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in Order of Work Performed)

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FADE IN-

A BLOOD SHOT EYEBALL

Intense. Unblinking.

WOODBINE (V.O.)
Moments. In time. In space. Moments
remembered. Moments forgotten.

Slowly pull back, revealing a Man with a Gun.

WOODBINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's moments that make up a life.
Good or Bad. It all comes down to
moments.

INT. BEDROOM-DAWN

WOODBINE MCKILLTREE, 30's, a rugged Elvis type, stares blankly at the ceiling. Slivers of dawn light sneak through the blinds, forming a cross on his forehead.

WOODBINE(V.O)
It all started five days ago, with
what I have come to call the
"Morning Ritual."

INT. BATHROOM-DAWN

TITLE CARD: Five Days Ago

Woodbine slips a single bullet into his silver six-shooter. He spins the cartridge then puts the barrel to his head.

WOODBINE(V.O)
The "ritual" came from my belief in
destiny. If today is my day to
die, I might as well get it over
with first thing.

Woodbine pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

He smiles at himself in the mirror.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
Not today!

INT. BEDROOM

Woodbine grabs his two big black REVOKERS - machine gun side arms, and slides them into his twin shoulder holster.

WOODBINE (V.O.)
To tell you the truth, I don't
think I'll ever die.

EXT. LAS VEGAS, SKYWAY - DAY

The year is 2135. Some technology has advanced immensely, some hasn't.

Woodbine screams by in a flying red Cadillac convertible, blasting some Classic Oldies.

Las Vegas is still the craziest place on the Earth. It has become the nexus of a new world, awash in power, money, sex and religion.

Flashy anti gravity cars zip through the skyways. We swoop by hotels, churches, restaurants and casinos, each more outrageous than the next.

Woodbine skirts a row of gigantic holy statues from The Church of Kurt Cobain, quietly watching the city of sin.

WOODBINE(V.O)

Las Vegas. Center of the world...
my world at least. It was my
playground, and I was the player.

INT. CADDY-DAY

With the car on aggressive auto pilot, Woodbine smokes and does the crossword puzzle as he weaves through traffic.

WOODBINE(V.O)

I began my criminal career at the
age of eight with my older brother
Cross. We started out small time.

FLASHBACK

EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY

Two scruffy headed kids follow a RICH OLD LADY holding a rich old lady dog. WOODBINE 8, nods to CROSS 12. They move in as a team. Cross throws the Woman's fur coat over her head. Woodbine snags her purse. They disappear down an alley.

The dog yelps.

OLD LADY

My purse! You little devils are
going to hell!

A BUSINESS MAN walks by her.

BUSINESS MAN

We're already there.

EXT. ROOFTOP-DAY

Cross and Woodbine drink soda pop as they count their money.

WOODBINE(V.O)

It was the only time in my life that I was truly free. That's the greatest thing about living without rules. You don't give a damn so you don't carry the guilt.

INT. CLUB-BOOTH-NIGHT

Woodbine and Cross, now in their early 20's, drink cocktails. WORM FULLEN, 40's, washed up gambler type, slides up next to them. He's one bad deal away from the grave.

WOODBINE(V.O)

When we grew up, this guy everyone called Worm took us under his wing and showed us new ways to beat the system. Bar-code scams, chop shop hits, but still small time.

Worm collects his take from Cross and Woodbine.

WOODBINE (CONT'D) (V.O) (CONT'D)

Then Cross and I got the bright idea to rob banks.

INT. MILLENNIUM BANK - DAY

ALARMS AND SIRENS BLARE

Woodbine and Cross are caught in a brutal crossfire in the bank's lobby.

WOODBINE (V.O)

But that didn't pan out too well.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE-

INT. CADDY - DAY

Woodbine tosses the paper in the back seat.

WOODBINE (V.O)

Now, I'm working for Mr. Big. Big runs Vegas, and the fat bastard loves my ass.

EXT. SKY LINE RESTAURANT - DAY

Woodbine and other body guards walk MR. BIG, 50's, 700lbs, black, imposing, to his limo. A rusty old truck swoops down from above and opens fire. All the body guards scatter but with one exception. Woodbine.

Woodbine pushes Big into the limo then whips out his big black "REVOKER" hand gun howitzers.

WOODBINE(V.O)

Nobody really knows how they're going to react in a situation like that. But the day I saved Big's life cemented my place among Vegas legends.

As bullets whiz by him, Woodbine unloads a barrage of molten lead into the truck sending it into the side of a building. Woodbines eyes glow with pleased rage.

As the smoke clears, Mr. Big sees Woodbine's expression, realizes the weapon he has on his hands and decides to exploit it.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Big keyed in on my natural affinity for killing. That's when things really got rolling.

INT. PENTHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

DON GRASSO, 60's, greasy, sweaty and hairy, pants over a young SHOW GIRL. They grunt and perspire.

WOODBINE(V.O)

He had an extensive laundry list that desperately needed cleaning.

The door swings open. A figure. Two shots. No witnesses.

MONTAGE - Woodbine's greatest hits.

Alleyways; highways; driveways; Safeways; restaurants; casinos; movie theaters; confessionals; brothels - no place is too public, or crowded, or sacred for Woodbine to pull off an intended hit.

It doesn't matter how many body guards or safeguards are in place. The man delivers death efficiently and without fail.

Woodbine's reputation grows and grows. Patrons of the ever popular Vegas Bowling World clap politely as Woodbine exits after one of his hits, revokers still smoking. He tips his hat, acknowledging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As each crime boss fell, Big got closer and closer to his dream of ruling all Vegas. Finally there was only one slippery bastard left keeping him from it: Don Cartzone.

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION, CARTZONE ESTATE, NEVADA - DAY

The scene is right out of the "Godfather." The BRIDE and GROOM cut into the massive cake as the whole adoring family watches.

EXT. NEIGHBORING STREET - CONTINUOUS

Woodbine's in a van marked "BERLUTI'S BAKERY." He takes out a remote device. He presses the big red button. The wedding cake erupts in a massive blue-white explosion taking out the entire Cartzone estate. No more Cartzone.

WOODBINE(V.O)

Piece of cake.

INT. LUXOR PALACE, ELEPHANT ROOM - NIGHT

WOODBINE (V.O.)0

After that, we consolidated.

A series of gun blasts echo over a huge fire. We pull back to see a pile of dead bodies, chewed and riddled by bullets.

Woodbine takes the down escalator, revokers smoking, blood cascading into rivulets between the steel ribbed steps at his feet.

A pair of giant elephant TUSKS frame his head, making Woodbine look as if he is Satan himself descending into Hell.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BIG'S TOWER, VEGAS - DAY

Woodbine zips up the face of Big's Tower in his Caddy. Big's is the tallest building on the strip.

Woodbine's Caddy disappears in Big's private parking hanger.

WOODBINE(V.O)

Some people punch out clocks. I get to punch out people. Gotta tell you, I got the best job in the world.

INT. BIG'S TOWER, BIG'S OFFICE - DAY

WORM, Woodbine's old mentor, is now even more wrinkled, graying. He sweats bullets as he awaits summary sentencing.

MR. BIG's massive black frame swivels around from the sprawling view of Vegas. Big is all gold chains and leather.

He strokes his Rottweiler who sports a large gold nameplate dangling from his collar "NIGGER."

BIG

What's the meaning of life Worm?

WORM

Life? Ah. Well it would have to be "to live." If life has a meaning I mean. To live as long as possible. Life is to live.

BIG

You know what life is to me? Money. You cost me money, therefore you owe me your life.

WORM

My life is yours Big. You know that. Look. I'm sorry about the mix up. But I had no idea.

BIG

It's your job to have an idea. See I'll cut you a break here Worm. That's something I never do. But you've been around, and I genuinely like you. You're old school.

WORM

Please Mr. Big. I'll fix everything, I just need a little more-

BIG

Time. I know. We all need time. The only thing more precious than money, is time.

Big reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a big biscuit for Nigger.

BIG (CONT'D)

Even Nigger needs more time. His life goes by seven times faster than ours. But he doesn't ask for it. He bravely accepts his fate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORM

He's a dog sir.

BIG

My dog.

Big gets up. He moves in a bizarre mechanical way. The motion of his massive frame is aided by electronic and pneumatic devices. Worm gulps.

BIG (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. You got a week to get back what you owe me.

WORM

Thank you Mr. Big. I can handle that.

BIG

One week Worm.

WORM

You are as gracious as the Divine Lord Jesus Christ.

BIG

Amen. Now find my disk or find a casket maker. Go with God.

Worm walks away.

WORM

(to himself)
Jesus Christ.

Big hears him. He reaches out, yanking Worm off his feet.

BIG

Never use the Lord's name in vain!

Big throws Worm across the room. He crashes into a potted plant. The Dog corners him growling. Worm holds up a hand, terrified.

WORM

Nice doggy.

The doors to Big's office fly open. APACHE, 50's, a mean, scarred-up long haired Native American, grabs Worm off the floor.

BIG

One week Worm! Then it's straight to hell for you!

Apache drags Worm out as Woodbine enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE
Taking out the trash?.

Worm hooks his boot around a table leg, trying to slow his exit.

WORM
Woodbine! I need to talk to you!

WOODBINE
Sure, I'll catch you at the slots,
Worm.

Apache closes the door. Nigger runs up to Woodbine. The dog loves him. Woodbine strokes his ears.

BIG
Woodbine McKilltree! My angel
of death. Where you been all day?
Don't you know what today is?

WOODBINE
Christmas?

Woodbine winks at Big and produces a sealed box of Cuban cigars. Big smiles.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday HIC!

BIG
That's my boy. You'd think after
three hundred years and six
revolutions, they'd legalize these
things in the states.

Big and Woodbine light up their Cubans.

WOODBINE
You see the game last night?

BIG
Shit, I had a million bucks on it.
Fucking relief pitcher handed them
the game.

WOODBINE
Did it keep you up?

BIG
Naw, I said a rosary for my bookie
and passed out.
(regards Woodbine)
You look like shit.

WOODBINE
I stayed up all night watching old
movies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

There's nothing like the golden age of cinema, Big. I would've loved to have seen Hollywood before we blew it up.

BIG

Oh that was a terrible thing, our government nuking one of their own cities. Just terrible. But then everything went to shit after World War V.

Big gets misty, recalling it all. Woodbine looks around the room, waiting for Big's personal moment to end.

WOODBINE

So you got anything for me?

BIG

I always do.

Big lays his ham hock hand on the intercom.

BIG (CONT'D)

Clair, send Apache in here, please. Thank you.

Apache enters. He sits next to Woodbine in front of Big's desk.

BIG (CONT'D)

Apache, tell the man what you know.

APACHE

AF420. It's the biggest drug ever distributed through the underground since the unapproved cure for AIDS.
(holds out fists)
Guess which one?

Woodbine points to the right hand. It opens. Empty. Apache smiles and opens his other hand. Inside is a blue AF420 pill marked with an infinity symbol.

Woodbine snatches it out of Apache's hand. Woodbine rubs his hands together, blows in them. Now he holds out his fists for Apache to guess.

Apache picks the left hand. Empty. He picks the right. Empty. Apache is confused. He looks at Woodbine, who spits the AF420 pill in his face.

Big erupts in laughter. Woodbine smiles mischievously at Big.

Apache picks up the pill. He sets it on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WOODBINE

It looks like candy. Tastes like it too.

APACHE

Candy that works like the peyote of my grandfathers. The drug that takes you to the afterlife, where you can commune with the gods.

WOODBINE

Sounds like a winner. So what's the problem Hic?

BIG

I've got an exclusive distribution deal with the guys making this stuff, but last week it hit the streets here without warning. They claim they have no idea how it got out, but it did.

Big digs through a bag of corn chips. It's empty. He frowns.

BIG (CONT'D)

And all we know is no one takes business from the Big man in the Big town.

WOODBINE

So who gets the funeral bouquet?

BIG

That's the problem. We don't know.
(short beat)
Alice! Food. Hungry.

Alice robot emerges from the wall. She's on it.

ALICE COMPUTER

Big. Food. Hungry.

A platter of cold cuts and fruit appear. Big eats some melon.

WOODBINE

Diet platter?

BIG

Keeps the cholesterol down. Kiwi?

Big tosses a slice of Kiwi. Woodbine catches it in his mouth.

WOODBINE

Mmmmm. So Big you want me to deal with this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

APACHE

I told you I'd handle it.

BIG

How? Like Worm? I don't want this slipping through the cracks. I want results!

APACHE

I have a lead. We caught a guy high on it last night. He was going crazy in the Coconut lounge. Tried to crucify himself during the belly dance number. Kept babbling about copping more at a warehouse outside of town.

WOODBINE

I want a look, before you write it off to Tonto here.

APACHE

(barely civil)

I can handle it white man.

WOODBINE

That's white man sir.

(to Big)

Give me five days.

BIG

Apache? Raise or call?

APACHE

Three days.

WOODBINE

I'll give you the play by play over dinner tonight.

BIG

Sold to the biggest asshole!

Woodbine does a generic Indian "War Cry."

WOODBINE

I really like the red bandanna thing. It brings out your natural coloring.

(nods to Big.)

Hic. Later.

BIG

You love this don't you?

WOODBINE

It's a diversion, keeps me from the real madness. See you tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BIG

Be bad.

WOODBINE

It's the only thing I'm good at.

Woodbine leaves. Big looks at Apache.

BIG

You can leave.

Apache rises. He stops, turning back to Big.

APACHE

Why does Mckilltree call you Hic?

BIG

H,N,I,C. Head Nigger In Charge.

APACHE

There's an "N" in there.

BIG

The N is silent.

INT. BIG'S TOWER-COCO LOUNGE-DAY

Woodbine walks into the lush tropical bar. Topless Cocktail Waitresses and Lounge Lizards abound.

WOODBINE(V.O)

The first thing I do whenever I get a job, any job, is celebrate with a drink.

He takes a bar stool. The BARTENDER has the Jack Daniel's waiting for him.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Thanks Mickey.

Woodbine takes a sip. He looks across the steamy room. Worm is alone in the far booth. He stares into his empty glass. In a flash, Woodbine slides in next to him.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Deadman!

Worm snaps out of his daze.

WORM

Mckilltree! Oh man am I glad to see you. You gotta help me with Big. The son of a bitch is gonna kill me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

Naw...that's my job. You blew the deal. Business is business, there are no friendships.

Worm sneezes.

WORM

Excuse me. This flu won't go away. Maybe it'll get me before the sharks do.

WOODBINE

Worm, you should spend less time worrying about what you're going to die from, and more about what you're living for.

WORM

Do my ears betray me, or is Woodbine Mckilltree, the world's most famous hitman, showing some regard for life?

WOODBINE

We go back Worm. It's my way of saying, get to it, because I don't want to have to see your brains.

WORM

I don't have any. Christ.

WOODBINE

Look, you're the closest thing I have to a friend.

WORM

Really?

WOODBINE

No. Just get the man what you owe him, and I won't have to come a looking.

Apache walks up to their table. He glares at Woodbine, who looks up.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Well if it isn't Sitting Bullshit. Wanna get drunk and sell me your daughter for a shiny nickel?

APACHE

You make many jokes. I hope they don't get you hurt someday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE

Oh, are you getting another vision from the grandfathers in the sky?

APACHE

Everything will be revealed in time. Let's go, Worm.

WOODBINE

He's with me.

APACHE

Big wants him.

WOODBINE

But he was just there. Why would he want someone who was just with him? I know it's not to whack him, because if it was to whack him, it'd be me doing it.

Woodbine stares at Apache. Their eyes lock. They hold a moment.

APACHE

Big wants me to protect Worm. To insure no one offs him before he gets what he owes.

WOODBINE

You're insurance? He's as good as dead. Good luck worm meat.

Worm goes with Apache. He looks back one last time at Woodbine, but he's already gone.

INT. BIG'S TOWER, MAIN CASINO - DAY

The roulette wheels turn. Woodbine kisses a show girl on the cheek. He stops at a craps table, next to DOUBLE POWERS, 30's, porn star.

WOODBINE

How's it hanging Double?

DOUBLE

Starboard side. Shit.

Double tosses the dice down, all crapped out. They leave the table.

WOODBINE

You working today?

DOUBLE

Nope. No fucking today. I shot an orgy last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

How many?

DOUBLE

Five women, and a donkey.]

Double sees Woodbine's expression.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)

Don't ask.

(short beat)

So did you hear about Super Tit's?

WOODBINE

Blond, triple G. If I don't recall, we spent some quality time with her and a friend one night at the Palms.

DOUBLE

That's her. Well she croaked last night.

WOODBINE

Suck one too many?

DOUBLE

Hardly. She took a full gainer off the Roman Forum. Jumped out of Colossus's eye, and splattered all over his feet!

Double shakes his shiny head.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)

She was talented that girl, a real pro. I did a hot scene with her.

WOODBINE

Saw it. It was on "Greatest Sticks Volume 2." So any idea why she did it? Other than your general run of the mill, my life is fucked up reasons?

DOUBLE

She was with that shithead Creeper. I think he pumped her full of some new drug. All he said to me was that she kept saying she was an angel. She was going to fly away, up to heaven.

WOODBINE

Do you know where I can find this Creeper?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUBLE

He's on the set today. They're shooting at the OASIS ROOM. He's put together this Bugsy Berkeley musical fuck number. It's outta this world.

Woodbine rises.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)

You going to pay a visit?

WOODBINE

Could be.

As Woodbine walks toward the exits, a tall lanky man in a full length black cloak walks in. The hooded head looks up at Woodbine.

It's LORD REAPER, 60's, the Marilyn Manson-esque self proclaimed anti-Christ. He makes eye contact with Woodbine and nods. It trips Woodbine out.

INT. CADDY-DAY

Woodbine flies over the Vegas strip.

In the car next to him he sees a MOTHER screaming and smacking her kid for no apparent reason. The Kid is balling.

Woodbine looks away, but the scene sets something off in his head. He begins to drift, remembering.

FLASHBACK

INT. ST. AGNES ORPHANAGE - DAY

Like a septic scene out of "One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest," only the inmates are boys 7-12 years. Some have Gameboy XXXIV, some are wrestling around, but most are glued to the TV set mounted on the wall.

ON THE TELEVISION:

A "News Break" shows people across the world rioting in the streets of New York, Paris, and Tokyo. The date is JANUARY 1, 2109. An attractive New Anchor reports.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

After years of unrest and ceaseless riots in major cities, law enforcement agencies are in full retreat. In a statement this morning, Stewart Court, the North American Director of Law and Order, put it simply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Director holographically appears on the news anchor's counter top.

DIRECTOR

Fuck this shit. We give up. It's every man for himself now.

The News Anchor pauses, let's it sink in. He shuffles his notes to another page.

NEWS ANCHOR

Stewart immediately boarded a chopper for Birdland, the Golfer's Private Paradise near the Philippines. There was no-

The NEWS ANCHOR is flattened from a bomb's concussion that ROCKS the studio. The picture blinks out for a moment, then returns to a snowy image of a shattered newsroom.

Incredibly, the Anchor struggles to his desk and keeps babbling, although half of her blond tresses have been singed off.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

What are we going to do without the police, the National Guard!? Where is the moral fiber that made this country great?

In the background, thieves begin looting the station, carrying off monitors and computers.

This all fails to hold the orphans' attention.

BACK TO SCENE

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. The channels flip by.

Woodbine, 8, wrestles with a buddy. His older brother Cross, 12, has control of the remote. He keeps channel surfing on the T.V.

Cross gets to Channel 666. It's the "Lord Reaper Show."

CROSS

Yes!

(to his brother)

Woodbine, Reaper's on!

Woodbine drops his baseball cards and races to the TV.

WOODBINE

Yes!

Woodbine plops down with Cross in front of the tube. The other orphans all gather around the tube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LORD REAPER, a futuristic psycho clown, beams on to the TV set.

LORD REAPER
Goodmorning my children. Say hello
to your Lord.

WOODBINE/CROSS
Hello Lord.

Sister Mary Stigmata, 80's, short, with coke bottle glasses, shuffles into the rec room.

SISTER MARY
Boys!

The Boy's snap to attention.

ORPHANS
Good morning Sister Stigmata!

SISTER MARY
Father Damien will be making his
annual visit to collect all our
graduating eighth graders for
transfer to Holy Lady Middle
school.

ORPHANS
Yes Sister Stigmata.

SISTER MARY
Make sure all you seventh graders
have your things ready and packed
when the good Father arrives.

ORPHANS
Yes Sister Stigmata.

Stigmata begins to leave, but hears a scream. She turns her stumpy little head to the TV, where Reaper is involved in a virginal sacrifice.

WOODBINE
Cross!

Before it registers with the nun, Cross quickly flips back to the News Special.

ON THE TELEVISION:

The looting of the Newsroom continues. One of the Thieves is trying to take away the news anchor's microphone. She continues talking while engaged in a tug-of-war for the mic.

The Thief loses his patience and shoots her point blank in the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BACK TO SCENE

Sister Mary shakes her head and makes a cross.

SISTER MARY
Mercy me. Foolish child.

The kids giggle as the arthritic nun hobbles out of the room. Cross immediately flips back to Reaper. Wide-eyed, the orphans watch the Virgin struggle.

WOODBINE
Cool...

She breaks free for a moment, running in front of "The Lord Reaper" Show Logo.

CU ON LOGO

END FLASHBACK

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Giant version of same logo on a banner advertising the "LORD REAPER EXTRAVAGANZA"

INT. CADDY - DAY

Woodbine flies past the giant "Lord Reaper" banner as he approaches the dazzling new ROCKARIUM Hotel Casino.

INT. BIG'S TOWER, STORAGE BASEMENT - DAY

Worm is shoved into a poorly lit room filled with old slot machines. Apache follows, gun drawn.

WORM
No! Big wants me dead now?! He changed his mind? Why?!

Worm paces frantically, running his hand through his stringy black hair.

WORM (CONT'D)
I've got a week. That's what he said, a week! Don't do this Apache please, I'm begging you. Please don't. You can't. I'll do anything.

APACHE
You screwed up big time.

WORM
I'm stupid! I am a stupid, luckless, sick fool! All my life I've tried to improve myself, tried to make myself better and,,.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APACHE

Shut up! You're a gambling man
Worm. What do you say we make a
bet?

WORM

(brightening)
Bet? I'm all for bets!

Apache gestures towards the banks of old slot machines.

APACHE

Pick the one that's still full of
coin. If you're right, you live, if
it's empty, so are you.

Apache aims at the slot machines.

WORM

This isn't a bet! It's a test. I
can't be tested, I don't know
anything.

APACHE

Which one?

WORM

What? Are you going to kill me? I
thought we had a deal.

APACHE

Which one?

Apache points the gun at Worm. Worm looks at the old slot
machines. He points at the red one.

WORM

That one there! The red one. That's
the ticket boy.

Apache shoots the red slot machine. It's empty. Worm points
at another slot machine.

WORM (CONT'D)

I meant that red one! With the
Yellow trim! Yeah the Red and
Yellow.

The slot is blown open, its empty.

WORM (CONT'D)

No!!!! I meant the, the, the,.

Worm looks for another red slot machine. There isn't one.
Apache turns. He backs Worm against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Apache jingles the smoking gun in his hand. Worm lights a smoke. Apache hands him a black scarf. Worm ties it around his eyes, just like a firing squad.

WORM (CONT'D)

Make it quick.

APACHE

Move.

WORM

Where? I can't see.

APACHE

To the left.

Worm takes a step to the left. He kicks over a chair. It knocks into an old props box. Giant beach balls and streamers fall on top of Worm. Apache laughs. Worm takes off the blind fold.

WORM

What the hells the matter with you.
Can't you kill a guy in peace?

Apache raises his gun. His laughter turning to a ROAR.

WORM (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Worm closes his eyes. Apache FIRES. Worm screams out. Apache screams back as the sound of a slot machine ruptures and hundreds of coins spill out.

Worm's eyes open with a sudden eagerness. He looks down, as the coins rush between his legs like a river.

Apache blows the smoke from the barrel of his gun.

APACHE

Just so you know who's boss now.

WORM

Screw Big, you the boss. Okay now
what's this deal? Will I get points
- net or gross?

APACHE

A fool and his dreams. Just shut up
and listen. This is going to be
Big. Bigger than Big. The
fulfillment of the great spirit's
journey.

WORM

Great, spirit,..great. Lead me to
the promised land, red brother.

INT. THE NEW ROCKARIUM, OASIS ROOM - DAY

CREEPER SUGARHILL, 40's greasy, drenched in gold and jewels, barks in to a megaphone at the fifty naked BARBIE DOLL BLONDES undulating around the giant PENIS statue.

CREEPER

Make it hot you filthy sluts! Give it to me. Sex, sex, sex...and... Fire!

The giant penis erupts, exploding foaming white water all over the girls. The girls shriek and giggle, falling into one another.

CREEPER (CONT'D)

Cut! Perfect! Print that.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

All right that's lunch everyone!

INT. CREEPER'S TRAILER - DAY

Creeper groans and relaxes. He zips up his pants. One of the Blonds from the production rises between his legs.

CREEPER

You can go now. Who loves you baby?

BLOND

You do daddy.

The Blond leaves. Woodbine Mckilltree enters, closing the door behind him.

WOODBINE

You Creeper?

CREEPER

Auditions were last week, stud. Thanks but no thanks.

WOODBINE

I didn't come to come. I need to know about Supertits.

CREEPER

If you're a cop, somebody forgot to tell you your extinct.

Creeper waves away Woodbine, then realizes he's not going anywhere.

CREEPER (CONT'D)

Look, I already told the reporters everything. Go ask them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

We don't get along. Creative differences. So what you got?

CREEPER

Got what? I got nothing for you. Leave now otherwise I'm calling security.

Creeper slowly reaches for a GUN under the newspaper.

WOODBINE

I suggest your security stays put under the newspaper.

Woodbine's revokers are already staring at Creeper. Creeper's hand adroitly moves past the gun to the bottle of Vodka. He tries another tact.

CREEPER

Cocktail?

WOODBINE

Not today.
(short beat)
Now, last chance before things get nasty.

A BEAT. Creeper stares at the Revokers, decides.

CREEPER

Ah hell. I like you. You're a take-no-shit kinda guy. So I'll help you out. Call this number and leave your identifier. Someone will get back to you with a meeting spot. That's all I got, and you didn't get it from me.

Woodbine takes the number from Creeper and heads out.

CREEPER (CONT'D)

I really liked Supertits. She had something, a spark you don't find often. She was a real pro.

WOODBINE

She gave a decent blow job. Let's not make her into the Virgin Mary.

CREEPER

You interested in doing some work? You're good looking. Strong.

WOODBINE

And I have a king dong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Creeper

Great! Listen I could make you a star.

Woodbine

I'm already a star.

Woodbine winks at Creeper and leaves quietly. Creeper picks up his newspaper and flips to the People Section. On the front page is a picture of Woodbine. The headline reads. "Woodbine Mckilltree. Vegas' Hit Hitman."

INT. CADDY-DAY

Woodbine calls up the number Creeper gave him.

Woodbine (V.O)

The second thing I do, whenever I get a new job, is eat.

INT. GRAVYTRAIN CAFE, BOOTH - DAY

Woodbine stares out the window at the glistening city. He's in a good mood. He mulls his next hit knowing that food's coming soon.

BUTTON VELLA, 23, a BUSTY REDHEADED WAITRESS, tends to a FAT HIGHROLLER at the counter.

Highroller

More coffee, sweetie pie.

She pours. He leers at her breasts. When she catches his look he pretends to be checking her name tag.

Highroller (CONT'D)

Thank you Button. Cute as a Button too.

Button strides over to Woodbine's table. The Highroller grabs at her skirt as she walks by, but Button keeps moving.

Button

What can I get you?

Woodbine

Ah...the heart attack breakfast.

Button

Melted cheese or gravy on that?

Woodbine

Both. And a triple flusher espresso.

Button

Gotcha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Button finishes scribbling, looks up and smiles a smile to break your heart.

WOODBINE

Miss. Was that guy bothering you?

BUTTON

I can handle it. But thank you.

Button wipes down Woodbine's table with a rag. As she leans over, the crucifix she wears around her neck leaves her cleavage to dangle in front of Woodbine. He stares at the silver cross, transfixed.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ST. AGNES ORPHANAGE

The shiny surface of a similar Crucifix on Sister Mary's chest shines on young Woodbine's face. He's upstairs in the bunk room of the orphanage, hiding out.

SISTER MARY

WOODBINE! Aren't you going to say goodbye to your brother!? Come!

Sister Mary takes his hand, but Woodbine yanks it away.

WOODBINE

No!

Woodbine's upset. His eyes are red and it looks like he's been crying.

INT. ST. AGNES ORPHANAGE, FRONT HALL - MORNING

Father Damien collects all the twelve and thirteen year old boys. Cross is one of them. He is being transferred to an orphanage for older boys.

EXT. ST. AGNES ORPHANAGE - MORNING

We see about ten orphans carrying their luggage, filing in to a beat up old school bus. Cross is the last in. He pauses on the bus steps to look up at the second story window. He catches Woodbine peeking down at him.

Cross offers a weak wave, then catches Father Damien's hand to the back of his head.

WHACK!

FATHER DAMIEN

Move it! God waits for no one.

Cross scampers up the steps.

INT. ST. AGNES ORPHANAGE, ATTIC - DAY

Little Woodbine breaks down. He can't bear losing his brother. We see him sobbing in Sister Stigmata's arms.

INT. GRAVY TRAIN CAFE-DAY

Woodbine is staring, lost in his thoughts. Button sets the piping hot plate down.

BUTTON

There you go. Eggs angina!

Button looks at Woodbine, who looks like a lost child.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

You alright sugar?

Woodbine drops a wad of money on the table and leaves. Button is confused.

Highroller jingles his cup.

HIGHROLLER

More coffee honey suckle.

Button leans in and pours his coffee. Highroller licks his lips, staring at her exposed cleavage. Button has had enough.

BUTTON

Is this what you want?

She flashes her tits at him. He's so startled he spills his hot coffee all over his crotch, yelping in pain.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

Asshole.

INT. CADDY, SKYWAY - DAY

Woodbine tears though traffic.

WOODBINE (V.O.)

So I had a rough childhood. Never knew my parents. The only thing my dad left behind was an engraved lighter and lots of debt.

Woodbine banks the Caddy out of the Skyway.

WOODBINE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Cross had vague memories of mom. Claimed she was beautiful right up to the day she was lost in an active volcano. As for my dear brother, well, he's resting now too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Caddy slows to touch down on a sand dune.

EXT. DUNE CEMETERY - DAY

Woodbine stands over Cross's grave. It's next to his parents' graves. There's a space for Woodbine next to them. He's got a flower for his Mother and Cross.

He takes a moment and lights up a cigarette. Takes a drag.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM BANK - MORNING

Woodbine finishes a drag from a smoke.

WOODBINE (V.O.)

The only love I ever knew was from those nuns at the Orphanage. Years later, my brother and I hooked up for a short-lived reunion. But Cross had changed.

Cross and Woodbine stand outside the marble facade of The Millennium Bank. Cross hasn't aged well. He's twenty-seven, but it looks like he's pushing fifty.

WOODBINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

By the time Cross and I hooked up again, there wasn't much left of him. His brains were all scrambled and he couldn't breathe right.

Cross bends over, starts coughing violently. His eyes are permanently bloodshot, and his skin is all pale white and blotchy.

Cross stops hacking long enough to take a hand gun from Woodbine. He tucks it in his pants.

WOODBINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We needed money for an operation or he was going to die.

We SEE Cross and Woodbine head into the Bank.

INT. MILLENNIUM BANK - MORNING

Cross gets in TELLER Line One. Woodbine is in line for TELLER Two. Two armed guards stand at the door.

Woodbine and Cross get to the Tellers at the same time. Just as they pull out their weapons, we HEAR ANOTHER VOICE from across the Bank lobby.

BANKROBBER

Fork it over...all of it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bank is being ROBBED by THREE OTHER BANDITS wearing bizarre red and yellow feather-plumed masks. They SPOT Woodbine and Cross with their guns drawn, and begin FIRING.

Woodbine and Cross return fire. All hell breaks lose. Bank customers are screaming, scattering, and splattering.

Cross is HIT with three bullets to the chest. As Cross collapses the Zippo lighter his dad gave him flies from his jacket pocket, skidding across the floor. The RED-FEATHERED MASKED BANDIT picks up the lighter and pockets it.

Woodbine runs to his brother. Cross is already gone. Woodbine empties his clip at the bandits, who emit a blood-curdling maniacal laughter as they bolt from the bank.

Bleeeeeep! Bleeeeeep! Bleeeeeep!

BACK TO SCENE

Woodbine's identifier goes off. He snaps out of his reverie and checks the message. It's a series of numbers that are location coordinates.

He drops the flowers on the graves and gets back in his Caddy, powering up and slipping back into the heavy SKYWAY traffic above.

Woodbine feeds the coordinates into his dashboard computer.

CU on Dash Monitor MAP DISPLAY - A warehouse in the Desert.

BACK TO SCENE

WHAMM!

Woodbine is RAMMED from behind.

WOODBINE

What the hell?

He turns and sees a giant Black truck.

WHAMMM!

It RAMS him again. Three sleek black HOVERBIKES whip around the truck to cut off Woodbine and box him in.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

I can't have one day. Just one day without this shit!

Woodbine hits the autopilot. He pulls out his two black REVOKER pistols. He cuts the lead Biker down.

The truck powers through the flaming bike, smashing the caddy again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Somebody always wants to take a shot at the title.

The two other Bikers open up on him, shredding the caddy's back end. Woodbine takes the wheel. He ducks around a giant holy statue of the Virgin. His pursuers follow.

Woodbine sees the incoming water tower. He flips a switch on the dash. A rocket launcher protrudes from under the front fender.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Drinks on me boy's.

A rocket fires from the caddy, destroying the front supports of the water tower.

The Two bikers are crushed by the wall of cascading water.

The Truck's front end falls away, revealing a massive mouth of drilling teeth. Woodbine sees it in the rearview. The truck bites into the Caddy, locking on and obliterating Woodbine's car foot by foot.

Woodbine PEPPERS the truck as the grinders move closer. His bullets bounce off.

The DRIVER smiles a toothless grin. Woodbine snaps a mini rocket mount on his revoker. It's Woodbine's turn to smile.

Inches before being caught in the teeth, Woodbine slips off his car into free fall. He sights the passing truck, FIRING the rocket and DESTROYING the truck.

Woodbine grabs on to a Casino's promotional banner.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIPPPPPPPPPP!

He rides the tear like a fearless swashbuckler, gently landing on the skywalk, watching the blazing comet of the Caddy-truck wreckage crash into the side of a Hotel.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Damn. I liked that car.

EXT. SKYWALK, LATER

Woodbine thumbs it on the skywalk. A cab flies by.

WOODBINE

Stop shit head. I've got money.

A HOOKER snakes an arm around him.

HOOKER

I'll suck some off you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine looks at her. He's pleased. There's something off though. He knows.

WOODBINE

I'll pass bro.

The Hooker is stunned at his powers of detection.

A buffed out Bentley, mint condition, pulls to the curb. The door swings open. Woodbine peers in. It's too dark and smoky to see the Driver.

DRIVER

Get in.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Woodbine lights up a smoke, trying again to see the DRIVER, but he's just a hazy shadow in the smoke. A strange gospel song play's softly over the radio.

DRIVER

No smoking Mckilltree.

Woodbine tosses the smoke.

WOODBINE

You a fan?

DRIVER

I've seen your work.

WOODBINE

Have I seen yours?

DRIVER

Everywhere.

WOODBINE

Is this a job?

DRIVER

Everything is.

WOODBINE

So what's the destination?

DRIVER

Here.

EXT. CLASSIC CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

The Bentley pulls in and stops. Classic cars that have been hover converted shine in the fluorescent lights.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Woodbine's door opens by itself. The Driver leans close. He still can't make him out.

DRIVER

If Caddy's are your preference, I like the red one. Tell'em LEW sent you, they'll give you a better deal.

WOODBINE

Lew... Thanks. I like the black one better.

(short beat)

See you around.

DRIVER

Everywhere.

Woodbine gets out. The door closes by itself. Woodbine watches the car disappear in the night mist, like a dream.

A ROBOT CAR SALESMAN rolls up.

SALESMAN

Have I got a deal for you!

EXT. DESERT, CLIFF - NIGHT

The brand new Black Caddy hovers a few feet off the ground. Woodbine looks down at the Warehouse in the distance, then descends towards it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Woodbine sneaks up to a window. He climbs in.

INT. WAREHOUSE, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

The warehouse is dark. Woodbine sneaks around. He knocks over a pipe. It rings out. He stops to listen. Nothing.

He climbs up to the second floor. He goes to the main power switch, and turns on the lights.

WOODBINE

Shit.

But for some scattered crap, the place is empty.

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Woodbine scours the cabinet files. Nothing. He goes through several steel desks, rifling the drawers.

Just papers, rubber bands and WAIT! In the corner. A silver Zippo lighter with an angel engraved on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine stares in disbelief. He picks it up. Studies it.

WOODBINE

Dad?

EXT. BLACK CADDY - NIGHT

Woodbine scans the lighter with his pocket fingerprint reader. The little computer runs the prints. No matches.

Woodbine throttles up the caddy, soaring back to the city. He passes over Apache and Worm, who watch from a nearby cavern. Worm blows his nose.

EXT. GRAVYTRAIN CAFE, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Button waves to her co-workers and exits the cafe. She's lit up by a limo's brights. Three figures get out.

HIGHROLLER

How's my Button baby?

BUTTON

Oh crackers. What do you want now?

Highroller emerges with the two twin AMAZON SISTERS. They grab Button.

Highroller gets close to her. He licks her tits through the flimsy blouse.

HIGHROLLER

I'm going to make you hot, baby.

Highroller's staff glows at the tip. He's going to burn her.

BUTTON

No! Please. I'll do anything.

HIGHROLLER

Yes you will. In my world, you'll do it again and again and again. As long as I want.

The staff is blasted out of his hand. They look. It's Woodbine.

HIGHROLLER (CONT'D)

Sisters. Get him!

The Amazon Sisters face Woodbine. He puts his gun away.

WOODBINE

Ladies.

AMAZON SISTERS

Hi Woodbine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They let Button go and get back in the car.

WOODBINE

Call me girls.

They wave good-bye and fly off, leaving Highroller to fend for himself.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

You! I'm going to hit you so hard,
your momma'll start crying.

HIGHROLLER

No! Look, I have money.

Woodbine stops. Highroller hands him a roll of cash.
Woodbine nods to Button.

WOODBINE

Go ahead.

Button knees Highroller in the balls. The scum bag falls to the ground. She gives him another kick. Woodbine's impressed.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Need a ride?

BUTTON

That would be wonderful.

INT. BLACK CADDY-NIGHT

Woodbine lights up a smoke. Button waits for him to offer her one.

BUTTON

I'd like one.

WOODBINE

I bet you would.

Button takes a smoke. He lights it for her. She smiles. He smiles. Button turns on the stereo. It's an oldies station. Pearl Jam's "Black" is playing.

BUTTON

You listen to the oldies station?

WOODBINE

It's better than the crap they put
out now.

Woodbine flicks the butt out the window.

BUTTON

You're so hyper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

I have to be.

BUTTON

Why?

WOODBINE

I'm a salesman.

BUTTON

What do you sell Mr?

WOODBINE

Woodbine. Woodbine Mckilltree. And you don't want what I'm selling lady. Trust me.

BUTTON

Well Mr. Woodbine Mckilltree. You're so sure of everything. Why did you run out today? Breakfast is the most important meal of the day.

WOODBINE

I never let my best interests interfere with my habits.

BUTTON

Set in you're ways?

WOODBINE

Try to keep it simple. I've never had problems in deciding what to do. I always know.

Button pushes up the volume.

BUTTON

(off Woodbine's look)
It's my favorite station.

WOODBINE

You've got taste.

EXT. LAS VEGAS' SKYWAY-NIGHT

Woodbine and Button race across town, passing the erupting volcano show at the "PRIMAL VOLCANO."

WOODBINE

You like to have fun?

BUTTON

Always.

WOODBINE

Good. Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine pulls out of traffic, turning the car toward the arena. The volcano erupts balls of fire. Each fire ball explodes in to a different colored ring of fire.

BUTTON

Is this going to be fun?

WOODBINE

You'd better put your seat belt on.
I wouldn't want you falling out.

The traffic whips by in front of them like a rushing river. Woodbine hits the gas.

The Caddy maneuvers through the river of traffic. Button is frozen.

They break out of the traffic and plunge for the arena.

INT. PRIMAL VOLCANO'S SHOW ARENA - NIGHT

The RING MASTER - A SKINNY BEARDED MIDGET - appears out of a fire ball. The audience "oohs" and "ahhs."

RING MASTER

And now Ladies and Gentlemen, the
moment we've all been waiting for.

The Ring Master turns to the row of volcanos. He raises his wand. He sees the Caddy coming in fast.

RING MASTER (CONT'D)

(to Himself)

That Motherf,,. not again.

The Ring Master strikes his wand down.

ZAP!

The volcano's erupt in a line. The fire balls explode in perfect harmony. And Woodbine is there! Racing through each ring of fire.

Woodbine honks at the Ring Master. He smiles and waves at the angry little midget.

WOODBINE

Wave to the people.

Button waves at the audience. She's in shock, like it's happening to someone else.

A STAGE HAND throws the Ring Master a Laser rifle. He fires at Woodbine.

INT. CADDY - THAT MOMENT

Woodbine maneuvers through the anti-aircraft fire. Button can't believe her eyes.

The Ring Master blasts the Caddy's back bumper off.

WOODBINE

God damn it!

BUTTON

This isn't part of the show is it?

Woodbine laughs, hits the afterburners and zooms away from the molten mania.

WOODBINE

Hungry? I've got just the place.

EXT. ROCKARIUM, PARKING PORT - NIGHT

Woodbine pulls into a reserved Docking bay. A ROBOT VALET opens the door for Button. Woodbine tosses the keys to the other Robot Valet.

WOODBINE

Not a scratch or you're recycled.

ROBOT VALET

Whatever you say boss.

BUTTON

Uh, Woodbine?

Woodbine looks at Button. She gestures to her dirty work cloths and air frazzled hair.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

I've got to freshen.

INT. ROCK SUITE, GUITAR SHOWER - NIGHT

Button scrubs her hair in the shower. Water pours out of a guitar shaped shower head.

INT. ROCK SUITE - NIGHT

Woodbine lights a smoke with the angel Zippo. He looks at Big's Tower down the strip. There's a knock at the door.

Woodbine takes a revolver out. He swings open the door. His gun to the BELL BOY'S head. Woodbine looks at the red dress he's holding.

BELL BOY

Uh, I've got a dress?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine takes the dress. He puts the gun away and gives the kid a wad of cash.

The Boy's face lightens up as he counts the cash.

WOODBINE
You looked pretty scared Kid.

BELL BOY
Thanks Mister Mckilltree. I'm thinking of becoming an actor.

WOODBINE
Aren't we all.

Woodbine closes the door. The shower turns off. Button comes out in a towel. Woodbine holds up the dress.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
Surprise.

Button sashays up to him, wearing that beautiful smile, and snatches the Dress.

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Woodbine sits on the bed. Button gets ready in the bathroom. The door is closed.

BUTTON
Why did you do that back there? To impress me?

WOODBINE
I don't know. It was fun wasn't it?

BUTTON
It was dangerous. I don't know about you, but I like being alive.

WOODBINE
I did it cause I hate volcanos.

BUTTON
Why?

WOODBINE
My mother was killed by one.

BUTTON
That's terrible. I'm so sorry.

Button finishes with her ultra red lipstick. She smiles in the mirror.

BUTTON (CONT'D)
You ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

Always.

The bathroom door opens. The fog clears. Button steps out. She looks great. No. She looks hot. That red dress. Those curves. God Damn.

BUTTON

Well?

Woodbine is truly impressed. His expression is one of peace and wonderment.

WOODBINE

You look like... Forever.

Woodbine gets up and offers his arm to her. Button takes his arm.

INT. ROCKAIRIUM, DINNER THEATER - NIGHT

Woodbine and Button are seated at the best table in the house. Button opens up the menu.

BUTTON

I've never eaten here.

WOODBINE

It's the best. Get whatever you want.

BUTTON

Mmmm. I want the Martian Chicken. And a coke.

WOODBINE

That's fabulous.

Woodbine raises his finger. The WAITER is there.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

She'll take the Martian Chicken and a coke. I'll have the Pluto Steak hold the peppers, and a glass of milk.

The Waiter scurries off.

BUTTON

Milk? You don't look like a milk drinker.

WOODBINE

Everyone in my profession drinks milk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTTON

And what profession is that? You're not really a salesman are you?

WOODBINE

Would you believe human waste removal?

Button screws up her face involuntarily.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Not that kind of human waste.

(beat)

Humans that are waste.

Button registers. Her mouth parts ever so slightly.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

You believe me?

BUTTON

A hitman, I don't know. We live in lawless times. And one must protect oneself. So? You can tell me. I won't tell anyone. I promise.

WOODBINE

I don't.

BUTTON

Oh thank God.

WOODBINE

Make promises.

BUTTON

What?

The Waiter arrives, lowering massive platters. Woodbine and Buttons maneuver so they can see each other over the extravagantly decorated feast.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

I thought I lost you there.

WOODBINE

Here I am.

The lights fade.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

The show.

BUTTON

I'm so excited.

They dig in to their food. The curtain rises to reveal an elaborate flashing neon sign that reads:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

"THE LORD REAPER SHOW."

The stage fills with smoke. Figures rise from the ground, hanging off of stakes.

LORD REAPER, God of future Rock and Roll is on the center stake. The Music crescendos. Reaper screams with the music and leaps off his stake.

He flies over the audience and screams. The music throbs.

REAPER

(Singing)

All your hollow souls.
All those broken dreams.
Caught in silent screams.
Death holds the secret.
Let's die tonight!
Let's all die tonight. And find
what lies on the other side....

The lights on the stage go up, revealing the Terminally Ill people impaled on the steaks. Reaper flies over them. He swings his arms, unleashing some kind of magic.

The Bodies explode off the steaks.

Woodbine claps with the rest of the audience. Button isn't sure about this.

BUTTON

Are those real people?

WOODBINE

Hell yeah! But they've all got terminal illnesses, so he has the right to take their lives, under the Darwin Act. Families sell their dying elderly. They avoid hefty doctor bills and get some cash. It's a win win situation.

BUTTON

Win win? Don't you think it's wrong?

WOODBINE

It's not against the law.

BUTTON

What law? I have to go. This is making me sick.

WOODBINE

But we're going to miss the finale with the babies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUTTON

Oh God.

Button grabs her stomach like she's going to be sick and runs out. Woodbine smells her food to see if it's bad. It smells alright. He pulls off a chicken wing and goes after her.

EXT. ROCKAIRIUM-DOCKING PORT-NIGHT

Woodbine runs in to the garage. He pulls the chicken bone out of his mouth and sees Button waiting in the car. Woodbine tosses the bone and goes to the car.

WOODBINE

Hey, what's the big hassle? I paid good money for those seats.

Woodbine gets in. He's pissed, until he sees she is crying. The show really shook her up.

Woodbine is at a loss for words.

INT. CADDY - NIGHT

Button stares out at the city as Woodbine drives. She is despondent. She opens the door. She starts to fall out.

Woodbine reaches over and grabs her, pulling her in.

Button looks at him. He can see the fear. Like a small child. An innocent. It's the same fear she saw in his face.

Woodbine smiles, then nods. Resolved about something.

EXT. FLY IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The black caddy pulls up in to a vacant spot in the floating movie theater. They sit there a moment. Button turns to Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Better?

Button smiles. Woodbine wipes a tear from her eye.

ON THE SCREEN - An old BLACK AND WHITE MOVIE plays. The two characters move close. Face to face.

BUTTON

Have you ever had a perfect moment?

WOODBINE

I think I'm about to.

The characters on screen kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Button caresses Woodbine's head. She pulls him in. They kiss for the first time. Button pulls away. Woodbine still has his eyes closed.

BUTTON

Wake up.

Woodbine opens his eyes.

WOODBINE

I've never really ever, kissed a girl before. Not like that.

Button caresses his face. Woodbine looks younger. The tense hard edge killer has softened. She knows. He's a killer.

BUTTON

How do you do it? How do you kill?

WOODBINE

I just do.

BUTTON

But why? Why would you wanna do that?

WOODBINE

It's my job.

BUTTON

It's wrong.

Woodbine pulls away from her. Button looks at the movie. The lovers on screen are still kissing.

EXT. EMERALD CITY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Woodbine pulls up in front of a complex modeled after the "Emerald City" in Wizard of OZ. Button gets out. She looks down at him.

BUTTON

Thank you. For everything.

WOODBINE

Look I'm sorry. It's just the way I am. I can't change that. So accept me for who I am, or I guess this is good-bye.

Button smiles sadly at him, then turns and walks up the stairway.

Woodbine watches her disappear in the doorway.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine kills the engine.

INT. BUTTON'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Woodbine lets himself in. He sees a picture of Button with an older woman, who has the same eyes.

Woodbine looks at the paintings on the wall. It's of a Mother and Child. It's beautiful.

Woodbine turns to leave, and goes smack into Button who is coming from another room.

Before Button can scream, Woodbine puts his hand over her mouth. It's a reaction more than anything else.

Button is frightened. Woodbine takes his hand away.

Woodbine can't speak. He turns to go.

Button takes his hand, stopping him. They both have a lost, sad look in their eyes. A shared pain.

Woodbine pulls Button into his arms. He kisses her. Hard and full of passion. She holds him tightly, each breath more labored, melting in his strong embrace.

Button reaches up his chest, and stops when she feels his twin Revoker Pistols in their shoulder holsters.

Woodbine takes the guns out and sets them on the table behind him. He strokes her hair. Go slow.

Woodbine pulls her back to him. They kiss gently this time. Soft and wet, never looking away, or closing their eyes.

They need to see each other. They need to know.

They begin to undress each other. Button undoes Woodbine's belt. He leans back against the table, and Button goes down on him.

Woodbine looks in the mirror across from him. On the side table in front of the mirror is a sculpture of angel wings. In the reflection, it looks as if Button is an angel.

Woodbine rolls his eyes in ecstasy. He pulls her up to him.

WOODBINE

I want you.

Woodbine lifts her off her feet. Button is ready for him.

WAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

All the color drains from Woodbine's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Button drops to her feet. Woodbine grabs his guns.

BUTTON
You don't need those. It's just my
son.

Button goes into the bed room. Woodbine pulls up his pants
and holsters his weapons.

Button returns with her crying eight month old boy TOMMY.

BUTTON (CONT'D)
Here hold him a sec while I get his
ba ba.

She hands Woodbine the crying baby and goes into the
Kitchen.

WOODBINE
What's the matter? You got a load
in your shorts?

The Baby stops crying. He looks at Woodbine. They have a
moment. Button returns with the bottle.

BUTTON
You made him stop. You're a
natural.

Button takes the baby. Woodbine goes to the door. He tries
to say something, but can't and closes the door behind him.

Button is hurt. She holds her baby close and kisses him.
There's a knock. Button opens the door.

WOODBINE
What's his name?

BUTTON
Tommy.

WOODBINE
Tommy. Okay. Bye.

Woodbine leans in and kisses her. He flashes a quick smile
and leaves.

BUTTON
Bye.

INT. BLACK CADDY - NIGHT

Woodbine races through the city. He's irritated.

WOODBINE
Fucking kid?! You kidding me. I
don't have time for that. Shit. I
take life. I end it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

(beat)
He was a cute little bugger
though...

BIG
(on screen)
Mckilltree.

Woodbine looks at the video screen. Big's eating a chicken wing.

BIG (CONT'D) (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's dinner time.

INT. BIG'S TOWER, BIG'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Woodbine enters the lavish room. Big sits by a roaring fire in giant fire place.

WOODBINE
I found the warehouse, but the
place was deserted. I did find
something though.

Woodbine takes out the Angel lighter. He tosses it to Big, then goes to the window.

BIG
A lighter.

WOODBINE
It was my dad's. He gave it to my
older brother Cross who lost it the
day he was killed.

BIG
Mmm.

WOODBINE
Someone who was with Supertits and
had access to AF 420 was toting
this lighter at some point. It's
all connected...always is.

BIG
We'll whatever you find, know that
the Big Man's in your corner.

Big sets the lighter down on the table and pours another drink.

BIG (CONT'D)
Now come here my boy. Sit. Have a
drink.

Woodbine sits with Big. He hands Woodbine the drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG (CONT'D)

Have I ever told you how I got the name Big?

WOODBINE

No offense, but it's pretty obvious.

BIG

You would think, but when I first started out I was slim and fit. I actually got the name because of my life style.

WOODBINE

What happened then? Get hypnotized by a donut?

BIG

It was my perverse need to have everything. I'm a gluttonous man. My weight came out of that, but so did everything else.

Big opens his arms to embrace the panoramic view of Vegas outside his office.

BIG (CONT'D)

Woodbine my boy we are going to expand way beyond the Vegas game. But I'll need an heir. Someone to carry on after I'm gone. And that's you, my boy. What do you say?

WOODBINE

Do I have to gain five hundred pounds?

BIG

Only if it suits you.

WOODBINE

Shit Big, I think I'm going to cry.
(beat)
I'm honored. But you're not in any trouble, health wise?

BIG

I'm fit as an ox. I just need to know that the meanest son of bitch hitman on the planet is in for the long haul. No matter what.

WOODBINE

No matter what Big man. I'm in.

They share a toast and drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

So, we really gonna scratch the
Worm?

BIG

I gave him a week. Why?

WOODBINE

He taught me and Cross the ropes
when we were starting out.

(beat)

And you know he won't get whatever
it is he owes you.

BIG

Maybe he'll surprise us.

WOODBINE

Worm's got nothing but shit for
brains. So I wouldn't take that
bet.

Woodbine finishes the drink and gets up.

BIG

Stay awhile. I've got the Arabian
Harem girls coming by. All thirty
of them.

WOODBINE

Can't. Gotta go home and feed my
fish.

BIG

What's his name?

WOODBINE

Big.

BIG

Smart ass.

INT. WOODBINE'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

"BIG," a huge stuffed swordfish, hangs over his dresser.
Woodbine drinks a beer and watches an old movie on T.V. His
eye lids slowly shut.

WOODBINE'S DREAM

EXT. STREETS OF VEGAS - NIGHT

Woodbine wanders the deserted streets. He sees a shadow
turn the corner. He follows it down an alleyway. He sees a
Woman.

WOODBINE

Mom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's giving birth to a baby. She looks at him. He's frozen. She screams in agony. A baby's cry rings out.

BACK TO SCENE-

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Woodbine snaps awake. He's drenched in sweat.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

The Ritual. The chamber spins. The hammer drops.

Woodbine opens his eyes. He looks at himself in the mirror. He doesn't smile this time. Woodbine opens the blinds, looks out at the bright steamy city.

EXT. EMERALD CITY APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

Button exits the complex. Woodbine pulls up next to her.

WOODBINE

Hey sweetie, want some candy?

BUTTON

Are you stalking me?

WOODBINE

It's not stalking until you pack a sandwich. Get in.

INT. BLACK CADDY - MORNING

Woodbine maneuvers through the early morning traffic. Button does her lipstick in the vanity mirror.

BUTTON

You got freaked last night.

WOODBINE

(defensive)

Ain't scared of nothing.

BUTTON

I could see it on your face, honey. You don't like kids or something?

WOODBINE

No. I'm just not around them. Ever.

BUTTON

Would you like to be?

WOODBINE

I think it would be good for me. I just don't know how good it would be for them. I'm not your ideal role model.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTTON

Why do you say that? You seem like a good person who wants the good things in life.

WOODBINE

Like what? Get married, have kids and live happily ever after? I never took to fairy tales as a kid, I like them even less now.

BUTTON

The world needs fairy tales more than ever Woodbine. They are there for people to believe that there's something better for us in life. What's the matter, your parents never read you bedtime stories?

WOODBINE

I've listen to plenty of stories. Just not the right ones.

BUTTON

Well maybe someday you will. And your life will get better for it.

WOODBINE

It'd have to be one hell of a story.

EXT. GRAVYTRAIN CAFE - DAY

Woodbine pulls to the curb. Button looks at him.

BUTTON

Is it the single mother thing? Look, I love my little boy. He's everything to me.

Button gets out of the car.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

And now you. Is there something between us?

WOODBINE

I don't know. Let's wait and see.

Button smiles and goes into the cafe. Woodbine watches her. There's just something about her.

Just as Woodbine eases back into traffic, he spots Worm strolling towards the MOONSCAPE CASINO.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Deadman!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORM

Woodbine! Woodbine Mckilltree! I've been trying to get a hold of you!

Woodbine glances at his message receiver on his automated dash board. It reads: MESSAGES - 97.

WORM (CONT'D)

You have to help me! Get me outta town, please.

WOODBINE

I can't do that. You skip town on Big, and I'll be the one hunting you down.

WORM

You have to help me. For old times sake.

Woodbine gets out and lights a smoke.

WOODBINE

Money's money, Worm. Hell you taught me that. And if you don't deliver, well...

WORM

It's bullshit. I don't owe him any money. GENETICS CAPITAL owes it to him for the AF420.

WOODBINE

That Artificial Fun crap? Why?

WORM

I was brokering the distribution deal with them and Big. Big fronted them for over a million hits of AF420. But someone screwed us.

WOODBINE

Who?

WORM

Someone who wants to take Big out. That's who's framing me. You find them, you'll find his money, the AF and a lot more. A lot more.

WOODBINE

Well cut to the chase boy, who is it?!

Worm flinches. He blinks and touches the back of his head. Blood. Worm falls into the car. A pool of blood pours from his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Worm!

The caddy is pocked with sniper fire. Woodbine takes cover. He looks at the surrounding buildings.

Worm tries to get up as another round of sniper fire wastes him. WE SEE a mini-disk fall out of his jacket and settle behind the passenger seat. The SNIPER fires again. Woodbine sees him.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Got you fucker.

Woodbine empties a clip at the sniper and dives into his car. He peels out, flying up to the building.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF TOP-DAY

The Sniper drops his rifle, and runs across the rooftop. Woodbine bears down on him.

The Sniper pauses at the edge of the building. He wearing the same RED-FEATHERED mask from the bank robbery. WE HEAR the same maniacal laughter as he JUMPS off the ledge, plummeting through multiple levels of traffic, disappearing into the smog like a ghost.

At that moment WOODBINE'S IDENTIFIER goes off. It reads "REPORT TO BIG NOW. URGENT!"

WOODBINE

Shit!

INT. BIG'S TOWER - BIG'S OFFICE-DAY

Woodbine storms in. Big swivels in his chair.

BIG

Shoot me!

Woodbine stops and stares.

BIG (CONT'D)

Shoot me damn it!

Woodbine takes out his revolver and fires a round into Big's chest. The bullet appears to be harmlessly absorbed.

BIG (CONT'D)

Bullet proof skin! Just had it done. I scheduled you for an appointment next week.

WOODBINE

Great. What the hell's so urgent about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Big just smiles.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Look I've got bad news. Somebody just capped Worm. Didn't you have Apache protecting him?

BIG

I did. But he gave Apache the slip last night. He's got debts all over town. It's hard to cover a marked man.

WOODBINE

What did Worm owe you exactly?

BIG

Money.

WOODBINE

Not AF420 for your money?

Big grins and sips his tea.

BIG

Take a seat.

(short beat)

Worm was the liaison between us and Genetics Capital. I was going to use the exclusive rights to AF420 to expand my empire.

WOODBINE

So who fucked up?

BIG

Worm, or so I thought. See, AF420 is already pumping through the veins of this city.

WHAM! Big SLAMS his huge fist down on the table.

BIG (CONT'D)

My city. Genetics Capital denies these reports, claiming that the holdup in delivering it to me is due to labor strikes in the Finesium Mines.

WOODBINE

Didn't they close those mines after they were found in violation of child labor laws?

Big laughs, causing the entire room to shake. It looks like he's put on three hundred pounds in the last week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIG

What laws? Hell they've been using kids in those mines for twenty years - it's good cheap labor.

We can HEAR the constant whirring of pneumatic pumps and pressure stabilizers, continuously compensating for Big's shifting weight and fluctuating vital signs.

Big leans in to Woodbine, the mirth has drained from his face. Woodbine senses it. Big's all business now.

BIG (CONT'D)

Go to their corporate headquarters and find out what those fuckers are really up to. I'd rather get a sandpaper hand job, than believe another word they say.

Big slides a Mission Assignment across the desk to Woodbine. Woodbine scoops it up and heads for the exit. He thinks of something and turns.

WOODBINE

Finesium, isn't that used in high grade explosives?

BIG

Yep. Turns out that just a micro-pinch of the shit goes into every hit of AF420 - go figure.

WOODBINE

Why not? Anything that powerful could really get your rocks off.

INT. GRAVEYTRAIN CAFE - DUSK

Woodbine drinks coffee and looks over the contents of the Mission Assignment. The Genetics Capital flyer slides out. It shows the Corporate Headquarters is on a planet called GL-5, aka, GOLF WORLD an entire planet devoted to golfing.

Woodbine flips through page after page of picture perfect golf courses with majestic golf clubs and opulent restaurants. He reads aloud.

WOODBINE (V.O.)

Imagine vacationing on a world where over ninety percent is devoted to the timeless sport of Golf.

Button comes to his table.

BUTTON

More coffee sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine closes the brochure.

WOODBINE
Is that what this is?

Button sits next to him.

BUTTON
What's the matter?

WOODBINE
Nothing. Nothing! Jesus, you don't
know me at all.

BUTTON
Fine.

Button gets up. Woodbine grabs her hand.

WOODBINE
Hey, sorry.
(beat)
You like to golf?

BUTTON
I can never get my ball past the
little windmill.

Woodbine tweaks her nose.

WOODBINE
The other golf.

BUTTON
Oh...no.
(beat)
But I would love to try.

WOODBINE
(sotto)
Why am I doing this?

BUTTON
Cause you like me. I like you
too. It's okay.

WOODBINE
No it's not. I'm a very bad man.
And now I'm mixing business with...

BUTTON
...delectable pleasures...

WOODBINE
And that's a no, no. Look save
yourself the pain. Stay away from
me. Trust me, it's for your own
good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He gets up and leaves. Button is confused. She goes after him.

EXT. GRAVEYTRAIN CAFE, PARKING LOT - DUSK

Woodbine heads for his car. Button is on his heels, pot of coffee still in hand.

BUTTON

I'm not looking for perfection. I don't know what I'm looking for, but whatever it is, I see something of it in you. Why are you so scared of that?

WOODBINE

I'm not the man in your dreams, lady.

BUTTON

Good. Be the one in my life.

Woodbine turns away from her and gets in the Caddy. He starts it up.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

I thought you weren't afraid of anything!

WOODBINE

I'm not.

BUTTON

Then why? Why can't you try to make something out of your life that's real and unspoiled by this dirty world.

WOODBINE

Cause I'm not built that way.

BUTTON

Then remodel you asshole! At least try.

Woodbine drives off.

BUTTON (CONT'D)

Coward!

Button storms back to the cafe. Woodbine screeches up next to her. In a flash he's got her pinned up against the wall, his revolver at her throat.

WOODBINE

Is this what you want? I kill people for a living.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

I'm the scum of the scum, a cold-blooded, soulless, godless,

Button shushes him by putting her open hand to Woodbine's mouth. He bites it, softly and

They kiss. It's deep, passionate, and real.

BUTTON

With most guys it's flowers and candy. I have to fall for a near death experience.

EXT. BUTTON'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Button runs to Woodbine's car with another suitcase. The back seat is already piled high. She hops in and turns back to wave at her MOTHER, 50's, and TOMMY.

BUTTON

Bye sweetheart! Thanks again Mom!

MOTHER

Have fun!

Woodbine and Button smooch like two newlyweds and peel out.

EXT. GL5-GOLF WORLD, SPACE PORT - NIGHT

The massive commercial SHUTTLE thunders down to the Space Port on the bizarre green golf planet.

Button flags a cabbie while Woodbine struggles with a tower of luggage.

WOODBINE

I didn't say we were moving to golf world.

INT. UNDERGROUND HIGHWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Traffic has come to a stand still in the dirty smog infested tunnel.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Woodbine shakes his head as the CABBIE lights a smoke. Button blows an enormous wad of bubble gum.

WOODBINE

What's the hold up?

CABBIE

Looks like a bus full of mine workers just rear-ended a limo.

POP! Button giggles as she pulls pink bubble gum off her nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTTON

Mine workers? I thought this planet was all about golf.

CABBIE

Only topside lady. There's over ten thousand miles of mine shafts under us. Golf World's the one and only exporter of Finesium in the Galaxy.

As the Taxi inches by the scene of the accident, Button and Woodbine see the filthy faces and runny noses of the mine workers staring out of the bus windows.

They have the vacant looks of lost souls. Many of them are rubbing their beet red eyes and coughing.

BUTTON

Oh my God...

WOODBINE

What's wrong?

BUTTON

They're just - children.

Woodbine looks out. Button's right.

INT. IMPERIAL PALACE, LEOPARD SUITE-DAY

Woodbine and Button enter the magnificent suite. The entire interior is covered in leopard print.

Button cheers up when she sees the gorgeous floral arrangement and massive jacuzzi.

She runs and jumps on the Heart shaped bed.

BUTTON

I'm so excited! I haven't gone anywhere in a long time. Mom and I went to the moon when I was ten, but was it.

Woodbine enters the Bathroom, and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Woodbine takes out the revolver and spins the chamber.

BUTTON (O.S.)

I remember I was so scared on the shuttle ride there. I thought we were going to crash. And that would mean I was never going to kiss a boy, and stuff like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

We all gotta go sometime.

He pulls the trigger. CLICK!

BUTTON

But this time on the shuttle, I wasn't scared. I guess that's cause I was with you. I feel safe with you Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Wish I did.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Button jumps up and down on the bed.

BUTTON

Where are you? Come in here!

Woodbine comes out of the Bathroom.

WOODBINE

I can't. I've got business to handle.

BUTTON

Business!? But, but you're teaching me golf.

WOODBINE

It'll just be a few hours. Do a virtual class, lounge by the pool. I'll be back in no time, baby.

Button watches as he loads up his two revoker blasters.

BUTTON

Do you have to take those?

WOODBINE

Can't leave home without 'em!

BUTTON

I didn't come here to see you die.

WOODBINE

I'll be fine. I'm a professional.

He kisses her nose. She is pissed.

There's a honk outside. The windows un-tint and open.

The hotel VALET tosses Woodbine the keys to his rental: a red convertible Caddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALET

Your car sir!

WOODBINE

Outstanding!

Woodbine floats him a few bucks and jumps in the ride.
Button frowns.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Come on baby! Order roomservice,
get a tan, do something. I won't be
long.

BUTTON

Promise?

WOODBINE

I don't make promises.

Woodbine races away. Button sees his wallet. She grabs it.

BUTTON

Woodbine! Your wallet!

Too late. Woodbine has already disappeared in the traffic.

EXT. GENETICS CAPITAL-DAY

Woodbine gets out of the Caddy. He walks into the
beautifully designed double helical building. The grounds
have genetically engineered cross bread plants, trees and
flowers with huge fruits and wild yard-wide blooms.

WOODBINE

Disneyland on acid.

INT. GENETICS CAPITAL-LOBBY-DAY

Woodbine enters the empty room. He stops at a massive wall
of monitors promoting Genetics Capital's various
inventions, medical procedures and pharmaceuticals.

COMPUTER

Welcome to Genetics Capital, where
we make tomorrow today. Our latest
medical advances in skin
regeneration have brought hope to
thousands of burn victims.

ON SCREEN - Doctors regraft pseudo-skin onto a burn
victim's arm.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Our transpotation department is
making getting around safer and
quicker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a promo for the FLINGER. It's a human catapult. A Business man is launched across the city, from flinger to flinger. The Tag line reads "Why walk when you can fly?"

Woodbine walks to a row of HOVERLIFTS. One of them opens. A voice comes over the com.

VOICE

I've been expecting you Mr.
Mckilltree. Come right up.

INT. WENTON CHANDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

The hoverlift opens. Woodbine steps through two large bronze accented doors into a grossly antiseptic office.

WENTON CHANDLER, 40's (but you'd guess 20's because of all the surgery) turns to Woodbine.

WENTON

Glorious day.
(gesture to seat)
Please.

Wenton sits at his spotless desk. He adjusts the lamp.

Woodbine dumps the folder on Wenton's desk. Wenton opens it with a gloved hand. He reads over the brief letter, and sets it down. His gaze rests on Woodbine.

WENTON (CONT'D)

If that's all, then you can assure your boss that everything is in order. The labor deputes are settled and shuttle loads of fresh mine workers are flooding in to GL-5 to replenish our supply of Finesium for the manufacture of AF-420.

WOODBINE

Just make sure we get the stuff this time, or my next business call will be unannounced.

Wenton stiffens. He doesn't like the sound of that.

WENTON

Good day sir. Oh one more thing: what's happened to Mister Worm? He and I enjoyed a lovely business relationship.

WOODBINE

He's moved on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENTON

What!? Oh that's a shame. Good day then.

Woodbine leaves the folder, and returns to the Hoverlift.

As the doors to the lift open, an elderly priest gets out, head down, and bumps into Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Excuse me Father.

The priest and Woodbine lock eyes for a moment.

PRIEST

Watch where the hell you're going.

The doors shut.

INT. WENTON CHANDLER'S OFFICE-DAY

WENTON

Father Damien, sorry I can't stay to chat. Here's the balance of your payment for the mine workers.

Wenton pulls twin stacks of thousands out from his brief case. There must be over a hundred grand.

Damien's bony fingers close over the bills.

FATHER DAMIEN

Our blessed Mother Church thanks you.

WENTON

We'll need another five hundred in six months.

FATHER DAMIEN

The Lord's children will be only too happy to serve.

WENTON

Make sure you sign for that with my assistant before you leave.

Father Damien nods.

As soon as the Priest exits the office, Wenton breaks into a frenzy. He snaps up the telephone, and takes out a vile of superblow, the genetically engineered cocaine of the future. He does a massive line.

WENTON (CONT'D)

Were is he? Get him! I don't give a fuck! I want him on the other end of the line now!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENTON (CONT'D)

(short beat)
 Goddammit, I'm coming over there!

INT. HOVERLIFT - DAY

Wenton runs in to the hoverlift with his brief case. He hits the garage button nervously and the doors close.

WOODBINE
 Going somewhere asshole?

Woodbine kicks the hoverlift stop button, and slams Wenton against the wall. Wenton makes a feeble attempt to draw a pistol. Woodbine snags it away.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
 Are we going to see our friend now?

WENTON
 Don't touch me!

Woodbine spits in his ear.

WOODBINE
 Who is it?

WENTON
 I don't know what you're talking about! Please let go. I'm germophobic. I can't have anyone touching me.

WOODBINE
 I've got the same problem.

So Woodbine sticks the gun up Wenton's ass. The poor guy howls in pain.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
 Oh c'mon, you look as if you like it.

WENTON
 I'm asexual!

WOODBINE
 You're a deadman. Now who is it!?

The hoverlift doors open suddenly. Bullets spray everywhere. Wenton's killed instantly. Woodbine uses his bullet riddled carcass as a shield and returns fire. He blasts the

EXT. GENETICS CAPITAL - DAY

A black sedan hovers outside, pumping bullets into the Hoverlift

INT. HOVERLIFT - DAY

Woodbine punches at the "down" button. The doors close. He reloads his revokers. He's whistling.

WOODBINE

Just another day.

EXT. GENETICS CAPITAL-DAY

The sedan blasts open the hoverlift shaft, and goes down after the hoverlift.

INT . HOVERLIFT SHAFT-DAY

The hoverlift descends. The sedan follows.

INT. HOVERLIFT - DAY

Bullets rain through the ceiling at Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Persistent fuckers.

He loads a mini rocket in his revoker. He aims through the large bullet holes and fires.

INT. SHAFT-THAT MOMENT

The rocket whizzes by the sedan, missing.

INT.HOVERLIFT - DAY

Woodbine is dumbfounded.

WOODBINE

Dammit! How the hell did I miss? I never miss!

EXT. GENETICS CAPITAL, ROOFTOP - DAY

The rooftop explodes from the rocket blast.

INT. HOVERLIFT-

Woodbines eyes widen as he SEES the roof collapse down the shaft. Massive chunks of concrete and metal plummet downwards.

He blasts open the hoverlift doors and watches the levels pass by. Woodbine gets ready to jump.

WOODBINE

All in the timing.

He leaps out.

INT. LEVEL FIVE - DAY

Woodbine rolls to a stop.

The sedan continues down the shaft after the hoverlift. The roof debris follows.

Woodbine runs to the hoverlift shaft. He fires a rocket down it then watches the sedan crushed in the explosion below.

WOODBINE

Next floor, Filene's Basement -
dungarees, death and
destruction...ugh!

Apache grabs him from behind. He presses the knife in tight on Woodbine's throat.

Woodbine sees Apache's reflection in the Chrome wall.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Well if it ain't "Dances in Shit."

Apache SLITS Woodbine's throat. Woodbine gurgles up blood. He sinks to the ground.

APACHE

Go to your hunting ground lost
soul. Go to your pathetic crippled
spirits.

Apache runs off, disappearing. Woodbine clasps his throat. Everything goes black.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL, SUITE-BEDROOM - DAY

Button checks her watch, paces back and forth. She's pissed again. She eyes Woodbine's wallet, contemplating whether to search through it. She opens it. There's a faded picture of Woodbine and Cross.

A piece of paper is crammed into a pocket. She takes it out and unfolds it. It's a poem. She reads.

WOODBINE(V.O)

You say you want to know who I am?
I'll tell you truth for lies.
I'll make your laughter cry.
Now you know. Do you still want to?

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - DAY

A black sedan pulls to a stop. A TALL MAN in a trench coat enters, leaving the car idling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE(V.O)
I've never given to anyone, not
even to myself.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Woodbine is laid out on an operating table by unseen hands.
A large needle is injected into his chest.

WOODBINE(V.O)(CONT')
For some reason, a feeling so new
yet familiar is rising in my heart.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL, SUITE-BEDROOM - DAY

Teary eyed, Button continues to read the poem.

WOODBINE(V.O)(CONT')
Tell me to forget what has been.
Force me to dive into my future.

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

The Man goes to the Robo-Concierge for information.

WOODBINE(V.O)(CONT')
Show me that life is sad, hollow
and wasted without love.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A pair of robotic arms lower over Woodbine's throat wound.
A thin blue laser beam closes the opening.

INT. SUITE-BEDROOM - DAY

Button rolls on to her back.

WOODBINE(V.O)(CONT')
Make me believe there is something
better.

INT. LABORATORY

Woodbine lays on a slab. Two computerized teams work over
his throat, regenerating the skin on his throat.

WOODBINE(V.O)(CONT')
Allow me to breath in this
suffocating world,

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

The Man walks to room 666. He holds his hand up to knock.

INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Button is crying now.

WOODBINE(V.O)
For I am alive for the first time,
and I am looking for you.

She holds the poem to her heart, overwhelmed by his words.
There is a knock at the door.

INT. LABORATORY-

NURSE
Wake up Mister Mckilltree.

Woodbine's eyes flicker open. He squints at the bright light in his face then at the Nurse Droid. Bedside the Droid a tall dark Figure looms over him, checking his wound. Woodbine can't make out his face.

FIGURE
Had ourselves a little run-in did we?
Got our ass kicked did we? Say ah.

Woodbine opens his mouth. The Figure reels, repulsed by Woodbine's breath.

FIGURE (CONT'D)
Damn, you have leftover ass for lunch?

Woodbine raises a Revoker to the figure's head.

WOODBINE
Who are you?

FIGURE
The guy that saved your life.

The Figure kills the overbearing light. Woodbine looks at the Man. He's so familiar, yet...then it clicks.

It's Lord Reaper, without the make up and production value.

WOODBINE
Reaper?

REAPER
Always.

Woodbine holsters the Revoker. He sits up. Reaper checks his vitals.

WOODBINE
You are the last person I'd expect to save a life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAPER

A matter of my personal desire.
There's people who are living, and
there are those who are merely
alive. You get to be one of the
special ones, again.

Reaper sits. He calls up data and turns the computer sliver
monitor to Woodbine. There's numbers and a color graphic.

REAPER (CONT'D)

AF420. Artificial fun: drug of the
future.

WOODBINE

Yeah I've heard of it.

REAPER

I created it. Then your boss, Mr.
Big, cut a deal with Mr. Wenton,
who was handling marketing for me.
(short beat)
But Big wasn't the only one Wenton
was dealing with.

WOODBINE

Apache.

REAPER

(nods)
It seems old Wenton, was getting
rich working both ends. Had a nice
little business with the Finesium
mine companies securing cheap child
labor from the holy mother Church.

Woodbine's fists clench involuntarily.

REAPER (CONT'D)

And when Wenton found a higher
bidder than what Big was offering,
he had no trouble screwing the
biggest crime boss on Earth for an
extra nickle.

WOODBINE

Worm knew all this. Didn't he?

REAPER

Yes. He stole a copy of the formula
from Wenton. It was going to be his
ticket to the big leagues.

WOODBINE

Son of a bitch. And Apache?

REAPER

With Wenton gone he's got nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE

So why didn't Apache come after you?

REAPER

I've remained anonymous throughout. Wenton was the only one who knew. My secret died with him.

WOODBINE

Naw, it dies with me pal.
(he sits up)
So why do this?

REAPER

I made AF420 to balance everyone spiritually. Make us all ready for the celestial rapture.

WOODBINE

Isn't that aiming a little high?

REAPER

It merely shows you the door. It gives you a moment between worlds of spirituality and materialism.

Reaper see the expression on Woodbine's face. He's not buying.

REAPER (CONT'D)

It changes lives Mckilltree. It wipes the slate clean and recalibrates our souls for an honest shot at salvation.

WOODBINE

That ain't what Big claims.

REAPER

That's because Big wants to deal it out like some kind of street candy. Turn a buck on the spiritual movement of the millennium.

WOODBINE

So you let Wenton connect the dots by providing the Finesium to make the drug then cutting the distribution deals?

REAPER

Why not? I'd give this stuff away for free, because my inventive brilliance is a gift from God. But then my senses got a hold of me, and realized I might as well make a killing off it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WOODBINE

And that's where Apache comes in.

REAPER

He decided to go around Big and flood the streets with it. One free hit and you're hooked for life.

Reaper smiles, just the thought of all that money makes him salivate.

REAPER (CONT'D)

I have distribution deals throughout the cosmos. It's going to be huge. A new spirituality is going to emerge Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Okay, that's about enough Sunday school.

Woodbine heads out. Turns.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the new lease...

Reaper tosses him an AF420 pill. Woodbine catches it and walks out.

REAPER

Don't be afraid to face your maker Mckilltree, whoever that is!

EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE, SUITE - NIGHT

Woodbine pulls up next to the suite. He honks the horns waiting for Button to come to the window. The suite EXPLODES. The caddy smashes into the adjoining tower. Woodbine climbs from the wreckage. He coughs. He's alive.

WOODBINE

Button...

A familiar Bentley murmurs along side him. The door swings open.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Woodbine climbs into the smoky cockpit. Again, he can't see the driver.

WOODBINE

Fancy seeing you here.

The door slams shut. The Driver gurgles out a chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on, if you don't mind my asking?

DRIVER

Haven't you figured it out yet, Mckilltree?

WOODBINE

Well you aren't here to kill me.

DRIVER

Oh no. I'm the one who has set you free.

WOODBINE

Oh for Christ's sake.

DRIVER

Let's not talk about him.

WOODBINE

Then who?

DRIVER

How about daddy?

WOODBINE

You knew my father?

DRIVER

The father of all fathers my boy.

EXT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

The Bentley is enveloped in a cloud of smoke. It reappears in downtown Vegas.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Woodbine lights up a smoke. The Driver doesn't comment this time.

DRIVER

Do you remember your mother?

WOODBINE

I thought we were talking about the men in our lives. Look, how about we cut the bullshit, and show our cards.

DRIVER

It won't be the same after.

WOODBINE

Well I've had a pretty shitty day, so try me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

You're a brave man Woodbine. It will be remembered. You are, in a word, a fallen angel, a lost soul living on Earth as punishment from God. There is a hell on Earth, the problem with you is that you've fit in so well.

WOODBINE

I knew I had a beef with that guy.

DRIVER

Get in line.

(short beat)

The question now is what do you do? Try to reclaim your soul and make peace with the almighty, or continue on a path to nowhere.

The Bentley stops at a dark alleyway. Woodbine gets out.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It's time to make a choice my boy. You don't have much time.

Woodbine watches the Bentley crawl into another cloud of smoke, disappearing. He takes out the AF420 pill.

WOODBINE

If that's the way it's going to be, then so be it.

Woodbine tosses the pill in the air, and swallows it down.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Tune in, turn on, drop out. Let's see what all the fuss is about...

INT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Woodbine walks down the dark garbage strewn alley. A white cross glows on the wall. Spirits fade in and out around him, like faint hallucinations.

The drug is beginning to take hold. A baby cries out. Woodbine stops. He turns.

Reprising his earlier dream, A YOUNG WOMAN, no older than seventeen, gives birth in the dirty alley. She looks at Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Mom?

He blinks. The alley is empty.

EXT. VEGAS, SKYWALK - NIGHT

Woodbine runs through the crowded street. Everyone he passes looks like one of his VICTIMS. Male, female, child, it doesn't matter. They all have the bullet wounds and anguished features of the brutality Woodbine forced on them.

EXT. EMPTY SKYWAY - NIGHT

Woodbine stumbles on to the now barren sidewalk. He looks at the giant religious icons lining the walkway. All with sad or loathsome expressions. He turns. There's someone behind him.

Woodbine walks away from him. He follows. Woodbine runs. The shadowy figure runs after him. He catches Woodbine, grabbing him. Woodbine looks into his own eyes.

Woodbine throws Woodbine off the skyway. He falls in slow motion, disappearing into the darkness below.

EXT. VIRGIN MARY STATUE - NIGHT

Woodbine lands in the arms of the Virgin Mary. He looks up into her eyes. They're bleeding. He rolls out of her hands, falling again. Volcanos erupt all around him. His mother erupts from the mouth of the largest volcano. She is falling with him. She reaches out to him. Woodbine is hysterical, his hand touches hers and

SPLASH!

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Woodbine sinks lifelessly to the bottom of a bottomless lake. He curls into a fetal position. His eyes open. He slowly bobs to the surface.

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE RESORT, FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Woodbine stands up in the shallow pool. He looks at the glowing crosses spouting holy water.

He's completely out of his mind.

WOODBINE

What do you want?! You want me?!
You want me back!? What have I ever
done!? I just wanted a life. A real
life! One with a mother, a brother
and a fucking puppy! Camping trips.
Days at the beach. Nights under the
stars jacking off in my sleeping
bag!

Woodbine grabs his chin to crack his neck. He is wild eyed, primal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
 Just a Norman Rockwell painting of
 happy faces. I didn't want this
 immense sea of shit I wallow in!
 Look at what I do!

People begin to mill around. Nothing like a free show!
 Woodbine points accusingly at the sky then draws his
 revokers.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
 But you keep sending them down and
 I'll keep sending them back!
 (eyeing people)
 You want some fresh ones?!

The people can see the guns, they quickly scatter.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
 Yeah, you better go! I'm a bad bad
 man. And no one can save me.

Woodbine finishes his proclamation to the heavens. He falls
 to his knees and puts the revokers to his head.

Click. Again. Click. Again. Click.

He realizes he emptied them against the rooftop sniper. He
 pulls out some fresh clips but then sees his reflection in
 the water. A neon "O" from the nearby Grand Hotel glows
 directly above his head like a halo. He laughs.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)
 Saint Woodbine. What have you done?
 What have you done? What have you
 done?

He slowly rises.

INT. WOODBINE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Woodbine snaps awake. He draws his revoker.

BIG
 Put it away son.

WOODBINE
 Big?

BIG
 Bad night?

WOODBINE
 Bad life. So what's with the house
 call?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG
Business call. The little trip
didn't go so well did it?

WOODBINE
That motherfucker Apache was in the
thick of it with Wenton. They
wanted it out on the streets all
along.

BIG
Puzzling.

WOODBINE
Apache was working the deal for you
to go down he became Big Chief.

BIG
God have mercy on his soul, because
I won't. Can you handle this?

WOODBINE
I own it.

Big turns to go. He stops.

BIG
Where's the fish?

Woodbine points to the wall. Big laughs.

BIG (CONT'D)
Handsome devil. Mckilltree, be bad.

Big leaves. Woodbine checks his revokers.

EXT. WOODBINE'S APARTMENT, LIMO - DAY

Big turns to look at the handful of hired assassins. Apache
hands him the disc.

APACHE
We found it in his car. I am the
teller of the truth Big.

Big takes the bloody disc. Regards it like a fine jewel.

BIG
Woodbine killed Worm and stole the
formula.

Big pockets the disc.

BIG (CONT'D)
Okay boys. Remind me why I pay you.

INT. WOODBINE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Apache kicks open the door and tosses a bloody scalp on the bed.

APACHE
Time to die!

WOODBINE
That's my line asshole.

Woodbine pulls out his two Revokers from under the bed sheet. Apache jumps out of the room, saving himself from the blasting onslaught. Two of the goons don't make it, disintegrating in the leaden tornado.

APACHE
It doesn't have to go down this way, Mckilltree!

WOODBINE
Oh, that's good.
(mimics Apache)
"We heap big partners take out Big, rule Vegas, much wampum." I'll pass Red Man.

Woodbine punches a command into his watch.

APACHE
Always the hard way with you.

WOODBINE
The only way.

INT. GARAGE - THAT MOMENT

Woodbine's Gold Caddy revs on.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Apache holds the remaining four Goons back. Woodbine has his sights trained on the door. Anything that enters is dead.

APACHE
Big sent us in here to kill you.
But that doesn't have to happen!

WOODBINE
Well he just sent me to kill you.
So I guess we're even.

APACHE
I know where your brother is.

WOODBINE
So do I. It's called heaven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APACHE

The scalp. It's his. Big just handed it to me. He's been hiding him from you.

Woodbine looks at the scalp. He flushes crimson.

WOODBINE

Bullshit! Why would he do that?

APACHE

Big has something on everyone. If you ever turned against him, he'd have your trump card. But if you join with me you and your brother can be free.

WOODBINE

Where is he? Where is my brother?

APACHE

Are you with us?

WOODBINE

Go fuck yourself with a tomahawk.

A small grenade clanks in the room. Woodbine grabs the scalp and jumps out of the kitchen window.

EXT. GOLD CADDY - DAY

Woodbine lands in the car. It takes off. The Apartment explodes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The other assassins rush into the smoking apartment.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Apache walks in. No Woodbine. Apache waves a feather in the air.

APACHE

Fly little bird, fly to an even darker day that awaits you.

INT. GOLD CADDY - DAY

Woodbine drives fast, very fast. He feeds a hair from his brother's scalp into a the computer and hits "genetic processor."

The processor beeps. Cross Mckilltree is positively identified. Woodbine types into the onboard computer "chemical breakdown analysis" for traces of pollution levels, residue, anything that will give him a location.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The computer Map matches the pollution profile with a specific sector. It spits out a short list of destinations. Woodbine scans the list. Nothing near Big's Complex, but there a HOSPITAL.

WOODBINE

Gotcha. I'm on my way Big Brother.

INT. HOSPITAL, ER - DAY

Woodbine runs to the computer Nurse.

WOODBINE

Cross Mckilltree?!

COMPUTER NURSE

Room Y-7. Paraplegic ward.

WOODBINE

Get a Doctor!

COMPUTER NURSE

That's a private ward sir, no visitors with out express permission from a-

Woodbine's gone

INT. CROSS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Woodbine enters. He stops. The drapes blow in the wind. Cross's bed curtains surrounds him.

Woodbine snaps them away. Cross lays in a pool of blood. He's been stabbed numerous times, and is scalped. He looks at Woodbine.

WOODBINE

Cross. Oh God, no. Help! Somebody help!

Cross strains. He's trying to say something. Woodbine gets closer.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

What is it Cross?

CROSS

Stop them. Got to stop them.

WOODBINE

Who?

CROSS

The mines. Children dying in the mines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

What?

Cross shudders. He grabs Woodbine.

CROSS

Promise me something.

WOODBINE

What?

CROSS

You'll live.....

Cross's eyes roll back. Woodbine clutches his brother.

WOODBINE

Cross! No! You can't die! You're
all I have. You're the only one I
have...

(he sobs)

Somebody get a doctor!

A Doctor and Nurse rush in. They push Woodbine out of the way. He stands there, frozen, watching them work on his dead brother.

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DUSK

Woodbine flicks the cigarette. Black cars fly in on all sides of him. He's trapped. A door swings open. Apache steps out.

APACHE

Hello pale face.

WOODBINE

You're a dead man Apache.

APACHE

We are all dead brother. It's just
a matter of when.

INT. UNDERGROUND, LAB - NIGHT

Woodbine is tied in the middle of the madman's laboratory. Apache stands over him.

Reaper appears from the shadows. He's been severely worked over, no less forced to work for Apache. He has a large needle filled with AF420 in liquid form.

WOODBINE

So much for your anonymity, eh
Reaper?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APACHE

He's got no choice, like you. See Mckilltree you've been living under a shell for so long you can't see the Great Spirit's plan.

WOODBINE

Enlighten me.

APACHE

Big is going down. You could have been my brother in all of this. But your loyalty lies where it shouldn't.

WOODBINE

Big took me in. He's the closest thing I got to a father, or so I thought.

APACHE

And why is that? Why does he show you such love?

WOODBINE

I get the job done.

APACHE

Big does not know of my people, and our greatness.

WOODBINE

Oh drop the "Last of the Mohicans" shit! Everyone knows you're a Mexican from Ensenada!

Apache's little peanut gallery of assassins chuckle.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Tell me something oh great burrito. Why does Big want me to carry the torch after he's gone?

APACHE

Guilt.

WOODBINE

Over what? He prays for that shit. Big taking me on had nothing to do with charity.

APACHE

Unless he had a direct hand in your fate. Think about it Mckilltree. Your brother was kept secret all this time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Apache pulls a chair over. Sits directly in front of Woodbine.

APACHE (CONT'D)

Listen up, I'm only going to say this once.

(beat)

Who do you think was in the bank that day?

Woodbine realizes.

APACHE (CONT'D)

That's right. We were doing a job for Big. You were just in the wrong place at the right time.

WOODBINE

Story of my life.

APACHE

Worm was going to tell you.

WOODBINE

And you? He build on sacred land or something?

APACHE

His day has come and gone. I will take my place now. I will fulfill the vision.

WOODBINE

I see a vision. It's of me sticking my foot up your ass.

Apache takes the needle from Reaper and injects Woodbine.

APACHE

Sleep forever little bird. Make peace with your gods.

WOODBINE

I have no God.

Woodbine's eyes roll back in his head. He's out. Apache hands the needle to Reaper. Apache takes out the Angel Zippo. He lights the flame.

INT. PSYCHO WARD, CELL - DAY

Woodbine is tossed in the black cell by unseen hands.

INT. DOCKPORT, UNDERGROUND LAB - DAY

Apache opens the black Van doors. Reaper stands there, waiting for his orders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APACHE

Once he's dead, burn the body.

REAPER

And me?

APACHE

You know your cards witch doctor.
Play them right and you live.

The door slides shut. Reaper watches the Van fly up the exit tunnel.

INT. PSYCHO WARD, CELL - DAY

Woodbine is sprawled out on the floor in a Christ like pose. His soul lifts out of his body. He looks down on himself. He walks into the darkness toward a faint light. It's looks like a single star in the night sky.

Woodbine stops. He turns, sensing something.

A Woman appears from the darkness. An Angel? Too weird.

WOMAN

It's not up there. It's not there at all.

WOODBINE

I'm dead right? This is it.

WOMAN

You're close. But even in death, you have to earn your place. Can't you see that?

WOODBINE

Hey, from what I've been told, I shouldn't be anywhere near the happy place.

Woodbine nods to the distant light.

WOMAN

Heaven? I don't know. I'm waiting too. Waiting to see if I can go back. If I'll ever be worthy again.

WOODBINE

What keeps you back?

WOMAN

Pain. Guilt. Not being able to forgive myself. I was a horrible person when I was alive. Just, awful. I let myself down, and the ones who loved me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

And that's it?

WOMAN

It's mine. I thought life wasn't worth living. I lost hope when I had all I needed.

WOODBINE

Are you my mother?

WOMAN

No. But I know what happened to her. And your father.

WOODBINE

Figured I'd be right next to him, doing pushups in hell.

WOMAN

No. He's forgiven himself. He's a healthy seven year old, with a natural curve ball.

WOODBINE

And my mother?

WOMAN

Your mother. Well. She's around, helping others understand.

WOODBINE

Like an angel?

WOMAN

Yes. If you want to see it that way. Did you love her?

WOODBINE

She was my Mother.

WOMAN

Thank you.

The Gateway of light appears behind the Woman. A child runs to her. It's Cross, when he was a child.

CROSS

Look Woodbine, she's beautiful!

His mother and Cross walk together, blissful. Cross looks over his shoulder at Woodbine. Woodbine feels like he's been punched in the stomach.

He SEES Cross's innocent wide eyes, they meld with the eyes of the child laborers on the mine worker's bus.

MONTAGE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Father Damien whacking the back of Cross' head.

Cross disappearing into the orphanage bus.

The children on the bus in the tunnel accident hacking and coughing.

Cross hacking and coughing before the bank job.

The same but older version of Father Damien getting off the hoverlift at Wenton's office.

HE REALIZES CROSS GOT SUCKED INTO THE MINES. HE REALIZES BIG, WENTON and APACHE are all a part of the child slave labor trade.

Cross looks back and nods. The Woman speaks to him.

WOMAN

You still have time!

The light spreads, streaks rushing fast like passing traffic. The light is blinding.

WOODBINE

Who? For what?!!!

WOMAN

Don't give up! You still have time to set things right.

INT. LAB - THAT MOMENT

Woodbine sits up on the lab bed. Reaper pulls two needles from Woodbine's head and heart.

REAPER

Ha! I knew you'd turn over! Saving your ass is becoming my new job description. Learn anything?

WOODBINE

I've got a whole new perspective on life.

(short beat)

Redman? Where is he?

REAPER

I'll show you.

EXT. LAS VEGAS, ALLEY - DAY

The Black van hovers in the darkness.

INT. VAN - DAY

Apache loads up his machine guns. He looks at the five man team, identities already hidden behind mirrored masks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Apache pulls down his mask adorned with large red and yellow feathers.

INT. CADDY - DAY

Woodbine lights up a smoke. He presses a button on the dash, and two new revolvers slide out.

WOODBINE

Load those.

REAPER

Do I get one?

WOODBINE

Of course not. So where am I going?

REAPER

Imperial Bank.

WOODBINE

(incredulous)

He's going to rob a bank?

REAPER

Start up money. To compete on Big's level he needs capital, and then there's me. I don't come cheap.

Woodbine pulls over to the side.

WOODBINE

Get out. Get lost.

REAPER

Let me help you.

WOODBINE

You already have.

Reaper gets out.

REAPER

Do something for me? When you kill Apache. Make it really painful. No bullet to the head instant death crap. I'm talking long-suffering-salt-and-lemon-juice-in-his-wounds-gouged-out-eyes-face-smashed-in-torture. Artful, but torture. Can you do that for me?

WOODBINE

You're a sick pup. But that's a promise I can make.

Reaper takes a small SILVER BALL out of his pocket. He tosses it to Woodbine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

A gift?

REAPER

A surprise. Use wisely.

EXT. IMPERIAL BANK-DAY

The black Van idles in front of the bank.

INT. BANK-THAT MOMENT

Apache and his five man team burst in the doors, armed to the teeth.

APACHE

Everyone on the floor!

Apache smokes the two SECURITY GUARDS.

The BANK MANAGER hits the alarm and lock system. Apache shoots him, and signals his men to the vault.

The BOMBER attaches massive Finesium canisters to the vault. The Doors are blown off. The smoke clears.

A massive B.V.S. (BANK VAULT SECURITY) ROBOT steps out.

The dying Bank Manager spits out his last words.

MANAGER

We up-graded asshole!

The B.V.S identifies the threat, killing three of the Robbers at once. Apache takes cover behind the counter.

B.V.S

Unidentified negatively motivated persons, drop your weapons and surrender!

A black grenade clanks out from behind the counter. It rolls between the B.V.S.'s legs.

KABOOM!

The Robot shatters into million pieces. Apache and his men go to the vault and load up the bundles of cash. Apache addresses the people lying prone in the bank.

APACHE

Anyone else gets in my way, and I'll kill you, your entire family, and erase all history of your kind. Just like was done to my people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine smashes through the front doors in the Caddy. His guns blazing. He kills Apache's henchmen. Apache returns fire. The Caddy skids to a halt.

Woodbine and Apache glare at each other a moment. Apache tosses another black ball grenade towards the Caddy.

Woodbine jumps out, finding cover behind a counter. The Caddy explodes.

Apache grabs the bag of money and jumps out the bank windows.

INT. SKYWAY - DAY

Apache knocks people out of his way. He pulls the Driver out an idling FERRARI, and tears off. Woodbine watches him disappear in the traffic.

WOODBINE

Shit, that's the third caddy this month.

Woodbine sees the new FLINGER attached to the skyway. He reads its advertising tag line bolted to the base.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

"Why walk when you can fly!"

Woodbine leaps off the skyway, landing in the human catapult. The FLINGER speaks to him.

FLINGER

Seventy five credits please.

Woodbine rolls his eyes.

WOODBINE

Fine.

A RETISCANNER flashes over Woodbine's face and SUDDENLY the bizarre contraption clicks back and FLING! Woodbine flies after Apache.

Woodbine is caught by the relay Flinger. The mechanical arm swivels and throws him to the next one.

Woodbine is right next to Apache. They see each other. Woodbine lands in the last Flinger. Apache rockets past him.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

It's all in the timing!

The Flinger fires Woodbine after Apache. He lands in the back seat of the Ferrari.

INT. FERRARI - THAT MOMENT

Woodbine cracks Apache in the jaw! Apache tackles him. They wrestle in the soaring Ferrari.

The shotgun door pops open.

Apache hangs Woodbine out, choking him. They're heading for a huge neon SHOWGIRLS sign.

Woodbine kicks Apache off him as the door smashes through the Showgirls sign and races down the strip out of control. They're heading for the new Super Seaworld Aquarium.

WOODBINE

You're so into your tribal history,
it's time you join it!

Woodbine wraps the seat belt around Apache's neck and jumps out. The speeding racer flies in to the main aquarium, exploding on impact.

EXT. SUPER SEAWORLD - DAY

Woodbine lands in the massive reflecting pond. He comes to the surface. He looks at the beautiful women around the pool staring at him all bug-eyed. Woodbine smiles.

WOODBINE

Ladies.

A huge shadow cuts across the front of Woodbine who now realizes the pool is filled with Great White Sharks.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Apache erupts from behind Woodbine. They struggle violently in the water.

The Sharks swarm around them in a frenzied state from the blood clouding the water.

APACHE

I got a secret for you Mckilltree.
Once I'm done with you, I'm going
to kill your girlfriend, and then
her baby. Die knowing that.

WOODBINE

She's alive?

Apache stabs his buck knife into Woodbine's side. The sharks are now whipped into a frothing madness. They attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine pulls the knife from his side, eludes one shark and uses the knife to impale the dorsal fin of another, riding the shark until he's close enough to snag the side of the tank and pull himself out. He clutches his side.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Damn that hurts!

Apache turns to see two Sharks coming right for him. Too late. We SEE Apache one last time before he disappears into the pink froth.

Woodbine reaches down, picking up the silver angel Zippo and the case of money.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

One down...

EXT. VEGAS SKYWAY - NIGHT

Woodbine, bruised and battered, walks along the quiet street. The shiny Bentley pulls up beside him. The door yawns open.

DRIVER

Get in.

WOODBINE

I don't play for your team anymore.
Go find some other sorry soul
sucker. I'm done with it.

DRIVER

So you chose God?

WOODBINE

I've chosen life. That's about as
far I can go on the subject.

Woodbine stops in front of a church.

DRIVER

Going to confess your sins?

WOODBINE

It's enough I know them. I don't
need to tell anyone else.

DRIVER

Then why stop here?

WOODBINE

Making a donation.

EXT. ST. AGNES PARISH - DAY

Woodbine leaves the bag of money on the front steps of St. Agnes orphanage, rings the doorbell and walks on. The Bentley hums along.

DRIVER

What are you going to do now?
Become a family man? Dog and kitty
in the yard?

WOODBINE

Stranger things have happened. And
just a dog. I can't stand cats.

DRIVER

What happened to the little
boy who never forgave himself?

WOODBINE

He's much happier now.

DRIVER

Happy?

Woodbine stops and looks into the Devil's car.

WOODBINE

Happy.

Inside the cab, the smoke clears, giving Woodbine a clean look at his face.

The Driver's glowing red eyes burn from the ghostly ember smoke face. The DEVIL smiles a yellow fanged grin and winks at Woodbine.

DRIVER

Good luck, my angel of Death. Say
hi to the wife and kid. I'll see
you on the other side.

The Driver erupts into a crazed laugh. The door closes and the devil drives off.

WOODBINE

Wife and kid?

INT. BUTTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Woodbine enters as if he's in the holiest shrine on earth. He's quiet, taking in the room, each detail at a time.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He sees the crib. He takes a breath and walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Baby's asleep. Woodbine picks him up. He holds Tommy tightly, gently kissing his head.

Button appears at the bedroom door watching him. She steps toward him.

CREEK.

Woodbine hears a floorboard give and draws his gun on her, then immediately holsters it, embarrassed He can't believe his eyes.

They embrace.

WOODBINE

I thought you were gone. God I thought you were way gone.

BUTTON

We're right here baby. Didn't you get my message? Your friend Mr. Big had a man sent for me and everything.

WOODBINE

A man? What for?

BUTTON

I had to come back, mom was worried. Tommy was running a temperature.

WOODBINE

He's sick!? I'll take him to the hospital. Right now! Get his things.

BUTTON

(smiles)

No. He's fine now. Everything's going to be okay.

Woodbine hands her the baby. His face hardens.

WOODBINE

Not yet. I have to finish this with Big.

BUTTON

Why? Woodbine, we can leave. I love you. And you love me. Break away from this way of life, before it breaks you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE

I have to do this. For me and for who knows how many thousands of kids, rotting away in some mine shaft. I couldn't save my brother, but I can save them. Please understand.

BUTTON

Are you coming back?

WOODBINE

Nothing could keep me away.

BUTTON

Promise?

WOODBINE

I don't make...
(short beat)
Promise.

INT. CADDY - DAY

Woodbine starts up the engine. He looks at himself in the rear view mirror.

WOODBINE

Don't fuck this up.

EXT. BIG'S TOWER, BALCONY - DUSK

Big smokes a cigar. An automated voice comes over the com.

VOICE

Mr. Mckilltree to see you sir.

BIG

Very good.

Woodbine steps out on the deck. Big keeps his back to him.

BIG (CONT'D)

Never let it get personal. I always said that. Destiny has made me a monster. I must follow my nature. And so must you.

WOODBINE

And if I don't want to?

BIG

Then you die. And the next guy in line gets a chance.

WOODBINE

And my brother? What chance did you give him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG

Sorry about that. But how did I know you were going to rob the bank I was robbing? How could I?

WOODBINE

But then you kept him from me. Why?

BIG

You wouldn't have been the same if you knew he survived.

WOODBINE

What the fuck are you talking about?

BIG

If you knew he was alive, you wouldn't have hardened the way you did and I couldn't have that happen. It had to be just me and you. Pimp and Ho.

WOODBINE

The only one I had left is gone.

BIG

You got me son.

WOODBINE

You sent Appache to kill me Big!

BIG

I sent ten men to kill you, but I knew they couldn't do it. It was a test and you passed without a scratch. Come on son. We're family.

Big swallows Woodbine up in his arms.

BIG (CONT'D)

There. That's better. You and I are as close as you can get. You're like a son to me Mckilltree.

Woodbine pushes Big away.

WOODBINE

It's over Big. All of it. I can't do this anymore. I'm out.

Big erupts in laughter.

BIG

You must be joking. You can't quit on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE

I am. I want a normal life, and this ain't it.

BIG

People like us don't have normal lives you fool! Who do you think you are?

WOODBINE

I don't know. But I'm going to spend the rest of my life finding that out.

Big turns red. Sweat beads down his face.

BIG

How dare you! You think you can just quit on me! You think you've got control of your life boy! Think again. You don't control shit Mckilltree! I do. I own the air you breath, the ground you walk on, and the pot you shit in. You're in the Big's world. You're mine son.

WOODBINE

Big. Please. Let's part friends.

BIG

Friends? You do this, you die.

WOODBINE

Take your best shot. But if you really love me, you'll let me go.

Big grabs Woodbine, lifting him over his head. He turns to throw Woodbine off the roof. Big is sweating profusely. He's livid.

BIG

Last chance son!

WOODBINE

Wait! Wait!

BIG

What?

Woodbine rips Big's cyber suit link to his brain. Big drops to his knees like a ton of bricks. Woodbine springs to his feet. Big can't move.

BIG (CONT'D)

Mckilltree! Help me. Please. All I wanted to do was help you.

Big starts over the edge, too fat to stop himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIG (CONT'D)
 Help me son! I'm all you got.

WOODBINE
 Wrong.

Big slides off the tower to his doom. Woodbine watches him plummet.

Big barks out orders.

BIG
 Computer!

Big's suit computer whirs on his personal command.

COMPUTER
 Emergency computer on line!

BIG
 Activate auxiliary cyber link!

A secondary spinal cord wire connects with the cerebral network.

Big's body comes alive with power.

BIG (CONT'D)
 AH, that's better.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BIG'S TOWER - DUSK

Big lands with a soft metallic thud. Big looks back up at Woodbine.

BIG
 Going to kill mommy! Ta ta!

EXT. BIG'S TOWER, BALCONY - DUSK

Woodbine watches Big cybernetically leap 100 yards away, like a fat little flea.

WOODBINE
 Not bad.

Woodbine punches his watch summoning his car.

INT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

We SEE a brand new yellow Caddy's engines rev on. The car suddenly explodes.

EXT. BALCONY - DUSK

Woodbine is rocked buy the explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE

Damn!

Five of Big's GOONS come out and surround Woodbine.

Woodbine runs to the edge of the balcony. The Goons open fire. Woodbine jumps off the balcony, falling down to a deck two stories below.

Woodbine crash lands into a table and some flowers. He struggles to his feet. The Goons see Woodbine on the lower deck. They run back in the office.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, BEDROOM - DUSK

Woodbine comes in from the deck. A NEWLY WED COUPLE are having sex. Woodbine stops a moment, taking in the mirrored suite sex fest. The Newly Wed's stop and look at him. He smiles.

INT. HALLWAY-DUSK

Woodbine comes out of the suite into a hail of bullets. He returns fire at the Goon's running down the hall after him.

Woodbine runs into the hoverlift. The doors close. The Goons stop short at the hoverlift doors, peppering it with rounds.

GOON

(on communicator)

He's on his way down.

INT. HOVERLIFT

WOODBINE

Every time someone tries to kill me, I end up in a god damn hoverlift.

Woodbine hits the button for the main lobby. He pushes open the hoverlift shaft access door. He climbs up and out.

INT. HOVERLIFT SHAFT

Woodbine sets a ten second countdown on the little silver ball Reaper gave him.

WOODBINE

This better be good Reaper.

He drops it in the hoverlift and takes out Apache's buck knife.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

I knew you would come in handy.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, GAME ROOM - AFTERNOON

A small army of Goons clear out the giant Game room. They surround the hoverlift waiting for Woodbine.

GOON2

He's on ten. Nine. Eight. Seven,
six, five.

They lock and load.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR

An ELDERLY TOURIST COUPLE wearing matching shirt, shorts, and glowing pink hats wait for a hoverlift.

A knife stabs through the split in the hoverlift doors. The doors open. Woodbine pulls himself out. The Couple is shocked by the sight of him. He looks at them.

WOODBINE

Nice hats. Don't take the lift.

Woodbine runs to the Emergency Fire exit doors.

INT. LOBBY

GOON

Three. Two. One.

The hoverlift dings for the floor. The Goons aim their guns. The door opens. The hoverlift's empty, except for the little silver ball.

GOON (CONT'D)

Bomb!

The Goons scatter for cover, but it's too late. The ball flashes out a deep blue wave through the room.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWAY

Woodbine comes to the bottom step. He gathers his breath and draws the revolvers. He kicks the doors open.

INT. LOBBY

Woodbine dives out of the stairway. Guns ready. He gawks, lowering his guns.

WOODBINE

What the hell?

All the Goons are frozen in suspended animation. Woodbine looks into the eyes of a frozen Goon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

How you doing shit head?

Woodbine looks at the vintage 1959 Pink Cadillac convertible on display.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

INT. PINK CADDY

Woodbine turns the key. Thick smoke fills the lobby as the engine rumbles to life. He turns on the stereo and smiles.

The Goons eyes move around frantic. Their bodies vibrate, trying to make the freeze shock go away. Woodbine drives out of the automatic front doors. We see the tiny silver ball tick down to zero.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP, STREET - NIGHT

Woodbine thunders down the road after Big. Big's tower suddenly erupts in a massive explosion. The giant casino is gutted by the blast. Slowly crumbling to nothing.

Big leaps from one building to the next. He looks at his casino smoldering in the distance. Big boils with rage. He spots Woodbine driving down the road.

Woodbine aims through the scope on his revoker. He sights Big.

WOODBINE

Smile for the camera.

Woodbine blasts off an entire clip at the Big. The bullets bounce off Big's blubbery bulletproof body. He laughs at Woodbine's attempt.

BIG

Gotta do better than that!

Big leaps off to another building. Woodbine loads a mini rocket.

WOODBINE

Fucking bulletproof whale.

Woodbine turns on to the skyway side walk. Pedestrians jump clear of the huge caddy.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Outta my way, outta my way.

He hits a street clown by mistake. Well maybe by mistake.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Never liked clowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine draws a bead on Big. He fires off the rocket. The payload misses, blasting the head off a casino's SPHINX.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

Never liked sphinx's.

Big lands on the sidewalk in front of Woodbine who screeches to a halt. It a Mexican stand off, Vegas style.

BIG

Come on boy! Bring it! Bring it
Mckilltree.

WOODBINE

You the boss.

Woodbine floors it.

BIG - frothing at the mouth he's so enraged. He charges head first at

WOODBINE - Jaw tightens. Eye's narrow. Fat Man in his sights. They yell out in rage.

BAM!

Woodbine is thrown from the car. He lands hard and skids off the sidewalk. His hand grabs the guard rail saving him from doom.

Woodbine pulls himself back onto the skyway sidewalk. The pink caddy is a smoldering wreck. It groans and tips over.

WOODBINE

That makes five.

Big is burnt to a crisp, but he clamors to his feet. He wipes blood from his mouth and grins at Woodbine.

BIG

That smarts. Now it's my turn.

Big leaps for Woodbine, who draws his revoker, loading another mini rocket. Big is on him, smacking the guns out of his hands.

BIG (CONT'D)

No more toy's son.

Big back hands Woodbine, sending him ten feet. Woodbine bounces twice, rolls and stops. He gets up, very, very, slowly.

BIG (CONT'D)

What did I always say? Never mess
with the Big man. Why did you think
you were different?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woodbine puts a bent cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

WOODBINE

Cause you treated me so special.

BIG

You know Woodbine, your mother was a very beautiful woman. She was my lover. That's why I've always treated you like a son.

WOODBINE

So now you're my father. Oh Christ this is getting old, man. I'm just going to jump.

Woodbine goes to the skywalks edge. He looks at the flying traffic whipping by below him.

BIG

I'm giving you a second chance son.

WOODBINE

I don't want anything from you.

Big walks up behind Woodbine. He raises his hands, half wanting to stop Woodbine from jumping, but wondering if he should push him and get it over with. Woodbine chuckles. Big freezes.

BIG

What?

WOODBINE

Bullet proof skin.

He and Big think on it a moment and laugh. It's an oddly warm and fuzzy moment. Then Woodbine's expression goes hard.

WOODBINE (CONT'D)

I mean anyone who gets bulletproof skin, must be the biggest pussy in the world.

BIG

You little shit.

Big goes to grab Woodbine, who sticks his single bullet morning ritual revolver in Big's mouth.

He pulls the trigger, blowing Big's brains out.

The cyber suit twitches and sparks. Big's headless body runs around like a chicken with it's head cut off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODBINE

Too bad they don't make bullet
proof brains.

Big comes to a stand still at the skywalk edge. His massive
body waivers and falls off the skywalk. The falling carcass
lands in a passing garbage truck on its way to the dump.

The back of the truck opens up. The trash falls out into
the "Primal Volcanos" Volcano.

Big burns up in the lava with the rest of the trash.

Woodbine tosses the cigarette. He looks up at the sky and
smiles.

BACK TO OUR OPENING SHOT

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Woodbine stares blankly at the ceiling. Button and the baby
are curled up next to him.

WOODBINE(V.O)

A new day for a new life.

(pause)

I'm trying, and we'll see what
happens.

Woodbine looks over at Button and the Baby sleeping beside
him.

Woodbine leans over, kissing Button and the Baby. He gets
out of bed and stretches.

Woodbine parts the blinds and watches the sun rising over
the desert. He's at peace. For once in his life.

Woodbine looks at the single bullet on the nightstand. He
picks it up, rolling it between his fingers.

Button wakes. She smiles at him.

BUTTON

What's that?

Woodbine closes his hand around the bullet so she can't
see.

WOODBINE

Nothing. Go back to sleep.

BUTTON

I love you.

WOODBINE

I love you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Button snuggles back to sleep. Woodbine looks at them a moment. Mother and Child. At peace. He smiles. It's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

Woodbine goes into the bathroom. He closes the door quietly.

Silence.

BANG!

Thud.

The dull sound of a body hitting the floor.

THE END