine's shot to hell.

PIPER  
Can you fix it?

He leans close, hands caress the engine, searching.

Somewhere near a fire CRACKLES. Piper turns.

HER POV

Milton stands just through the barn doors, stokes a fire within a 50 gallon drum. Flames rising.

PIPER  
I don't...how is this possible?

WEBSTER  
He loved his daughter.

PIPER  
Lots of daddy's love their daughters, doesn't explain shattering reality.

WEBSTER  
That one loved his little girl enough to make her hate him.  
(off her stare)  
Like Timmy yellin' at Lassie to go home?

Piper looks even more confused.

WEBSTER  
You never watched...forget it. Milton was a bad husband but he was a good father. Used to say it was the only thing he was ever good at. Then we went and got mixed up with the wrong crowd. Power and money and once you're in there ain't no gettin' out. So to keep her safe he vanished the year before she went off to college.

PIPER  
Obviously you got out.

Webster glances at Milton for a moment.

WEBSTER  
The bastards we were workin' for, they were gonna kill us when the job was done.

(MORE)

WEBSTER (cont'd)

So the day before, Milton paid'em a little visit. He went alone you see. I didn't know. I would'a gone with him but I didn't know.

Webster goes very quiet.

WEBSTER

Being a daddy wasn't the only thing Milton was good at. Sumbitch was good at being a friend.

EXT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - DUSK

The sun's setting to the West. Milton stands dangerously close to the fire. Stares at the dancing flames.

WEBSTER (O.S.)

That fire makin you homesick?

Piper and Webster approach with a six pack.

WEBSTER

Cold beer?

Milton gazes up at the moon. It isn't full but it's close. The fire CRACKLES, POPS. He stares at it.

MILTON

You know the pain and suffering ain't the worse part, right? That's what they tell ya, what they want you to believe. But it's all a big fuckin lie. Nosir, worst part's the goddamn video feed.

Webster and Piper exchange a glance.

MILTON

It ain't about the fire and brimstone. Ain't about your suffering. It's about the suffering of them you love. Cuz you see it. You see it all. In full goddamn detail. And there ain't nothin you can do about it.

Milton chunks a 2x4 into the fire. Sparks SWIRL into the air.

MILTON

Fuckin son-in-law. He looked like one of them tree-huggin piece of shits. Wore sandals. What kind of man wears fuckin sandals?

(MORE)

MILTON (cont'd)

(a beat)

But I saw how he died. Fought like  
a fuckin banshee.

Milton goes quiet.

MILTON

He loved that daughter of mine.  
Loved that little baby too. He  
kept fightin long after he should'a  
been dead. But some people's  
better at killin than others. Just  
how they're wired.

Milton's finding it harder to speak.

MILTON

Then them sons of bitches turned on  
my...nosir, physical pain is nothin  
compared to watching your baby  
girl...watchin those fuckers...I'm  
gonna kill'em. I'm gonna kill'em  
all. And...and then I'll be done.

Milton finally goes silent.

Piper makes a noise. Involuntary. Tears stream down her  
cheeks. She's trying not to sob.

Webster looks steely. Determined.

WEBSTER

Milton, I can't fix that car. But  
I can get you were you need to be.

INT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - NIGHT

A huge sliding barn door opens into a giant stall revealing a  
1969 Chevrolet Nova 396 L-78 and a 1969 Chevrolet Camaro.

Milton and Piper stare. Webster smiles.

WEBSTER

Milt, if memory serves you were  
always partial to the Nova, yes?

EXT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - DISTANT RIDGE - NIGHT

We're staring down over the barn from a distant ridge as we  
hear the GLASS-PACKED RUMBLE of the Nova's engine.

MOVE TO REVEAL

JONAH standing on the ridge top, cell phone to his ear.

JONAH KING

Yeah, about that fella who killed all them people at the Bull by the Balls last night. The fella who killed two of your cops. I know where you can find him.

EXT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - DAWN

The sun rises to the east burning off the Utah dew.

INT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - CAR STALL - DAWN

Milton crosses to the 69 Nova. Stops. Stares.

HIS POV

Piper is curled up beneath a quilt in the front seat.

MILTON

What are you doing?

Piper pops awake, sits up. Already angry.

PIPER

Fuck are you doing?!

Milton stares.

PIPER

Think you were gonna sneak off by yourself?! Go it alone?!

MILTON

Uh, no. I need your help. If you're still willing.

Piper stares for a moment.

PIPER

Oh.

A beat.

PIPER

Well if I'd known that I would have slept in a bed!

EXT. WEBSTER'S GIANT BARN - DAWN

Milton opens the big barn doors as Piper drives the Nova out into the sun light.

Webster approaches with a shotgun and a box of shells.

WEBSTER

Mapquest says it's an eight hour drive and we got twelve until midnight so we should be fine. And get this, "The Mother of all things"? "Bleeds black tears unto those who cut her"? Take a guess what's really bleeding like a stuck pig from the marsh?

MILTON

Black tears of oil?

WEBSTER

Damn right.

MILTON

Webster, I need you to stay here.

WEBSTER

Wha? No. You went alone last time.

MILTON

I'm not going alone this time. Piper's coming with me.

WEBSTER

You take that little girl over me?

MILTON

Give me the fuckin shells. And the gun.

Milton snatches both and hands them to Piper. He then quickly places an arm around Webster's shoulders and walks him out of earshot.

Piper places the gun and shells in the backseat then stares at the two men.

They glance back at her several times. Then Webster nods.

Milton returns, slides into the passenger seat.

MILTON

Let's go.

Piper stares out the window as Webster slips quietly into the barn. He does so reluctantly.

PIPER  
He's not coming?

MILTON  
He's too old. He'll just slow us  
down. Get himself killed.

PIPER  
That's what you told him?

MILTON  
That's what Timmy told Lassie isn't it?

PIPER  
Who the fuck is this Timmy and  
Lassie you two keep talking about?!

MILTON  
This ain't gonna be easy, Piper. I  
need you. That's no lie. But are  
you sure about this?

PIPER  
Just drive the damn car.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - BORDER - DAY

We see a "Welcome to Nevada" sign as --

The Nova THUNDERS past.

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

Milton behind the wheel, Piper has her bare feet on the windshield as she loads shotgun shells into the slits on a hunting vest.

PIPER  
I never knew him. Momma said he  
was a drifter.

MILTON  
I ain't your daddy.

PIPER  
Fuck you if you are.

Milton notices something in the rear view.



MILTON

Shit.

Piper sits up, stares.

THROUGH BACK GLASS

There's a State Trooper's car way back there. Fuck. There are two. No lights yet but they are coming up fast.

PIPER

What do we do?

MILTON

Nothing yet. Not until...

The lights come on.

PIPER

Oh shit. They know.

MILTON

We can't stop.

Milton mashes the peddle to the floor.

PIPER

Milton, this will never work.

MILTON

It'll work.

PIPER

No. It won't. Nobody gets away anymore. In fifteen minutes there will be choppers, we'll be all over the news...

She breaks off. Her mouth drops.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

As the NOVA tops a ridge, in the distance we see a police barricade. Several State Trooper Cruisers line the roadway in front of a bridge crossing a dry ravine. Cruisers line the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - DRY RAVINE BRIDGE - DAY

Twenty cruisers. Thirty TROOPERS are set up behind their vehicles, shotguns and assault rifles in hand.

Cap, the American Indian Police Captain, stands in front, a radio to his mouth.

CAP

Just keep driving him to us. We'll do the rest. And make sure you peel off before the fireworks.

He lowers the handset, addresses the men.

CAP

Gentlemen, these two killed two of our own. I know you'd like them to pay. Therefore, when I tell you to aim for the tires, what I mean is aim for their heads. Are we clear?

The men nod with steely determination.

CAP

Very good. Please aim for the tires.

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

The barricade is approaching stupidly fast. For the first time on this adventure, Milton looks...concerned.

PIPER

Just don't stop.

MILTON

Too many of them.

PIPER

Just keep driving.

MILTON

I'm...I'm sorry I got you into--

PIPER

--They took your granddaughter, Milton, and now these badge-wearing fuckers are trying to stop you. You crawled out of the Goddamn abyss...and a few fat-assed county Mounties are giving you pause? Your grand-baby needs you.

Milton nods. Turns back to the road.

PIPER

You know what happens to her if they stop us.

(MORE)

PIPER (cont'd)  
You lose the last connection you  
will ever have to this world. You  
gotta drive.

A scowl crosses his face.

PIPER  
No. You don't just drive. Drive  
angry! Drive with the motherfuckin'  
rage that'll take us through that  
motherfuckin' roadblock!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - DRY RAVINE BRIDGE - DAY

Sarge from earlier approaches Cap.

SARGE  
He ain't stopping.

CAP  
Good. Makes our job easier.

Suddenly a noise catches them off guard. They turn behind  
them. Their eyes widen.

THEIR POV

A Mack Truck RUMBLES over the bridge approaching from behind  
them. It's pulling 80mph at least.

CAP  
Well...this is unexpected.

INT. MACK TRUCK - DAY

The Accountant is driving. Calm. Whistling.

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

Piper and Milton stare.

PIPER  
Uh...what is that?

MILTON  
Get down!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - DRY RAVINE BRIDGE - DAY

Cap and Sarge scatter! Several Troopers leap or slide down into the ravine as --

KU-FWAM!

The Mack BARRELS THROUGH THE BARRICADE!

Several Cruisers go airborne, sailing directly at us!

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

Milton cuts the wheel hard as one of the Cruisers ROCKETS right at them.

EXT. 69 NOVA - DAY

The Cruiser's front end, hits the blacktop, digs in and flips over! The Nova SCREAMS beneath it!

The radio antenna SNAPS!

INT. MACK TRUCK - DAY

The Accountant smiles. Then cuts the wheel. Hard.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - DRY RAVINE BRIDGE - DAY

The Mack jackknifes.

It slides sideways down the road toward the Nova!

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

THROUGH WINDSHEILD

There's nowhere to go!

MILTON

Shotgun!

Piper shoves the shotgun in his hand. He quickly shoves it out the window and --

EXT. 69 NOVA - DAY

QUICKFIRES three blasts!

EXT. MACK TRUCK - TRAILER HITCH - DAY

The hydraulics line BURSTS! Hydraulic fluid bleeds like a stuck jugular!

The metal brackets holding the trailer in place...RELEASE!

EXT. MACK TRUCK - DAY

Truck and Flatbed separate!

The back of the flatbed catches on a cruiser. The front flips around.

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

We can just make out the Accountant's face. He's smiling.

EXT. 69 NOVA - DAY

The Nova rips through the opening between truck and trailer!

And then blazes past the scattered and overturned cruisers and tears onto the bridge!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - DRY RAVINE BRIDGE - DAY

Cap staggers into the road, FIRING at the Nova!

CAP

Hurry! After them!

Those men still near, scramble toward the working vehicles as SCRREEEECH.

The Mack skids to a stop behind them, now parallel across the blacktop. Driver's side angled back at the bridge.

Every gun in the area spins as the driver's side door opens.

The Accountant steps out, big smile on his face.

CLOSE ON SARGE AND CAP

SARGE

You want us to shoot out his tires?

ON ACCOUNTANT

As he smiles and flips his coin high into the air.

The surrounding Troopers stare.

The Accountant catches it. Holds it high between thumb and forefinger for all to see.

POV FROM TROOPERS

He's holding an FBI badge in the air.

CAP

No Goddamn way. No ever-loving way  
in God's good heaven are you a...

The Accountant steps down, thrusting his 'badge' into Cap's face stopping him cold.

ACCOUNTANT

Need you boys to stand down. Captain,  
you know what this badge means, right?

Not a single gun lowers. All trained at The Accountant.  
Itching to blow him out of his expensive shoes.

ACCOUNTANT

Federal Bureau of get the fuck  
outta my way. You boys have  
blundered into an on-going Federal  
case. Now, lower your....

He stops, turns...sniffs the air.

His focus settles on a YOUNG FACED TROOPER.

ACCOUNTANT

You.

ANGLE - Looking down on The Accountant surrounded by armed angry troopers. He steps from the truck, nudges Cap aside like he wasn't there. Cap can't believe it.

Shot continues, moving down, closer and closer until the Accountant is face to face with a Young Faced Trooper.

The kid keeps his gun aimed, nervous, excited and confused.

Suddenly the Accountant moves fast. He bats the gun aside, snatches the kid's uniform shirt and pulls it open, popping two buttons.

YOUNG-FACED TROOPER  
Hey, Hey!!! Cap!

And there...above the kid's left breast...a pentagram tattoo.

ACCOUNTANT  
It seems you're serving two masters.

The kid says nothing stares. Every cop's gun is sighted on the Accountant. He doesn't seem to notice.

ACCOUNTANT  
Take out your phone and call him.  
Call Jonah King. Tell him the old  
man is dead.

The kid stares until...

CAP  
Go ahead, Trooper. Do as the agent  
says. Rest of you. Stand down. Now!

Guns lower. The kid removes his cell phone and dials.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - NEVADA - DAY

We tear West down the highway as we catch up to the Nova and dive down...toward the back glass until --

INT. 69 NOVA - DAY

Piper stares through the back window.

PIPER  
I don't think...why aren't they  
following us?

Milton slips into his hunting vest. A scowl on his face.

MILTON  
They're likely scared of you.

PIPER  
Now what?

MILTON  
Now we drive.

We pull back...

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 - NEVADA - DAY

...out of the back glass as the Nova speeds up. Faster...faster. The sun suddenly time lapses across the sky. The landscape blurs. Only the Nova and the moving sun remain...until the sun dips into the Western horizon and vanishes...replaced by one hell of a bright full moon.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA - NIGHT

Suddenly our view veers off the highway and rips toward a rocky outcropping in the distance.

We slow and drop toward the ground until we're mere inches above the cracked earth...we come to a stop.

FOOM

A BOOT slams into view.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

EXT. STILWATER MARSH - NEVADA - NIGHT

Milton climbs from the Nova. In the distance we can hear DRUMS. BONGOS. There's CHANTING. And LAUGHTER.

Piper rises and gazes at him over the roof. She's scared.

Milton shoves the 357 into his back waistband, slides the ancient revolver into a leather hip-holster then he leans in and grabs his shotgun.

MILTON

Stay here.

Piper nods.

Milton moves toward the jagged rocks in the distance but soon we can make out the flicking light of fire ahead as Milton moves toward a cliff's edge.

EXT. STILWATER MARSH - CLIFF'S EDGE - NIGHT

Milton lowers to the ground and crawls to the edge.

MILTON'S POV



A twenty foot drop off to the ravine floor below. The ravine is filled with giant oil derricks, like metallic T-Rex's, rising and falling to the SHRIEK of oiled metal.

And in the center of this Jurassic gathering, a CROWD of people dance and sway around a giant bonfire. It is celebration, ritual and orgy rolled into one.

Brawny cultists erect a makeshift stone altar. On the opposite side of the Oil-Rig ravine - the battered RV sits like a mobile command post.

CLOSE ON MILTON'S FACE

He was expecting less than twenty followers. There are forty down there. Fuck.

EXT. STILWATER MARSH - NEVADA - NIGHT

Milton walks slowly back toward the Nova. His head lowered in deep thought. How does one man and a kid take on forty?

Suddenly a look of alarm crosses his face!

He jerks the ancient revolver and aims it ahead.

HIS POV

Piper sits on the hood of the Nova next to the Accountant.

MILTON  
Get away from her.

ACCOUNTANT  
I think not.

MILTON  
I shoot you with this, you know what it means. No heaven. No hell. You cease to exist.

ACCOUNTANT  
All the more reason to keep Ms. Piper in close proximity. You are old, Milton. You might miss again.

MILTON  
You can't stop me.

ACCOUNTANT

Stop you? Milton, you wouldn't be here without me, you ungrateful shit. That roadblock back there, that would have stopped you. So I want you to drop that iron God-Killer and say thank you.

Milton stares.

The Accountant, moves. Quickly. With a crisp flick, suddenly there's a blade at Piper's throat. She GASPS.

ACCOUNTANT

I said, drop it and thank you.

Milton puts up his hand, flings the revolver into the darkness behind him.

MILTON

Don't hurt her. Th-Thank you.

ACCOUNTANT

That's better.

He lowers the blade, but keeps Piper close.

ACCOUNTANT

You're not the first to get out and I doubt you'll be the last but I gotta know, HOW did you get out with the God-Killer?

MILTON

(chuckles)

I just walked in and took it.

ACCOUNTANT

You did not.

MILTON

I'm an old washed up lifer. Never occurred to'em that I was up to no good.

ACCOUNTANT

Wouldn't wanna be you when he finds out.

MILTON

What's he gonna do? Not let me back in? Now, I gotta know. Why? Why help me?

PIPER

I know why. It's because of those crazy fucks out there isn't it? They figured something out didn't they? Somehow they know how to summon a piece of hell to earth.

The Accountant laughs.

ACCOUNTANT

That's cute. You haven't told her?

MILTON

She don't listen.

ACCOUNTANT

Young Ms. Piper, let you in on a little secret. The Dark Lord? Satan? Beelzebub? Lucifer? Simply the warden of a very large prison. Quiet man, actually. Thoughtful. Well read. I happen to know the idea of sacrificing children in his honor annoys him greatly.

MILTON

Then why? Why help me?

ACCOUNTANT

Simple. Like the warden, we all have jobs to do. Getting you here makes my job easier. You get what you want, I get what I want.

MILTON

Then help me, now. There are forty of them down there. You and I could--

ACCOUNTANT

--No.

MILTON

But--

ACCOUNTANT

--No. You want to save her then go do it. If you win, I win. If they take you down, I win.

He hugs Piper closer.

ACCOUNTANT

You like butter on your popcorn?  
It's sure to be a grand show.

Piper doesn't know what to say.

The Accountant glances back at Milton.

ACCOUNTANT

You're still here? Milton, the clock  
is ticking. Midnight approaches.

MILTON

Then get off my fuckin car.

EXT. OIL RIG RAVINE - NIGHT

The RV door flings open revealing Jonah King. He walks with arrogance through the orgy around him, his followers turn to him with reverence. His name is WHISPERED like a secret.

He approaches the make-shift stone altar where Skanky Gal holds the baby within a bundle of blankets.

HIGH ABOVE: the moon is full and ripe.

JONAH KING

It's almost time.

Skanky Gal nods. But there is hesitation in her eyes. She's grown attached to the baby.

Jonah takes the baby, places her on the stone altar.

JONAH KING

My brothers and sisters, we have come  
so far. To this place where the  
dying earth bleeds its corrupt soul  
at our feet. From its death, it shall  
be reborn. As we will be. We who  
have survived the slings. The  
arrows. The revulsion of those too  
weak to believe. We have been cast  
out. And hunted. But no more.

Followers gather, move in unison, dance, writhe, fuck.

Tattoo approaches with an old rusty knife. It was probably elegant once. Now it is worthless. He hands it to Jonah.

The Followers GASP in holy awe.

JONAH KING

(raising the knife)

With this sacrifice, no more will we be shunned. They say the meek will inherit. They LIE. We are not meek. We are chosen. The hounds of perdition will howl at our command. For now we...

A HOWLING noise.

No. An engine. Distant but thunderous.

Heads turn. The sound echoes throughout the ravine then --

FOOOM!

The NOVA ROCKETS from the cliff's edge!

It plummets straight at the cultists!

They scatter! But three are not so lucky, they vanish as the giant Chevy turns them to PULP!

Jonah's jaw drops. This can't fuckin' be.

Skanky Gal, grabs the baby and flees toward one of the giant oil derricks!

INT. 69 NOVA - NIGHT

Milton wears a mask of rage as he rips the Nova into a 180, his 357 aimed out the window.

KABOOM! BOOM! KUHFWOOM!

He's shooting Cultists in a barrel.

But the Nova is the better weapon. He FLOORS it, then LOCKS the brakes, fishtailing.

EXT. 69 NOVA - NIGHT

The Nova's ass-end veers like a dragon's tail SMACKING cultists aside with BONE-SHATTERING brutality.

EXT. OIL RIG RAVINE - NIGHT

Jonah grabs a shotgun from behind the altar, opens FIRE.

JONAH KING  
Kill him! KILL HIM!

Followers produce an assortment of firepower and RIDDLE the Nova with lead!

Milton sights Jonah, ready to blow him to fuck, catches the reverend while he cocks the pump.

JONAH can see Milton's got him.

MILTON grits and pulls the 357's trigger: Click. Click.

BLAM!

Jonah fires a fresh round - barely missing as--

Milton GUNS the engine - SMASHES two followers head on. They fly up the hood, SMASH the glass - but shield him from another frontal assault. Their bodies RIDDLED with lead.

The Cultists circle him to get a better shot.

A Magnum is thrust into the driver's side window - right in Milton's face.

He leans back just as the gun is FIRED. Milton yanks the wheel, reverses the Nova - wrenches the Magnum from the fucker's hand. The Cultist hangs on. Claws at Milton.

Milton twirls the Magnum, gunslinger style. Jams the barrel into the Cultist's face and FIRES.

Milton runs down any that get in his way.

EXT. STILWATER MARSH - CLIFF'S EDGE - NIGHT

The Accountant stands above the battle, Piper at his side. He can hear her heartbeat.

ACCOUNTANT  
You want to help him.

PIPER  
Yes.

ACCOUNTANT  
He chose you, you know that. Fast car, spunky attitude. He put your life at risk and you still want to help him?

PIPER

Yes.

ACCOUNTANT

Then go.

She rushes toward a goat path leading down to the valley below. Suddenly something catches her eye.

CLOSE ON GROUND

The Ancient Revolver.

Without the slightest pause, Piper snatches it, spins and aims it right at...

The Accountant's smiling face.

ACCOUNTANT

Hold on tight. It has quite a kick.

PIPER

If I kill you, you can't take him.

ACCOUNTANT

Someone else will come...someone else always comes.

Piper considers, the SOUNDS of battle rising from below.

ACCOUNTANT

Piper, he didn't steal that gun to kill me. He stole it to slow me down. He's getting what he wanted. Now, go to him. Before it's too late.

Piper turns and scrambles down the goat path.

INT. 69 NOVA - NIGHT

Milton is ROARING in anger as the NOVA is PEPPERED with bullets and shotgun blasts. GLASS, SPARKS and CHAOS rain down on him. Steam and oil SPEW from the engine.

EXT. 69 NOVA - NIGHT

Ducking in the seat, unable to see, Milton fights to keep control until:

Jonah BLASTS the front driver's side tire, SHREDDING it -

The NOVA pitches hard to the left, PIN-WHEELING right into an oil derrick.

The SCREAM of metal on metal rips through the ravine. The Nova SCREECHES to a halt, tires SPIN, smoke spews, gas drips from the wreck.

Jonah and the half a dozen remaining Cultists zero in around the Nova, guns trained on the driver's door.

Jonah nods to Tattoo who approaches close to the ground, reaches out slowly and YANKS the door open.

KA-FOOM!

Tattoo is blown backwards by a shotgun blast!

JONAH KING

Kill him!

Jonah and his men open FIRE!

INT. 69 NOVA - NIGHT

Milton SCREAMS as the Nova's cab turns into a warzone. He clammers deep inside the wreck. Praying they don't ignite the leaking fuel. Then the firing stops.

EXT. 69 NOVA - NIGHT

Jonah and his men draw closer and closer.

THEIR POV

Soon they'll have a direct shot right into the Nova's open driver's side door.

PIPER (O.S.)

HEY!

The men spin to find Piper standing behind them, ancient revolver aimed into their group. She pulls the trigger.

KAFOOM!

Jesus wept. The KICKBACK blows Piper off her feet, the gun jerked from her hands.

She lands on her back. Hard. The wind KNOCKED out of her.



The GOD SLUG slams into a cultist's stomach. It EXPLODES through him, and into the BATTERED RV BEHIND:

KABLAAAAM!

The RV goes nuclear - blows shrapnel and cultists helter skelter across the ravine, shredding the remaining five.

JONAH is spattered with his men's blood, dives behind the wreck of the Nova.

JONAH KING

Well...this has all gone to shit.

He steadies himself, grips the shotgun and shoves it into the Nova's open driver's side door.

HIS POV

Empty. The passenger door is open. Milton is gone.

Jonah spins in all directions. Expecting a trick. But nothing. He rushes around the Nova to find...

Milton crawling. Bleeding.

MILTON'S POV

Skanky Gal cowers twenty yards away beneath an oil derrick. The baby wrapped in pink blankets in her arms.

Jonah walks up oozing arrogance. He knows he's won.

He places the barrel of the shotgun to Milton's chin.

JONAH KING

You lose.  
(looks up)  
Get over here!

Skanky continues to cower. Doesn't budge.

JONAH KING

I said get over here! I want him  
to watch me kill the kid!

Skanky doesn't move.

JONAH KING

(to Milton)  
Stupid bitch. Fine. Then just  
know I promise to kill her slowly.

Jonah raises the barrel to Milton's forehead then...

Someone near CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Jonah turns, stares.

The Accountant leans against the Nova's hulk. He winks.

At Jonah's feet, Milton scrambles forward and we realize he wasn't crawling toward his grand-baby.

He was crawling toward the ancient revolver.

He snatches it, rolls onto his back as--

Jonah swings his gun toward Milton --

KAFOOM!

The burning God Slug HITS JONAH IN THE FACE!

Jonah's head is obliterated. The force yanks his headless body into the air, spins it sky-wards in a plume of flame.

The Accountant moves away, watching as --

The burning corpse slaps onto the leaking wreck of the Nova.

THE GAS IGNITES

FLAMES ERUPT with THUNDER clear to the heavens - the Nova ROARS one final time, living up to it's name in a furious ball of fire that consumes whatever's left of Jonah King.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Piper SUCKS in air. Sits up. Fire lighting her face.

PIPER

Milton?!

He lies on his back several yards away.

Piper rushes up, falls beside him.

He's alive, mouth filled with blood. She takes his hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skanky Gal looks up to find...

...the Accountant standing over her. He holds out his arms.

She hands him the baby.

ACCOUNTANT

I'm curious. Would you have let  
him do it?

She opens her mouth to speak, says nothing...

ACCOUNTANT

That's what I thought.

He turns and walks away from her.

ACCOUNTANT

See you. Soon.

Skanky bolts. Races off into the darkness.

ON MILTON AND PIPER

PIPER

Milton...no...

Milton struggles. His head lolls back and forth. Eyes flick  
around. Searching.

MILTON

Where...where is she?

ACCOUNTANT

She's here.

The Accountant hands the baby to Milton.

Milton stares at the tiny face. The big bright eyes.  
Innocent. Beautiful in every miraculous way.

He places her in Piper's arms.

MILTON

Keep her safe.

PIPER

I will. Anyone tries to hurt her  
and I'll kill'em.

MILTON

I know. That's why I chose you.

A HORN BLARES.

They all turn toward the high cliff.

THEIR POV

WEBSTER climbs from the 69 Camaro.

MILTON

Webster will look after you both.  
As long as he can. And he'll keep  
trying long after he can't.

PIPER

Milton. This can't...you can't  
just give up. There's gotta be  
something we can do to...

MILTON

Beat the devil? Nah. Never gonna  
happen. I'm askin more than I have  
a right to. I know it. But love  
her for me, Piper. Love her and  
make her yours. I don't have any  
right to ask for your promise...

PIPER

(without hesitation)

I promise. Milton. I promise.

Milton coughs.

MILTON

Thank you.

And like that. The life fades from his eyes.

Piper holds the baby close, SOBS.

She looks up at the Accountant. But he is gone.

EXT. STILWATER MARSH - NEVADA - DAWN

The sun glows to the east as --

--Piper cradles the baby as she climbs the goat path where  
Webster is waiting. He rushes to her, places an arm around  
her. Leads her toward the Camaro as --

EXT. OIL RIG RAVINE - DAWN

CLOSE ON MILTON

He twitches.

His one good eye opens. It rolls around then settles on something above.

MILTON

How was that?

MOVE TO REVEAL

The Accountant stands over him.

ACCOUNTANT

I've seen better. Guess she doesn't know you can beat him, slow him, shoot him, even stop him...

MILTON

...But you can't kill a dead man.

Milton sits up slowly. Bones CREAK. He holds his hand out. The Accountant takes it. Pulls him to his feet.

They turn and walk toward the rising sun.

They walk until they are just silhouettes against a bright yellow glow...then...

...they fade into the shimmering heat...

...and they are gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

**The End.**