The Last Avenger Left

By

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Based on the character created by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby.

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EXT. MIDWEST PLAINS - DAY

Wheat blows in the wind. It’s an obscure landscape. Far out, to be sure. Perhaps it’s Kansas. Nebraska maybe. The yellow beige field spans out for miles, flat and uninviting.

EXT. WOODEN CORRAL - DAY

A wooden corral confines cows that mill around each other. Some stop to graze at the small patches of grass here and there in the mostly dirt area.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A small tin weathercock sits silver on a dark red roof. The bright blue sky is almost blinding behind it. There are no clouds to be seen.

We pan down from the weathercock to see the front of the farmhouse. It’s gray white under the dark red roof. The screen door is open. It doesn’t sway because any breeze at all is absent. The front door is also open and the camera glides itself in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The walls of the farmhouse reveal that it is obviously lived in. Nice picture frames adorn the walls and the shelves. The kitchen has just been recently used, however some chair looks knocked over and a broken dish is on the floor.

The camera makes its way slowly up the wooden stairs and lightly, just barely audible, you can make out the whimpering of a young girl. Her pleas are hard to make out and as the camera makes its way to the source it is all revealed.

INT. GIRL’S ROOM

A dead white man lies on the floor. He is scalped. Blood stains the white carpeting. He is wearing a bathrobe that is spilled open. Standing at his feet is a large, very large, brown skinned man with long black hair that flows behind him. His face is middle-aged, later 40s. It is worn. His eyes are distant and hollow.

Beside the brown man is a young white girl. She is in her pajamas. She begs at the man’s knees, crying. There is a long tether of rope leading from her ankles, to her wrists, around her neck, to the brown man’s hands.

(CONTINUED)
The man looks at the ceiling of the house as if it to some deity who has long disappeared. This brown man is an Acolyte of sorts and he is forsaken. He has no name that he knows or cares for. He responds to nothing. He is wearing muddy cowboy boots under muddy blue jeans. His shirt is white and the sleeves are rolled up. Tattooed on his arms are various images of skulls, snakes, wolves, and the sort.

Though he has no name, when people ask, he tells them AMERICA.

America, tether in hand, walks out of the room and tugs the girl to follow. She shrieks, cries, and crawls, hunched and submissive, after her captor.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

America marches onward to his dirty old jeep. He cares little for the girl behind him. Her name is Bethany but it does not matter in the least for she will be dead before the sun sets. He opens the trunk of his jeep and looks at her. She cries more and pleas. He rubs his old dirty hands through her hair and clocks her unconscious against the side of the jeep. He then lifts her up and tosses her in the jeep trunk. He takes an old dusty blanket and covers her. Then he wipes the blood of the side of the jeep. He gets in the jeep and kicks up dirt and starts off down the dusty bright dirt road.

The camera, stationary, follows the car and then turns upward to the bright blue sky. Slowly but surely it darkens to a cold black. Some stars slowly fade into view but even they’re few and far between, as if they’re disappearing. The camera comes back down and instead of the farmhouse its on a barn.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

There is riotous cheering and shouting and booing coming from inside. The barn sits squat and large. Trucks are parked all around, even some horses are tethered to posts.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A large group of people surround a boxing ring. The boxers are certainly amateur but it is not bare knuckle. They where boxing gloves and are somewhat trained. It appears to be a competition for student boxers. People cheer and some jeer. Everyone is in your typical western outfittings. Our hero Steve Rogers leans on the side of the make shift stands. He
is bearded and his hair is grown out into a fine pony tail. If anybody struggled to recognize him as Captain America when he was shaven, then it would surely prove impossible now. His is still in great shape but his eyes look heavy with memories he’d rather forget.

This is years after everything.

On the boxers.

One KO’s the other. The crowd goes wild. Steve claps along. He turns as some people approach him. They hand him money. He shakes their hand. They leave.

An announcer takes the spotlight.

ANNOUNCER
Up next, in a 5 round match, is Jim Ellis and Bradly Baskin.

The crowd regains their seats and new boys enter the ring. People immediately start cheering their respective sides.

Steve has no interest in this match. He turns and leaves.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT CONT.

Steve sits in the bed of his old pick up truck. He smokes a cigarette. The faint glow of the hot end barely illuminates his forlorn countenance. He looks up at the sky, the camera with it, and its black. Even the stars seem few and far between.

A young woman approaches him. She’s in a plaid shirt. A cowboy hat sits on her blonde locks. Her name is Sarah Mason and she’s a lover of Steve’s.

SARAH
Can I have one of them?

STEVE
(not looking at her)
They’re bad for you.

SARAH
Bad for you too.

Steve looks at her and hands her the box. She takes a cigarette out and he lights it for her. In the light of the flame she makes eye contact with him. Her eyes are full of life and love.

She climbs up on to the truck bed.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
It’s always funny seeing those boys beat on each other. We all grew up together in this town and I know they aint enemies of any kind, but in that ring you could fool me. They hit each other so hard. So... violent.

STEVE
Mhmm.

A beat.

SARAH
I thought you’d be a lot happier considering you made money on the fight. What’s on your mind, Steve?

STEVE
Nothing much.

On the road.

You can see a car racing towards the barn. The head lights are on. It kicks up a night smoke behind it. The driving is erratic. The small sedan, covered in dirt, skids to a stop just beyond the parking lot, in front of the barn yard doors.

On Steve.

Steve and Sarah, alert to the new presence, get out of the truck bed and walk over to see if something is wrong.

SARAH
I think that’s Mrs. Caroline’s car.
C’mon.

Car.

A frantic woman scrambles out of the car to her knees. She starts screaming frantically for HELP and runs into the barnyard.

Steve and Sarah hurry to catch up and see what the commotion is about.
INT. BARN - NIGHT CONT.

The boxing match is interrupted. The woman runs in. Her normal day clothes are covered in blood. She’s screaming and her hair is a mess.

Steve and Sarah hurry behind her but keeping their distance. Everyone stops and regards her. Even the boxers look bewildered.

The people there recognize her.

Her name is **Louise Caroline**.

**LOUISE CAROLINE**
(frantic, hysterical)
He struck again! He did it again! He got William and Bethany! He got them! Oh Lord, he took them!

She breaks down and falls to her knees sobbing on the floor. An even louder commotion erupts. People more familiar with her rush over to console her and lift her up. Others panic.

**SARAH**
Oh no!

Sarah runs over to lift her up. When Louise is to her feet she goes to the stage. She grabs the announcer’s microphone.

**SARAH**
Quiet! Quiet everyone! Quiet down!

The woman is still in hysterics, though subdued. People pay attention to the ring.

**SARAH**
Everyone! Everyone! As Deputy of the county I’m shutting this match down. Everyone go home and lock up.

**A RANDOM VOICE**
Did that goddamn Injun attack us again?!

A few voices shout the same.

**SARAH**
I don’t know, I don’t know. There’s no way to tell -

(CONTINUED)
LOUISE CAROLINE  
(interrupting)  
Yes! It was him! It was that goddamned redskin I know it!

The crowd goes berserk.

SARAH  
There’s no way to know for sure.  
People, please, just do as I say.  
Go home and lock up and repor-

LOUISE CAROLINE  
(interrupting again, even more hysterical)  
He scalped my William! He took his top clean off! Don’t you see?

The crowd loses it.

A RANDOM VOICE  
That makes five victims in two weeks! Let’s find that bastard right now!

A collection of violent "YEAHS" roar through the barnyard.

SARAH  
No, no, people!

But her pleas are not enough. The crowd disperses fast and determined and makes a bad dash for their individual trucks but before a majority of them can exit Sarah pulls a revolver from her hip and fires into the sky. The bullet rips through the wooden roof.

SARAH  
Enough! Enough! We are not back in the old times, people. If I see anyone in anything that even resembles a mob I will have you thrown away and locked for good. This is not how we conduct ourselves, people!

A RANDOM VOICE  
So what! We’re just gonna let that goddamned Injun just scalp and take us all? What the hell do we have you guys for anyway?

Before Sarah can answer she glances to where she left Steve, but he is not there anymore.
INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT, CONT.

Steve drives off down the dirt road. There is a thick heavy silence in his car. He white knuckles the steering wheel as if to hold him back from something. He looks in his rear view mirror at the lit up Barn behind him in the distance. It is clear he’s deciding whether to head back or not.

He denies his instincts and drives on. The lights of car disappearing as they grow smaller and smaller.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

It is very bright out. The color of the sand is almost pure white. It is a small rocky path a little above the base of the mountain. The path is small but big enough for a truck. On the edge of the path, looking over the slope of the mountain side, to the desert plains below, is a small sturdy tree.

America appears from seemingly out of nowhere. Behind him is the body of Bethany. The same bloodied tether extends from her ankles and holds the length over his shoulder. He drags her along through the dirt without any remorse. She is naked.

He throws the tether over a high sturdy branch and, like a pulley, he pulls on the one end to raise her body just a foot off the ground.

He squats low beside her dead face. He brushes something on her face out of what may be a ritual.

On the sun.

Its scorching. Nearly blinding.

Back down.

EXT. AMERICA’S TENT - DAY, CONT.

America squats beside a faint fire in the bright daylight. He’s roasting an obscure meat on a spit. He is shirtless. Tattoos cover his brown chest.

The camera pans just slightly to the left and there are three WHITE people bound together. They are gagged and are tethered ankles to ankles, wrists to wrists. They sit ragged and despaired.

(CONTINUED)
He pulls a piece of meat from the roast and walks over to the slaves. He squats to their level.

There are two guys and a girl. He goes to the girl in the middle and pulls her gag out. She wimpers but is submissive enough to eat the meat out of his hand. He puts the gag back and pats her head.

On the plain below.

America looks out past the slope of the mountain to the plains. He sees three people on horse back. Two of the men are white and one is black. They approach with rifles along their backs.

America grunts. He heads into his tent and comes back out with an old hunting rifle. There is no scope on the top. He does not need it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE PLAINS - DAY CONT.

The riders approach without any hesitation. The black man at the front takes binoculars from his chest and raises them to his eyes.

   BLACK RIDER
   There’s a girl hangin’ yonder.
   Upside down.

   WHITE RIDER 1
   Is it the Caroline girl?

   BLACK RIDER
   I reckon.

   WHITE RIDER 2
   He must be near.

The three men arm themselves and lock and load their respective rifles. Their horses come to a stop.

EXT. AMERICA’S TENT - DAY, CONT.

America stands there still. His rifle is steady and his aim is true. Behind him the slaves are alert to the possibility of salvation.

There is a thick heavy silence. Then a lound bang as America fires off a single shot. A faint string of smoke escapes form his gun.
EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE PLAINS - DAY CONT.

Before any one of the riders could react a bullet whizzes through the air into the chest of White Rider 2. Blood erupts from his chest plate in a vomit of gore and the impact knocks him off his horse. His horse goes wild and runs around panicking. The other riders, with nowhere to seek shelter, simply charge forward firing their guns as they go.

EXT. AMERICA’S TENT - DAY, CONT.

America, calm as day, holds the rifle in both hands and advances down the path to meet them half way.

He walks without fear of death until he is also on the plain level.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE PLAINS - DAY CONT.

Now the two riders see his figure, level with them, just about a half mile away.

They ride fast. The hooves of the horses pound like thunder.

On America.

He aims and fires.

A bullet rips through the head of White Rider 1 and he his face splits like a gourge. His horse rides on and the dead body jostles left and right before finally falling off.

Black Rider is scared but he charges on.

On America.

He aims and fires again.

The bullet kills the horse and Black Rider goes flying off his steed and tumbling into the hot white sand. His rifle flies in a different direction. His leg is broken badly and he writhes in pain.

Perspective over Black Rider’s shoulder: America approaches, shimmering in the heat.

Soon America stands at his feet and Black Rider has to cover his eyes just look up at him.

(CONTINUED)
BLACK RIDER
Well go on then. Do it.

AMERICA
Did White Man make you do this?

BLACK RIDER
What?

AMERICA
Why are you here, Pained Brother?

BLACK RIDER
You’re the kidnapper everyone’s talking about. (spits blood) You got a mighty big price on your head, you know that right, Injun?

AMERICA
I have no strife with you. Only the White Man.

America turns to walk away.

BLACK RIDER
(yelling after him)
What the hell are you talking about! You backwards sum’bitch!

As America heads off the Black Rider fumbles around and pulls a pistol from his holster. He takes aim and fires it. The bullet just whizzes past America. America turns around and comes back.

AMERICA
White Man has corrupted you. You tried to kill me for money.

BLACK RIDER
(coughing, chuckling)

The Black Rider lifts his pistol up to take aim again, but America kicks the gun out of his hand.

AMERICA
Your people’s enemy is my people’s enemy. We are friends, Rider.
CONTINUED:

BLACK RIDER
F-f-u-c-k your people, you fucking Bow Bender. I’ll fucking kill all you cunts if I could.

America turns around and brandishes a crude dagger.

AMERICA
I’ll be the enemy you want, brother. But only to save you.

America scalps him alive and then slits his throat in the hot sun.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. STEVE’S HOUSE - DUSK

Steve Roger’s house is a small tan colored house that sits on the edge of a dirt road. He has his own pick up truck in his garage. He lives by himself. He’s leaning on the porch gazing at the setting sun, the great evening redness in the west. He smokes a cigarette.

The headlights from a jeep make their way up his dirt road. He dirts the cigarette with his boot and walks to the edge of his porch with his hands in his pockets.

The jeep pulls to a stop and Sarah climbs out. She’s wearing her deputy uniform.

SARAH
You know you really outta look into getting a cellphone or something like that, Steve.

She walks up to him.

STEVE
I have a house phone. Simpler to me. Reminds me of the good ol’ times, I suppose.

SARAH
And what about when you’re standing out here and can’t hear the damned thing?

STEVE
Then I’ll expect to see you on my driveway.
The two look at each other. They’re silhouettes against the ominous sunset between them.

There’s a long pause.

SARAH
Steve, something’s really wrong.

Steve lights up a cigarette and turns back to the setting red.

SARAH
Three bounty hunters were found dead in the plains just north of town. One of them scalped. A little beyond that, on the mountain, the Caroline girl hung upside down from a tree.

STEVE
Okay, what do you want me to say? I reckon you guys should be out there catching him, huh?

SARAH
Why’d you disappear the other night? At the fight? When Old Lady Caroline came in hollerin?

Steve says nothing. He takes a drag from his cigarette.

SARAH
That ain’t all, though. You been acting all weird as soon as these started happening. And anytime any trouble happens in this here town you always go hermit on me. Like you don’t even wanna acknowledge it happening.

STEVE
I guess when I moved out here I didn’t expect as much trouble as -

He hesitates.

SARAH
As where? You said you were from El Paso.

STEVE
D.C.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
D.C.?

STEVE
Look, it doesn’t matter where I’m from or what I’ve said.

SARAH
Well, shit, Steve. As someone you bed sometimes it matters to me. And also as the deputy here it matters to me in a whole other way.

He’s reached his boiling point. He slaps the banister of his porch and walks off. She follows him earnestly.

SARAH
C’mon Steve. Somethings on your mind. You can tell me. We’ve known each other since you moved here. And then some.

STEVE
I think you should get going, Sarah.

Sarah looks at him. She hangs her head low and walks to her car, defeated.

SARAH
When are you going to open up to me? Even a little. Not as a cop. As someone you’ve told things to. As someone, you’ve, I don’t know, have watched the stars with on that there porch. When’s that, Steve?

He doesn’t look at her. Sarah gets in the car and drives off. The sun has fully set and her car is a black mass along the red horizon.

INT. STEVE’S HOUSE – HOUSE, CONT.

Steve’s house is sparcie and somber. The light in the house is dark. A radio plays tunes from the 40s but the volume is low. Steve sits on his sofa and drinks a beer. He rests his head back and looks up at the ceiling.

The fan slowly spins and as the camera drifts down gently we can see that Steve is crying, softly.

(CONTINUED)
He reaches over and flips on a lamp that's on small table stand. He walks away out of frame and returns with a big cardboard box. He opens the box slowly, as if he’s expecting something to lunge out at him. He removes a dusty picture frame of his younger, colorless years. It's him in his classic WWII gear with Bucky Barnes by his side.

He opens the frame and two pictures are behind the presented one. The first one is jagged around the edges and it's of his lost lover Peggy Carter. We can hear/see now that Steve has devolved into weeping. He goes to the next picture and it's of Nick Fury and his other Avengers. They’re in casual clothes and look to be having fun. And then the final picture is of Sarah Mason.

He weeps harder and sets the pictures down on the table. He's clearly in anguish.

STEVE
(to the ceiling)
Where'd you guys go? Where'd you guys go? Why'd you guys leave me?

On the fan.
It spins slowly in response.

STEVE
 stil(to the ceiling)
I don't know where you guys are. Or if you can even hear me. But I'm lost out here. That's the truth. Really lost. And- and- and the truth is, well, I don’t really wanna get found. Not if I have to fight again. You hear me?

On the fan.
It spins slowly in response.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

An iron bridge sits over a running river. The sun rises in the distance. It’s reflection shimmers broken on the water. A jeep slowly drives across the bridge.

STEVE (O.S.)
And I don’t know if that makes me a coward or anything. I sure hope not. But- but- but I don’t know if I can be blamed for something like that.
EXT. STREET THROUGH TOWN - EARLY MORNING

A black road runs down the middle of a podunk town. Nobody’s awake yet. The buildings are stout. The same jeep as before drives up the road. It’s clear now that it is America’s.

STEVE (O.S.)
Frankly, I think I should be allowed to sit some out. For now at least. I mean Jesus, uh, excuse me, but haven’t I been through enough?

EXT. COLT FARMS - MORNING

The farmhouse is blue and cute and is similar to the one before. It sits on a lush patch of grass. A man in a robe comes out and collects the morning paper. He surveys the land. He heads back inside.

STEVE (O.S.)
I guess I’m just praying for some luck that this’ll blow away. That I won’t have to step up. Because... because I don’t think I’ll make it if I do. I really don’t.

As the man closes the door behind him a jeep slowly rolls into view just beyond the focus of the house. America steps out.

On America.
He has a large shotgun in one hand his rope around his other shoulder. His black hair blows in a faint breeze. He approaches the back door of the house.

INT. COLT FARMHOUSE - MORNING CONT.

He eases the back door of the house open. He stands there still in the hallway.

PAN slowly from him standing there to the kitchen just a few yards away. The man reads his paper and chit chats with his wife who brews coffee at the counter. The man’s name Billy Colt and his wife is Jessie Colt.

BILLY COLT
(to upstairs)
Bobby! Breakfast is ready! Get on down here and eat or you’re going to school hungry!

(CONTINUED)
America stalks out of frame into an opening. **Bobby**, young, runs down the stairs with his back pack on. He runs into his kitchen. Behind him is an older sister and an even older brother. They all head into the kitchen and the noise that follows a live house starts up.

PAN back over to the hallway. The kitchen is now out of frame. America re-appears in the hallway. He cocks his shotgun and walks to the kitchen calmly. He walks out of frame into the kitchen and the lovely breakfast of the Colts turns into a chaotic terror. There is a lot of yelling. A quick loud noise. Then a shot gun blast. Then two more quick blasts. Some blood splatters the hallway wall.

**EXT. DESERT – DAY**

America in front of his new additions. A tent is behind him with another little camp fire that was recently put out. He has blood on his face and on his cowboy hat.

His additions are Jessie Colt, her daughter, and her youngest son. They are crying and are scared. They have their kin's blood on them, like warriors newly baptized. The boy, Bobby, stares blankly at the hot sand. His young mind has yet to grab the horrors.

America reaches into his shirt pocket and takes out a tin. He pulls out a pinch of chew and places it in his lower lip. He squats down to Bobby’s level and caresses the boy’s face with his leathery hands. He grabs the boy by the jaw and looks over him the way one may inspect new furniture.

He goes to the daughter, **Nancy**. He runs his hand through her hair and admires her nubile body.

He stands up.

On the other slaves. The two guys and the girl from earlier. Their gaze doesn’t leave the ground. They’re wholly defeated.

**AMERICA**

(to the Colts)  
Your men were heroic. But in the end their Evil could not be redeemed.

America pulls them hard by the slack of the tether. They hurry to their feet (tied also) and follow like dogs. He ties them to the slack of the other three slaves. Then he connects their wrists and feet to the initial web of wrists and feet.
A blazing sun sits high in the sky. The desert seems to stretch on for miles. A depraved caravan crosses the land. America drives his jeep very slowly with the tail of six slaves. The man in the front is tied to the trailer hitch. The six have to trot to not get dragged behind.

On Jessie.

The mother, in her state, cannot keep up. She is the fourth from the jeep and she begins to falter in her pace.

NANCY COLT
    Mom, mom, you gotta keep moving.

Jessie tries to keep going and keep up but her knees grow weak and the jeep pulls her along and she loses her footing and starts to get dragged.

Her collapsed weight makes it hard for the man in front of her, Richard, to move and he yells at her to get up but the jeep moves on.

NANCY COLT
    Stop!! Stop the jeep!! Stop!

The jeep slows to a stop and America gets out.

RICHARD
    It was her! It was her! She can’t keep up!

NANCY COLT
    Fuck off! She’s not well! She’s dehydrated!

RICHARD
    Lord knows we’re all dehydrated but she’s she gotta keep up!

The two other original slaves shout in agreement.

America stands before them.

On Bobby.

He stands in the back in the line. He stares still emotionless.

On America.

(CONTINUED)
He goes and squats by Jessie. She is still breathing but her face is bloodied from the scrape of the hot sand and rocks. He unties her feet and wrists and lifts her to her feet.

NANCY COLT
Please don’t hurt her. Please don’t hurt her.

On Donna, the original woman slave.

DONNA
I reckon when I horse is hurt you gotta put her down. She’ll just drag down the buggy, ye hear?

NANCY COLT
(flabberghasted)
What the fuck is wrong with you?

DONNA
I’m just sayin’.

The other male slave speaks.

BARRY
I-uh- I agree! Bad h-horse, bad b-buggy.

RICHARD
It’s only fair, sir. We here have been doing good haven’t we? Right, mister?

America looks at them. A faint wind blows his dark black hair.

NANCY COLT
I don’t know what it is you need her for, but she can make it if you just let her rest, mister.

America pats Jessie on the face until he gets a verbal response.

AMERICA
Walk on.

And he pushes her on her way.

Jessie stumbles to her knees but then gets up. The sun is bearing down on her too heavily. She squints and cries and shades her eyes. She looks back at the chain of five now.
CONTINUED:

NANCY COLT
Mom! Run! Mom! Go back home! And get help!

On Jessie.

She kicks into gear and starts trotting faster, away from the scene. She’s running on.

On America.

He goes to his jeep and reaches into the backseat. He pulls out a Winchester 1892 Lever Action Rifle and then takes a few steps. Without hesitation he fires.

On Jessie.

The bullet rips through the back of her head and out of her face. A dark pocket of gore replaces her face and she stumbles around and then turns to the chain of five.

Nancy explodes screaming and crying. Bobby is silent. The other three just look at the ground. Nancy falls to her knees crying.

America walks over to the corpse and scalps her. He walks back to Bobby and from the blood of the scalp he brushes a stripe on either side of the kid’s face. Then he places the scalp in his tied hands.

AMERICA
To remember your kin the way I do.

America makes his way back to the jeep and the ignition roars on. He starts slow and the acceleration slowly picks up as the five start to their trot.

The train moves on off frame.

EXT. COLT FARMHOUSE - DAY

The Colt Farmhouse as it was except now surrounded by police cars and caution tape. Officers in their ten-gallon hats mill around conversing.

Sarah comes out of the house and approaches Officer Peterson.

SARAH
Billy Colt and his oldest Harry. Shotgun by the look of it. Pump action, I’d say. Son of a bitch picked up the shells too.

(CONTINUED)
OFFICER PETERSON  
(sipping on coffee)  
Goddamn.

SARAH  
I don’t know how the fuck we plan on catching this son of a bitch, I’ll be honest with ya.

OFFICER PETERSON  
So you think its the same guy as before.

SARAH  
Only on account of their scalps are gone too.

OFFICER PETERSON  
(sipping on coffee)  
Goddamn.

SARAH  
I appreciate the input. I really do.

OFFICER PETERSON  
Well, hell, I radioed the ambulance to come. What more am I supposed to do?

SARAH  
Now the Colt’s are a family of five. Billy and Jessie and their three kids. Two dead. So that means up to three kidnapped.

OFFICER PETERSON  
Or just...about.

SARAH  
Yeah, I really have a doubt in my mind that they’re just moseying around.

Sarah surveys the land.

SARAH  
I’m thinking. If this guy is taking the ones he doesn’t kill then he must be hiding out in a large place. Moving them with a large truck. You think?
OFFICER PETERSON
We can’t just go searching every warehouse and every big truck in town.

SARAH
You’re right.

OFFICER PETERSON
(sipping coffee)
Mhm.

SARAH
But what if he ain’t in town?

OFFICER PETERSON
How do you mean?

SARAH
I mean we oughtta start combing the plains, the deserts, the mountains. Anywhere in a fifty yard radius and then so on from those points. Go and get me a map.

Officer Peterson goes on.

INT. SHERIFF’S OFFICE - DAY

A big map of Jefferson County (fictional) is on a cork board in a wooden walled room. The office clearly hasn’t been redecorated since the 70s.

A large man with a large mustache sits behind an itty bitty metal desk. His name is Sheriff Dunn. Its all very cramped.

Officer Peterson sits in the corner of the room and Deputy Sarah Mason finishes tacking things into place on the map.

SHERIFF DUNN
You understand now, Deputy, that to arrange this combing of yours, I’ll have to pull a significant amount of men from the streets.

SARAH
I do understand that, sir. But I think it’s our best hope of catching this man. Officer Peterson and I believe that he is not holed up anywhere in town but on the outskirts.

(continued)
Sheriff Dunn looks at Officer Peterson who awkwardly averts his gaze.

SHERIFF DUNN
Why don’t we just, uh, triple the bounty on this guy. You know, off the books. Then have scum weed out scum.

SARAH
Well, sir, with all do respect, 21 grand doesn’t really buy you the best of the best. Not anymore. And also I think everyone would be in favor of executing this arrest in a more, uh, accepted operation.

There’s a beat.

SARAH
I mean, these aren’t the old times anymore.

SHERIFF DUNN
Aren’t they?

SARAH
Excuse me?

SHERIFF DUNN
You said these aren’t the old times but from where I’m sitting, from what I’m gathering, it sure does seem like it. I mean, we got this man coming in from who knows where stealing our citizens, stealing our women, scalping people like a goddamn Apache, and hiding out in the dessert. And from the bounty hunters that have been out, he seems to be a dead-eye. If this doesn’t seem like the wild west then I’m not sure where you’re living.

Sheriff Dunn laughs heavily.

SHERIFF DUNN
Whatchu think, Peterson?

OFFICER PETERSON
Yeah, we should challenge him to a duel at hi-noon.

(CONTINUED)
Sheriff Dunn laughs heavier and bangs a fat fist on the desk from laughing.

SARAH
Sheriff Dunn, this here is serious.

There’s an uncomfortable silence. Officer Peterson shifts in his seat. Sheriff Dunn sits up.

SHERIFF DUNN
I’ll give you four men. This here is a small county and I ain’t keen on leaving the town vulnerable.
Four men. Take Peterson and the rest of his squad. Don’t make me regret this.

SARAH
Four men? What can I cover with four men?

SHERIFF DUNN
This is your plan. Not mine. Go on.

EXT. POLICE DEPT. - DAY, CONT.

Sarah and Officer Peterson make their way across the parking lot. The scale of the County’s Police Dept. is now fully realized and it is small. It consists of one small building with some small steps leading up and a smaller building with some holding cells. Sarah walks upset, slighted.

OFFICER PETERSON
Well, hey, it looks like we got our team. It ain’t much, but we did it.

SARAH
We? We? We got our team? You weren’t doing anything in there except for making me look like a fool. That duel at noon comment? Really nice, Peterson.

OFFICER PETERSON
Well, hey, c’mon now, Sarah.

SARAH
Deputy Mason.

Officer Peterson scoffs but then realizes his slip up.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
Is something funny, Officer?

OFFICER PETERSON
C’mon. Deputy? That don’t mean nuthin’ out here. We all take orders from the Sheriff.

SARAH
And you take orders from me.

OFFICER PETERSON
Only because the Sheriff scares me more.

Sarah keeps on walking. She’s headed for her police jeep.

OFFICER PETERSON
Well don’t you think things are getting a little---spaghetti?

SARAH
What’s that supposed to mean?

OFFICER PETERSON
Like c’mon. A western. That’s what’s going on. I reckon Sheriff was right about that when he said it was like the wild wild west out here. This fuckin’ county, so far out in the middle of bum fuck nowhere. I feel like normal procedures don’t do shit. We don’t got the man power, the resources, really anything. You said it yourself. Four men. What the hell are we gonna do with me and three others? Let’s just raise the bounty and go shooting.

SARAH
And you call yourself an enforcer of the law. Go and get your men.

OFFICER PETERSON
What are you going to do?

SARAH
I’m gonna get mine.
INT. BARN - DAY

The barn from the fight night before. Only now its empty. Steve boxes a punching bag in the corner.

Behind him, from the double doors, Sarah appears. She’s walking in. Steve can’t hear her.

She gets up close.

SARAH
When do you fight?

Only her question gets cut off by Steve’s startled holler. He spins around clutching his chest. She notices how vulnerable and scared he looks, not like usual.

SARAH
Didn’t mean to startle ya.

STEVE
(breathing heavy)
How’d you find me here?

SARAH
It’s either here, the bar, or your house. And I didn’t think you’d be drinking before five.

STEVE
What’s up? Whatcha need?

SARAH
Don’t do that.

STEVE
What?

SARAH
That. Don’t write me off like someone that just needs something from you.

Steve walks away from the bag wiping himself dry.

SARAH
What the hell’s gotten into you? You don’t return my calls. We hardly ever see each other. I thought we were having something good going on. (now playfully) I don’t mean to brag but a lot of men in this town would kill to have a gal like me.

(CONTINUED)
STEVE
Then why are you so hung up on me?

SARAH
I don’t think I’ve figured that out myself quiet yet.

Steve goes to a bench and starts packing up his stuff.

SARAH
(playfully/hopeful)
You know you’re losing your loudest cheer leader.

Steve cracks a smirk.

STEVE
I don’t think the crowd will think you that sexy ever since you fired a gun at them.

Sarah laughs lightly. She sits on the bench beside him.

SARAH
To be truthful, I had always seen it in a movie and wanted to try it.

STEVE
I reckon the movies don’t show the holes you leave afterwards.

On the ceiling.
There is a big hole in the wooden ceiling. The sunlight shines through.

Back to the couple. They sit awkwardly and tense.

SARAH
Look at me.

Steve turns to her. His eyes are welling up with tears of secrets and reluctance to give his heart again. His lips quiver. He hates looking weak, let alone in front of Sarah.

She holds both sides of his face.

SARAH
I don’t know what’s going on with you. And I reckon you don’t have to tell me if you don’t wanna. But I’m here for you. Always will be.

She brings his face close and kisses him gently on the lips. His defences crumble and he accepts the kiss and returns it.

(CONTINUED)
When she pulls her lips away he crumbles and cries in to her uniformed chest. She’s slightly taken aback by the surge of emotions but she accepts them as she said she would. She pats his back and he weeps like a child.

FADE TO:

EXT. BARN, HILL - DAY, CONT.

Steve and Sarah walk side by side along the hillside that rises just above the barn. It’s clear below them and a faint breeze blows the grass and weeds and flowers back and forth against their legs.

STEVE
I had a dream last night.

SARAH
Of?

STEVE
The war again.

SARAH
Which one?

STEVE
The second.

SARAH
Between that one and the one in New York you’re driving yourself crazy.

STEVE
This one was different. I wasn’t fighting. I was in bed. And it was all happening outside my barracks. And it was me and some others and they kept all running out and getting killed and I would try and stop them but they kept on. And I reckon I only say it was the second war because of the uniforms, But from the sounds of it you wouldn’t be able to guess. Aint no way. The sounds were not from this world. Not from nowhere. Cept Hell maybe.

They stop walking. The wind blows against them. Sarah’s blonde hair undulates in the wind. Her cowboy hat is snug.
SARAH
I lied to you earlier. About not needing something from you.

STEVE
What do you need then?

SARAH
Just your help.

Steve starts walking back down hill. Towards the barn.

SARAH
Steve, wait. It’s about that killer on the loose. He struck again at the Colt residence. Two dead. We believe the other three are with him.

STEVE
I don’t know what the hell it is you think I can help with, Sarah.

SARAH
Steve I know about your past.

Steve stops his descent down the hill. The wind blows stronger than it had been. He looks at his boots, then slowly back up to Sarah.

SARAH
I asked around about you, Steve Newman. About your past. I know you changed your name. You used to be Steve Westley when you lived in El Paso. You helped stop some crimes over there before you fled. Then again in Holcomb, under the name Steve Tristan. You stopped a serial burglar over there. And now you’re here. I guess I’m just wondering when you’re gonna stop the innocent guy act and actually help with crimes here.

A wave of relief washes over Steve. He breathes heavily and looks back up at Sarah.

STEVE
That all?
CONTINUED: 29.

SARAH
Whatcha mean "that all"?

Steve pulls out a pack of cigarettes and puts one to his mouth. He lights it and heads down the hill without a response.

Sarah stands behind him with her hands on her waist. She's visibly upset by his inability to cooperate.

The physical distance between them grows as Steve gets farther away and closer to the barn.

SARAH
I mean it Steve! How can you just have kept all that from me? I thought we were becoming something special, or at least you led me to believe.

STEVE
What's that even mean, Sarah? Huh? I just lay bare to everything I've ever done in my life? Every thought, every sin, everything?

SARAH
It means we don't lie to each other, Steve.

STEVE
You ever thought that - that- that maybe all this name changin' and city hopping was so I didn't have to do all that? You ever consider that? You eve consider that maybe this is who I wan't you to love?

There's a beat. The word "Love" hangs in the air between them.

SARAH
Love, huh?

STEVE
Aw get out of here.

Steve makes his way down the hill completely.
EXT. BARN - DAY, CONT.

Steve heads to his truck. Sarah catches up. She grabs his hand and pulls him around to face her.

SARAH
Love?

STEVE
Yeah, Love. Love, Sarah. You’re the only woman that’s been there for me in a goddamn long time. You know that? And yeah, okay, fine, I love you. I do. And I want to be with you. From the moment I moved here and I met you I’ve wanted to be with you. And then we started dating and fooling around and you really seemed to be into me. But Sarah, dammit, there are things in my past that I’d prefer to leave in the past. But - but at the same time I don’t want to lose you through that? You understand? I haven’t loved someone the way I do in a - in a long long time.

Without a word she wraps her arms around his neck and pulls him in for a passionate kiss. They kiss in that dry hot parking lot. The sun simmers in the sky.

SARAH
I love you too, Steve Newman. I love you too.

Steve breathes heavily.

STEVE
Sarah Mason?

SARAH
Yes?

STEVE
I’ll help you.

EXT. SKY - NOON

We see the sun. It glows hot in the day, baking all that lays around it.
EXT. PLAINS - SUNSET

The sun is setting a deep orange in the distance. It looks on fire and bleeds the sky.

EXT. AMERICA’S TENT - SUNSET, CONT.

America sits there with his slaves tied together around a flickering flame. The dancing embers keep the violent shadows at bay, but the orange on America reveals a grizzly countenance, a visage of dead times.

He gets up and squats in front of Barry. Barry shudders away and shrinks in fear but America holds him stern from the back of the neck. He looks deep in Barry’s soul, reckoning his essence.

AMERICA
Watch the day end.

On Barry’s eyes. We can see the reflection of the sunset in his forlorn windows.

America takes out a leather gunny sack and drops it at his feet. He reaches inside and grabs a handful of blue powder. He brushes it into Barry’s hair and rubs it hard into his forehead.

Barry protests at first, but the setting sun seems to subdue any internal tumults there are.

America rubs the blue on his face and holds his head against Barry’s. He mutters to himself some esoteric chant. Barry begins blinking a lot and now he’s afraid. His eyes still are locked on the sunset and he begins crying out loud for nothing in particular.

America holds his head in place and makes him watch the setting sun. He holds his head tightly. The blue powder on Barry’s face is now darkening with the fall of light.

Then, silently, the sun disappears beyond the ridge and the world is cast into darkness.

CROSS FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:
EXT. CARLA’S — MORNING

Carla’s is a Cracker Barrel-esque restaurant. Its house in a light blue building that stretches down the majority of a small block. It’s very popular in the town. A wooden “old timey” sign says the name of the joint.

A car passes.

Through the windows we can see that it is fairly busy.

INT. CARLA’S — MORNING, CONT.

Around a large brown table covered in delicious breakfast foods is Officer Peterson and three other men: Officer Ben Gral, Officer Dale Ritt, and Officer Ike Leen

The men eat their food and discuss Sarah’s plan.

OFFICER LEEN
Well, hang on, what makes you think we can find this bastard and nobody else can?

OFFICER PETERSON
I, uh, to be honest with ya, I ain’t too sure. But I’m sure as hell glad you guys decided to come here today. I didn’t think anyone would show.

OFFICER RITT
Well now c’mon. We’re all buddies here. We wouldn’t just leave ya high and dry.

OFFICER GRAL
Peterson, the fact that you even have the balls to start getting friendly with Deputy Mason means this really must be something serious.

EXT. STREETS — MORNING, CONT.

The streets are slightly busy. People are entering stores or simply making their way down the road to wherever they have to be. Down the main road though comes Barry. He’s fully naked and he walks in a trance. Blue smears his face. People see him and run for cover. In his hands is a large Winchester Model 1892 Lever Action Rifle. He sways and

(CONTINUED)
jerks. He’s not of the right mind. People see the heavy gun glint in the sun and they know hell is knocking.

He makes his way towards Carla’s.

INT. CARLA’S – MORNING, CONT.

The police officers eat and talk and joke around. They sit near a large window that looks directly out in the street.

    OFFICER PETERSON
    He really doesn’t even care that bounty hunters are down right illegal. Guys, I’ve never seen such... uhh... confidence in a guy. I guess that’s a good word for it.

    OFFICER LEEN
    That’s the Sherif for ya. He gives his own damn defintion for "law", don’t he? Let me tell you something.

EXT. STREETS – MORNING, CONT.

Barry walks on. His feet look blistered and bloodied from the immense distance he walked. His back his deep red from the cruel sunburn. It’s peeling around his shoulders.

A little girl on the sidewalk with her mother walk past. They turn.

    MOTHER
    Barry? Barry?

    LITTLE GIRL
    Daddy? Daddy!

Barry turns quickly and reveals the rifle. The mother falls back and clenches her daughter close to her. They watch their loved one carry on up the street, a husk of a human.

Soon he approaches the wide glass window of Carla’s.

INT. CARLA’S – MORNING, CONT.

The men keep eating. They’re oblivious.

(CONTINUED)
OFFICER GRAL
One hit! Hahaha I swear to God in heaven. One hit.

Barry is visible through the plate glass window. Gral, facing the window, sees him.

OFFICER GRAL
What it God’s name is -

A quick crack through the air and a rifle bullet soars through Carla’s window, shattering it entirely, and burrowing itself right through Officer Gral’s eyeball. The back of his head explodes in a vomit of gore and the sheer force knocks him back out of his chair. Blood showers everyone at the table. And everyone in the diner panics at a level 10.

Officer Peterson and Officer Leen dive to the ground for cover.

Officer Ritt stands up and rips his revolver out of his holster but before he can heaven level the gun, Barry sends a bullet tearing through Ritt’s shoulder, spinning him backwards and crashing through the table.

He’s on his back. Blood is everywhere, just pumping out his chest. People panic and scream.

Officer Leen takes out his revolver and peeps over the window sil and pops off some shots, missing them all.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING, CONT.

Barry stands there calmly. It’s like he’s not even present in his own shoot out. His eyes don’t seem to focus on anything in particular. He raises the rifle again and starts shooting into Carla’s randomly.

INT. CARLA’S - MORNING, CONT.

The bullets whizz through and burrow into the wooden walls. More people scream.

OFFICER PETERSON
What the fuck does he want? What the fuck is going on!

OFFICER LEEN
I don’t know! I don’t know! Dale, are you okay? Are you okay, buddy?

(Continued)
On Dale Ritt. The blood from his shoulder has turned his entire uniform a deep red. His face is pale and ghostly.

OFFICER RITT
Just k-k-kill the sumbitch..

OFFICER PETERSON
(into his walkie talkie)
Two officers down! Shots fired right outside Carla’s. Help! Mason, if you’re hearing this, you better come save my ass!

OFFICER LEEN
I’m gonna take some shots.

OFFICER PETERSON
You sure?

OFFICER LEEN
I’m sure. I’m sure.

Officer Leen pops up from the window sil to shoot, but the streets empty.

OFFICER LEEN
I don’t know where he is. He’s gone. Peterson, he’s gone.

OFFICER PETERSON

But Officer Leen doesn’t listen. He slowly reloads his revolver and steps over the sil cautiously.

OFFICER PETERSON
Ike! Ike don’t you - !

And Officer Leen is in the street.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING, CONT.

Officer Leen cautiously makes his way into the middle of the street. He’s inspecting the roof tops and the alleys and there is no sign of Barry. He looks one way up the road and then the other way. There is nobody around.
INT. CARLA’S - MORNING, CONT.

Officer Peterson stays hidden. He peaks over the edge of the sil. He watches Leen walk around in the open.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING, CONT.

Leen reaches for his radio.

When Barry appears behind him. Leen slowly turns around and lets go of his radio. He slowly raises his revolver.

    OFFICER LEEN
    Now Barry. We’ve been looking all over for you. I don’t know what’s gotten into you or what’s corrupted your mind but you gotta snap out of it. You shot two officers, Barry. Two. Now I know that aint you but you -

    BARRY
    He says this has been a long time coming. He wanted me to tell you that.

There’s a beat. Silence. The two stand in the street.

    OFFICER LEEN
    Who said that, Barry? Who wanted you to say that?

    BARRY
    His voice is all around. It always has been. Since before we even got here. But now its far too late to listen. Far too late.

In a flash Officer Leen points and shoots his revolver the same time Barry fires his rifle. Each bullet strikes its target.

Leen gets downed in the knee and Barry takes the bullet to the chest and steps backwards. Barry looks at the bullet hole in his chest. But he cares not. He aims and fires again and so does Officer Leen.

This time Barry’s bullet rips through the side Officer Leen’s neck. Blood sprays out like a cut soda can but Leen grips it tightly. His bullet, again, tore through another patch of Barry’s chest.

On Peterson. He cowers.

(CONTINUED)
Both are now a bloody mess. The two aim their weapons at each other and just begin firing off all the shots they can. Blood and meat fly from each other until Barry pops a shot right into Leen’s forehead. A fist sized chunk ejects from Leen’s skull and he goes crashing forward into the street.

Barry stands there. Naked. Fully red with blood. His face still blue. He takes the Winchester Rifle and places it in his mouth and blows his brains out all over the hot street in that morning sun.

On the window.

We see Officer Peterson slowly peek his head out and emerge. He crosses over the window, the threshold from safety into death. He walks into the street and hurried over to Officer Leen. He checks his PULSE but he is very much DEAD.

Then Officer Peterson walks over to Barry. His head blossoms in the back where a puddle of gore forms.

Officer Peterson throws up.

INT. SARAH’S TRUCK - MORNING, CONT.

Sarah Mason drives her cop truck. The sirens blare and she is just arriving to the carnage.

    SARAH
    (to herself)
    Oh my God....

She parks on one side of the street. More police show up shortly after.

EXT. CARLA’S - MORNING, CONT.

Sarah hurries up to Officer Peterson.

    SARAH
    What in Christ’s name happened over here?

    OFFICER PETERSON
    I have no fucking idea, Sarah. One moment I’m with the guys I wrangled up. Talking about the plan. Eating at Carla’s. The next this lunatic is popping off shots at us. I took cover. He got (faltering a little) Ike. Ben. Dale. All fucking gone. I (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
OFFICER PETERSON (cont’d)
told Ike not go out but he did and
the two just shot each other to
death... but... but... this guy was
still standing until he blasted
himself.

Officer Peterson looks all out of sorts. Sarah tries to
console him but she’s not really good at it.

SARAH
Er.. just go take a seat in my car.
I’ll start inspecting the place.

Officer Peterson slowly walks off to the car on the side of
the street.

Sarah puts on a pair of gloves and heads to Barry’s corpse.
She squats down by it.

BARRY
What did you do, mister...

She puts on a pair of gloves and picks up his rifle.

SARAH
This ain’t exactly a new purchase.
You must’ve had this thing for a
long time, huh?

The face is dead. She looks at it longer. She ponders over
the powdered blue face.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Steve is in a canoe. He’s fishing peacefully. Birds are
chirping in the trees. Maybe cicadas are heard. He basically
lives the life of a retired man from the all money he’s had
saved up. He seeks however far he can get from humanity and
all their cruelty.

His little bob floats idly along the water. It’s as still as
gelatin.

He a trucker’s cap sits on his head. He nestles the stick
between his thighs and he pulls the cap low.

On the lake’s edge, behind Steve, a figure looms. It’s hard
to distinguish but it stands there among the branches and
the brush.
EXT. LAKE SIDE - DAY, CONT.

Steve wades out of the water and pulls the canoe onto the shore. He drags it up the wet mud to his truck only a few yards away. He lifts it up onto the bed at a sharp angle but his oar slides off the edge of the canoe and lands back into the shallow muddy water with a slap.

Steve finishes getting the canoe on the truck.

He turns around and wades into the water and grabs the oar now covered in muck.

He turns back around to see the figure by his truck. It’s Richard, one of America’s slaves. Just like Barry, his face is smeared a deep blue. In his hand he holds a machete.

STEVE
What can I do for you?

RICHARD
He wanted me to tell You that He knows who You are. And that you should be ashamed.

STEVE
Ashamed of what.

RICHARD
Of your allegiance.

The birds seem to stop chirping. The lake is still. Then Richard charges Steve with the machete. He’s a full blown mad man.

Richard is swinging left and right and Steve is doing everything he can to dodge it. He’s rusty though. He hasn’t fought like this in a very long time.

He blocks the machete with the oar and starts delivering blows with it. The wood whacks the deranged man left and right, knocking him around, but it’s like Richard doesn’t feel the pain at all. Soon the wooden oar breaks over Richard’s head and he only replies with a primal yell. The machete swings come faster and harder and Steve is combatting him to the best of his abilities.

Soon Steve disarms the man and gets him in a choke hold. Steve applies the pressure but the man is not fazed. With brute force he flips Steve over the two crash into the shallow lake water, splashing around as they throw fists lift and right.

(CONTINUED)
The man lands a flurry of punches and throws a haymaker, sending Steve crashing face down the muddy water. Richard grabs the machete from the dirt and charges Steve. Steve braces for the blow when a revolver fires and packs right into Richard’s stomach. He looks at and then raises the machete again but another bullet nabs him in the chest. Richard drops the machete and falls down into the water.

A man appears from the woods. He is a large Native American man. His hair is in a pony tail. He wears overalls. His name is ALO. He is holding a revolver in his hand.

ALO
Get up. Grab his weapon.

Steve climbs out of the water and grabs the machete.

STEVE
Thank you. Thank you.

But before Alo can say anything in return Richard leaps from his place in the water and double kicks Steve in the back, sending him crashing into Alo. The gun goes flying. Richard pounces on Alo.

RICHARD
Traitor!

And starts clawing and pummeling him. Steve rolls over and stands up. He grabs Richard by the shoulders and throws him off of Alo. Richard lands in the muddy water again. Before he can get up Steve gribs the machete tightly and buries into it Richard’s head. He starts hacking like a maniac. All of his pent up anger and pain is now being released on this deranged soul. The shore of the lake is now coated red with blood. Steve’s face too. Steve yells as he does so. Then he stops.

He stands away and stumbls back landing on his butt in the water. He watches the now mutilated corpse sway in the lake.

ALO
Thank you.

STEVE
What just happened?

ALO
You were attacked by a man not himself. He has been enslaved. Spiritually. Physically. Mentally.

(MORE)
ALO (cont’d)
He belongs to the man that painted his face blue.

STEVE
Who’s that?

ALO
Nobody knows for sure. Nobody knows where he came from. What his story is. But he calls himself America.

On Steve’s face. He’s distressed. He looks over his shoulder at the large man standing by the truck. The revolver in his hand.

STEVE
And who are you? Why did you save me? How did you know?

ALO
My name is Alo. And I know he’s after you, for I’ve confronted him before. I fear it will get much worse.

EXT. DIRT ROAD – DAY

A dirt road winds its way through the plains. A mini van drives along the path. Inside is a family of five on a road trip.

We pan down and see the classic barbed wire stretch across the road’s path.

INT. MINI VAN – DAY, CONT.

The family is having a fine time driving through. The wife is asleep in the passenger seat and the three kids (two boys, one girl, aged 17, 15, and 14, respectively) snooze in the back.

The father squints at the brightness of the dirt road ahead.

EXT. DIRT ROAD – DAY, CONT.

The barbed wire races closer and the mini van goes over, the tires bursting violently. The van comes to a grinding stop in the dirt path.
INT. MINI VAN - DAY, CONT.

Everyone is panicking and freaking out and wide awake. The oldest boy is Seth, the middle is Austin, the daughter, a young girl of eight or so, is Becky. The wife is Sandra, and the husband is Otis. Together they’re the Bands Family.

SETH
Dad, what the hell happened?

SANDRA
Otis, is everything alright? Did we hit something?

OTIS
I don’t know! I don’t know! Fuck! I think there was something in the road. Hang on.

Otis gets out of the van to inspect the damages. He then walks over and sees the barbed wire. He understands this was a trap.

OTIS
What the hell?

Out of the plains come America and his slaves: Donna and Nancy. They all have guns. Otis backs away scared.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

America leads what’s left of the Otis family up a steep dirt path. The father is dead. The mother and the two sons are tied, and bringing up the rear is Becky.

He leads the older three and ties them with a bunch of other older slaves.

With Becky, he moves her to a big metal cage.

Inside the cage is young Bobby and even some other littler kids. They all look petrified.

America opens the cage door and kicks little Becky inside. America locks it up tight and walks off without a word.

Becky begins crying. Bobby just watches her.
EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY

Steve’s truck drives along the town. It’s empty. Everyone is in doors from fear. The few people that are outside seem to be packing up their cars with belongings. They’re starting to flee.

INT. STEVE’S TRUCK - DAY, CONT.

Steve drives his truck along the way. Alo sits in the passenger seat. Alo gazes out of the window.

ALO
Everyone’s afraid.

STEVE
Can you blame them? This guys struck them in their homes.

ALO
Where will they run to?

STEVE
Who’s to say? Relatives. At least until it blows over.

ALO
Hmm.

There’s a pause. Silence.

ALO
It will never blow over.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY, CONT.

The truck moves on. The place is looking more and more like a ghost town. His canoe is still strapped to the truck.

EXT. POLICE DEPT. - DAY, CONT.

The truck pulls into the parking lot of the police station.

Steve and Alo get out and make their way across the sunny concrete to the small building.

Alo conceals his revolver inside his overalls.
STEVE
I have a friend here who has a plan to stop this. And you’re gonna help.

INT. POLICE DEPT. - DAY, CONT.
The police station is empty. It looks like everyone vanished in the middle of what they were doing.

Steve walks among the desks and looks around suspicious. Alo follows him. They’re uneasy. Everything sits abandoned.

SARAH (O.S.)
Steve.

The two turn around and see Sarah come out of a door way.

STEVE
Sarah. Where the hell is everyone? What’s going on?

SARAH
There was an attack at Carla’s. Three officers killed. Everyone’s afraid there’ll be a attack on the station. They all scattered to send their families away for a little. People are really afraid.

STEVE
Yeah, we saw cars leaving the town. Is this that serious?

SARAH
I have no idea. I just wish I had a couple more useful people at hand.

From another doorway comes Officer Peterson.

OFFICER PETERSON
I take offence to that, thanks very much. (to Steve) Hello, Steve.

STEVE
Howdy. Sarah, Peterson, this is Alo. He saved my life.

SARAH
(alarmed)
What? What happened?

(CONTINUED)
STEVE
I was out fishing and a man attacked me with a machete. Alo shot him down and saved me.

SARAH
He didn’t happen to have a blue face, did he?

ALO
Oh no.

They look at Alo.

SARAH
Sir, you know something?

ALO
Yes. This man is not... human.

On Sarah. She’s skeptical.

Officer Peterson, however, is very afraid already.

ALO
He’s not from this plane. He’s born from down under. His soul purpose here is to seek revenge and foster evil. He doesn’t belong to any tribe. He’s the embodiment of a curse placed long ago. Some people call him a skinwalker, some people call him the Wendigo, Two Face, Sharp Elbows, but he is none of those things. He is something unholy and unnamed. He’s been around forever and I fear he will be around forever too.

SARAH
Steve, where did you find this guy?

STEVE
Sarah, he saved my life. He knew that I was going to get attacked and he came in the nick of time. Hear him out.

SARAH
Look. If you’re trying to help, mister, you’re not doing a good job. Why don’t you tell us how to kill this bastard instead of telling us that we can’t.
OFFICER PETERSON
Take it easy, Sarah.

SARAH
Am I talking to you? You bumbling moron? How dare you even wear that badge after letting three of your men get shot down?

STEVE
Sarah, you need to cool it.

SARAH
Fuck off with that. I’m the only goddamn authority in this county left. Me. By myself. People are counting on me. Do you have any idea what that’s like?

STEVE
What about the Sheriff? Where’d he go?

SARAH
(cracking)
I don’t know where he went! I don’t know where anyone went!

Sarah, on the edge, spins and in a fury and smashes everything from a desk with a swipe of her hand. She places both hands on the desk. Breathing. She yells and bangs on the desk. She’s clearly overwhelmed.

Alo backs away and rests on a counter. He crosses his arms. Officer Peterson watches awkwardly.

Steve steps forward and places a gentle hand on her shoulder.

STEVE
Sarah. It’s okay. You’re not alone. We’re all here to help you.

SARAH
I can’t let these people down, Steve. Not now. Not when it counts the most.

STEVE
Just you still being here means you haven’t. You’re already more of a hero than anyone in this county. You just can’t break down now. Not now.

(Continued)
Sarah straightens up and turns around. She brushes the hair from her face and wipes the tears that have formed.

SARAH  
Okay. Here’s what’s gonna get done.  
Me and Officer Peterson are gonna go west and you two are gonna go east. Around the town. Spread the news. We’re having a town meeting in the school gym. Then we’ll tell people how to proceed from there.  
If we see anything bad, shoot first, ask questions later. Now’s not the time to be a pansy. You’ll die from that. We have to be strong so everyone else can be.

OFFICER PETERSON  
A town meeting? But people are already high tailing it out of here. Maybe we should just tell them leave.

SARAH  
Well the way I see it is this. If we keep them all here, together, we can ensure their safety. If they leave town they maybe in even more danger. Also, it’ll help to have more hands working together. Not everyone in this town can be a coward. Let’s break.

INT. STEVE’S TRUCK — DAY, CONT.

Steve and Alo drive along the road. Steve has a megaphone out of his window.

STEVE  
Town meeting. School Gym. 6pm.
Spread the word.

Alo sits and watches out of the window.

STEVE  
Attention. Town meeting. School gym. 6pm. Spread the word. Town meeting. 6pm. School Gym.

Steve brings the megaphone back through the window.

(CONTINUED)
STEVE
(to Alo)
I have no idea if anyone’s even hearing this. I doubt anyone will even show. Goddammit. Sarah really needs this work. She’s on her last string.

STEVE
(into Megaphone)
Town meeting. School gym. 6pm.
Spread the word.

He brings the phone back in.

ALO
What is your secret?

STEVE
Excuse me?

ALO
Your secret. You have a secret. The maniac said he knew who you were. And when the Deputy made the comment about having people count on her, you had a face like you knew. What is your secret? This man wouldn’t attack just anyone. He would eliminate threats. And you don’t wear a badge, so who are you?

Steve looks at Alo.

STEVE
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

ALO
It’ll all come out sooner or later I’m sure.

Changing the subject:

STEVE
Is this guy as bad as you say?

ALO
Yes.

STEVE
Can he be beaten?

(CONTINUED)
ALO
I don’t know.

STEVE
How do you know of him?

ALO
Years ago. I was married to a
woman. She was white. We had
children. They were mixed. They
were gorgeous. A boy and a girl.

Steve pays attention. He can hear the heartbreak in Alo’s
tale.

ALO
My mother used to talk to spirits.
Everyone thinks that because of my
heritage I, too, believe that
stuff. But at the time I didn’t. I
thought it was nonsense. But she
tried to warn me. She said the
spirits had warned her that
something evil was approaching.
Born from the hate of dead Natives.
Purely to seek and kill or enslave.
I ignored her. I thought it was
just ignorance talking. To scare me
away from my family.

STEVE
But it wasn’t.

ALO
I lived on the edge of the
reservation. And this man showed up
from out of nowhere. He stalked
through town taking only whites.
Saying they had it coming. He took
my wife. He took my children,
called them Half-Breeds, and
slaughtered them all. I wasn’t the
only one. Families were torn apart
for miles. The ones he didn’t kill
he made them do his bidding. Blue
faced. In a trance. Only the
whites, though. And if you were
black, or a Native, or anything and
you fought back. He’d call you a
traitor and tear you down.
STEVE
How’d he leave? Who stopped him?

ALO
Thats the worst part. He disappeared as silently as he showed up. Took the enslaved with him. And now he’s back.

STEVE
But why? Why is he back?

ALO
Evil like that doesn’t need a reason.

STEVE
I don’t believe that. I’ve faced some stuff in my day. All of them had a reason. Greed. Power. Mostly power. Does he just want more revenge?

ALO
No. He’s not getting revenge for our kind. He’s out to avenge them.

STEVE
He’s an avenger.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY

Sarah’s police truck drives along the path. Officer Peterson hangs out of the window with the megaphone. He’s spreading the news too.

OFFICER PETERSON
Excuse me, town folk. There will be a meeting at 6pm at the school gym. 6pm. Town meeting. Do not be afraid.

SARAH
They’re already afraid.

OFFICER PETERSON
6pm. Town meeting. School Gym.

Officer Peterson pulls in his megaphone.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
Where do you think the Sheriff went to?

OFFICER PETERSON
I guess I couldn’t say.

SARAH
Do you think he’s safe?

OFFICER PETERSON
I guess I couldn’t say.

SARAH
And where do you stand on that Alo fella?

OFFICER PETERSON
I guess I -

Sarah looks at him sharply.

OFFICER PETERSON
I mean, he, uh, well he seems to know an awful lot about this man. I think we should give him a chance.

SARAH
A chance for what? He doesn’t know how to take the guy down, so what does it matter?

OFFICER PETERSON
Well next time actually let him talk and he may say something.

Shoot.

Sarah looks at him. She nods silently.

As they pass a small store the door flings open and a man comes running out bloodied. He’s screaming. The truck comes to a halt.

SARAH
What the hell?

Sarah and Officer Peterson get out of the car.
EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY, CONT.

The truck is the only car on the road. The small shop is a clothes store and the man, bloodied, his clothes tore, comes running out into the street, screaming and pointing back into the store.

SARAH
(hand on holster)
What’s the matter, sir? What’s going on?

BLOODIED MAN
In the store! In the store! In there! It got fucking everyone!

The man falls down and scrambles up and moves farther away.

On the store entrance. It sits there like an open mouth. Nothing is moving.

OFFICER PETERSON
(shot gun out, to Sarah)
What’s he talking about?

SARAH
I’m not sure. Just stay put.

On the store entrance. It sits there. Then, from the door emerges a massive wolf. It snarls and gnashes its giant jaw. Blood and drool drip from its teeth. Its eyes are a deep blue.

OFFICER PETERSON
Holy Hell...

SARAH
Fire!

Sarah and Officer Peterson start unloading their weapons into the giant black wolf. But its hardly fazed. Blood and meat chunks fly from the wolf but it pounces hard, far and wide, covering many yards, for the bloodied man, pinning him down.

The wolf starts laying into the man. Its teeth grip his throat and it starts thrashing around, totally mutilating the poor guy.

SARAH
Don’t stop shooting!

(CONTINUED)
And Officer Peterson and Sarah unload bullet after bullet into the massive hound and it turns from the dead man and it painfully and runs toward Sarah but dies before it gets to her. The carcass, from the moment, tumbles a little over itself and leaves a bloody streak across the street.

OFFICER PETERSON
Dear God, it wouldn’t go down.

Sarah goes over to the man.

On the dead man. His neck is wide open and his jugular pumps blood softly onto the street. The man is 200% dead.

SARAH
That aint no ordinary wolf. Lets check if anythings alive inside.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY, CONT.

The store is ravaged. Clothes are everywhere. Display racks are destroyed. Blood coats the walls. People are scattered in a chunks and just eviscerated.

SARAH
Jesus Mary and Joseph.

OFFICER PETERSON
Looks like people were here getting things to leave with.

SARAH
Yeah. It was like fish in a barrel. Son of a bitch knew it too.

OFFICER PETERSON
Oh christ. Look. It’s Officer Penny and his family. Fuck.

On a dead family.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is it g-g-gone?

SARAH
Who’s there? Come on out. We’re the police.

A young black teenager named Brian comes out from behind the counter.
SARAH
What the hell happened here?

BRIAN
I-I-I don’t know. I was here
ringing up people’s stuff when from
the back room this massive fucking
wolf came out of nowhere. We don’t
even have a back door back there.
And then it just went wild and
started getting everyone. I thought
I was fucking done. But. But. It
just passed over me. I swear to
God.

Finally looking around.

BRIAN
Oh my God...

Brian throws up.

SARAH
Get out of here. Go home. Get into
a bomb shelter if you got one.

Brian runs past her and into the street. He runs off.

SARAH
Radio for an ambulance.

OFFICER PETERSON
(into his talkie)
Rich, I’m gonna need a lot of
tucks over here at Bob’s
Outfitters. Many casualties.

There’s nothing.

OFFICER PETERSON
Rich?

Nothing.

EXT. DIRT ROAD – DAY

The road where the abandoned mini van sits. The barbed wire
stays there.

We pan, though, and see other abandoned cars. Broken
windows, bloodied cars, broken glass. A ton of cars of
people that happened to take that road to flee.

(CONTINUED)
It becomes clear that America’s army is growing bigger and bigger.

Then we see a police car.

We slowly come close to the police car.

EXT. STEVE’S HOUSE - DAY, CONT.

Steve’s truck pulls up in front of his house. The stalks of wheat sway like gawking strangers. Steve and Alo get out. Steve is heading to his door.

STEVE
I reckon I outta show you something.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - EVENING

The place is not in the least bit filled with people. The bleachers are open and are peppered here and there with concerned residents, maybe some thirty to forty. Nobody is sitting close to each other. They all look haggard and scared.

Sarah paces back and forth checking her watch. She keeps her eyes on the double doors to see if anybody else is entering, but nobody is around.

Not even Steve is there.

Alo stands alongside Officer Peterson.

Sarah turns on her megaphone and looks at the crowd.

SARAH
Thank you to everyone who came out.
A lot fewer than I thought.

On the crowd. Nobody moves or gestures.

SARAH
Okay. Obviously things are getting scary in this town. There’s no denying that.

She looks at her partners Alo and Officer Peterson. They make no response.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
But you guys have to understand that we’re doing the best we can to keep it under control.

VOICE
Keep it under control? All the cops are terrified?

VOICE
Where the hell is the sheriff anyway?

A series of "Yeahs!" and agreeing sounds wave the bleachers.

SARAH
I-I I don’t know where Sheriff Dunn is. Quite frankly, I don’t know where a lot of my men are.

VOICE
They’re dead!

A series of shouts and scared pleas.

SARAH
I’m telling you, people. We are a lot safer here inside the county then we are making a run for it. You know what’s out there. It’s just dessert. Remember, we don’t know if it’s one guy or fifty. We don’t know anything. And leaving town just seems goddamn ridiculous. What’s gonna happen to us? Huh?

VOICE
We’ll live, that’s what!

Pleas and interruptions.

SARAH
No, no, no. I promise. We will do everything in our power to stop this thing and keep you guys safe.

VOICE
We? Who the fuck’s We? You, that bumbling cop, and Runs with Wolves over there?

Everyone goes ape shit and even some get out of their seats to leave.

(CONTINUED)
On Alo.

He looks visibly offended.

Sarah tries to calm them down but it’s to no avail.

STEVE (O.S.)
(booming)
And me.

Everyone’s quiet and from the double doors of the gymnasium comes Steve. Except now he’s fully clothed in his CAPTAIN AMERICA outfit.

Everyone gasps and starts murmuring to himself.

On Sarah. She looks shocked. She doesn’t even know it’s Steve under the mask.

SARAH
Captain America.

STEVE
That’s right, everyone. I’m here.
I’m here to help and end this now.

A man stands up from the crowd.

CROWD MAN
Bullshit! That’s bullshit! All of you guys are gone! It has to be bullshit!

STEVE
Evidently not good sir.

CROWD MAN
Prove it!

Everyone shouts and the Crowd Man comes from the stands and on to the floor. Sarah is still besides herself.

STEVE
I don’t want to do this, sir. Just take my word.

CROWD MAN
You guys are all gone. You can’t expect us to put our hands in you guys again. Not again.
SARAH
Sir, sit down. You have to sit down
sir. And sir, Mister, Captain, I
don’t know, you should -

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - EVENING, CONT.
Sheriff Dunn marches through the hallway with three others. They’re all blue faced and look depraved in contrast with the stark cleanliness of the school’s interior.

Sheriff Dunn is holding a shotgun.
His three followers are holding hatchets and machetes and other such tools of mutilation.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - EVENING

STEVE
Sir, I’m being serious.

Crowd Man starts getting ready to fight. He seems like he has something to prove. Everyone’s cheering him on. Even Officer Peterson wants to see something go down right about now.

Sarah stands watching, confused as how she should act.

CROWD MAN
I’m gonna knock that fucking fake
mask right off your goddamn fa-

SHERIFF DUNN (O.S.)
What’s going on here!

Again, everyone stops and looks. Except this time the presence of the intruder brings cries of relief and a sense of security. People take seats and regain their composure.

On Sarah.
She looks doubly surprised as anyone there.

SARAH
Sheriff Dunn, where have you been?

SHERIFF DUNN
Captain.

Steve looks at the Sheriff and at the shotgun he’s holding in his hands. He tenses up. He’s ready for action he hasn’t been in a long time. The Crowd Man backs away, unsure of what’s to come.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
Sheriff, what’s going on?

On Alo.
He notices the blue face.

ALO
Watch out!

The Sheriff whips up the shotgun and fires, but Steve reacts faster and brings the shield in front of his body just in time, the force of the blast knocking him off his feet.

The three followers with the weapons run into the crowd and commence the carnage.

They start hacking and slicing at everything they see. Limbs are getting severed left and right. Bloods gushing all over the place and down the steps of the bleachers like some twisted flume ride. Everyone’s getting murdered bad.

From all the screaming and yelling the Crowd Man turns to the Sheriff and the Sheriff, without hesitation, blasts him right in the stomach and he goes flying back, dying instantly.

Sheriff Dunn turns the gun on Sarah and fires but, again, Steve’s in the nick of time and pushes Sarah out of the way of the spray.

Upon landing, Steve rolls out and throws his shield through the air and it clangs hard and loud against the Sheriff’s skull.

STEVE
(to his friends)
Stop the others!

And Alo and Officer Peterson and Sarah take out their guns and run into the bedlam, trying hard to get a good shot of anything but it’s all way too chaotic.

Sheriff Dunn hops to his feet and tackles Steve on to the ground. They’re both throwing fists and fighting hard. Although Steve is a trained fighter, he’s beleaguered from having been out of the game for so long. And Sheriff Dunn comes non stop like a rabid hound, clawing and kicking and swinging like a mad man.

Steve lifts him by the neck and crotch and sends him flying towards the wall, slapping against it hard. But the Sheriff is not even stunned. He runs for the shotgun that rests on the floor between the two of them and Steve runs for it hard

(Continued)
and slides on his back, grabs the gun, and fires it upwards, launching the Sheriff far backwards, a rainbow of blood and entrails arching through the gym sky, then showering back down on Steve and the floor.

In the tumult of the crowd everyone’s panicking and getting killed but soon two of the assailants gets shot down (by a flurry of bullets) by the comrades of the Captain.

Officer Peterson gets a machete to the shoulder. Blood, sprays around and the Officer stumbles down the steps of the bleachers, levels his shot and shoots the attacker between the eyes right before Peterson falls backwards and tumbles backwards down the steps.

The resting aftermath resembles a butcher’s shop. Limbs and bodies rest tangled over each other like red spiders in clothes. Blood drips and pools its way down the bleachers and onto the floor of the gym.

The wounded cry over the fallen.

Alo helps Officer Peterson up to his feet, and the two limp over to rendezvous with Steve, the now bloodied Captain, and Sarah. Everyone is splattered in Red.

SARAH
Jesus fucking wept, these attacks won’t stop.

STEVE
They’re not until we get him. We take him out, all his followers will stop too. Right in their tracks. Maybe even okay to live.

In the background of this discourse the cries can still be heard.

ALO
What about this mess?

OFFICER PETERSON
Ambulances aren’t responding. I don’t know what we can do.

STEVE
Can you still move around?

OFFICER PETERSON
I think so, yeah. Tie it up, should manage.
STEVE
Okay. The school buses are still parked in the back. The keys should be in the faculty room or something. If not, hot wire the damn thing or make a caravan. You’re in charge of getting all the people that are wounded, not dead, wounded, to St. John’s down the road. Got it?

OFFICER PETERSON
What about the dead?

STEVE
Leave them. Look. They’re not going anywhere in a hurry. We just gotta make sure more isn’t added to the death count. Okay?

OFFICER PETERSON
Yes, Captain.

Officer Peterson takes Sarah’s megaphone phone from her and hurries to the crowd to address them.

STEVE
You two. Come with me.

Steve, Alo, and Sarah hurry out of the gymnasium.

EXT. SCHOOL – EVENING

It’s growing darker outside and the county is a ghost town. The sky hangs heavy like a swollen eye, fresh from a beating. The three make their way far from the school to Sarah’s truck parked away.

ALO
What is your plan?

STEVE
The only thing we can do. Find this guy and fight him head on. Do you know where he is?

ALO
I believe so.

STEVE
Okay, then you’ll direct us. But Sarah we have to take your car.

(CONTINUED)
The three move on but Sarah straggles behind. She’s torn between following the two men and what had just happened back at the gym. She puts her hand on the revolver.

She pulls the gun from her waist.

    SARAH
    Wait!

Th two stop. They turn to her.

She has her gun pointed at Steve. Alo backs up.

    SARAH
    Who are you. Who are you. I-I-I need to know. Are you the real Captain America? Are you?

Steve raises his hands.

Even though he’s wearing that blue mask you can still see the sincerity in his eyes. The truth just behind the leather facade reveals itself.

    SARAH
    Take off the mask.

    STEVE
    Deputy.

    SARAH
    I said take it off.

She pulls back the hammer of her revolver.

    SARAH
    You people are supposed to be all gone. Who are you? Are you real or not? Take off the mask.

    STEVE
    Do you know what Captain America looks like?

    SARAH
    Just do it!

And slowly, Steve obliges. He unbuckles the strap under chin and lifts the head leather mask. His clean shaven and trimmed countenance bewilders Sarah. At first she doesn’t recognize him, but then looking deep into his eyes she can tell that its the Steve she loved. The Steve she thought she knew.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARAH
Steve...?

STEVE
Sarah, I -

SARAH
You’ve been... I don’t understand...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - EVENING, CONT.

Officer Peterson leads his merry band of the mutilated. They’re all bleeding all over the place, the ones that are better off are trying to support the worse off ones. Everyone’s crying. Some are trying to be strong.

A man follows Officer Peterson holding one of the machetes the attackers had.

They make their way through the school hall.

Officer Peterson is really trying to keep his shit together, but it’s obvious he’s slowly breaking at the seams.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY/FACULTY ROOM

The group of survivors turn the corner and make their way to a faculty room. Officer Peterson breaks the window with the butt of his revolver and reaches in and opens the door.

He enters pointing his gun every which way. He’s scared and nervous, the group of dying wait for him.

EXT. SCHOOL - EVENING

SARAH
Steve... Steve...Steve Rodgers. Not Steve Newman. Steve Rodgers.

This realization devastates Sarah, not so much that it was right under her nose, but because it was the man she loved.

Steve stands there, laid bare. He watches her crumble.

SARAH
How could you have lied to me for so long?

(CONTINUED)
STEVE
Sarah, you don’t understand.

SARAH
You’ve could’ve stopped all this from the start...

Her hands drop low. She holsters the gun slowly, then breaks down in tears and runs to him swinging scared and confused, pounding his chest in a tumult of tears.

He wraps his strong arms around her and pulls her in tightly. He hugs her and she tries to resist, ultimately giving up the fight and she starts weeping into his chest.

He looks up at the sky, as if to ask guidance from souls long gone.

INT. FACULTY ROOM

Officer Peterson makes his way through the room to a small metal locker. He knocks shoots off the padlock and swings open the door. He grabs a key off of the rack and turns to everyone and jiggles the key.

There’s a slight wave of hope that washes over the somber faces of the crowd.

OFFICER PETERSON
Let’s roll.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - EVENING.

The band makes their way through the school. They trot with determination.

EXT. SCHOOL - EVENING

Steve peels Sarah off his chest and looks her in the eyes.

STEVE
Look Sarah, I know, I know, I know. I know everything you have to say. But now is not the time to explain. You gotta just trust me, okay? We’re running out of time.

Sarah, teary eyed, looks up at him.
CONTINUED:

SARAH
Okay..

The three hurry off and run to Sarah’s truck. The sky is only getting darker and there’s a crack of lightning through the sky.

EXT. BEHIND SCHOOL, BUS DEPOT - EVENING, CONT.

Led by Officer Peterson, the group of survivors escape out of the school. They come to a halt, right in their tracks and look terrified. Their jaws drop.

In front of them stands a group of six or so men and women, deranged looking. Large wolves on either side of them. They’re holding broken and twisted weapons.

OFFICER PETERSON
Everyone... Get back!

And he pulls out his gun but it’s all over.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - EVENING

The trio stop their movement to Sarah’s truck. They hear gun shots and screams of horror coming from just the other side. It sounds grizzly and chaotic. A scenario void of love entirely.

SARAH
Oh God, they’re getting slaughtered!

She makes a run to help but Steve grabs her and holds her back.

STEVE
It’s not our fight. We have to stop him.

SARAH
We can’t just abandon them!

STEVE
We can’t fight every battle!

Steve rips the car keys from Sarah’s belt and tosses them to Alo.

(continues)
STEVE
Start the truck. We have to end this.

Alo gets in the driver’s seat. Steve enters the passenger. Sarah stands there looking off in the direction of the noise. A gust of wind blows her hair back. It carries the sounds of death. More lightning strikes and rain comes down too.

STEVE
Sarah, c’mon!

Sarah peels herself away from her stance and runs and gets into the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND SCHOOL, BUS DEPOT - EVENING, CONT.

It’s a blood bath. Everyone is dead. A wolf eats the intestines of Officer Peterson.

Maybe one or two of the attackers are dead, but the rest hack at the still breathing, few and far between. The halls are coated in red ruin.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The truck drives along the town roads. It’s now thundering and raining badly. It makes a curtain of gray, barely penetrable with the headlights of the jeep.

They drive along. The town is on the brink of collapse. Some buildings, engulfed in flames, light the way better than any moon could - an immolation of the most dastardly kind.

INT. SARAH’S TRUCK - NIGHT

Alo shakes his head. He’s seen this before.

Sarah sits in the back. She brings her hand to her mouth. She covers it in fear, as though she doesn’t want to breath the same air that carries such wickedness. She watches from the rain blurred windows the hell the small county has been submitted to.

Even Steve looks disturbed. Despite him having seen some shit in his day, the small scale of this devestation seems to move something dormant in him.

(CONTINUED)
He blinks quickly, holding back tears, but something else escapes, the last shred of hope he had in humanity perhaps.

ALO
I’m sorry for your home, Sarah.

There is no reply. He looks behind him and her head is pressed against the window. She’s sobbing. Her eyes shut tight, blocking out the reality.

Alo looks at Steve. Steve returns the look.

The truck drives on.

STEVE
Okay, Alo. Where are we going?

ALO
When it happened last they spoke of him living high up. As if he watched above everyone else.

STEVE
High up. High up. Like on a mountain?

ALO
Most likely.

SARAH
The Devil’s Fence.

STEVE
What?

SARAH
It’s not a real mountain mountain, but its the largest hill we have. It’s huge and dirty and hot as hell. It ridges along a basin just on the other side. We call it the Devil’s Fence because, well, just beyond it is unlivable desert, basin, you name it.

ALO
Smart thinking. I know where that is. North west. About thirty minutes.

STEVE
Well gun it. We have to get there before he ruins everything.
EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The downpour turns everything into soup. The truck moves fast, slapping up mud left and right. It’s getting filthier and filthier. The storm has not let up. Lightning shoots and thunder cracks louder and louder.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE - NIGHT CONT.

America stands there on the ridge of a rock watching over the large expanse of dark desert land. The wind blows his dark hair wildly. His eyes are as barren as the land he stands sentinel over.

To his right, down a small drop stands his recruited army. They all shiver and grovel in the mud. Most aren’t even tied. The blue on their face keeps them entranced. They act like fools, slapping and gnashing their broken teeth.

These Whites are doomed. There isn’t an ethnic among them.

On Bobby. He sits in a cage, tied together with the other young children. Becky too. Not a soul in there is older than him. They shiver scared and dirty.

On America.

He watches the rain and tilts his head to the sky.

He lifts up a rifle and points it at the darkness.

Just barely we can see the headlights of the jeep making its way slowly up the road in the storm.

America loads a bullet and works the bolt and slides into place.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The truck drives on through the storm of the night.

On either side the plains stretch out far and wide, but blurred and obscure in all that rain and in all that dark.

The mountainous ridge they’re approaching looms up high in the distance at the end of the road, a true wall of death.
INT. SARAH’S TRUCK – NIGHT, CONT.

The passengers of the truck don’t talk or move. Sarah’s still beside herself. Finally she speaks.

SARAH
Why didn’t you come clean at the beginning? You let us all die.

The declaration cuts Steve deep. The patter of the rain seems deafening.

STEVE
I’ve spent years fighting a war that would never end. The ones I’ve loved have disappeared time after time. There’s only so much fighting a man can do, Sarah.

SARAH
You’ve killed us all.

STEVE
I’ve killed more.

Silence.

SARAH
I trusted you. You son of a bitch.

STEVE
Enough. This will be over tonight. Then we’ll be finished.

SARAH
(breaking down again)
I trusted you.

ALO
(to Steve)
What’s our plan of attack?

STEVE
(blind sided by the question)
Uhm. I don’t know. That’s the truth. I don’t know yet. I th-

Then, without warning, a loud BANG shoots through and it is NOT lightning. A bullet rather. It blows through the front tire of jeep and the truck swerves out of control not able to get a grip on the mud. The truck careens over and goes into a barrel roll in the mud. Everyone inside is being tossed around. Glass is shattering.

(CONTINUED)
Then the truck lands right side up but everyone is unconscious.

Steve’s nose is bleeding. He struggles to stay awake and manages to get out of the car and stumble into the rainy night.

He’s dizzy and is wandering back and forth, lost and confused.

He starts to hear things: voices of his vanished friends and family.

The sounds of bullets whizz by. The sounds of bombs dropping from air planes.

It’s clear he’s having an episode of PTSD so severe it transcends it entirely.

He can see a figure in the rain, metal and sleek. Iron Man.

STEVE
Tony! Tony! Help!

But as he approaches it the suit of Iron Man collapses empty and seems to sink and vanish in the mud.

Steve falls to his knees and claws at the mud. Thunder cracks violently. Lightning shoots.

He thinks he can hear Thor and Hulk and everyone around him in the darkness of the storm but he stands up and tries to communicate with them.

STEVE
Help! Help! Avengers Assemble!

Nothing

STEVE
Avengers--- Assemble--

And the blows to his head prove too much and Steve collapses in the mud.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

We pull out and see the truck in the rain. It matches the ruin of the town. Everyone in it is unconscious.

Then, suddenly,
EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

The same frame as before. Only now the storm has ended and the truck sits there in broad daylight.

INT. SARAH’S TRUCK - MORNING

Alo wakes up with a start. He shouts in pain and bangs his fist on the dash. He looks around him.

Steve and Sarah are missing from the truck.

He looks around some more.

ALO
Sarah? Steve?

Nothing.

Still dazed by the accident, he struggles with his seatbelt. Finally he gets it out and opens the door and falls from the jeep to the hot dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

He yells in pain when he lands and he looks at his leg and there’s a large piece of glass in it. He softly grabs it and gently eases it out of his open wound.

He then stands up and uses the jeep to support himself.

He turns backwards and sees the town. Smoke is coming from it.

He turns to the ridge in the distance. It’s far off.

He turns back to the town.

He tries to start the car but not a sound comes out.

He rips off the sleeve of shirt and ties it around his wound. He then starts limping off towards the ridge, ready to end this however it shall.

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - MORNING

America leads a horse along the plains, back to his ridge where his slaves wait. Bobbing up and down the horse, tied, on her stomach, is Sarah. Her mouth is gagged and her hands and legs are tied. She wakes up and is seeing the passing dirt.

(CONTINUED)
Her gun is in America’s belt.

Across the way, a couple yards, another horse rides parellel. Its driven by a blue faced slaved. On that one, bound and gagged in the same fashion, is Steve. His costume is dirtied and torn. His shield is on the side of the horse, jangling and glinting in the sunlight.

Steve is not yet awake.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

Alo makes his way along the dirt path.

He walks as best as he can. He cannot see any figures or shapes ahead of him.

Vultures begin circling over him.

He walks on.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE - MORNING

The two horses ride up the narrow path and onto the landing. The raptured maniacs hoot and howl and slap each other and throw dirt. Some stand up straight like Terra Cotta warriors, wild eyed and deranged.

America raises a hand and silences them all. The two horses come up and Sarah starts whimpering under the gag. Steve is still knocked out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

Alo is still walking. It seems he’s made a fair amount of progress but he still has a ways to go.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE - MORNING

America takes Sarah off of the horse and lets her drop onto the dirt. He grabs her by the shoulders and rests her against a large stone.

America then heads over to Steve and pulls him from the horse too. America drags his still unconcious body into the center of the crowd.

From Sarah’s angle, on the rock,
America takes out his bags of powder. He takes out the blue bag and shows it to Sarah.

AMERICA
Not strong enough.

And he tosses it aside.

He then takes out a black bag filled with white powder and he shows it to Sarah.

AMERICA
Bones of the dead.

He opens the bag and dips his hand in and starts praying a dead language. He takes out his hands and starts covering Steve’s face in the white powder, just caking it on. Soon Steve starts to resemble a clown. His face is baby powder white and he lies there still unknowing of what’s happening to him.

AMERICA
Let her speak.

And the blue faced man pulls down the gag from Sarah’s mouth.

SARAH
Why are you doing this, you rat bastard? You fucking maniac! You’re fucking crazy!

AMERICA
I’m not crazy.

SARAH
Leave him alone! Leave him alone!

AMERICA
Watch him kill your young the way you did to us. Your precious man. Your precious hero. Watch your America do what it does best.

And America places a hand over Steve’s face and quickly Steve wakes up and sits up right.

SARAH
Steve! Steve! Snap out of it! Steve!

But Steve’s nowhere to be found. The White faced man looks around himself and then stands up slowly. His eyes are souless and America steps back and watches it all unfold.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
Steve look at me!

But Steve does not. Still clad in his uniform, he walks over and grabs a hatchet from the dirt. He makes his way through the crowd to Cage of kids.

The blue faced people move out of his way, afraid of him just as they are afraid of their keeper.

SARAH
Steve, what are you doing??

Steve gets to the cage of kids and watches them. They cower in fear.

Steve opens the cage door and pulls out a little boy. The boy cries whimpers.

LITTLE WHITE BOY
Cap-Cap Captain America? Are you here to save us?

And Steve looks at him with empty eyes and a ghost white face. He raises the hatchet high into the air and brings it down hard on the kid’s little face. His skull pops with a crack and blood spurts out with a hiss of air.

Sarah screams and screams and screams.

SARAH
Steve no! God! Steve! Stop!

But America stands and watches.

Everyone watches.

Steve scalps the kid slowly and throws it on the ground.

He then reaches in and grabs another random kid that’s not Becky or Bobby.

LITTLE WHITE GIRL
(crying)
P-ppp-p-p

Steve, like a machine, hacks the girl open with the hatchet. She couldn’t have been more than six.

SARAH
Steve! Stop!

But he doesn’t.
EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

Alo still limps slowly.

He’ll never make it in time to save anything or anyone.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE - MORNING

Steve is killing all of the children.

Anathema reigns. There is no God anymore.

Everyone is distracted by the butchering, and they don’t notice Sarah wriggle out of her constraints.

It’s a hellish act happening and she slowly crawls to the nearest horse. She crawls to the edge of the ridge and can see Alo far on the bottom making progress like an ant.

She stands up and with most energy she can muster she screams.

    SARAH
    Get out! Go! Yah!

And she spanks the horse hard on the butt several times before it gets the horse running down the path towards Alo way on the bottom. Before the horse leaves, she pulls a revolver from the saddle bag.

Sarah stands there, everyone now fully aware of her presence.

Steve doesn’t stop his work.

The blue faced slaves watch her

America steps forward. He has his own revolver in his holster, on his belt, around his waist.

The cries of the kids haven’t stopped.

    AMERICA
    Soldier. Stop.

And Steve does so. He stands there like a statue, an iron grip around the neck of a kid.

    AMERICA
    Outstanding. Your strength to fight for the wrong side still baffles me, Officer. But it does not surprise me.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
I’ll never be too weak to put people like you away.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE, PATH WAY – MORNING

On the path Alo is still making his way up, but he can hear the sound of fast galloping. He wonders if its an enemy and puts his hand on his gun, but then he sees that its an unmanned horse, galloping at break neck speed towards him. He quickly poises himself and as the horse passes he leaps up and mounts it.

He yanks back on the reigns and the horse pulls up with a loud winnie and he directs the horse back up the path where it came from. Now he’s moving. Now there’s a chance.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE – MORNING\

AMERICA
And now you’ve gotten rid of one of my horses.

SARAH
Steve and I can ride one on.

AMERICA
The soldier and you are going nowhere.

On America’s eyes.

On Sarah’s eyes.

On the their guns.

Then! Like a flash, the two draw their revolvers, a duel of the greatest speeds, and SARAH IS FASTER.

A bullet rips through America’s heart. He stands still. The blood pooling around like the wound like a ping pong paddle. He looks at it. Then looks at Sarah and begins laughing.

Her face of relief slowly devolves into terror.

Then, America flips back the hammer and pulls the trigger several times and riddles Sarah with bullets. She stands looking at her chest darken with blood. The gun falls from her hand.
She looks at America in bewilderment. Her torso is a bloody mess. She staggers backwards and falls from the edge of the ridge, plummeting to her demise.

On Sarah.

We see her free fall parallel with the cliff wall. There’s almost a tranquility in her eyes. Her pain and suffering is over. She falls slowly. The blonde hair billowing up around like a veil.

On Steve.

He’s aware of nothing.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE, PATH WAY - MORNING

Alo gallops with high speed. The wind blows his black hair behind him like a cape.

Then, just a head of him, the body of Sarah speeds down and bursts in a blood spray on a large rock.

Alo pulls back on the horse jerking forward with great momentum. He sees the body. It’s mangled and destroyed. There is no way she survived the fall let alone the six bullet holes in her body.

Alo grimmaces at the image. He rides on, well aware that worse things are to be had just up the path.

He races on and on. Perhaps in his face we can see him haunted by his inability to save his wife. He pulls the gun from his side and pulls back the hammer ready for anything.

EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE - MORNING, CONT.

America stands over and continues watching Steve do the trick. Steve pulls Bobby from the cage and stands him straight. The little boy looks at Becky afraid.

Steve raises the hatchet high in the air.

Alo gallops up the pathway that leads to landing. Without a moment’s hesitation he surveys the whole scene.

He quickly takes aim and from atop his horse he shoots fast at Steve’s hand. With a loud TING the hatchet goes flying from his hand and Steve yells in pain. He takes a quick knee and clutches his bleeding hand.

(Continued)
Becky stands shocked, Bobby, from inside the cage, runs out and grabs her by the hand and yanks her along to some semblance of safety.

America, shocked, turns around grabs his gun. He sees Alo and he is deeply disturbed that another Native American is fighting against him.

**AMERICA**
You traitor. I thought you were one of us.

**ALO**
I will never be on your side. What you stand for is wrong. It is not the way it should be.

**AMERICA**
But it’s what they did to us. It’s what they did to us, brother. How could you defend you their actions?

**ALO**
I’m not defending theirs and I’m not defending yours.

**AMERICA**
Think of your tribe.

**ALO**
Their spirits rest with me. And I’ve been preparing for this moment for years.

**AMERICA**
You fool. You came here to save your Soldier. Your Captain America. But I am the one true America. The one that will always be. You cannot divide me to my parts. I never die and I will always be. I never die and I will always be. I never die and I WILL ALWAYS BE.

America starts shooting at Alo.

**AMERICA**
Kill the traitor!

But Alo then leaps from his horse, and in mid dive, in also slow motion fashion, he shoots at America, the bullets cutting through him. America falls down on to his side. He’s injured but he’s still got fight in him. This guy will NOT go down easy.
But Alo lands on the dirt and slides across it, grabbing Sarah’s dropped gun. He leaps to his feet and starts shooting left and right, popping head shots back to back to back. The blue faced minions are mostly holding melee weapons or nothing at all and they’re getting domed left and right. Heads are straight up popping like bubbles.

Soon Alo runs out of bullets and takes a machete from one of the assailants. He starts going at it. He’s taking them all on, left and right and front and back. It’s like he’s been endowed with a power beyond his own reckoning. He’s killing them all. Soon the attackers thin out and America seeks higher ground, popping shots with his six shooter.

But Alo will not be stopped. He’s come too far. He understands he has to take out America to break the trance on everyone.

He runs to the horse that’s holding Steve’s iconic shield. He runs to it and grabs it and takes cover.

The bullets from America’s gun ricochet off of the shield and kill some of the slaves.

Alo runs and with all of his might and he spins and hurls the shield. It soars through the air majestically as its one to do

and we see it glide and glide through the air

and then SWIP! off comes America’s head.

His black hair swirls around with the leathery head and it plops to the ground. The body staggers backwards and collapses.

She shield ricochets from the stone wall behind him and clatter onto the dirt. All of the living slaves wake up with a start and even Steve does too.

On Steve. He looks up at the sky and yells for the horrors he’s committed.

He looks at the dead children beside him and he cries and yells hysterically.

Alo, exhausted and in great pain, clutches his leg and falls against the stone wall.

The few survivors, not many, come to. They look around and console each other. Confused and scared. They see Steve, their iconic hero weeping in blood, and they see Alo, the blood spattered Native American sitting in the dust and they

(CONTINUED)
see the headless villain. His body slowly pumping blood that goes from red to black slowly.

STEVE
Oh God, what have I done?

He yells and cries. This is the pinnacle of evil he’s endured. Every other sin pales in comparison to what he’s done with his own hands.

Steve looks at Alo.
Alo is not in good shape.

STEVE
Alo.. Alo!

Steve crawls weak and scared to Alo.

STEVE

Steve cries over and over again into Alo’s lap. Alo winces with the pain.

ALO
Sarah’s dead. She’s dead.

Alo points to the edge of the ridge. Steve understands perfectly what has happened.

STEVE
Oh God. Oh God. Why!

Steve screams and cries more.

ALO
Wipe your face. Wipe your face.

And Steve obliges. He scrubs his face up and down with nothing and the white ashes cover his blue gloves and bloody hand. It’s a perverted red, white, and blue.

STEVE
Is it over? Is it over?

ALO
(breathing heavy)
No. No. No... We have to say a prayer... For him to fully be gone.

On America’s body.
We see the black blood stop pumping out. The flesh of the neck, where it’s severed, starts crawling and moving. It stretches far, spider like, and reconnects with the skull. America slowly stands to his feet. His neck stretches a good several yards over his shoulders and the head sways back and forth like a broken street light. The jaw unhinges and stretches about a three feet. America’s limbs grow out and break and stretch out far, becoming a rude contortion of his former self. It’s as though whatever demon lay under the fleshy exterior has now decided to grow to full size.

America now fully looks like the foulest of MONSTERS from HELL.

A girl notices and screams it ultimate horror, but America spiders its way over and grabs her by the leg, lifts her, eats her head, then flings her body far off the cliff where it spins wildly to the dirt way way way down.

**STEVE**

Oh fucking christ what the fuck!

America lets out a blood curdling screech. It spiders its way over and starts eating all the remaining slaves.

Becky and Bobby cower behind a rock.

**STEVE**

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK OH GOD

**ALO**

Your shield. Get it!

And Steve does so. With all the remaining courage he can somehow muster up he runs and tumbles under the arch-like bent and demonic legs of his attacker. He grabs his shield and America swings a long disjointed arm and knocks Steve far back, but the shield takes most of the blow.

Alo struggles to his feet and hurries over to the scrap. He grabs the tether from the dirt and runs towards the gangly monstrosity.

Alo ties it into a lasso and spins the lasso high above the air.

Steve dodges the blows and when he can he delivers a strong punch or a well placed kick to the low swinging jaw.

Alo throws the lasso high up and gets it around America’s neck. Alo gets a grip and tries to yank the creature off balance.

(CONTINUED)
And now it’s a tug of war game but soon Alo pulls hard and Steve launches his shield at the monster and it goes tumbling down on to its back in a big cloud of dust.

ALO
Here, hack off its limbs!

Alo reaches down and tosses Steve a tomahawk from the dirt.

ALO
I’ll get the fire started. We have to burn it before its head grows back.

STEVE
Like a Hydra.

ALO
Right. Then we’ll send it to hell.

America, during this, is screaming and thrashing. It swings a mighty arm but Steve swipes the Tomahawk through it hard. The thick leathery limb falls to the ground and starts thrashing around like a severed lizard’s tail.

Another arm comes swinging by and Steve leaps up and hacks off that one too.

A leg kicks a horse right off the edge of the cliff.

Steve hacks off that leg and the other.

Alo returns with a small travel jug of lighter fluid, probably used to stoke the little flames of the little fires.

ALO
Now its head.

And Steve obliges. He raises the Tomahawk high into the air and brings it down again and again and again, the monster screeching wildly, and the weapon growing blacker with the blood. Soon the head SHLUCKS off and Alo covers the grotesque leathery demonic body with the lighter fluid.

He takes out a box of matches, lights them all, and holds the burning box out.

He chants to himself some old Native prayer. Steve backs away slowly.

Something holds Alo. He doesn’t do it right away. He looks at the eyes of the satanic creature.
They stare blankly at him.

STEVE
What the hell are you waiting for?
Do it!

And then Alo does.
He drops the flaming box of matches onto the creature and it ignites instantly.

Some shrill otherworldly screams of pain come from the creature’s death throws. It burns away to a chard crisp. The flames dance wildly.

Steve takes a few steps back and sits down, surveying the damage.

Alo stands and watches the fire.

We follow the smoke of the body up into the sky. We see the sun shining bright. We come back down.

Steve still sits quietly.

Becky and Bobby are still hiding.

Alo is now on the ground watching the fire too.

STEVE
It’s over right?

ALO
Mm.

STEVE
He ain’t gonna come back is he?

ALO
Mm.

The brave facade that Steve had while fighting the monster is now fully gone. He remembers what he had done to the kids. He remembers the fate of Sarah. He starts crying again. Alo doesn’t look over at him.

STEVE
She’s gone. They’re gone.
Everyone’s dead cause of me. Cause
I was too afraid to come out and
fight.

(CONTINUED)
ALO
You couldn’t have stopped this.

STEVE
I could’ve tried.

ALO
You would’ve died.

A moment.

STEVE
It should be my turn anyway.

Another moment.

STEVE
I’m tired of watching everyone else leave me. It should’ve been my turn to leave. It fucking should’ve been.

He weeps softly. Pathetically.

Alo stands up and looks away. He watches the town in the far off distance. So far off it looks okay, unravaged.

ALO
We should head down. Tell the people.

Alo starts.

STEVE
No.

Alo stops. He turns around.

STEVE
I’m not going. I’m not going back. I’m not doing anything anymore. I’m done. It’s over for me.

ALO
What are you saying?

STEVE
I mean I’m finished, pal. I have nowhere else I want to go.

ALO
But you are hero.
CONTINUED:

STEVE
No, no, no. Don’t you see? I’ve never been a hero. I’ve been a sucker since the beginning. A fucking puppet being pulled in every direction either by science, by politics, fucking everyone. And all that’s come from it is death and destruction. I’ve never had a say in anything I’ve ever done. But now I do. I’m having a say now.

Alo looks at him. He understands how pained Steve is and he also understands how there is nothing he can say that can save him.

Alo nods.

ALO
Your spirit will be with me.

STEVE
Take this.

Steve slides the shield across the hot dirt. Alo picks it up.

STEVE
May as well take this too.

He tosses the Tomahawk and it lands at Alo’s feet. It’s still black with America’s blood.

STEVE
Kids, Come out. Go back home with this man. He’ll protect you.

And Alo looks off, interested. Becky and Bobby come from their hiding place. They hurry past Steve, afraid of him.

They hide behind Alo’s legs. Alo grabs the shield and the Tomahawk and he mounts the horse. He helps Becky and Bobby get situated in front of him.

Alo looks at Steve and Steve sits there in the dirt. Staring down. Death surrounds him physically but also has killed him internally long ago.

Alo gets the horse going down the path. Leaving Steve sitting there alone.
EXT. DEVIL’S FENCE, PATH WAY

Alo, and his two little ones, ride the horse slowly down the path. Nobody talks. Nobody looks at anyone.

They ride on.

A single pistol shot is heard from behind them.

Becky whimpers.

ALO
It was thunder. It was just thunder. It was just thunder.

FADE TO BLACK OVER:
"CALIFORNIA DREAMIN" BY THE MAMA’S AND THE PAPA’S

THE END