

EASY RIDER 2

Written
by

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PRE-TITLE

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO

FINAL SEQUENCE OF "EASY RIDER"

BILLY and CAPT. AMERICA rolling along the highway. The roar of the cycles slamming in with the very first image, louder and hotter than the original track. The carbuncular REDNECKS pull alongside and give Billy some shit. He throws them the bone. They blast him. Capt. America stops, puts jacket under Billy's head, starts for help. Rednecks return, blow him away. Bike crashes and burns. Camera pulls back. Music up: "Flow River Flow" by McGwain.

TITLE UNDER IMAGE: FLORIDA, 1968

CUT TO

EXT. VIET VILLAGE UNDER NAPALM ATTACK

TITLE: HAI PHONG, 1971

The song "Flow River Flow" continues.

CUT TO

MONTAGE OF WORLD URBAN HOLOCAUST SHOTS WITH TITLES AS INDICATED.

TITLES: WEST BEIRUT, 1982
TEL AVIV, 1988
CAIRO, 1991
CAPETOWN, 1995
TAIWAN, 1997
FRANKFURT, 1998
MEXICO CITY, 1999
PARIS, 1999
MOSCOW, 1999

The lovely ballad "Flow River Flow" continues...along with modern battle sounds: Uzi rapid fire bursts, rocket whoosh, flame thrower hiss and crackle, explosions.

MONTAGE CULMINATES WITH:

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - DAY

The H-Bomb hits Manhattan. The U.N. Building is in flames and crumbling. PEOPLE scream and vaporize. Chaos.

TITLE:

NEW YORK, 2000

"Flow River Flow" has finally been blasted off the track.

NEW MUSIC FADES IN.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY DRIFTS UPWARDS...into the sky...passing a rusted-out space shuttle...satellite transmitters...the moon.

THE LEADER (OS)

The curse of dreams is that they always come true. This is the first law of the universe.

THE CAMERA drifts past Mars, Jupiter, Pluto.

THE LEADER (OS)

The triumph of dreams is more certain than the triumph of death.

CAMERA leaves our galaxy and heads toward deep space, past stars, past meteors.

THE LEADER (OS)

Between the light and the darkness, between the breath and the clay, a place exists only because men dared to dream of it. Violent men. Outlaws. True to a Code of Freedom yet slaves to a God of Speed.

CAMERA passes strange forbidding planets and heads toward a mysterious misty orb which floats in a sea of stars.

THE LEADER (OS)

The bravest of them rest here, on the ragged edge of Nowhere, in the place they call Biker Heaven!

EXT. BIKER HEAVEN ENTRANCE - DAY

CAMERA penetrates the mist and reveals the gates of Biker Heaven.

Birds chirp. All is sublimely tranquil. Giant stone cobras coil around the Grecian pillars of the gate and carved across the marble facade are the words: RIDE FAST, DIE FREE.

A magnificent EAGLE swoops out of the sky and lands on the gate with majestic grace and a shriek of triumph.

SUPER TITLE:

EASY RIDER 2

in huge Gothic letters, bold and blazing in the Harley colors of orange and black.

CUT TO

BIKER HEAVEN - DAY

Biker Heaven is a sylvan paradise in the manner of Maxfield Parrish: great urns, classic statuary, a reflecting pool with SWANS and lily pads, waterfalls, stone steps worn smooth by passing centuries, vine-entangled columns in dappled sunlight.

With storybook splendor, giant fairytale mountains rise toward infinity.

All this timeless mythic beauty is enhanced by the presence of superhot and sexy BIKER GIRLS who are in various attitudes among the urns and sundials and fountains.

BEGIN CREDITS OVER BIKER GIRLS

ONE puts on lipstick. ANOTHER paints the toenails of the SECOND GIRL black. ANOTHER polishes a .357 magnum. TWO frolic with charming naughtiness in an ancient fountain. ANOTHER sunbathes, languidly taking a sip from a frosty bottle of Bud.

CUT TO

HEAVENLY HIGHWAY

The celestial BIKE PACK returns to Biker Heaven after a run. They ride in from infinity, barely visible against blazing sunsets, down a road that twists and coils into the starry cosmos. The roar of their Harleys grows louder.

THE LEADER (OS)

They were the outcasts and the misfits.
Now they are the lords of glory, roaring
across the stars, thundering through
galaxies, in the wind...forever.

They ride past the camera with demon speed.

FINAL CREDITS

CUT TO

BIKER HEAVEN - TWILIGHT

The Biker Girls have gathered to greet the celestial pack. They ride in with big smiles and whoops of joy. Some skid to a stop, others "wheelie in", "spin doughnuts", do tricks. One grabs the Girl. Two Bikers jump into the reflecting pool and frolic with the girls, one of whom leaps up and throws her legs around a Biker's waist, spinning around and around.

Although each Biker has his own unique style of dress (such as Rebel cap, stocking cap, tattoo, headband, vest, t-shirt with slogan, goggles, bare chest, Fu Manchu moustache, chains, whatever) the overall look of the celestial pack is black leathers with a back patch that reads: BIKER HEAVEN MC with a yin-yang symbol dotted with a pair of dice that came up "snake-eyes."

CUT TO

DEEP SPACE

CLOSE ON A BIKER

as he rides through space. He wears a golden helmet which exposes the lower half of his face but masks his identity. As he races across the universe, the stars reflect off his helmet.

THE LEADER (OS)

But there is one who rides alone this night. One who can not see the swirling wonders of the cosmos, because his eyes are blind with tears.

Patches of clouds obscure him, sometimes entirely.

THE LEADER (OS)

Faster. Faster. Streaking across the heavens like a knife hurled at the heart of God.

WIDE ANGLE

Astride his customized golden Harley, the Biker ramp jumps out of the clouds and onto the Heavenly Highway.

CUT TO

BIKER HEAVEN - NIGHT

The golden Biker rides into the central area of Biker Heaven and cuts through the partying Bikers and Biker Girls.

THE LEADER (OS)

Now the revelry ends.

He rides right up the steps of a great stone staircase.

THE LEADER

Now the Day of Judgement begins.

He stops beneath a giant chrome skull, shuts down and steps off his bike.

THE LEADER (OS)

Now all must hear the voice of the Leader.
And I...

CLOSE ON BIKER

He takes off his helmet and speaks softly to camera. The golden Biker is THE LEADER.

THE LEADER

...I am The Leader.

WIDE ANGLE

All the Bikers and Biker Girls fall silent and raise their eyes to him.

One of the Bikers tosses The Leader a bottle of Jack Daniels Black which he snags with one hand. He takes a hit. He speaks softly to his followers who have gathered below. Above, the stars gleam and glitter.

THE LEADER

I woke up this mornin' feelin' homesick,
can you dig it? So I took a run down
Route 66 in the U.S. of A. Or should I
say what's left of it. The whole country's
been nuked out . It's now what you might
call a fuckin' wasteland.

BIKER #1

(incredulous)

You mean we lost the war?

THE LEADER

(softly)

No. We won it.

BIKER #2

Well who's livin' down there now?

THE LEADER

It's a nation of psychos. Without pride.
Without honor. Without hope. They'll
kill for a nickle and fuck for a dime.

The crowd takes a moment to digest this grim assessment.

BIKER #3

What are we gonna do about it?

THE LEADER

We're gonna give 'em this!

The Leader extends his arm. In response to this command, the magnificent eagle sweeps down from the starry sky.

In one quick move, The Leader snatches something from its talons as the bird flies off.

He unfurls what the eagle has delivered...The Gadsden American flag. A gold rattlesnake is coiled on a white field emblazoned with the motto: DON'T TREAD ON ME. Dating from the Revolutionary War, the flag is frayed, rent with bullet holes.

THE LEADER

The first American flag! We're gonna
give 'em back their colors!

(MORE)

THE LEADER (CONT'D)

Maybe this will remind them who they were.
Maybe this can make them Americans again.

A cheer goes up and several Bikers step forward to volunteer for the mission.

BIKER #4

I'll take it!

BIKER #5

Lemme do it!

THE LEADER

(solemnly)

I gotta give this job to the two bikers
who loved America most.

BIKER #6

Where are these guys?

THE LEADER

Half-buried in a ditch on a lonely Florida
highway where they were gunned down a
hundred years ago.

BIKER #7

If they're such righteous dudes, how
come they ain't up here with us?

THE LEADER

Because they were destined to cheat the
Reaper. They were chosen to rise again
for one last ride to glory.

The Leader gets on his golden Harley, kick-starts it. The
engine roars to life.

Suddenly flames erupt from the hollow eye sockets of the giant
chrome skull.

THE LEADER

(powerfully to Bikers)

God bless America!

Bikers and Biker Girls break into God Bless America.

BIKERS & GIRLS

(singing)

God bless America, land that I love...

The Leader rides down the steps, through the crowd.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)

Stand beside her, and guide her...

CUT TO

HEAVENLY HIGHWAY

The Leader roars off down the Highway into the starry night.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)

Through the night with the light from above...

DISSOLVE TO

MOUNT RUSHMORE - EARLY MORNING

HELICOPTER MOVING SHOT of Mount Rushmore. Most of Lincoln's face has been sheared off. The eyes of the others have been hollowed out by the sands of time, giving them the look of blind gods.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)

From the mountains...

CUT TO

ASTRODOME

HELICOPTER MOVING SHOT of the Astrodome. Part of the roof is caved in, the parking lot and roads pocked with huge craters.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)

To the prairies...

CUT TO

OCEAN

HELICOPTER MOVING SHOT of ocean rolling through a graveyard, waves breaking on tombstones.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)

To the oceans white with foam...

CUT TO

FLORIDA HIGHWAY

The highway where Billy and Capt. America died, the closing shot of "Easy Rider". Now the land is scorched and barren. It is the year 2068.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)

God bless America...our home sweet home.

DISSOLVE TO

The bones of Billy and Capt. America, lying half-buried in a ditch, the wind blowing the weeds.

BIKERS & GIRLS (OS)
(growing fainter)
God bless America.
Our home sweet home.

The sound of a powerful motorcycle getting closer, arriving.
And the engine cutting out.

The boots of The Leader walk into frame.

ON THE LEADER

He stands contemplating the grisly remains. Finally he smiles.

THE LEADER
(softly)
Billy...Captain America. You wanna
sleep forever? Wake up.

CUT TO

The pile of bones. An eerie glow appears in the sockets of
the skulls. The glow peaks and fades, revealing live moving
eyes. They shoot The Leader a glance.

CUT TO

RESURRECTION MONTAGE

A gust of wind moves the dust of the earth, cleaving it to bones
to form flesh. The bodies take shape. A foot trembles. A hand
moves. Their eyes witness the miracle. Even their worn and faded
clothes materialize.

BILLY and CAPTAIN AMERICA live again!

Billy awakens, still muttering his last words.

BILLY
I'm gonna get 'em, man. I'm gonna...

CAPT. AMERICA
(to The Leader)
Who are you?

BILLY
Hey, man, where are we?

They stiffly get to their feet, brushing themselves off.

THE LEADER
(smiling)
What's the last thing you remember?

BILLY
I flipped some redneck the bird and he...?

Billy is confused. He can't quite recall his own demise.

CAPT. AMERICA

He shot you, Billy. He shot you and I
was riding for help when...?

Neither can Capt. America. The Leader speaks gently to them,
his tone calm and soothing.

THE LEADER

Don't you remember?

With a gesture, The Leader causes Billy's and Capt. America's
eyes to close.

THE LEADER

You closed your eyes and dreamt that you
were water and wind. Stone and star.
Sand and silence.

They open their eyes. They remember.

BILLY

Oh...yeah.

CAPT. AMERICA

(nodding)

...I remember.

As awareness of death and resurrection sinks in, Billy goes
crazy with the joy of renewed life, dancing, grabbing Capt.
America.

BILLY

They thought they got me, those cracker
bastards! I'm still alive!

Capt. America remains serene, with a half-smile.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to The Leader)

You brought us back?

THE LEADER

Right.

BILLY

I'm gonna get me a piece and find
those weed-benders!

CAPT. AMERICA

(to The Leader)

We owe you one.

BILLY

They'll be sorry they ever tried to fuck
me over!

THE LEADER
I'm afraid you're a little late, Billy.

CAPT. AMERICA
Late? How late?

THE LEADER
Exactly one century.

BILLY
A century?!?

The Leader throws his arms over their shoulders.

THE LEADER
Let's take a walk and I'll tell you
what you slept through.

CUT TO

LONG SHOT OF HIGHWAY

The Leader, Billy, Capt. America walk down the center of the
deserted highway.

The Leader talks and explains. Billy reacts with shock and
disbelief. Capt. America calmly takes it all in.

As they walk in the distance, they do not see Capt. America's
wrecked and rusted motorcycle, the stars and stripes barely
discernable on the peeling gas tank.

The Music is sad, plaintive. The mood is sense-of-loss.

CUT TO

HIGHWAY

BILLY
(to The Leader)
Man, if this country is like you
say it is, we were better off dead.

THE LEADER
Maybe. But you were chosen.

CAPT. AMERICA
Chosen for what?

The Leader stops and unfurls the Gadsden flag.

THE LEADER
I want you to take this flag to the
President of the United States.

Billy and Capt. America turn to examine it.

BILLY

The Prez! You gotta be kiddin'!
They're all crooks and liars!

THE LEADER

Not this one. He's honest. If
anybody can bring this country
together again, it's him.

BILLY

And what the hell good is a flag,
anyway?

THE LEADER

The flag is the dream. The dreamer
dies. But the dream is immortal.

CAPT. AMERICA

We'll do it. Or we'll die trying.
(to Billy)
Okay?

BILLY

(to Capt. America)

Okay.

(to The Leader)

What about wheels?

The Leader smiles and indicates two sensational motorcycles
standing in the center of the road up ahead.

Capt. America's bike is a state-of-the-art chopper "lit up"
in the colors of the Gadsden flag with a rattlesnake painted
on the gas tank. Billy's bike is a flame-painted customized
"trike".

BILLY

Far-fuckin'-out!

The Leader folds the flag as they look over their bikes.

CAPT. AMERICA

(big smile)

That's a bad scoot.

THE LEADER

(to Capt. America)

How do you feel?

CAPT. AMERICA
(rubbing his arms)
Cold.

The Leader takes a jacket out of Capt. America's bike pack.
It has a miniature of the Gadsden flag sewn on the back.

THE LEADER
Put this on.

He produces new outfits for the pair.

CUT TO

ROADSIDE

As Billy and Capt. America get dressed, The Leader picks
a wildflower and absent-mindedly plucks the petals. He's
wearing eight identical skull rings on his fingers.

THE LEADER
(strong and intense)
God, I envy you. Where I come from,
there is no doubt. No fear. Only
doubt can take you to the edge. Only
fear can make you ride it.

Capt. America walks over. He's now fully dressed in his new
clothes, including a scarf and gloves with the fingers cut off.

CAPT. AMERICA
Who are you?
The Leader tosses the flower aside.

THE LEADER
I am the edge.
Billy pulls on his boots.

BILLY
I can dig it.

CAPT. AMERICA
(to The Leader)
Hey, thanks.

Billy puts on a nifty hat.

BILLY

Yeah, man. Love the hat.

THE LEADER

Okay. Fire 'em up!

Billy and Capt. America mount their bikes and start them up.

The Leader stands facing them, their bikes ready to roll.

THE LEADER

Listen, bro, you gotta do a lot more
than look for America. You gotta save it.

He hands the flag to Capt. America who tucks it inside his jacket.
The Leader gives them the close-fisted "biker's salute".

THE LEADER

Good luck, boys. There'll be a couple
of cold Buds at the end of this trail,
you can bet your sweet ass on that!

Billy and Capt. America exchange a "Let's-go-for-it" look,
then lay rubber, rearing their bikes in high dramatic wheelies
as they roar off down the highway into the rising sun. It's a
lovely day.

CUT TO

MONTAGE with music. Billy and Capt. America ride northwest
from Florida, through Georgia, into Alabama. Music is joyous
and lyrical. They are glad to be alive. As they speed along
an old crumbling highway, Billy celebrates with whoops of joy
and trick bike riding. Capt. America is more reserved but just
as happy to be back.

They pass through the benign decay of the South: trees draped
with Spanish Moss, lush Florida swamps, they swerve to avoid
an alligator in the road.

A flaking tourist sign reads:

WELCOME TO GEORGIA

The Peach State

And farther along: the ruins of a roadside produce stand
featuring "County Yams", an old railroad crossing with an
abandoned "Southern Railway" boxcar on the tracks; a rusted
John Deere tractor in front of a collapsed farmhouse; junked
cars and pickups; an old wiped out billboard:

SEE! COMPARE!

THE 1996 SUBARU

Billy and Capt. America ride up a hill, past a tattered billboard of a Coppertone ad, the dog pulling down the little girl's drawers.

Music ends.

ON BILLY AND CAPT. AMERICA

They stop abruptly, aghast at what they see.

CUT TO

THEIR POV

The grisly aftermath of a recent massacre. The bodies of 15 BLACKTOP INDIANS, an Indian bike gang, lie scattered all over the highway, brutally slaughtered in hand-to-hand combat. Most have been impaled with four-pointed steel cross swords which gives the scene a grotesque "graveyard" look. Their half-naked bodies are painted bright colors and all wear gas masks decorated in tribal designs. Their jackets have a club patch that reads "BLACKTOP MC." Their motorcycles are "rat bikes"... more junk than machine: rusty, wired together, scattered with the bodies.

A pack of WILD DOGS are eating some of the corpses, fighting among themselves over a severed arm.

ON BILLY AND CAPT. AMERICA

Capt. America revs his engine. The dogs slink off. One drags the arm in its jaws.

Billy and Capt. America dismount and walk among the carnage. They stop and gaze down upon the corpse of an OLD INDIAN CHIEF impaled on a cross sword and holding a flag of truce.

The two fail to notice the hand of an Indian (SMOKE) entering frame.

Uttering a muffled cry of pain and relief, Smoke pulls a cross sword from his own body and sinks back in exhaustion. He wears a fierce "hawk" gas mask.

CAPT. AMERICA

Hey, easy. Easy does it.

He props Smoke up against a bike.

BILLY

Man, what happened here?

SMOKE

Everyone...They killed everyone.

Smoke notices the body of his father, the Chief.

SMOKE

Even my father...

Capt. America removes his scarf and ties it around the wound. Smoke moves nearer his father, gently stroking his long, white hair.

CAPT. AMERICA

Hold still.

SMOKE

(to father)

Listen, Old Man. I tagged six of those suckers. But there were too many. Too many.

CAPT. AMERICA

(quietly)

Who did it?

SMOKE

The Krusaders. They carried off their dead and left us for the dogs. I'll see them again.

CAPT. AMERICA

Maybe you'd better stick with us for awhile.

SMOKE

We must go. They'll be coming back for the gas.

BILLY

(jittery)

They're comin' back?

(to Capt. America)

Hey, let's do what ah...

(to Smoke)

What's your name, Chief?

SMOKE

Smoke. My name is Smoke. But I am not a Chief.

(indicates his father)

That is a Chief.

BILLY

(to Capt. America)

Let's do what Smoke says, okay?

CAPT. AMERICA

Can you ride?

SMOKE

Just get me on the bike.

They help him to his feet. He can barely stand.

BILLY

(referring to the gas mask)
Why don't you take this thing off, man!
You need air.

SMOKE

It is against tribal law to remove the mask.

BILLY

Get serious.

SMOKE

The air would kill me instantly.

BILLY

The air's fantastic!

CAPT. AMERICA

He's right, Smoke. The air is good.

SMOKE

We have always worn the masks. Since I was a child.

CAPT. AMERICA

(with stone sincerity)

Try it without a mask.

Smoke looks at him suspiciously. He reaches to unstrap the mask, hesitates, takes off the mask, waits, breathes deeply, looks around apprehensively before speaking.

SMOKE

You're right. We were assholes. Let's get out of here.

BILLY

You can pack with me.

He helps Smoke to mount the back of his bike.

SMOKE

We should stay off the roads. There's a place in the hills. I'll show you.

All three are mounted up.

CAPT. AMERICA

What about your dad? Don't you want us to bury him?

Smoke looks at the body of the Chief.

SMOKE

By now, the Spirit of my father is a long ways from here.

He turns to Capt. America.

SMOKE

The dogs gotta eat too.

They kick-start the scooters and ride off.

CUT TO

COUNTRY - DUSK

MONTAGE with music. The three ride cross country through rugged wild terrain, from Alabama, up Tennessee into Southern Kentucky. Late afternoon turns to twilight. They climb hills, cross fields, ford streams, follow trails through pine forests. The land is teeming with wildlife: sleeping possum, a wary fox, a bobcat, a startled white-tailed deer. There is little evidence of civilization.

They arrive at the mouth of a great CAVE and ride into the entrance.

The music ends.

DISSOLVE TO

Spooky, grotesque rock formations glistening in a circle of light.

BILLY (OS)

Outtasight!

The light shifts, illuminating new formations.

SMOKE (OS)

Indians have been coming here before Jesus was born. It's sacred to the max.

The light shifts again, startling a few BATS.

BILLY (OS)

Woh, this is a heavy place. What's it called?

ON SMOKE, CAPT. AMERICA, BILLY

Wearing a headband and bandaged with rags, Smoke sits by a campfire cooking fish. Capt. America sits near him. Billy is off to the side, training the headlight of his bike on the walls of the cave, revelling at the spectacle of stalagmites, stalagmites, a gleaming black lake (Echo River).

SMOKE

Mammoth Cave.

BILLY

(excited)

Mammoth Cave?!? This is Mammoth Cave?

Smoke reaches into a box of souvenir pennants, pulls one out, it reads: "I'VE BEEN TO MAMMOTH CAVE."

Shutting the light off, Billy comes over, takes the pennant.

BILLY

Far-out, man! I always wanted to visit Mammoth Cave! My parents were gonna take me. We never made it.

SMOKE

My tribe lived here during the fires. Ten years. Twelve years. We lost track of time.

BILLY

What did you eat?

SMOKE

Mostly these...

CLOSE ON

What he's cooking -- strange albino fish with no eyes. Smoke turns them over with a stick.

SMOKE

...Blindfish. From the lake. Here.

He serves them up in chipped Indian pottery bowls. They eat them with their hands.

BILLY

These things are double-weird, man. Good though.

SMOKE

Try eating them for ten years. Toward the end, we'd throw them in the dirt, piss on them, anything to make them taste different. When we finally went outside, we started eating trees, flowers, bugs, everything. We went nuts. You could see it in our eyes. Our eyes looked...

He meets their glance.

SMOKE

...Just like yours do now.

CAPT. AMERICA

Yeah, well, we just left our cave.

BILLY

A deep one.

Billy and Capt. America break up, sharing the private joke of their resurrection.

BILLY

Maybe we're still trippin'.

CAPT. AMERICA

It's okay. It's okay. Go with the trip.
(to Smoke)

We're on our way to Washington, D.C.

BILLY

Yeah, babe, we're goin' to the White House!

SMOKE

Washington? You can't go there!

CAPT. AMERICA

Why?

SMOKE

It is a place of great evil. No one goes there. We call it the "Forbidden Zone."

CAPT. AMERICA

Then where's the President?

SMOKE

Who?

BILLY

The head honcho, the top dog, the guy you vote for!

SMOKE

What's a "President?"

CAPT. AMERICA

A leader. The one all the people listen to.

SMOKE

There are many tribes with many leaders. But there is only one we all listen to. This man.

He pulls a folded, one-sheet "newspaper" from his pocket.

CLOSE ON

"newspaper" as they read it. Crudely printed on letterpress in makeshift typeface, it looks more like a large-sized ransom note. The masthead reads:

THE TRUTH

And beneath it is headlined:

PLAGUE SWEEPS NORTHWEST
AVOID AREA
WASH ALL SORES
DO NOT EAT RATS
LIVE IN PEACE
THE WARDEN

Billy and Capt. America exchange a look.

SMOKE

The Warden. He must be the one you're looking for. He is very wise.

BILLY

(sarcastically)

Yeah. "Don't eat rats." That's good advice.

CAPT. AMERICA

Sounds like he's our man. Where do we find..."The Warden?"

SMOKE

Out west. In a castle by the Second Sea.

BILLY

(excited)

"Second Sea?" We must be talkin' Cal-ee-for-ni-eh!

SMOKE

It's a long ride and very dangerous. We will probably die.

CAPT. AMERICA

"We?"

SMOKE

I'm going with you. You'll need all the help you can get.

BILLY

I can believe it!

CAPT. AMERICA

How do you feel?

SMOKE

Okay!

CAPT. AMERICA

There's nothing better than coming close and walking away.

SMOKE

Yeah.

BILLY

Yeah.

CAPT. AMERICA

Yeah.

They fall silent. A bond has been forged.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CAVE - MORNING

The campfire is now a few smoldering embers. A shadowy figure stealthily approaches Billy who sleeps peacefully, all wrapped up in an Indian blanket. The figure crouches by Billy and lets loose with a blood-curdling scream.

Billy wakes up in panic and smacks his head against the rock.

BILLY

Owww!

The shadowy figure is Smoke.

SMOKE

Lesson one ... Don't move until you know what's going on.

Billy grabs him by the throat.

BILLY

I oughta break your goddamn ...

Smoke effortlessly twists his arm and renders him helpless.

SMOKE

Lesson two ... when you do move, don't hesitate.

Billy in pain and rage. Capt. America is now awake.

CAPT. AMERICA

What's going on?

SMOKE

You two won't last a day out there. I'm gonna teach you how to handle yourself.

He releases Billy, pours a cup of coffee from an old battered coffee-pot, and offers it to him.

SMOKE

Here. I made some coffee.

Billy reaches out for the coffee.

BILLY
(sullenly)
Well, I guess...

Smoke dashes it in his face.

BILLY
Aaaaagh!

SMOKE
Lesson three... Don't trust anybody.
Especially an Indian.

Billy is shocked, wet, tangled in his blanket, major pissed.

BILLY
I'll kill 'im! I'll kill 'im!

SMOKE
I'm sorry, Billy. Lemme give you a hand.

BILLY
Fuck you, asshole!!!

SMOKE
(finally smiles)
See, you're learning already.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

The three sit facing each other in the center of a large perfect circle, formed by blue iridescent stones in the sand. Smoke has a styrofoam 7-Up picnic cooler by his side as well as three "traditional weapons."

BILLY
Hey, man, let's just get us some guns and...
Pow! Pow! Pow! ... blow 'em away, you hear
me?! Blam! Blam!

SMOKE
There's no powder for the guns. These are
the weapons of today.

He indicates the "weapons."

SMOKE
The bottle. The chain. The pool cue.

Smoke opens the cooler and takes out a round mirror which he places on the ground.

SMOKE

I'm going to show you how to use these weapons.

He reaches into the cooler and removes a very old human skull. He breaks off a small piece of skull, puts it on the mirror, crushes and chops the skull fragment into a fine, white powder. Billy shares a "Now-what's-he-up-to?" glance with Capt. America.

CAPT. AMERICA

We don't fight, man. It's not our thing.

Smoke divides the powder into two lines.

SMOKE

Well, "man," it's time to change your "thing."

He hands the mirror and a bone straw to Capt. America.

SMOKE

Here, do a line.

Capt. America meets his gaze.

CAPT. AMERICA

Sure.

He snorts a line and passes the mirror to Billy.

BILLY

What is this stuff?

SMOKE

The crushed bones of an ancient Sioux warrior, the bravest chief who ever lived. You are snorting the skull of Crazy Horse!

Billy, just about to snort his line, backs off.

BILLY

Maybe I'll just do half a line.

SMOKE

Do it all! It'll put steel in your heart and fire in your brain. It will unchain the beast.

Billy does the line. Smoke lays the mirror on the ground. A distant drum is heard. The three sit motionless. The drum gets louder.

CUT TO

MONTAGE with music. Tracer bullets streak across the pupils of Capt. America's eyes: two-second excerpts from 'American Violence Films' such as Billy Jack movies, Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Dirty Harry movies, Taxi Driver, Bogart movies, The Wild Bunch, Dawn of the Dead; Smoke teaches Capt. America and Billy how to fight with the bottle, chain, and pool cue; the two develop a ferocious style of combat.

This montage builds in intensity, culminating in a savage frenzy of death, destruction and explosions.

The music ends.

CUT TO

DESERT - TWILIGHT

The mirror reflects a twilight sky. There is only the sound of a slight wind.

ON SMOKE

SMOKE

The final lesson...if your mind is as clear as this mirror, you do not need a weapon.

The three sit motionless in the circle, bathed in a glorious sunset.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - MORNING

Smoke revs up his bike. It's painted with Indian designs and sports a buffalo skull where a headlight would be. Capt. America is packing gear on his own bike while Billy is busy shaving off his moustache.

The two have changed their look. Capt. America has cut his hair shorter, their outfits have been modified to add swagger, and they now look like they could kick some ass.

Billy, now clean-shaven, walks proudly over the Capt. America.

BILLY

Well, whaddya think? Bogart? Paul Newman? Jimmy Dean?

CAPT. AMERICA

Tab Hunter.

(to Smoke)

We got enough gas?

SMOKE

Enough to get us to where we can buy some. How are you fixed for cash?

CAPT. AMERICA

Oh, no.

BILLY

Hey, man, that dude didn't lay any bread on us! Can you believe that?

CAPT. AMERICA

We're tapped out.

Smoke opens up a small, leather bag on his belt. He spills out the contents.

SMOKE

Well, let's see what we've got here.

He displays thirty-odd bottle-tops from beer and soda bottles.

SMOKE

This will carry us for a while but we're gonna need more.

BILLY

That's money? Bottle-tops? Hey, don't mess with my mind, man!

SMOKE

(suddenly suspicious)

Just where was that cave you two crawled out of?

CAPT. AMERICA

(laughing at the absurdity)

Billy's just kidding you. He knows bottle-tops are money. Don't ya?

Billy and Capt. America are now laughing like lunatics.

BILLY

Sorry, Smoke, I was pullin' your leg. Woooo! Bad joke. Bad joke.

SMOKE

Yes. Bad joke. Let's haul ass.

The three get on their bikes and rev up.

BILLY

(to Capt. America)

Tab Hunter, huh? Are you putt'in' me on?

Smoke and Capt. America peel out together, never looking back. Billy chases after them. As he rides away, we notice that he is flying the pennant that says: "I'VE BEEN TO MAMMOTH CAVE."

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

MONTAGE with music. The three ride west from Southern Kentucky, down Missouri into Arkansas, straight across I-40 to Oklahoma. Rusted highway signs indicate place and direction. While Smoke seems oblivious to the surroundings, Billy and Capt. America react with shock to the ruins and devastation of roadside America: an abandoned Carvel stand, a gutted 7-11 store, a highway pock-marked with shellholes, the remains of a MacDonald's, an XXON station, a Hertz Rent-A-Car.

The music ends.

CUT TO

HIGHWAY

The three ride past a jack-knifed Mayflower van when Smoke suddenly shouts...

SMOKE

Pull over! Pull over!

Capt. America swings to one side of the road. Billy and Smoke to the other. They stare apprehensively behind them. They hear distant gunshots, explosions, the honking horn of an unseen vehicle coming toward them.

SMOKE

Hit the dirt!

They dive for cover behind their bikes.

CAPT. AMERICA

(shouting across road)

I thought you said there weren't any guns!

SMOKE

(shouting back)

Except for this!

The DEATHWAGON breaks over the hill. It's a huge modern Greyhound Sceni-Cruiser entirely painted matte black with black-tinted windows. It is super-sinister.

We can not see who mans the guns inside the half-opened windows. The blazing weapons range from rifles and shotguns to Uzis and bazookas. The unseen driver never stops honking as the bus bears down on them at top speed.

The three huddle behind their bikes. Bullets ricochet off Billy's engine, a bazooka explosion shatters a big orange and blue 76 gas sign behind them.

The Deathwagon speeds off into the distance, still honking, still shooting continuously whether there is a target or not. The three get up.

CAPT. AMERICA

What was that?

SMOKE

The Deathwagon. No one knows where it comes from. Where it's going. Or who's inside.

CAPT. AMERICA

Many more of them?

SMOKE

Just one.

BILLY

One's plenty.

As he rights his bike, Billy fails to notice drops of oil leaking from a bullet hole.

CAPT. AMERICA

So this is Oklahoma, huh? Looks pretty burned out.

SMOKE

We call this the million dollar mile. It gets really bad up ahead. You hungry?

BILLY

Yeah!

CAPT. AMERICA

Sure am.

SMOKE

There's a place down the road.

BILLY

How's the food?

SMOKE

It sucks. But it's the only thing open for a thousand miles.

CUT TO

EXT. DINER - DAY

The three pull off the highway and into the parking lot of a weathered and run-down Howard Johnson's...now called MOM'S DINER. "Mom's" has been scrawled in paint over the original sign. There are nine other bikes parked in the lot near a hand-painted sandwich board that says "Open 24 Hours."

INT. DINER

An old sign nailed above the entrance reads: "THROUGH THESE DOORS PASS THE GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD -- OUR CUSTOMERS." The three enter.

What remains of a Howard Johnson's dining room is sparsely furnished with old household chairs and tables. On the walls hang a Lone Star Beer clock without hands, an old Harley banner, bike posters. The original counter is now old boards laid over two sawhorses.

Opposite the makeshift counter in the last two original booths sit EIGHT "BASHERS," a faggot bike gang. They're all redneck bruisers, their lips smeared with lipstick, some wear gaudy women's earrings, one sports a t-shirt with the legend: "FUCK YOU FOR READING THIS."

Their leader is CRISCO. His beard and hair are dyed purple. KNOBJOB, his second in command, has razor blades embedded in his gloves.

Silence and tension as the three walk to the counter. Crisco pays special attention to Capt. America

CRISCO

He looks cherry.

The Bashers laugh, make sexually suggestive sounds, whistles. The three take their seats.

BILLY

(to Capt. America)

Nice. Lots of atmosphere.

A burly COUNTER MAN walks over. He's mega-tough.

BILLY

(to Counter Man)

Where's Mom? She off today?

MOM

I'm Mom. What'll it be, dickface?

Billy looks up at the menu on the wall. It's a standard luncheonette board which features such specialties as: Dog Hero, Succatash, Fresh Snake, Cat 'N Eggs, Bottomless Coffee Cup.

SMOKE

I'll have the cat 'n eggs, over easy, and whiskey.

BILLY
What's the special?

MOM
Rabbit stew.

BILLY
Sounds great.
(to Capt. America)
Two?

Capt. America nods.

BILLY
(to Mom)
Two stews.

CAPT. AMERICA
(to Smoke)
How come we don't see any cars on the road?

SMOKE
They use up too much gas. Nobody can afford
to drive a car anymore. We're all bikers now.

BILLY
Jesus. A whole country of motorcycle gangs.

CRISCO
(loud)
Hey bro, do you know the difference
between those three wimps and a bucket
of shit?

KNOBJOB
No, what's the difference?

CRISCO
The bucket!

The Bashers bust up laughing.

BILLY
Say, man, maybe we should split.

CAPT. AMERICA
I think you got a point.

They start to get up.

SMOKE
Relax. You don't kiss ass anymore.
You kick it.

They ease back down.

BASHER #1

You know why these three like to hang out together, don't ya?

BASHER #2

Got me there.

BASHER #1

So they'll have one pair of balls between 'em.

They burst out laughing again.

Mom serves up food to Billy and Capt. America. He pours Smoke a whisky from a mason jar.

Capt. America puts down his spoon.

CAPT. AMERICA

They're startin' to aggravate me.

BASHER #3

What I want isn't on the menu.

BASHER #4

I know what you want. Hose in a roll!

ON CRISCO AND KNOBJOB

KNOBJOB

(aside to Crisco)

Seriously, what do ya wanna do? Fuck 'em and kill 'em, or kill 'em and fuck 'em?

CRISCO

Hard to say.

He raises his voice to make another coarse joke.

CRISCO

You know what I think...

NEW ANGLE

Capt. America cuts him off, swinging around and strolling over to the table. Billy joins him, taking off his beloved hat and placing it on chair.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Crisco)

Listen, bozo, I don't give a pound of dog snot what you think.

An expectant hush falls over the room. Crisco slowly turns to Knobjob and softly answers his previous question.

CRISCO
Kill 'em and fuck 'em.

Crisco pulls a fireax out from under the table.

CRISCO
Now!!!

The Bashers pour out of the booths and the fight starts.

ON MOM AND SMOKE

Smoke and Mom chat pleasantly as the savage fight rages off screen. Sounds of bottles breaking, chairs smashing, cries of pain.

SMOKE
(to Mom)
This happen often?

MOM
Every day. You wouldn't believe it. Last week these beaners started stompin' this guy. So this guy's buddy comes back from the dumper and he's got this baseball bat, right. Big Louisville slugger.

A beer pitcher sails over his head and shatters against the wall. He is unruffled but annoyed. Smoke is calmly eating.

MOM
(to fighters OS)
Can't you move that outside?

ON FIGHT

The eight Bashers are now down to six, one draped across the table, another slumped against the wall. The action is fast and violent. Two Bashers have pinned Capt. America's arms back and Crisco is working him over. Billy ducks a razor roundhouse from Knobjob and feeds him some fist. He floors Knobjob but doesn't see the Basher behind him about to brain him with a side chair.

ON MOM AND SMOKE

We hear the fight off screen.

MOM
So he decks two or three of 'em with the bat, right. I forgot to tell you the guy's friend is real short.

SMOKE
Uh-huh.

MOM
I mean real short. Like this.

He holds his hand out to indicate a guy as tall as Paul Williams.

ON FIGHT

Knobjob is out cold on the floor. Capt. America dodges a killer blow from Crisco's fireax which lodges in the player piano, activating the mechanism. It begins playing Liberace's piano roll of "Autumn Leaves."

Billy blocks a bottle blow with his arm. Capt. America takes out a Basher with a spinning kick to the balls. Blood spatters across the moving piano keys.

ON SMOKE AND MOM

Smoke is still eating.

MOM

...catches him right in the snotlocker.
(indicates nose)

Suddenly Smoke whips out a tomahawk.

SMOKE

Excuse me a just a second.

Giving the traditional Indian cry...

SMOKE

Hoka-Hey!!!

NEW ANGLE

He wheels around and hurls the tomahawk. It lodges in Crisco's skull just as Crisco is about to split Capt. America's head open with his fireax.

Smoke shuts off the piano. Capt. America and Billy have cleaned out the bar.

SMOKE

(to Capt. America)

Next time, don't make a speech before you hit 'em. Just hit 'em.

Smoke whips out his knife and starts to take Crisco's scalp. Billy and Capt. America are totally grossed.

CAPT. AMERICA

Ooo, God.

BILLY

Bummer.

SMOKE

What's the matter, roundeyes? You never seen an Indian scalp somebody?

BILLY
(to Capt. America)
I'm not hungry anymore. What about you,
Wyatt? You hungry? Huh?

Capt. America doesn't answer. The two exit. Smoke walks over to Mom. He holds up the purple scalp.

SMOKE
(proudly)
My first purple one.

He pays the bill with a handful of bottle tops.

SMOKE
See ya around.

MOM
Thank you and come again.

Smoke exits as Mom scoops the bottle tops into a cigar box, then dumps the bowls of uneaten rabbit stew back into the pot and stirs it up.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

MONTAGE with music. The three continue their ride through Oklahoma into Texas. They ignore a sign which says WRONG WAY DO NOT ENTER and go up a thruway off-ramp. They are now exposed to a bleak and festering wasteland: ruined factories, rotting industrial parks; peeling signs reading: G.E. WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE, DUPONT BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY, WESTINGHOUSE PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT; toxic dumping sites; crumbling roads and ragged white lines; the ruins of a nuclear power plant.

The music ends.

CLOSEUP OF BILLY'S LEAKING OIL LINE.

Billy's engine dies. He stops near an old faded billboard for the MGM Grand Hotel. Capt. America and Smoke pull up. Billy examines the damage.

BILLY
The scoot's dead.

SMOKE
Looks like you took a slug. I'll have to tear it down.

CAPT. AMERICA
Want a hand?

SMOKE

You two just kick back and relax.
I'll do the wrenching.

He starts to work on Billy's bike.

BILLY

I gotta take a leak.

Billy walks behind a billboard and suddenly freezes at what he sees, what the billboard blocks us and Capt. America from seeing. Billy slowly raises his hands.

BILLY

Oh shit! Okay, be cool. You got me.

Capt. America tenses and pulls a knife from his boot. He cautiously rounds the corner of the billboard.

NEW ANGLE

Behind the billboard is a rusting Texas State Police car with the bones of a SMOKEY at the wheel. "He" still wears the rotting remnants of his uniform including very dirty reflector glasses.

BILLY

(playing it straight to Smokey)
I didn't walk on the grass, honest.
(to Capt. America)
Hey, man, say hello to my friend here,
Officer Pig.

Capt. America pockets the knife.

CAPT. AMERICA

A sad-lookin' Smokey.

BILLY

He is gettin' a mite disheveled. Let's
just straighten this tie here.

He straightens the necktie.

BILLY

Fix this a little.

He tilts the hat at a rakish angle.

BILLY

(to Smokey)
How can you see outta these things, man?

He takes the Smokey's glasses off, cleans them on his shirt, carefully puts them back on.

BILLY
There ya go. Lookin' sharp!

CAPT. AMERICA
Let's check how Smoke's doin'.

Billy salutes the Smokey goodbye.

BILLY
Hang in there, Dick Tracy!

ON SMOKE

He gives a final turn of the wrench.

SMOKE
I taped up the oil line. It oughtta hold.

Billy hops on the bike.

BILLY
I'm gonna try it out.

He kick-starts it and rides off.

SMOKE
(to Capt. America)
Where can I wash up?

CUT TO

HIGHWAY

Billy on the deserted highway, really screwing it on, grinning, speeding flat-out.

Suddenly TWO COPS (SLAMMER and HARDTOP) on black & white police Harleys swing behind him, cherry red lights flashing, sirens wailing.

They pull Billy over. The cops wear helmets, ties, badges and name-tags. They're courteous but firm.

SLAMMER
Good afternoon, sir. You just passin' through or are you plannin' on stayin' awhile?

BILLY
Just passin' through.

SLAMMER
Seem to be in quite a hurry. We clocked you at over ninety. May I please see your license?

Billy fumbles through his pockets.

BILLY

Sure thing, officer. I...ah...This looks like it.

He hands the folded license to Slammer who carefully examines it.

HARDTOP

Tell me, sir, why weren't you wearing a helmet?

BILLY

Frankly, I uh...always thought...you know...helmets are for pussies.

Slammer and Hardtop shoot him a dark glance.

BILLY

Except for cops. Cops need 'em.

SLAMMER

This license expired over a hundred years ago, Billy. I'm afraid we're gonna have to take you in.

Hardtop, his ticket book out, mechanically checks off list of offenses.

HARDTOP

Speeding, no helmet, no license, broken tail-light...

Billy turns around to protest to Hardtop, putting his hand on his shoulder.

BILLY

Listen, man, I was meanin' to get that fixed but I...

Without hesitation, Slammer whips out his club and gives Billy a terrific shot to the head, knocking him senseless. Hardtop continues checklist.

HARDTOP

...Resisting arrest, no rear-view mirror...

CUT TO

CULVERT

Capt. America and Smoke by a stream. Smoke washes up while Capt. America fills his canteen.

SMOKE

Wanna get splattered?

CAPT. AMERICA

What?

SMOKE
Light up your lobes?

CAPT. AMERICA
I don't understand.

SMOKE
I'm asking you if you'd like to bend your balls around a major stalk of ground zero zipweed?

CAPT. AMERICA
I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

Smoke uproots a mutant marijuana plant growing near the stream. The leaves are three times the size of normal leaves and the entire plant is coal black.

SMOKE
You wanna get stoned?

Capt. America finally understands. A big smile.

CAPT. AMERICA
Yeah!

Smoke shows him the plant.

SMOKE
We call it "Black Twister." It's atomic.

CAPT. AMERICA
Let's roll up a fat one. You got papers?

SMOKE
Sure.

Smoke takes out papers, crumples a black leaf, rolls up a joint.

SMOKE
Ever smoked dope before?

CAPT. AMERICA
I've had a toké or two.

Smoke hands the joint to Capt. America.

SMOKE
Then you're gonna like this.

He takes out a Zippo and lights the joint for Capt. America. In cool, classic hippie style, he smoothly inhales a long toké, holds it in, striking an almost Buddhist pose, then starts coughing violently.

SMOKE

Hey, bro, don't hold it in that long. This is Black Twister. It's atomic.

Taking the joint, Smoke takes a puff and immediately exhales.

SMOKE

See, like that.

He passes the joint.

SMOKE

You sure you smoked dope before?

Capt. America looks at the joint suspiciously, then imitates Smoke, taking a hit and immediately exhaling. A beat.

CAPT. AMERICA

I'm splattered.

He passes the joint back.

CAPT. AMERICA

Where's Billy? He'll love this.

CUT TO

MOTEL

A run-down Quality Court Motel with twenty-odd police Harleys parked outside plus a few other bikes, including Billy's.

BAILIFF (OS)

The District Nine Quality Court is now in session. The prisoner will rise and face the bench.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY

Billy rises, some blood on his face, his hands cuffed. He's flanked by Slammer and Hardtop. The JUDGE sits behind the counter, his makeshift "bench."

The Judge is a distinguished man with white hair, glasses, wearing a black robe. His manner is gentle, avuncular. Emblazoned on the wall behind him are the words: TO PROTECT AND TO SERVE.

The lobby has been arranged like a courtroom. FIVE COPS watch the proceedings. Packing a mean-looking scuba gun, the BAILIFF guards the door.

JUDGE

Before I pronounce sentence...

He takes off his glasses.

JUDGE

...I must say, son, that it saddens me to see a bright and talented young man like yourself throw away his future in such a reckless and irresponsible manner. And I can only hope that this little incident has taught you a mighty big lesson.

BILLY

It sure has. And I swear, sir, that I'll never do it again.

JUDGE

That's for darn sure.

He slips the glasses back on.

JUDGE

I hereby sentence you to be taken from this room to the Quality Court kitchen where, as prescribed by Article Six, Section Fourteen, of the Texarkana Motor Vehicle Code, you'll be cleaned, butchered and cooked. May God have mercy on your soul.

He bangs the gavel.

NEW ANGLE

For the first time, we see the patches on the back of the cops: CANNIBAL COPS MC. Now we know what the motto behind the bench -- TO PROTECT AND TO SERVE -- really means.

Billy is in shock.

BILLY

Good lord!

As Slammer and Hardtop lead Billy away, they flash broad smiles revealing teeth that have been filed to sharp points, like certain flesh-eating savages.

CUT TO

A beautiful cloud floating in the sky. Birds chirp.

HIGHWAY

Capt. America sits in the middle of the road on a worn dinette chair, gazing at the cloud, ripped beyond repair.

CAPT. AMERICA

I see what you're sayin'...but ah... I don't think it looks like a badger. I'd say it looks more like a ah...What are those little furry things that dig all the holes?

Smoke enters puffing on a joint.

SMOKE

Badgers?

CAPT. AMERICA

That's it. I think it looks more like one of them. Now that one over there...

He points to another cloud.

CAPT. AMERICA (OS)

...Is clearly a ah...a ah...

CUT TO

INT. QUALITY COURT KITCHEN

A COP with loaded scuba gun stands guard over FIVE BIKER PRISONERS. The bikers' legs are shackled. One (with HEADHUNTER MC patch) accepts his fate stoically. Another sobs, another prays. They all wear signs: "foot", "finger", "leg".

TWO COPS have pinned a Biker with a "hand" sign across a blood-splattered butcher block. The COOK stands by the block, cleaver poised.

The door opens. Slammer and Hardtop bring in Billy. Hardtop holds a scuba gun at his throat.

SLAMMER

(to Cook)

Here's another one for you.

COOK

Ohno! What's he get?

SLAMMER

The works.

The Cook lowers the cleaver.

COOK

The works?! That's an hour and a half!

HARDTOP

We have orders to bring this pris--

COOK

"Orders?!" Look, I got dozens of "orders!"

He grabs a handful of orders from a hook.

COOK

(angry)

I got a leg in the oven! Jimmy's out with the plague!

SLAMMER

What do you want us to do?

COOK

Put him in a cell and I'll get to him as soon as I can.

He raises the cleaver high.

COOK

I only got two hands.

He begins his downward swing.

NEW ANGLE

The dreadful chopping sound and scream of a "fine being paid" as Slammer and Hardtop lead Billy out.

CORRIDOR

They take their shaken prisoner down the motel corridor, past a COP GUARD with scuba gun, an ice machine, heavy steel riveted doors.

HARDTOP

(to Slammer)

Oh listen, can you cover for me tomorrow? I hate to ask but it's my kid's birthday and...

SLAMMER

You got it buddy. How old is that little rugrat?

HARDTOP

Five. No, six! I'm getting his teeth filed next week.

SLAMMER

Time flies.

HARDTOP

You better believe it.

They arrive at a steel door marked "101" which Hardtop unlocks.

HARDTOP

(to Billy)

Okay. Inside.

MOTEL ROOM (CELL)

Billy is pushed inside, hands still manacled. Door slams shut.

TWO PRISONERS (MUNCH and CHURCHKEY) size up the new arrival. Munch is a giant pro fighter, seven feet plus, slow and tough. Churchkey, his manager, is a fast-talking hustler. Their patch: DEATHMASTERS MC. Munch lies on the bed turning pages of a Walt Disney children's book.

Like the kitchen, the room is clean and orderly. There are bars on the window.

Billy is in a panic.

BILLY

Are they for real? They're cuttin' people up out there! They're cookin' 'em!

CHURCHKEY

Hey, fella!

Churchkey holds his hand up to Billy, with thumb and forefinger an inch apart.

CHURCHKEY

What's this?

BILLY

(ignoring him)

We gotta get out of here!

Billy kicks the door.

CHURCHKEY

I asked you a question. What's this?

BILLY

I don't know, man! What is it?

CHURCHKEY

Ten thousand pounds of compressed "I-don't-give-a-fuck." And if you don't quit whinin', my friend here is gonna...

He snaps his fingers and Munch finishes the sentence, never turning from his book.

MUNCH

Pop your skull like a pimple.

CHURCHKEY

And he can do it too.

(MORE)

CHURCHKEY (CONT'D)

(to Munch)

Hey boxbrain, get up. Show him your muscles.
Put that damn thing down. You can't read
anyway.

Laying the book aside, Munch dutifully gets to his feet and flexes.

CHURCHKEY

(proudly)

Ain't he somethin'? Meet Munch... the East
Coast Champion.

BILLY

Champion of what?

MUNCH

Bears. Men. Gators. You name it. I'll
fight it.

He returns to his book.

CHURCHKEY

We were hookin' it over to Silver Shoe
for the title fight when the cops nailed
us.

BILLY

Your first ticket?

Churchkey holds up his other hand which we have not yet seen.
It's a metal stump.

CHURCHKEY

Second. Ever hear of the Deathmasters?

BILLY

(lying)

Oh, sure. Who doesn't know the Deathmasters?

CHURCHKEY

That's us! Here's our card.

CLOSE UP

A biker "courtesy card" shoots out of a slot in the metal stump
"KA-THEK!", like a parking lot ticket. It reads:

THE DEATHMASTERS MC

'We'll hurt you in a hurry'

Munch

Churchkey

Billy acts real impressed.

BILLY

Outtasight. Hey, think he's strong enough to rip out those bars?

CHURCHKEY

Strong?! Last year this guy battles a tiger! Texas cage fight. Two walk in. One walks out. Forty-five minutes! People are throwin' up!

A service bell goes off in the corridor. It galvanizes Munch and Churchkey into action.

MUNCH

That's it!

CHURCHKEY

The dinner bell.

Shoving the book in his pocket, Munch leaps to his feet. Churchkey presses his ear against the door.

BILLY

What's goin'...

Munch clamps his hand over Billy's mouth.

MUNCH

Shhhhhhhhhh.

CORRIDOR

Several cops carrying scuba guns walk down the hallway, chatting.

COP #1

Wanna play some cards?

COP #2

Make it checkers and you're on.

SLAMMER

(to Cop #3)

Hear about that pile-up in Lubbock?

COP #4

(to COP #5)

How are you and your old lady gettin' on?

MOTEL ROOM

Churchkey still listening at the door. The distant sound of a door closing. Silence.

He twists the metal stump of his severed hand and a five-inch icepick snaps in place. Indeed, the stump houses a whole Swiss

Army knife of devices.

He works on the lock with the pick. It clicks. He soundlessly opens the door a crack.

CHURCHKEY

(to Billy)

So long. Nice talkin' to ya.

Munch releases Billy and heads for the door.

BILLY

(whispering)

Take me with you, for Christ's sake!

CHURCHKEY

(genuinely puzzled)

Why?

BILLY

They're gonna fuckin' eat me!

CHURCHKEY

So?

He turns to leave.

BILLY

I'll give you tops! I'll give you gasoline!
You can have my hat! Groovy, huh?

They stop dead in their tracks.

MUNCH

You got gas?

BILLY

Up the road! A big can of it! You can
have it all!

CHURCHKEY

We ain't gonna make it outta Texas without
gas.

(to Billy)

You're in.

He twists the metal stump and a pair of wire-cutters snap into place. He cuts the chain of Billy's cuffs, freeing him.

MUNCH

It better be there.

CORRIDOR

The three leave the cell and move down the hallway toward a door marked with a red exit sign.

Churchkey opens the door about a foot and freezes.

HIS POV

The cops are having dinner. The tables are neatly set and on each plate are diced carrots, green beans, and a cooked human hand.

Their heads are lowered as the Judge says grace.

JUDGE

Bless this food, oh Lord. May it sustain us in our struggle to restore justice to this troubled land. Amen.

Churchkey carefully shuts the door. They make their way down the hallway towards the lobby.

LOBBY

Seated around a coffeetable, two cops (#1 and #2) finish up a game of checkers while a third cop (#3), looks on.

COP #1

King me.

COP #3

I got winners.

CORRIDOR

Churchkey gives his stump a twist. A nasty knifeblade clicks softly into place.

CHURCHKEY

Oink-oink-oink-oink.

LOBBY

COP #1

Did you hear somethin'?

CHURCHKEY (OS)

(barely audible)

Oink-oink.

Cop #3 picks up his scuba gun.

COP #3

I'll check it out.

He exits.

CORRIDOR

The cop enters the deserted hallway, scuba gun at the ready.

Churchkey's arm snakes out from the alcove and smothers his cry, slitting his throat with the blade. Billy grabs the scuba gun as the body slumps.

LOBBY

The two cops study the board.

COP #2

You gotta jump.

Cop #1 makes forced jump. Cop #2 quadruple-jumps him, clearing the board. Cop #2 shouts to Cop #3 in corridor.

COP #2

I'm all yours!

He looks up to see Munch standing over him. Before the two cops can react, he grabs them both by the neck, effortlessly picks them up, and slams their heads together with a sickening crack. He tosses them aside like rag dolls.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Churchkey and Munch race out motel entrance and jump on their bikes.

Hardtop appears from behind a police bike, his scuba gun leveled at the two prisoners.

HARDTOP

Now you two boys just slide off the bikes.

They do as he says.

HARDTOP

Take it nice and slow. Now lie down on ...

He leaves off in mid-sentence and raises his hands.

Billy is behind him, a scuba gun shoved against Hardtop's neck. Billy reaches out and disarms him. Munch and Churchkey start their engines. Billy backs toward his bike.

HARDTOP

Easy, Billy. Don't make it hard on yourself.

Billy mounts up.

HARDTOP

Let's talk this ...

Billy unleashes a bolt. It impales Hardtop right through the chest.

BILLY
Paybacks are a bitch.

Billy kick-starts his bike. The three escaping prisoners haul ass. An alarm goes off.

A dozen cops pour out the door. Slammer rushes to his stricken partner. He holds his head in his hands.

COP #4
It was his kid's birthday tomorrow.

Slammer looks up.

SLAMMER
The same old story. It starts with a speeding ticket. It ends up murder one.
(a beat)
Let's go get 'em.

The cops make for their bikes.

HIGHWAY - DUSK

Capt. America still sits on the chair smoking reefer, Smoke near, as Billy, Churchkey and Munch ride up and stop, engines running. Capt. America offers Billy the joint.

CAPT. AMERICA
This is wicked weed, partner. Have a hit.

BILLY
No time, man! Get on your feet! We gotta ...

MUNCH
(to Billy, cutting him off)
Where's the gas?

BILLY
Smoke, I owe these guys some gas!

Smoke takes a gas can from his bike and starts to fill Munch's and Churchkey's tanks.

BILLY
(to Capt. America)
I'm tellin' you to mount up right now because ...

CHURCHKEY
(to Capt. America, cutting Billy off)
Which way ya headin'?

CAPT. AMERICA
(smiling)
West.

CHURCHKEY

Maybe we should ride together. It's pretty rough country.

BILLY

(to Churchkey)

Look behind you. It just got rougher.

Twenty cops are roaring full-tilt toward them down the highway, blurred by wavy heat lines, "cherrytops" flashing in the twilight.

Capt. America finally realizes what's going down. He flips away the joint and gets up.

CAPT. AMERICA

Let's screw it on!

The "Gang of Five" -- Churchkey, Munch, Smoke, Billy, and Capt. America -- fishtail it out of there, the cops in hot pursuit.

The cops are gaining. Smoke pulls alongside Capt. America and shouts something we can not hear. Capt. America guns his bike to the head of the pack and empties a gas can out on the highway. The gasoline spills out on the road.

The cops are on their ass. Slammer with a piranha-toothed grin aims his scuba gun at Smoke who is bringing up the rear.

Before he can fire, Smoke leans over and ignites the gas with his Zippo.

The road bursts into flames, consuming the Cannibal Cops who shoot out of the fire like comets, burning, flying off the road.

The "Five" ride off into the last traces of the dying sun.

DISSOLVE TO

HIGH SIDE ACRES - DAY

The "Gang of Five" pull off the road into a primitive graveyard overlooking a ramshackle town in the distance. There are a few junked cars in the background. Nailed on a post is a sign reading HIGH SIDE ACRES.

They watch a burial in progress. MUTANT GRAVEDIGGER #1 is just finishing digging a big hole. MUTANT GRAVEDIGGER #2 is hauling a Hefty bag over to the gravesite in a wheel barrow. The deceased is in the bag.

A slick-looking MUTANT BIKER, wearing a black hat and a pocket watch around his neck, walks beside the wheelbarrow. His mutant patch reads "I  NUKES."

CHURCHKEY
(to Gravedigger #2)
Hey bro! Is that Silver Shoe?

GRAVEDIGGER #2
Yep. "Fun capital of America."

The slick-looking Biker addresses Churchkey, referring to Munch.

SLICK BIKER
He's a big one, ain't he?! Bet he's a fighter.

CHURCHKEY
The best in the East.

The Biker laughs and gestures to the Hefty bag.

SLICK BIKER
This dude was a fighter, too. And real big.
(pointing at Munch)
Big as him until the Champ worked him over.

The slick Biker takes off his hat. Gravedigger #2 tilts the wheelbarrow and the Hefty bag slides into the grave.

SLICK BIKER
Call me a sentimental slob but I always make sure that anyone who tangles with the Champ gets a decent burial.

He puts his hat back on. Gravedigger #1 starts filling the grave.

CHURCHKEY
The Champ, huh? Do you know where I can find the guy who manages this "Champ" -- a guy called "Bonefoot?"

The Biker steps out from behind the wheelbarrow to reveal that one of his legs from the knee down is nothing but a boney skeleton.

SLICK BIKER/(BONEFOOT)
You're lookin' at him.

Churchkey gets off his bike.

CHURCHKEY
Then you and me got some business to talk over. Be right back.

Churchkey, Munch, and Bonefoot go off to deal.

Billy and Capt. America dismount and read some of the inscriptions on the grave markers. Nearby wildflowers tremble in the breeze.

CLOSE ON INSCRIPTIONS

They read:

PANHEAD	SEPTEMBER 19TH, 2057	A TIGHT BRO WHO WILL BE MISSED
TURK	CHAIN-WHIPED ON MAY 2, 2064	
DOG DISH	SWORN TO FUN, LOYAL TO NONE	2033-2066
DIRTY DAVE	"A WOMAN'S PLACE IS ON MY FACE"	
SPECKS	SNUFFED BY DEATHWAGON	

BILLY

Pretty fancy. We didn't even get a marker.

Capt. America nods. The reverie is interrupted by angry voices.

CHURCHKEY

(furious)

He's the best! He deserves a shot!

BONEFOOT

(snarling)

I don't give a rat's ass how good he is! All I care about is a fat purse!

CHURCHKEY

But ten thou --

BONEFOOT

(cutting him off)

When you come up with ten thousand bottle-tops, that's when you got yourself a fight. Standard deal. Take it or leave it.

Bonefoot walks away. Churchkey and Munch silently go back to the bikes. Munch looks crushed. Suddenly Churchkey flashes a big smile.

CHURCHKEY

Not to worry. I got an angle.

The "Five" get on their bikes and ride towards Silver Shoe.

EXT. SILVER SHOE

The "Five" slowly ride down the main street. It's packed with BIKE GANGS from all over the country, a barbarian Mecca for TRADERS, HOOKERS, GAMBLERS, DEGENERATES. Everything and everybody is up for sale. Silver Shoe is tough, dangerous, heartless.

As they ride through the "Fun Capital of America," they see a town which is actually a rag-tag collection of tents, tarpaper shacks, the gaudy ruins of an earlier city.

A rotting CORPSE hangs from the neck of an arc street light, a sign saying BIKE THIEF tied to him. A slave auction is in progress featuring a half-naked JAPANESE MAN on the block as a MUTANT AUCTIONEER takes bids. A savage fist fight breaks out in front of a store offering plastic bags of strange dope. A NUDE WOMAN casually walks down the street unnoticed. TRAPPERS pull in with beat-up Harleys packed with pelts. A FIRE-EATER spits flame into the air.

Billy points out to Capt. America a sideshow with garish murals and wild slogans: "MUTANT LEZBO LIVE SEX ACTS EXTRA HOLES!"

"1 MAN, 2 WOMEN, 5 MOUTHS! CONSIDER THE
POSSIBILITIES!"

"SEE CASANOVA -- THE SIX FOOT SURPRISE!"

A WOMAN breast feeds her BABY. A MUTANT GAMBLER spins a big multi-colored wheel as BIKERS bet bottle-tops.

They ride past the Sands Hotel marquee. Although the letters are faded and broken, Billy and Capt. America can still read:

"JERRY LEWIS MEMORIAL TELETHON
A GALAXY OF STARS"

BILLY

Oh, man! Do you know where we are?
We're in Vegas!

CAPT. AMERICA

Hasn't changed much.

They pull over by a communal bath -- a big round, patched-up plastic swimming pool. Billy, Capt. America and Smoke park while Munch and Churchkey stay on their bikes.

CHURCHKEY

Make sure you lock 'em. They'll steal
anything that ain't nailed down.

They lock up their bikes with heavy chain.

CHURCHKEY

(to Munch)

Come on, numbnuts. Let's see what I can
scare up.

BILLY

(to the pair)

Later.

Munch and Churchkey ride off, Smoke opens his pouch and checks how many bottle-tops remain.

CAPT. AMERICA
How we doin'?

SMOKE
We're riding on fumes. This is it.

He has six bottle-tops in his hand.

They walk past LAST PATRIOT completely covered in a white anti-radiation suit.

LAST PATRIOT
(to Capt. America)
Do you want The Truth?

CAPT. AMERICA
Yes.

Reaching into a sack on his back labeled "THE TRUTH", he takes out a paper and hands it to Capt. America.

CLOSE ON CAPT. AMERICA

He reads "THE TRUTH." It says: "RACE WAR IN MIDLANDS. SMALLPOX CURE DISCOVERED AGAIN. PLANT WHEAT NOW. LIVE IN PEACE. THE WARDEN."

CAPT. AMERICA
You work for the Warden?

LAST PATRIOT
What's it to you?
(to a PASSING BIKER who ignores him)
Do you want The Truth?

CAPT. AMERICA
I've got to see him.

LAST PATRIOT
Fat chance. Nobody sees the Warden.

BILLY
Couldn't you get us in?

LAST PATRIOT
Even if I could, I wouldn't.

BILLY
Don't get an attitude, man.

LAST PATRIOT
Take it someplace else, okay guys. I'm workin'.
(to ANOTHER PASSING BIKER who ignores him)
Do you want The Truth?

BILLY

(pissed)

Step outta that clown suit and I'll take
you someplace else, you sack of --

The Last Patriot simply turns his back on Billy and continues
hawking papers.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Billy)

Mellow out, man.

(notices the baths)

Let's step in here and cool off.

The three enter the baths with Billy still pissed.

BILLY

Guy's a real sweetheart.

SWIMMING POOL

They're bare-ass naked in the water. Billy is still wearing
his hat. The pool is deserted save for a luscious MUTANT GAL
who is floating in an old inner tube.

BILLY

Hot damn!

CAPT. AMERICA

Feels good.

BILLY

Hey, Wyatt, suppose this guy won't see us?

CAPT. AMERICA

He'll see us.

(to Smoke)

How far is the Warden from here?

SOMKE

A long ways. We need gas.

BILLY

And food, man. I could sure go for a big
plate of snake 'n taters.

Billy catches the Mutant Gal's eye and waves to her. She smiles
and we get a flash of a great pair of tits.

SMOKE

We're busted. We gotta sell bike parts.

CLOSE ON CAPT. AMERICA'S BIKE

The flame of an acetylene torch starts to cut through the metal
chain that secures the bike.

SWIMMING POOL

BILLY
I need my headlight!

SMOKE
(to Billy, with a wink aside
to Capt. America)
How about the hat, then?

BILLY
You're not gettin' this hat man. No way.

CAPT. AMERICA
(playing along)
You can always get another hat, Billy.

BILLY
Forget it. You're not --

With a "See-you-later" smile for Billy, the Mutant Gal slides out of the water, revealing that her lower half is entirely covered with fur, like that of a wolf. Billy is unnerved.

BILLY
Okay, take the headlight.

CLOSE ON CAPT. AMERICA'S BIKE

The torch cuts through the bike chain.

BATH HOUSE EXIT

Smoke, Billy and Capt. America exit.

SMOKE
So we sell the headlights, the fenders,
the sissy bars, the speedom --

BILLY
Oh, shit! We've been ripped off!

Capt. America's and Billy's bikes are missing with only the broken chains left.

SMOKE
(to Capt. America)
Any ideas?

Capt. America pauses.

CAPT. AMERICA
Not to worry. I got an angle.

DISSOLVE TO

FIGHT RING - NIGHT

A gigantic lit-up "Silver Shoe" from whence the town gets its name. It slowly revolves on a tall pole, all that remains of Las Vegas' famed "Silver Slipper."

BOWTIE the ring announcer/Ref stands in the center of a rough circle formed by SPECTATORS, a gruesome crowd of BIKEPS. This is the "ring." Bowtie wears a tux and of course a bowtie. He has three eyes.

BOWTIE

Ladies and gentlemen...a fight to the death!

He points dramatically to Munch.

In the far corner, weighing 285 pounds, seven feet, four inches, the East Coast challenger... Munch, the Deathmaster!

Munch raises his hand. Some applause, mostly boos.

And in this corner weighing 326 pounds, seven feet, seven inches, the Free-Style Champion of the World, Silver Shoe's own...Carnage "the Magnificent."

The biggest, scariest MUTANT (CARNAGE) who ever lived comes out in a bright red satin robe. He's meaner than battery acid and so ugly he looks like he chased a fart through a barrel of nails. He gets a huge hand.

CLOSE ON CHURCHKEY.

Churchkey lights a big cigar with the flame of an acetylene torch that is part of his metal "hand."

He's placing a bet with a fancy Black pimp (ACE) in velvet cut-offs with many gold chains around his neck, rings on his fingers. He's accompanied by TRESSY and TUBETOP, two ghastly Mutant hookers.

CHURCHKEY

That freak's over the hill. Let's double it.

ACE

You're covered.

BOWTIE

The winner of tonight's bout will receive...

ANGLE ON CAPT. AMERICA'S AND BILLY'S BIKES.

They're all shined up. A stenciled "U.S. MAIL" bag chock-full of bottletops is nearby.

BOWTIE (OS)

...This purse of ten thousand bottletops
and two bitchin' choppers.

ON CHURCHKEY

Billy, Capt. America and Smoke are now standing behind him.
Smoke is holding a knife at his throat.

CHURCHKEY

I've been lookin' all over for you guys.
Saved you ringside seats.

CAPT. AMERICA

We're taking back our bikes.

CHURCHKEY

I wouldn't try it, pal. This crowd'll tear
you apart.

He gestures to the rowdy crowd... drinking and betting, turning
nastier with each second.

CHURCHKEY

Like it or not, we're partners. Fifty-fifty.

SMOKE

(to Capt. America)

Let's kill 'im and go for the bikes.

CHURCHKEY

Trust me -- You'll get your scoots back,
you'll be rollin' in tops...

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Smoke)

We'd never make it.

CHURCHKEY

Okay, sixty-forty. Final offer.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Smoke)

We got no choice.

Smoke sheathes the knife.

CHURCHKEY

This fight's in the bag. The guy's a bum.

ON CARNAGE

Bonefoot takes a two-by-four and, as part of a psych-out/warmup,
whacks the Champ over the head so hard that the board breaks.
Carnage grins. The crowd goes wild.

Churchkey stands on tiptoe to massage Munch's back.

CHURCHKEY

(to Munch)

Don't let 'im spook ya.

(shouting to Bonefoot)

We seen all that stuff before! That stuff
don't impress us!

Carnage holds a DIAMONDBACK RATTLER which bites him on the arm.
The snake shudders and dies.

MUNCH

I never saw that before.

BILLY

No, you don't see that every
day.

Carnage doffs his robe. Like Munch, he wears cut-offs and
"greasies" or leathers. And a wide, gold belt around his waist,
a championship belt that once belonged to John L. Sullivan.

The combatants go to the center of the "ring" and stand toe-to-
toe, glowering at each other in a classic stare-down. Bowtie
has removed his tux jacket. He is now the referee.

BOWTIE

You both know the rules. Biting, gouging,
kicking, choking, low blows...all that's
fine. Choose your weapons.

He opens up a rectangular mahogany case. Inside are two matched,
silver tire irons. Each takes one.

CARNAGE

(to Munch)

I'm gonna knock your head off and shit
down your neck.

MUNCH

Go for it.

They return to their corners. Warning buzzer.

CHURCHKEY

Work the kneecaps. They look soft.

The bell. The fight begins.

There are no rounds. Or rather one big round that goes until
a fighter buys it.

Munch is on the defensive. Carnage is fast, strong, viscous
bordering on the berserk. Knees in the balls, eye-gouging,
sand in the face, meat-fisted combinations...Carnage is going
for a quick kill.

The crowd presses forward to catch the action. Munch ducks a roundhouse blow and the gleaming tire iron caves in Ace's head. No one cares. Churchkey shouts desperate instructions. Billy and Capt. America look grim. Munch is staggering.

As the fight rages, the crowd strips Ace's body of his gold chains, bottletops, clothes, rings...till the corpse is quite nude.

Just when it looks like marbletown for Munch, he clips Carnage in the kneecap, kicks out his other leg, and delivers four sickening blows to the head with his tire iron. Even the crowd is grimmed out.

Munch raises his arms in victory. Carnage twists, jerks, apparently death spasms. But one hand suddenly rips away his shirt to reveal a second head on his shoulder, neckless, misshapen, horrible. The twisted little mouth gives an inhuman shriek of rage and hatred.

Munch doesn't notice the huge body lurch to its feet. Carnage raises his tire iron for the death blow. Churchkey shouts a warning. Munch ducks just in time and bashes in the second head. Carnage falls and lies slabbed out in the dust.

Bowtie removes the gold belt from the body and gives it to the new Champion, Munch. He's cheered on by the fickle crowd.

CUT TO

INT. WHOREHOUSE

The "Five" celebrate their victory in a whorehouse that was once a "Carpeteria." Big rolls and mounds of carpet cover the floors. SIX MUTANT HOOKERS recline on the carpets like grotesque odalisques. The place is lit with kerosene lamps. A badly-bruised Munch sits in a corner, thumbing his Disney book, Tressy and Tubetop by his side. Billy idly fingers bottletops from a big sack. Smoke sharpens his knife. An old phonograph plays a scratchy Christmas record by some Vegas singer.

Churchkey sets a six-pack of Coors on a table.

CHURCHKEY

(grandly)

There it is. The last six-pack in America. Genuine Colorado Kool-Aid. It cost me a fortune but -- What the hell -- you only live once!

BILLY

As a matter of --

Capt. America shakes his head "no."

CHURCHKEY

(to Tubetop)

Thanks, sweetheart.

(MORE)

CHURCHKEY (CONT'D)
(to Capt. America and Billy)
Your bikes are back, all juiced up.
No harm done.

Capt. America just smiles.

CHURCHKEY
Then let's party down! Suck up those suds!
Put some heat on the crank!
(to Tressy)
Hey, angel, can you play another record?

TRESSY
Sorry, mister. We only got one record.

CHURCHKEY
Turn it over then. How you doin', Champ?

MUNCH
I'm lookin' at the mice.

Tressy turns over the record. The other side is more of the same. MADAME F appears at the top of the grand staircase.

MADAME F
Turn up your fundials! You got the tops,
we got the bottoms!

CHURCHKEY
Come on down here, pussface! I want you
to meet some friends!

She descends the staircase. Madame F is flawless in every way, save for her left arm which is seven feet long and drags.

CHURCHKEY
(aside to Billy)
Hotter than a half-fucked fox in a
forest fire.

BILLY
(aside to Churchkey)
What are you gettin'? A hand-job?

MADAME F
Hiya, boys! Havin' a good time?

CAPT. AMERICA
(sincerely)
Hello. What's your name?

MADAME F
"Fido." Excuse me. I gotta drain.
(as she exits)
Tressy, be a doll and turn that record over.

BILLY

"Drain?"

Tressy turns the record over and plays the first song we heard.

CHURCHKEY

(to Capt. America and Billy)

You can have any gal in the place. My treat.

CAPT. AMERICA

Thanks but we'll just have a beer and push on.

CHURCHKEY

(to Tubetop)

How's that beer comin'?

Tubetop brings in the precious bottles of Coors chilled on ice.

CHURCHKEY

Here we go! Some brew for the crew!

Munch comes over with his book. As Churchkey opens the bottles with the bottle opener on his "hand," Capt. America examines Munch's gold belt.

CAPT. AMERICA

That's some belt.

(reading inscription)

"John L. Sullivan World's Heavyweight Champion
1882 - 1892."

MUNCH

You can read?

CAPT. AMERICA

Sure.

MUNCH

Can you teach me to read this?

He holds out the book to Capt. America who takes it and reads it aloud.

CAPT. AMERICA

Yes. See..."Mickey"...that's him here...
"and Minnie"...

CLOSE UP

Capt. America points out each word in the Disney book. There's an illustration of Mickey and Minnie Mouse with Goofy who is mowing the lawn.

CAPT. AMERICA

...that's her..."went to visit their friend
Goofy who was mowing the lawn."

MUNCH

What's a "lawn?"

CAPT. AMERICA

That's this grass here that...

Churchkey cuts him off, handing Munch an opened beer.

CHURCHKEY

(angry)

Hey, put that crap away and drink your beer!

(to Capt. America)

What are you doin'? He's got a rat turd for a brain! You couldn't teach this ox to read a stop sign!

MUNCH

If you'll show me about..."Mickey"...
"and"...Minnie"...I'll come with you.
I'll protect you.

CAPT. AMERICA

It's a deal.

CHURCHKEY

Deal, my ass!

(to Munch)

Since when do you call the shots, huh?
Listen, we're rich, we're in Silver Shoe,
and we're gettin' laid! And you're not
goin' anywhere until I say...

Munch grabs him by the front of his jacket and effortlessly lifts him into the air..

MUNCH

Are you comin' or not?

CHURCHKEY

Count me in.

Munch puts him back down very gently. Churchkey pulls out a cigarette.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Churchkey)

Well, here we are, partners again, and I
don't even know your name.

Churchkey opens a bottle of beer for himself.

CHURCHKEY

I got a million names. Right now my name's
"Churchkey."

The "hand" changes to a cigarette lighter.

CHURCHKEY

Now it's "Flame."

He lights the cigarette.

SMOKE

How about a toast? To the five of us.

Churchkey looks around, laughs, raises his bottle.

CHURCHKEY

"Better a sister in a whorehouse than
a brother on a Honda!"

They clink bottles and drink up.

HIGHWAY

MONTAGE with music. The "Five" on the road. A night ride of headlights flickering through trees; a split-level house burning as BIKERS dance and booze outside; the moon silhouetting passing palms and roadside debris; glowing lines of light on the highway which pierce into the giant black mountains of the California landscape.

The music ends.

THE "CASTLE"

The "Five" arrive at the "Castle," actually a prison. Shrouded in white anti-radiation suits the LAST PATRIOTS man the floodlit walls. The massive gates of the prison entrance are closed. It looks like a Medieval fortress or the fabled Shangri-La.

Capt. America shouts up to the guardhouse.

CAPT. AMERICA

Is this the castle of the Warden?

There is no answer.

He shouts again.

CAPT. AMERICA

Is this the castle of the Warden?

CHURCHKEY

We're wastin' our time. Nobody gets...

The gates swing slowly open. A LAST PATRIOT #1 speaks to them through a bullhorn.

LAST PATRIOT #1

(cutting off Churchkey)

Come in.

They ride inside.

PRISON YARD

Once inside, they are hit by a powerful searchlight, blinding them. The gates close behind them.

LAST PATRIOT #1

Dismount.

They shut down and dismount. Another LAST PATRIOT #2 appears before them.

LAST PATRIOT #2

(to Capt. America and Billy)

You two come with me.

They follow him toward the prison.

PRISON CORRIDOR

Last Patriot #2 leads them down a corridor. They pass ANOTHER LAST PATRIOT #3 wheeling a cart piled high with books.

PRISON ROOM

They are escorted through a large room lit by florescent lights. Like monks of the Dark Ages, 25 LAST PATRIOTS sit at rows of desks repairing objects of historical importance: touching up a damaged Thomas Hart Benton painting; mending an old Life magazine; investigating the magical properties of eggs; fixing an Apple computer; stacking Marvel comics; preparing freebase; studying Franklin Mint coins.

ANOTHER PRISON ROOM

Deeper into the prison, Last Patriot #2 leads Billy and Capt. America through a room where LAST PATRIOTS print "THE TRUTH" on a colonial letterpress.

ANOTHER PRISON CORRIDOR

They approach a metal door with a warning: DO NOT ENTER. Last Patriot #2 opens it. They go inside.

DEATH CHAMBER VIEWING AREA

A red light shines on the wall. The death chamber is being used.

Their guide indicates some chairs. They sit down. He pulls a lever and shutters roll up to reveal the octagonal death chamber.

There is an electric chair in the center and a MAN pacing to and fro. He is one hundred and ten years old and wears a black robe with the Congressional Medal of Honor hanging around his neck.

He is wiggled out in the grip of a mind-snapping peyote vision.
This is the WARDEN.

His ranting is inaudible through the soundproof glass. Silently he laughs, sobs, screams, curls up on the floor, slams against the walls, and appears to be talking to some invisible man.

Finally he collapses in the chair, dripping sweat, and nods off. Last Patriot #2, who has been standing motionless, addresses Billy and Capt. America.

LAST PATRIOT #2

The Warden will see you now.

He opens the door, lets them in, and leaves.

DEATH CHAMBER

They stand awkwardly. They look at the sleeping Warden. Silence, except for a low generator hum and electrical crackle. Suddenly the Warden looks up and surveys them. His eyes are strangely illuminated, a curious blend of the holy and the lunatic. Finally he speaks.

WARDEN

When they pulled that switch, the temperature of the brain reached the boiling point of water. Two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. Is this the civilization you wish to restore, "Captain America?"

CAPT. AMERICA

You know my name.

WARDEN

I know it all. I just had a vision.

Capt. America and Billy share a glance.

BILLY

You have these visions often?

WARDEN

Yes, Billy. Every time I drop peyote. We know drugs are good for us because they make us tremble.

CAPT. AMERICA

Fair enough.

They share another troubled glance.

WARDEN

Give it to me.

CAPT. AMERICA

What?

WARDEN

Give me the dream, the icon, the first American flag.

Capt. America takes the folded flag from his jacket and hands it to the Warden who treats it with great reverence.

WARDEN

So this is it...the one that flew at Valley Forge and turned the tide at Bunker Hill.

He drapes it over the electric chair.

WARDEN

Not some candy-ass stars and stripes but a biker flag with a big, nasty rattlesnake on it! Watch out, you bastards! "Don't tread on me!" By God it's beautiful!

He traces the snake with his trembling finger.

WARDEN

You've made an old soldier very happy.

BILLY

Yeah, I noticed your medal. You a war hero?

WARDEN

I saw some action.

BILLY

I caught this flick where Audie Murphy won one of those for killin' Krauts. He musta shot fifty or sixty of 'em. How many did you kill?

WARDEN

Four billion.

CAPT. AMERICA

Four..."billion?"
(big pause)
That's heavy.

WARDEN

It does sort of warp the prayer wheel.

He folds the flag back up.

CAPT. AMERICA

You mean you hit the button that...

WARDEN

(cutting him off)

Actually, it was a knob. The important thing is that it totally turned me around. As you can see, I've devoted my remaining years to saving life, not destroying it.

Taking the flag with him, he leads them out the door.

WARDEN

Let me show you some of the things we're doing here. Have you seen our newspaper?

CAPT. AMERICA

Yes, I've read it.

BILLY

Uh-huh.

WARDEN

Of course, you read. Not many can nowadays. You must visit our library. But first...

PRISON HALLWAY

The Warden guides them through a hallway lined with American paintings and sculpture: Andrew Wyeth's Christina's World, Gilbert Stewart's Washington, a Norman Rockwell, a Mark Rothko abstract, a clown painting by Red Skelton.

WARDEN

Our art gallery of famous American paintings. Rockwell, Rothko, Skelton ...they're all here.

DEATH ROW

Death Row has been touchingly converted into a makeshift museum. The three stroll past cells done over as tableaux with mannequins, depicting some aspect of American life as it was lived a century ago. Many of the details are askew. The cell doors are open. But velvet cords block the way.

WARDEN

This is our museum where we've managed to preserve a bit of this country's proud heritage.

They stop at a cell decorated as the living room of a typical middle-class family. The smiling Dad mannequin sits in a Barcalounger, a straight briar pipe in his mouth, watching a loop of the moon steps on tv. He wears a Kliban cat oven mitt on one hand. Mom sports go-go boots and reads a copy of Hustler.

Wearing a pair of granny glasses, Little Sis feeds Cheese Kisses to a stuffed pet racoon.

There's a velvet painting of Martin Luther King, Jr., a 1968 calendar, magazine ads Scotch-taped to the wall. The sofa is covered in protective plastic, an E.T. doll and a can of "GENUINE CANNED FLORIDA SUNSHINE" sit on the coffeetable.

WARDEN

For example, here is the living room of a typical American family as they might have appeared one hundred years ago. You were alive then. Look familiar?

BILLY

How do you know so much about us?

WARDEN

All in good time, Billy.

ANOTHER CELL

The second cell is decorated as a church, complete with a "stained-glass" window of colored gels.

The congregation of kneeling mannequins are wearing everything from cocktail dresses to bathing suits. The Priest holds up a bottle of Coke as a gesture of benediction.

Dominating the tableau is the object of their adoration, hanging above the altar, a life-sized crucifix of Jesus. He wears a black mask and his wounds bleed so copiously that the stage blood drips from the cross, splatters the altar, and trickles down to the floor.

WARDEN

This exhibit speaks for itself. Freedom of religion... the cornerstone of Democracy. Here we see Americans worshipping a God of mercy and compassion.

They move to the third cell which is decorated as a Pentagon office. Unlike the other exhibits, this one is utterly realistic, right down to a false window that looks out on the Washington monument.

Half a dozen male mannequins dressed as U.S. military brass stand looking at something on a desk, caught at a seminal moment, some thoughtful and reflective, others fixing the unseen object with a firm stare.

The Warden stands in front of the desk blocking the object from view.

WARDEN

I call this one "The Peacemakers." Men who fought only for justice and liberty. Now we have a bunch of barbarians who fight for food, gas, land, just for the hell of it! They listen to no one... except me.

CAPT. AMERICA

Why do they respect you? Because of your knowledge, your dedication to the cause of peace?

WARDEN

Fuck no! They respect me because I have the bomb.

He steps aside so we can see the desk.

WARDEN

The last one. Right here. Five thousand megatons.

The sinister black object is the size of an Answerphone. It's in the center of the desk. There is a button on it and poised inches away from the button is the finger of the mannequin who sits behind the desk. He is dressed as a five-star General except that he wears a sweatshirt that says "OFFICIAL BIKINI INSPECTOR."

BILLY

I didn't know they were that small.

WARDEN

It's Japanese. I could hit that button and take out everything west of Wichita. I did it once and I can do it again. But...this flag is more powerful than that bomb.

BILLY

Come again?

EXT. PRISON WALL

The Warden, Billy, Capt. America walk along the parapets. In the distance, the campfires of some nomadic bike tribe.

WARDEN

The bomb just frightens men. This inspires them. In 1776, this flag... the Gadsden flag... inspired a ragged band of squirrel hunters to defeat Great Britian, the mightiest empire the world has ever known. This is the ultimate weapon because it possesses the greatest power of all... the power to unify.

BILLY

Sounds like a load of horseshit to me.

The sound of gunshots, screams, a honking horn and the roar of a speeding vehicle in the distance.

WARDEN

There goes that damn Deathwagon again. Say, you two don't know how to make gunpowder, do you?

CAPT. AMERICA

Sorry.

BILLY

Afraid not.

The Warden pulls out a .45 from beneath his robe.

WARDEN

I got this chrome-plated .45 here and I'd just love to squeeze off a few rounds.

He pretends to shoot the gun, making the appropriate gun sounds.

CAPT. AMERICA

Now that you have the flag, what do you plan to do with it?

He hands the flag to Capt. America.

WARDEN

Give it back to you, of course. Bang-o!

CAPT. AMERICA

But, Mr. President...

WARDEN

What did you call me?

CAPT. AMERICA

"Mr. President?"

WARDEN

(laughing)

I'm not the President. Oh, I had plans of running for office once, back when there was a government, but...

CAPT. AMERICA

What are you saying? There's no President?

WARDEN

Oh, there's a President alright. He's waiting for you in Washington, D.C. The Forbidden Zone. Three thousand miles away.

BILLY

Sez who?

WARDEN

The Archangel who spoke to me in my vision. Ka-blam!

CAPT. AMERICA

What did this "archangel" look like?

WARDEN

He was about your height; I'd say a hundred and fifty pounds, brown eyes, brown hair...

BILLY

Dressed all in gold?

WARDEN

Uh-huh. And riding a golden Harley.

BILLY

Will you excuse us, uh, "Mr. Warden?" Wyatt, we gotta have a little talk about all of this. In private.

INT. PRISON MUSEUM

Capt. America is playing the Ms. Pac-Man arcade game with intense concentration. Above it is a sign: VIDEO GAME CIRCA 1980.

Billy goes off on a tear.

BILLY

I think this guy on the golden Harley is giving us the golden shaft, man! All twenty-four carats! The Warden here is a total frothing nutcake, okay!? He's tellin' us we gotta go all the way back! And to where, man?! The "Forbidden Zone!" I bet they have a damn good reason for callin' it the "Forbidden Zone!" They don't just make up a name like that!

CLOSE ON GAME

Capt. America's Pac-Man is gobbled up, collapsing with a squeal.

Capt. America turns to face Billy.

BILLY

Let's just give this flag to the museum, okay? Nail the sucker right up on this wall and split!

Capt. America gives him a hard look.

CAPT. AMERICA

You got something better to do?

BILLY

Yeah, well, okay. Just wanted you to know where I'm comin' from.

WARDEN'S OFFICE

The "Five" and Warden stand around an old school map of the United States which has been tossed over a desk.

SMOKE

Why don't we pick up Route 10 here, cut straight over to Phoenix, then...

WARDEN

(cutting him off)

Don't go to Phoenix.

SMOKE

How come?

WARDEN

It's covered with rats.

CAPT. AMERICA

Then let's take 101 up to Oakland, turn off...

WARDEN

(cutting him off)

Stay away from Oakland. It glows at night.

BILLY

It glows, huh? Well, what if we swung up to Fresno, ripped across to Nevada and...

Billy's route has taken him into a section of Nevada obscured by Magic Marker cross-hatching.

WARDEN

(cutting him off)

I'd avoid that section.

BILLY

Why? What's here?

WARDEN

I don't know. Nobody's ever come back alive.

CHURCHKEY

(to Munch)

You sure you wanna do this?

MUNCH

I'm sure.

CHURCHKEY

Then why don't we just go back the way we came... cruise over to Silver Shoe and...

WARDEN

(cutting him off)

Uh-uh. I just got word. Cholera.

CAPT. AMERICA

What do you suggest, Warden?

WARDEN

Why not take the scenic route?

CLOSE ON MAP

The Warden traces the "scenic route" with his finger.

WARDEN (OS)

14 to 396, follow that up to I 80...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The "Five" ride through Southern California, past a grove of orange trees.

WARDEN (OS)

...and ride like hell. Aside from the giant scorpions, you shouldn't have any problems..

INT. HIGH SCHOOL

FOUR GIANT SCORPIONS, about nine feet long, crawl in the ruins of a classroom. One scorpion peers out a broken window to see the "Five" on the road.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

The "Five" ride past the high school which is covered with SCORES OF GIANT SCORPIONS, on the roof, steps, grass. Out in front is a rotting flag on a pole and a weathered sign: JOHN GLENN HIGH SCHOOL.

They split apart to avoid a GIANT SCORPION in the middle of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY

MONTAGE with music. On route from California to Utah, they pass the ruins of Disneyland, the charred remains of a Sequoia forest, an airport with a rusted TWA jet overturned on the runway. They ramp jump a crack in the Hoover dam.

Music ends.

CUT TO

HIGHWAY

The "Five" ride down a straight stretch of road past a sign that says: RESUME SPEED.

Suddenly Smoke shoots to the head of the pack and gives a signal to stop. All clamp on the binders and skid to a halt. Silence and the whining wind.

Smoke dismounts and walks a few feet to where a steel wire has been stretched across the road, neck high, between two telephone poles. He fingers the wire.

SMOKE

Headhunters.

BILLY

How can you be so sure?

SMOKE

(pointing up the road)

Look over there.

The others dismount, duck under the wire, and follow Smoke. The "Five" approach the shoulder of the road and stop. They see thirty some-odd dismembered heads impaled on short stakes of varying heights on the side of the road near an old Penziol sign. A few wear helmets, a few have long hair, one wears a blacktop gas mask, one wears a Rebel cap, one wears sunglasses. The "Five" stare at the heads, saying nothing. A moment of reflection on this merciless land. Life is cheap in North America.

Capt. America breaks the silence.

CAPT. AMERICA

Let's keep moving.

The "Five" get on their bikes. Wire clippers snap into place on his "hand" and Churchky snips the wire.

HIGHWAY

MONTAGE with music. For the first time, from Utah to Colorado, the landscape looks lush and magnificent. They ride through spectacular Western vistas, past mesas, a mountain waterfall, ancient Indian ruins. They're actually laughing, actually happy.

The music ends.

HIGHWAY

A YOUNG GIRL (TRINKET) hitchhikes on the roadside. She is primo, hot jailbait, her blonde hair tousled by the wind, skin-tight blue-jeans, her blouse tied up to reveal a tan midriff. On the back of her blouse her patch reads: SAVAGE SLUTS MC. The "Five" pull up and stop.

TRINKET

Hi. I'm Trinket. Can you guys give me a lift?

CAPT. AMERICA

Hop on.

She jumps on the back of his bike and off they ride.

HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE with music. The land is more beautiful than before. The "Five" plus Trinket ride past a galloping herd of elk, fields of wildflowers, a sea of grass, a herd of buffalo.

The music ends.

TRAILER CAMP

They pull off the road into a camp of old silver Airstream trailers on concrete blocks. The trailers are aligned in a circle on a vast prairie. In the center of the ring stands a tall pine tree. This is the commune of the Savage Sluts, an all-woman bike club.

FOX (the head of the commune) runs up to greet them. Like all the Savage Sluts, she radiates boundless health and joy. Also like the others, she is young and beautiful.

FOX

Trinket! We were so worried about you! What happened?

TRINKET

My bike threw a rod. If it weren't for these guys, I'd still be there.

FOX

Oh gosh, baby! You must have been
scared silly!

TRINKET

It was gettin' real spooky out there.

Billy and Churchkey still on their bikes are "eye-ballin' the
sweeties."

TWENTY SAVAGE SLUTS of every race work around the commune. Some
practice archery on a traditional "bulls-eye" target, others
hang up clothes to dry, sweep, harvest pumpkins. CHERRY, a
particularly stunning girl, gathers flowers near the "Five."
She gives Churchkey "the eye."

CHURCHKEY

(to Billy)

Ya see her?! That gal is so good-lookin',
I'd crawl fifteen miles through broken
glass just to let her pee on my toothbrush!

Fox addresses the "Five."

FOX

It was real nice of you to help my
sister. You gotta stay and have supper
with us.

CAPT. AMERICA

We'd love to, ma'am.

FOX

Wait'll I tell the girls! They'll be
so excited!

(to the girls)

Hey, listen up, everybody! We got guests!

The girls drop whatever they're doing. With squeals of delight,
they run to meet the new guests.

CHERRY

(to Churchkey)

Oooo, a Harley-Davidson... the third best
thing a girl can sit on!

CHURCHKEY

Let's you and me go someplace and discuss
the other two.

CHERRY

Why not?

They exit.

FETISH, an exotic beauty, comes on to Billy.

FETISH

Hi. I'm Fetish.

BILLY

Pretty name.

They go off.

Munch is with SMOOCH, another stunner. Smoke is with MITTENS and TWO OTHER GIRLS.

MUNCH

(to Smoke)

See ya later. Smooch here has somethin' she wants to show me.

Munch and Smooch exit. Giggling, Smoke's three new friends lead him inside a trailer.

MITTENS

Come on, Chief. We got three things we want to show you!

DISSOLVE TO

CORNFIELD

Capt. America and Trinket stroll hand-in-hand past rows of ripening corn.

TRINKET

We try to live in harmony with nature.
Grow our own food, make our own clothes.
It's an awful lot of work but someday
we'll have something we can be proud of.

CAPT. AMERICA

I think you're gonna make it.

DISSOLVE TO

Capt. America and Trinket walk through a field of newly-mown hay, past a fenced-in cow.

TRINKET

If people would just reach out and
love one another more, we could put
an end to all this war and destruction.
Oh, look! The moon!

A pale full moon rises in the cloudless sky.

DISSOLVE TO

APIARY

They walk through beehives.

TRINKET

We believe that the honey and the bee,
the animals, the tress, the earth, the
sky, are all one.

CAPT. AMERICA

(laughing)

I know. I've been there.

TRINKET

(hurt)

Why are you laughing?

CAPT. AMERICA

It's a long story.

TRINKET

(angry)

Let's go back.

Coldly, she turns and walks away.

CAPT. AMERICA

Trinket, I'm not making fun of you. I
have been there.

TRINKET

Been where?

He looks at her tenderly.

CAPT. AMERICA

Okay. It started in the summer of '68.

TRINKET

This is the summer of '68.

CAPT. AMERICA

No, 1968. The year I was killed. Billy
and I had just pulled off a big dope deal
and...

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSE ON BEES

They swarm all over a honeycomb. Capt. America is telling his
story off-screen. His words are indistinct over the buzzing
drone of the bees.

DISSOLVE TO

Capt. America finishes telling his story. Trinket is speechless,
a child listening to a miraculous tale.

CAPT. AMERICA

So now we're on our way to the White House.

Trinket is eating a comb of honey which makes her lush lips glisten. Without breaking eye contact, she starts to unbutton her blouse.

TRINKET

If what you say is true...you haven't had a woman in a hundred years.

She takes off her blouse.

DISSOLVE TO

ANOTHER FIELD - SPECTACULAR SUNSET

MONTAGE with music. In a field of swaying grass and prairie wildflowers, Capt. America kisses Trinket and gently lays her down.

The exquisite lines and contours of her body imperceptibly become the golden dunes of a magical desert. Trinket sails over a dune, riding a motorcycle, nude, ecstatic. Following right behind her, astride his Harley, comes Capt. America, a quarter ton of hot steel between his legs.

His hand fills the screen, he revs the Harley engine higher and higher, the cycle roar grows louder and louder.

The pupils of Trinket's eyes fill the screen, they blaze with streaking comets; her face glows with love.

Capt. America looks down at her, a slight halation or aura around his head, like a painting of Jesus.

Music ends.

DISSOLVE TO

Trinket and Capt. America gazing at each other with new-found love. The halation is gone. The buzzing bee drone is back.

TRINKET

(softly)

Wyatt, I believe what you told me.
Every word.

CUT TO

TRAILER CAMP - NIGHT

The circle of trailers gleam in the moonlight. Bonfires have been set around the pine tree. In the distance, the howl of a coyote.

INT. SMOOCH'S TRAILER

Munch and Smooch lying in bed as he proudly reads his Mickey book aloud to her.

MUNCH

(with great difficulty)

"Minnie raced over to Clarabell's house.
'We've got to go to...'"

He is interrupted by a knock at the door.

Fox enters. She has changed for dinner and now wears a Fifties prom dress bias-cut down the front to bare her left breast, Amazon-style. In addition to nylons and high-heeled shoes, she sports spotless white gloves, heavy makeup including mascara, eye-liner, blood-red lipstick.

FOX

Come on, kids! You're gonna be late for the feast!

CUT TO

EXT. TRAILER CAMP

The feast is in full swing. Cherry spills out a basket of fruit for the "Five" who lounge on pillows around a bonfire eating their fill. It's quite a spread of home-grown delicacies.

Like Fox, all the Savage Sluts have changed for dinner. They wear prom dresses which expose the left breast, stockings, high-heels, the works. The "Five" wear laurel wreaths of wildflowers. They're in heaven.

Smoke pets the CAT.

SMOKE

(to Mittens)

Fat little thing, isn't she? What's her name?

MITTENS

We call her "Whiskers."

SMOKE

I'd call her "lunch."

(to Churchkey)

Hey, "Blade," would you cut me off a slice of melon?

MOUSE, another beauty, enters with a pitcher of wine.

MOUSE

More wine, guys?

CHURCHKEY

Fill 'er up, angelpuss! Hey, my face is leaving in ten minutes. Be on it!

MOUSE

Promises, promises.

She exits.

CHURCHKEY

How'd ya like to sneeze in her heater, huh?

BILLY

Wow-wow-wow!

CHURCHKEY

I'll tell ya, pal, I'm stayin' right here! This place is Ginch City!

BILLY

I can dig it, man. But what about Munch?

CHURCHKEY

I love the guy. But if the poor goon wants to ride off with your friend there...

He points at his head and twirls his finger in the "crazy gesture."

CHURCHKEY

...and get himself killed, that's his business. But, Billy, I don't know why you're goin' on this suicide run.

Billy, more to himself than to Churchkey:

BILLY

I don't know either, man.
(turning to Munch)
Munch, will you pass the cornbread?

Munch sits beside Capt. America, reading his book.

MUNCH

What's this word?

CAPT. AMERICA

"Umbrella."

MUNCH

"Umbrella."

ON CAPT. AMERICA AND TRINKET

Drinking wine, he looks up at the moon, blinks.

CAPT. AMERICA

Pretty moon tonight.

CAPT. AMERICA'S SHAKY POV

The full moon is big and white...and splitting apart.

TRINKET (OS)

We pray to it.

Capt. America looks at Trinket. He rubs his face.

TRINKET

For years and years, there was so much smoke and pollution, we couldn't see the moon.

He turns to see Munch passed out and Churchkey nodding off.

TRINKET

When she finally appeared, it was a miracle.

Fox enters hiding something behind her back. Capt. America lurches sideways and slowly sinks to the ground.

FOX

Save room for dessert!

She pulls out a big strawberry shortcake.

FOX

Strawberry shortcake!

Capt. America nods out. The food was drugged. Tribal drums start to beat.

FADE TO BLACK

ON THE "FIVE"

They're bound and gagged by the bonfire, still in a drug stupor. Fetish and Smooch guard them with bows and arrows.

The pine tree has been trimmed with grotesque ornaments: garlands of human skulls and bones, the remains of previous victims.

Fox steps in front of the men. She wears the crescent horn headdress of the killer moon cult. All traces of warmth are gone. Now she is the high Dianic priestess bent on blood vengeance.

FOX

(to the men)

There was never a man, a woman, and a snake in the Garden of Eden.

She smokes a cigarette. She "French exhales" out her nostrils.

FOX

There was just a man and a snake. And the snake came to be called "woman."

She gives a signal. Two scantily-attired hand maidens give her a polished Buick hubcap into which they pour wine and water. Fox holds it high, then raises the hubcap to her lips and drains it. Lowering it, she begins the "Moon Chant."

FOX

Wine and water.
Blood and stone.
Bright as fire.
Cold as bone.
Are you lock
Or are you key?
Will you close
Or open me?
Moon.
Moon.
Moon.
Moon.

The Savage Sluts kneel in a group and take up the "Moon Chant." As the Chant builds in intensity...

CUT TO

RITUAL SACRIFICE MONTAGE with music.

Seven masked, erotically attired "Sluts" enter, their oiled bodies glistening in the firelight.

As the "Five" prisoners watch helplessly, they carry Capt. America toward a large target under the pine tree.

"Whiskers" (the cat) stares up at the full moon. Capt. America is tied, spread-eagle, to the target so his crotch is directly in the center of the bulls-eye.

Two, then four "Sluts" on bikes circle Capt. America and shoot arrows at the target, narrowly missing him like a knife-thrower at a circus. Capt. America is very uptight.

The dancing, the chanting, the deadly bike archery, and the music all build to a flat-out, full orchestra mega-drums spectacle. The Savage Sluts are caught in the pulse-pounding frenzy of heathen bloodlust, gleaming with sweat, delirious with pleasure.

Finally the climax. Fox silences the chant with a gesture.

The music ends.

She raises her arms above her. She seems to hold the moon in her fingers.

FOX

Oh white and gliding Moon. You are the light that dreams are lit with. Light this dream... a world where women rule; where weak and sniveling males live but to serve. Oh Queen of Secrets. We know the darkest secret of them all... three words older than Time and stranger than Fate. Three words whispered by a Goddess upon whose sacred face none may look and live. Three perfect and eternal words...

The Savage Sluts lean forward in anticipation.

FOX

(throwing it away)

...Men are scum.

The Savage Sluts applaud, squeal with approval.

FOX

(to someone OS)

Come forward and face the beast.

Trinket enters wearing a tiara and carrying a silver bow. She stands and faces the target. As the favorite of High Priestess Fox, it is her privilege to deliver the final shaft.

FOX

Prepare the silver arrow.

Trinket draws a silver arrow from her quiver and fits it on the string.

ON CHERRY AND CHURCHKEY

CHERRY

(aside to Churchkey)

Wait'll you see what we've got planned for you, fuckstick.

Fox relishes the moment.

FOX

Now...hit 'im where he lives!

Trinket raises the bow, pulls back the arrow, and aims at Capt. America's crotch.

Capt. America Calmly looks right in her eyes.

Trinket is poised, ready to fire.

The four prisoners strain against their bonds.

Fox senses something is going on.

Trinket lowers her weapon.

TRINKET

He's not a beast. He's different.

FOX

(softly)

Obey.

Trinket turns, training her arrow on Fox.

TRINKET

I can't. You gotta let him go. I mean it!

FOX

(to handmaidens)

Release him, as she says.

Trinket keeps Fox covered as the handmaidens untie Capt. America and he, in turn, frees his friends.

FOX

You walkin' out on me, baby?

TRINKET

I don't know. But I can't kill him.

The "Five" mount and start their bikes. They pull up and stop.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Trinket)

Trinket, get on.

FOX

(to Trinket)

A last kiss?

Trinket hesitates for a loment, then lowers the bow and embraces her. They kiss -- a long, steamy kiss. Trinket drops the bow and arrow. Still holding her, Fox looks at her tenderly.

FOX

You still wanna go?

Trinket nods "yes" with tears in her eyes. Fox brushes away a tear.

FOX

Cheer up. You're in love.

Trinket mounts up behind Capt. America.

They all ride off. Fox just stands there. She picks up the bow and arrow that Trinket dropped. She stares at them, the last memento of a lost love.

HIGHWAY

The "Five" plus Trinket speed down the road in the bright moonlight.

TRAILER CAMP

Fox, without haste, calmly fits the arrow to the string.

FOX

Every valentine needs a cupid.

She spins and, with a Zen-like disdain for aim or distance, fires.

The silhouette of the arrow arcs past the big silver moon.

HIGHWAY

The arrow slams home, hitting Trinket right in the center of her patch. She drops off the bike to the pavement. Capt. America stops, rushes to her, holds her in his arms.

CAPT. AMERICA

Oh, God!

TRINKET

Butterflies count moments, not months.

And she dies.

CHURCHKEY

Forget her, pal! Let's burn rubber!

CAPT. AMERICA

I can't leave her here.

He gently picks her up.

TRAILER CAMP

The Savage Sluts draw back their bows. Fox gives the command.

FOX

Fire!

They unleash a deadly cloud of arrows.

HIGHWAY

Capt. America carries the body of Trinket in his arms to his motorcycle, ignoring the arrows which land all around him. One ricochets off a bike. Another lodges in a bedroll.

BILLY

Come on, man!

TRAILER CAMP

Fox and the Savage Sluts about to loose another round.

FOX

Fire!

They do.

HIGHWAY

The "Five" roar down the road, the body of Trinket propped up in Capt. America's arms.

DISSOLVE TO

ROADSIDE

Trinket's grave lit by bike headlights. Capt. America kneels by a crude makeshift cross on which he places Trinket's tiara. The others stand with their heads bowed.

Billy helps his friend to his feet.

HIGHWAY

The "Five" ride through the night. Capt. America has dropped to the back of the pack.

CLOSE UP

Capt. America stares straight ahead, tears streaming down his face.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

CLOSE UP

Trinket laughing in the glow of sunset, her lips glistening with honey.

CUT TO

HIGHWAY

Capt. America, as before, in grief-stricken reverie.

Behind him a large black shape has materialized.

Suddenly he's caught in the blinding glare of highbeam headlights. A bus horn blares, gunshots erupt, the Deathwagon has silently moved up behind the "Five", right on Capt. America's tail.

They ride for their lives. Capt. America cuts to the head of the pack. The Deathwagon bears down..

As they come to a fork in the road, Capt. America shouts:

CAPT. AMERICA

Split up!

Capt. America and Billy veer left. Smoke, Churchkey, Munch swing right. The Deathwagon goes for the three, right on their bumpers, horn blaring, guns blasting.

Capt. America and Billy slow down.

CAPT. AMERICA

Let's give 'em a hand.

They hang a U, back to the fork, and ride off after their comrades.

WINDING HIGHWAY

They're riding like hell. But the road is deserted.

BILLY

Where the hell did they go?

Capt. America points to a flickering light in the distance. They head for it.

SENTRY STATION

Torches hang on either side of a sentry hut. Billy and Capt. America pull up.

They're immediately surrounded by SIX BLACK SOLDIERS in full Nazi uniform: helmets, jackboots, armbands. They carry spears. One restrains a snarling GERMAN SHEPARD on a choke collar.

On the back of their customized Nazi leathers, the patch: BLACK PANZERS MC.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Black Panzers)

Did three guys just come...

A BLACK PANZER OFFICER steps forward.

OFFICER

Good evening. May we see your papers, please?

CUT TO

FIELD

BLACK PANZER GANG MEMBERS, including women and children, stand around a bonfire singing a medley of Stephen Foster favorites, full-harmony. The kids wave little flags with a swastika in Black Nationalist colors.

The gang's GENERAL (T-BIRD) flashes a big smile and signals for silence. The singing subsides. His uniform is black and severe: double thunderbolts, black leather cap, death's head insignia, round "Himmler-like" glasses.

T-BIRD

(to crowd)

Gosh, it's gettin' a bit chilly out here. Let's toss some more of that Aryan propoganda on the fire!

The crowd whoops and hollers. They lob all manner of white literature onto the bonfire; books, magazines, comics.

T-Bird laughs heartily.

T-BIRD

I'm glad everyboy's enjoyin' themselves!

He signals for attention. He gets it.

T-BIRD

(serious)

But let's not forget that July Fourth means a lot more than a time to sing and dance and burn books!

Crowd shouts responses such as: "Amen!," "You tell 'em!," "That's right!"

T-BIRD

July Fourth is Black Destiny Day!

Responses build: "Yes, Lawd!," "Oh, Jesus!," "Preach it!" The fire reflects in T-Bird's glasses.

T-BIRD

...A day that reminds us that all must bend before the indomitable will of the Black Race! It is our destiny to conquer!
It is our right to rule!

Applause. Four men in the crowd (a barbershop quartet) break into a new rendition of Harvest Moon.

BARBERSHOP QUARTET (SINGING)

Shine on,
Shine on white man's skull.
Yes, they must die.
We ain't
Had no killin' since...

The whole crowd joins in.

CROWD (SINGING)

January, February, June or Ju ...

They suddenly break off singing as Capt. America and Billy, hands tied behind their backs, are ushered to the bonfire by Guards.

T-Bird smiles from ear to ear. He acts real friendly.

T-BIRD

(to Capt. America and Billy)

You're just in time! Me and my racial comrades was about to hold a symposium, the subject of which is the Purification of the Motherland by Expunging Inferior Non-African People...namely you!

CAPT. AMERICA

I'm not your enemy, man.

T-BIRD

(astonished)

What are you saying?!?

He looks at the crowd, amazed. Then back to Capt. America.

T-BIRD

Are you suggesting that black people and white people can live together?

CAPT. AMERICA

That's right. Live together and share the land.

T-BIRD

(to crowd)

Why, this boojoo white man has a boss idea! Let's share the land!

(to Capt. America)

Only we'll be livin' on top of the land and you'll be restin' six feet under it!

The crowd laughs wildly at this. Billy makes his move.

BILLY

(to T-Bird)

As a matter of fact, Mister General, I got to tell ya that I'm black myself. On my mother's side. One-sixteenth. Yep, I'm an Afro-American. Scottish and Negro.

T-Bird stares at him coldly.

BILLY

My mom used to call me a "macaroon,"
like an octaroon, you know. Hey,
lighten up, blood!

T-Bird smiles warmly at the two prisoners. He puts his arms
around them.

T-BIRD

You know what makes a nigger laugh?
Watchin' a white man dance. Niggers
love to watch a white man dance...

(suddenly ice cold)

...at the end of a rope!

(to crowd)

Hang the motherfuckers!

The crowd, many of whom now light torches, take up this cry.

CROWD

String 'em up!
Kill the spies!
Death to the white devils!
Lynch 'em!

CUT TO

DIRT ROAD

Guards escort Billy and Capt. America along a dirt road. On
either side of this road, klieg lights have been positioned at
regular intervals and aimed straight up into the sky, forming
dramatic columns of light. It's Triumph of the Will -- American
style.

Soldiers ride bikes, stormtroopers goosestep, the crowd cheers
the progress of the lynching bee. The road rises up a slight
hill.

Billy and Capt. America see the hanging tree, starkly silhouetted
against an enormous red banner with a black swastika on a big
green circle.

CUT TO

INT. DEATH CHAMBER

The Warden wiggling out with another peyote vision. He's in the
Electric Chair, sweating, wild-eyed, staring fixedly at someone.

WARDEN

Uh-huh...yes...I understand...uh-huh...
But what do you want me to do?

The Leader walks over to the Chair.

THE LEADER

I want you to put out a special edition of your newspaper. I want you to convince your countrymen to ride into the Forbidden Zone.

WARDEN

How?

THE LEADER

Tell them that this flag is the supreme weapon. Say that whoever possesses this flag will rule.

WARDEN

But that will turn them into an army of berserk killers! They'd stop at nothing to get their hands on that flag!

The Leader smiles.

THE LEADER

Yeah.

CUT TO

HANGING TREE

The stormtroopers throw ropes over a branch of the hanging tree as Billy and Capt. America stand by helplessly, the crowd screaming for blood.

HIGHWAY

TRACKING "THE KRUSADERS"

A BIKE GANG (THE KRUSADERS) wearing customized white Klan robes and hoods, rides full-tilt on motorcycles, steel cross swords held high. SHILOH is leading them with the curvaceous KLANETTE by his side.

HANGING TREE

Billy and Capt. America have been placed on bikes with nooses around their necks, "Western-style". Their bikes have been started and stormtroopers rev the engines.

HIGHWAY

The Krusaders ride in full D.W. Griffith splendor. The "columns of light" are visible in the distance.

HANGING TREE

T-BIRD

Sound the alarm! We're under attack!

A siren goes off.

T-BIRD

Get the women and children to safety!
You, man the barricades! Squadron leaders,
take up battle positions!

They have been caught by surprise. Before the Black Panzers can get their families to safety and soldiers can deploy, the Krusaders sweep across the field with Rebel yells.

Billy and Capt. America can do nothing but watch the nightmarish battle.

T-Bird fights like a wild man. But his gang has been taken off guard. They are losing. His soldiers can't hold their ground. T-Bird drops a Krusader with his dagger and shouts to the others:

T-BIRD

Regroup!

Shiloh hurls a cross sword which strikes T-Bird in the back, killing him. The cry goes out among the Black Panzers:
"Fall back! Fall back!"

Shiloh and Klanette ride up to Billy and Capt. America who are still tied with nooses around their necks. Klanette is a cute frothy blonde who wears a provocative low-cut robe. Shiloh carries a white Bible.

KLANETTE

(to Billy and Capt. America)

Well, bubba, we sure saved your ass from that monkey-meat!

SHILOH

This could be your lucky day, gents.
But first, I'd like you to answer a few questions.

CUT TO

INT. PRISON

The Warden with Last Patriots printing up a special issue of The Truth. The Warden peels the newspaper off and reads it.

CLOSE ON THE TRUTH

It reads: **YOU WILL FIND A FLAG IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.**
 THIS FLAG IS A POWERFUL WEAPON.
 IT WILL MAKE YOU STRONG.
 IT WILL MAKE YOU INVINCIBLE.
 WHOEVER FLIES THIS FLAG WILL RULE.

There is a crude woodcut of the Gadsden flag and it is signed:

LIVE IN PEACE. THE WARDEN

CUT TO

HANGING TREE

Capt. America and Billy still tied, nooses still around their necks. Battle sounds continue. Shiloh is questioning the prisoners. Three hooded Krusaders stand guard.

The hanging tree is now silhouetted against a new enormous banner. This has the Krusader design, a black cross burning in a big circle. It looks very much like the flag it replaced.

SHILOH

Do you fellas attest that you are of Aryan descent and free of hereditary diseases?

BILLY

Yes. I'm one-hundred-percent white and proud of it!

Capt. America just nods.

SHILOH

What was your mother's maiden name?

CAPT. AMERICA

Is all this really necessary?

BILLY

Can't you just let us go?

One of the Krusaders standing guard interrupts.

KRUSADER

Not so fast. Take a look at that nose. I think he's a Jew.

BILLY

I broke it playin' football! Honest!

SHILOH

We can't be too careful. If there's any doubt about a man's racial origins, it's our policy to kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out.

BILLY

You take a pretty hard line.

SHILOH

We have to. We're cleansing our country of vermin. While this load of coal is our main concern, the job doesn't end there.

(MORE)

SHILOH (CONT'D)

We will not rest until this country is
purged of the knife-noses and the zipper-
heads and all the other gutter-skinned rabble.

CAPT. AMERICA

Why?

SHILOH

For the holy triumph of the White Race.

It's too much for Capt. America.

CAPT. AMERICA

You're not a race. You're a pit stop.

BILLY

(to Shiloh)

He's just kiddin', sir.

(to Capt. America)

You nut! If you keep sayin' that stuff,
he's gonna think you're serious.

KRUSADER

I say they're both Jews. Or worse.

SHILOH

(sincerely puzzled)

What's worse than a Jew?

KRUSADER

An Indian. They're crazy. You never
know what they'll do. Why an Indian
will whip out a knife and...

He demonstrates by taking out his knife.

KRUSADER

...and kill you...

He further demonstrates by throwing the knife straight into
Shiloh's heart, killing him.

KRUSADER

...Just like that.

He lifts his hood and smiles. It's Smoke.

SMOKE

They're sneaky bastards.

He puts the hood back down.

BILLY

What kept ya?

SMOKE

(indicating the other
two "Krusaders")

Like you to meet my friends...Munch and
"Buzz".

Churchkey, now called "Buzz" because his "hand" has been converted
to a little buzzsaw, activates the device and severs their bonds.

A real Krusader, wounded and wielding a bloody cross sword, rides
up. His hood is down. Assuming the "Five" are on his side, he
warns them of the Black Panzer counter-attack.

KRUSADER

Retreat! We can't hold 'em!

He rides off followed by other Krusaders riding through the
field, pulling out, in full retreat. They are pursued by Black
Panzer bikers on the attack. The field is empty.

The "Five" move out.

DISSOLVE TO

The aftermath of the battle. Men, women, children of both
"armies" lie sprawled together on the field...including the
bodies of T-Bird and Shiloh.

WARDEN (OS)

There's always a good reason for a war. We
kill in the name of love. Enslave in the
name of freedom. Slaughter in the name of
mercy. All these "good reasons", these
"righteous causes" have left us weak and
divided.

PRISON YARD

The Warden stands on the parapet with a bullhorn addressing 20
Last Patriots mounted on white motorcycles beneath him. He con-
tinues his speech.

WARDEN

This madness must end. These wars must stop.

With a grand gesture, he flings a stack of "newspapers" into
the air. The Patriots gather them up.

WARDEN

Deliver these to every tribe, every
gang, every scooter club in the country.

LAST PATRIOT

Even the Silent Psychos?

WARDEN

Yes. Even them.

The prison gates open and the Last Patriots ride out.

The Warden, standing on the wall, watches the lights of the bikes disappear into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO

HIGHWAY - DAY

The "Five", on their bikes, motors off, are staring at an old official highway sign.

Scrawled over the sign in black paint is a dripping skull and crossbones and the words: FORBIDDEN ZONE.

Capt. America looks calm, the others apprehensive. He kick-starts his machine. Stone-faced, Billy starts his bike. Smoke and Munch start theirs. All silently look at Churchkey.

CHURCHKEY

Alright, alright.

He fires up. They ride into town.

DISSOLVE TO

WASHINGTON

The "Five" ride down the center of a highway choked with rusted-out U-hauls and skeleton-filled cars, many piled high with possessions.

Suitcases lie on the road. Vehicles clog overpasses. These are the grim remains of a massive traffic jam when Americans tried to flee the impending holocaust. The silence is disquieting. Then...

DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE with music. Frightening black birds circle about the "Five" as they make their way through the city. HUGE SPIDERS scuttle across cracked sidewalks, GIANT SNAKES slither across their path and hang from defunct traffic lights. An intersection has turned into a bubbling tarpit. Billy was right. There was a damn good reason for calling it "The Forbidden Zone."

They pass abandoned jeeps, half-tracks, rocket launchers. The Washington Monument with its top broken is silhouetted in the sinking sun. They ride through a section of the city that is an arid wasteland. Buildings are half buried in sand.

Suddenly they're in an area that is overgrown with rotting jungle vegetation. Vines full of weird chittering CREATURES obscure the Supreme Court Building. They head down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capital. The rotunda is caved in.

The music ends.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The "Five" reach the barely-preserved ruin. The lawn is overgrown, barbed wire on the caved-in fence. Skeletons of Marines still man their nests.

They ride up the driveway past a rusted tank and an overturned limo. They dismount at the Porch. More skeletons of men in three piece suits, a soldier, a man in golfing togs with his golf bag. Like Pompeii, people lie where they fell.

The front door has rusted off its hinges. They walk inside.

INT. WHITE HOUSE FOYER

They nervously enter the spacious foyer.

BILLY

Anybody home?

The shout triggers low growls. They look up.

On the grand staircase above, THREE WOLVES glower at the intruders, red eyes gleaming. They slink off into the shadows.

The "Five" look around at the mess. Vandals have written on the walls, slashed Presidential portraits. The debris includes nylon stockings, briefcases, a snapped fishing rod.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Smoke, Munch, Churchkey)

Why don't you three look around? Billy and I will check the Oval Office.

They head toward the Oval Office.

OVAL OFFICE

Billy and Capt. America enter. There is no President. Capt. America stares at the empty desk.

Billy quietly watches his friend walk around the large room. Vines have grown through broken windows and crept across the ceiling.

The walls are smeared with graffiti: GOD FORGIVES, GIVE ME HEAD TILL I'M DEAD, COCA COLA KILLED MY SON, swastikas, a Kilroy drawing.

Capt. America holds up a desk calendar that pinpoints the final day: JANUARY 5, 2002. Billy thumbs through a worn copy of Time Magazine (price: \$5.00) with an all-black cover and the question THE END? dropped out in white letters. Also on the desk is a red videophone, circa 1995.

Capt. America slumps in a chair. He's slain all the dragons only to learn there is no grail. Reaching into his jacket he pulls out, not the flag, but a stick of Black Twister.

CAPT. AMERICA
Wanna get splattered?

BILLY
Now you're talkin'.

He hands it to Billy who plunks himself down in the President's chair, throws his feet up on the desk, and lights the jay with a C-note. Billy takes a hit, immediately exhales, and gets a buzz.

BILLY
Wooooooo! Mean shit!

He hands it back to Capt. America who takes a hit. They get more and more stoned.

BILLY
You think LBJ ever got laid here?

CAPT. AMERICA
Where?

Billy points to the Great Seal on the floor.

BILLY
Right there.

CAPT. AMERICA
Probably.

BILLY
"Probably?!" "Probably?!" That was his favorite spot, man! He'd get 'em in here, show 'em the Great Seal and whip it out!

Now totally boxed, both break up laughing. Then Billy sobers up a bit.

BILLY
Jesus, man. How the hell did we end up here?

They laugh a bit more but the reality of their situation is sinking in. Capt. America stops laughing. Billy does too.

BILLY
Now what do we do?

CAPT. AMERICA
(as if it was obvious)
We keep looking.

Billy can not believe what he just heard.

BILLY
Lookin'? For what???

CAPT. AMERICA
(calmly)
The President.

Billy butts the joint.

BILLY
Wyatt, there ain't nobody alive here but
us and the wolves. We're in deadland.

CAPT. AMERICA
Then we move on.

BILLY
Give it up, man. We did our best.
Paid our dues. Game over.

CAPT. AMERICA
He brought us back to life.

BILLY
You call this "life?!" This isn't life!
This is a fuckin' sideshow!!!

CAPT. AMERICA
If the President's not here, he's somewhere
else. We've got to keep looking.

BILLY
There is no President!

The red videophone rings. Frozen in stunned disbelief, they let it ring. Finally, Capt. America picks up the receiver. A CORPORATE SPOKESMAN appears on the video screen. He sits behind a desk, shelves of books behind him. He wears a conservative suit and tie. He is in his early forties, well-groomed, polished, convincing.

SPOKESMAN
May I speak to Captain America, please?

CAPT. AMERICA
(still dazed)
That's me.

SPOKESMAN
Hello, Captain. We understand you're
looking for the President.

CAPT. AMERICA
Is he there?

ON VIDEO SCREEN

SPOKESMAN

(smiling warmly)

We have one thousand presidents here.

TRACKING THE BODIES OF MEN FROZEN IN CRYOGENIC CASES.

SPOKESMAN (OS)

The President of Standard Oil, of A.T. and
T., General Motors, U.S. Steel, N.B.C., --

ON CAPT. AMERICA AND BILLY

They watch the screen intently. The Spokesman re-appears behind his desk.

CAPT. AMERICA

What about the President of the United States?

SPOKESMAN

Even better. We have the men who put him in office. The real leaders. The men with the Yankee know-how to rebuild this country and get it back on its feet again.

BILLY

How did you know we were here?

SPOKESMAN

We may be five miles below the surface but we manage to keep on top of things. Heh, heh.

(shifting his eyes to Capt. America)

For instance, we know you're carrying a very special flag.

BILLY

What's so special about it?

SPOKESMAN

(shifting his eyes back to Billy)

It has enormous totemic significance. We've recently learned that the American public believes that whoever possesses that flag should take charge. Give us that flag. And we'll get this nation moving again... right into the Twenty-First Century.

CAPT. AMERICA

You gonna give people jobs?

SPOKESMAN

Not just jobs. People working together to make a better tomorrow for themselves and their children. And, may I add, we down here all agree that you and your associates have demonstrated qualities of patriotism and leadership that won't go unappreciated.

BILLY

I understand what you're saying.

CAPT. AMERICA

Would you excuse us for just a moment, sir, while we talk this over? I'm gonna put you on hold, okay?

SPOKESMAN

Fine.

CAPT. AMERICA

For the next one hundred years.

SPOKESMAN

(laughing nervously)

You guys putting me on?

BILLY

Yeah. On hold.

(to Capt. America)

Let's make it two hundred.

CAPT. AMERICA

Good idea. Two hundred it is.

The Spokesman blows his cool.

SPOKESMAN

(screaming)

For the love of God don't ...

Capt. America punches the hold button, cutting him off. He turns to Billy and extends his palm.

CAPT. AMERICA

Gimme five.

BILLY

All-right!

They slap hands. Their laughter is interrupted by the piercing howl of a wolf. The chilling sound is suddenly cut short.

BILLY

What was that?

They run out the door.

FOYER

Capt. America and Billy enter the White House foyer and see Smoke at the top of the stairs, a bloody, freshly-killed wolf in his arms.

SMOKE

We're in for a real treat tonight...
wolf chili!

He flashes a big grin.

DISSOLVE TO

OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The "Five" sit by the fireplace where a big pot of wolf chili is simmering. It's raining outside.

A few working oil lamps reveal that Churchkey is eating with a spoon on his "hand."

BILLY

This is great.
(to Munch)
Where'd you bag it?

MUNCH

Upstairs.

SMOKE

Lincoln Bedroom.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE

A flickering glow in the Oval Office windows. The rain is coming down hard. A bolt of lightning splits the sky.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

The "Five" still eating. Occasional thunder.

BILLY

(to Churchkey)
And where is this island?

CHURCHKEY

Near Florida. Beaches. Broads.
Oranges droppin' off the trees.

BILLY

(to Capt. America)
Hear that?

CAPT. AMERICA

Uh-huh.

SMOKE
(to Churchkey)
"Spoon," can I have some more chili?

CHURCHKEY
Comin' up.

He dishes out some more chili with his "hand."

BILLY
(to Capt. America)
I think we got a place to go.

CAPT. AMERICA
First we got a job to do.
(turns to Billy)
We're not gonna blow it again.

BILLY
(getting to his feet)
We gotta talk.

Capt. America gets up and, taking an oil lamp with him, the two head for the door. Churchkey continues eating, oblivious to the tension. Smoke coolly ignores it. And Munch watches them exit.

EXT. PORCH

Capt. America and Billy come out the door. They stand by the white columns. It is raining heavily.

BILLY
Wyatt, I'd like to take that fuckin' flag and throw it on the fuckin' fire where it would do some fuckin' good 'cause I ain't goin' on a fuckin' snipe hunt for any fuckin' President who does not fuckin' exist!

CAPT. AMERICA
You kiss your mother with that mouth?

BILLY
My mother's been dead for a hundred and twenty years, man, just like everything we believed in is dead. Peace. Freedom. Love. All that bullshit is stone fuckin' dead. And I want to stay alive.

CAPT. AMERICA
On an island with Churchkey?

BILLY
Yeah! I'm goin' to the goddamn island with the broads and the oranges. That's it, man!

CAPT. AMERICA

Then that's it. I'm gonna miss you, Billy.

Billy turns away.

CAPT. AMERICA

I can't help it. I gotta do this.

BILLY

You always wanted to be a hero.

CAPT. AMERICA

No, I always wanted to be the Everly Brothers.

BILLY

Huh?

CAPT. AMERICA

I wanted both voices to come out of my mouth.

They laugh and embrace. The laughter is forced.

BILLY

I'm gonna miss you too, man.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Smoke and Churchkey sleep on the floor. Billy is lying on an old sofa. Munch reads the last page of his book, helped by Capt. America.

The big globe of the world on the floor reflects the dwindling fire.

MUNCH

"...And the four sat down to a...dee-lick-ee-us..."

CAPT. AMERICA

"Delicious."

MUNCH

"Delicious supper."

Billy is still awake. He watches them from the shadows, his eyes teared.

MUNCH (OS)

"Mickey, Minnie, Horace and Goofy laughed and laughed. They had come to the end of their great adventure."

Munch closes the book with a smile of accomplishment.

CAPT. AMERICA

Good. You did it.

MUNCH

I may be dumb but I'm not stupid.
Thank you.

ON CAPT. AMERICA

He lies down on the floor, his head resting on his jacket, flag up.

CAPT. AMERICA

Good night, Champ.

MUNCH (OS)

Good night.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE

The light goes out in the Oval Office. It is still raining.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The "Five" exit the front door, start up their bikes, ride down the driveway and pull up, motors running. The rain has stopped.

Billy is between Churchkey and Munch.

SMOKE

(to Capt. America)

Sure you don't want to come with me
to the mountains?

CAPT. AMERICA

I'm gonna look around here for awhile.

CHURCHKEY

I think you're ridin' the wrong lane,
pal.

MUNCH

Not too late to change your mind.

BILLY

(to Capt. America)

Take care of yourself.

CAPT. AMERICA

(to Billy)

You too.

As they shake hands in the "biker's handshake", they hear the sound of a big vehicle in the distance and getting closer. All turn in the direction of the sound.

The Deathwagon skids into sight around a corner down the block, tires squealing, horn blaring. It roars toward the "Five".

INT. DEATHWAGON

UNSEEN DRIVER'S POV

The "Five" peel out, trying to elude the Deathwagon which is gaining, trying to ram them, skidding around intersections, past ruins, over wreckage, through defunct traffic lights, honking all the time. The guns are strangely silent.

EXT. SALT FLATS

The "Five" jump the curb and head across the barren salt flats toward the ruin of the Lincoln Memorial. The Deathwagon is right behind them. Just as it is about to trash them, Capt. America shouts:

CAPT. AMERICA

Scatter!

The "Five" veer off in all directions. The bus, however, keeps going straight. Curiously, it loses momentum and rolls to a stop near the empty reflecting pool. The bus motor dies.

The "Five" stop. Cautiously, they ride toward the bus.

They pull up by the bus and shut down. The door is open, the windows closed. Capt. America and Smoke go inside as Billy, Munch, and Churchkey silently watch.

INT. DEATHWAGON

Capt. America and Smoke stand in the stepwell, looking around.

The bus is empty. Even the driver's seat. Empty. A lit cigarette still smoulders in the ashtray.

Capt. America and Smoke share an "it-can't-be" look.

The two walk to the back of the bus. Metal shell casings of every size and description cover the floor and seats. Not only is no one there, but aside from the shells and cigarette, there is no clue as to who was there.

EXT. SALT FLATS

Munch, Billy, Churchkey stand motionless by the Deathwagon, riveted and staring at something off-screen. Capt. America and Smoke exit the bus.

CAPT. AMERICA
There's no one in...

He turns to see what they're looking at.

NEW ANGLE

An unending line of 500 BIKERS encircle them. They're all mounted on motorcycles about a hundred yards away. From Maine to Mexico, every bike tribe in America is there.

THE BASHERS with axes
MUTANTS with tire irons
THE RAGGED HORSE with baseball bats
HOGMEN with wrenches
DIEHARDS with pitchforks
The all-Hispanic DESERT DEMONS with machetes
The cowboy MARAUDERS with chains
the all-Black BLOOD BROTHERS with truncheons
KRUSADERS with cross swords
GRIM REMINDERS with brass knuckles
HEADHUNTERS with blowguns
SAVAGE SLUTS with bows and arrows
Indian RIGHTFUL OWNERS with tomahawks
BLACK PANZERS with spears
CANNIBAL COPS with scuba guns
GHOULS with swords
NIGHT PHANTOMS with ice picks
ZERO ZOMBIES with bull whips

The "Five" stand there, not moving a muscle.

It's an angry, seething mob of killers. They wear firemen's hats, shoulder pads, Shriner's caps, welder's masks, and other vestiges of a lost world. Each gang has its "look" and its identifying MC patch.

A big, wild-eyed BIKER steps forward to confront the "Five." He is the enforcer of the most feared gang of all, THE SILENT PSYCHOS. His head is half bald, half long hair. But the unnerving feature is his mouth. It is sewn shut with heavy black thread.

He unsheathes a knife and cuts the thread. And in a low, raspy voice that hasn't spoken in years, he addresses Capt. America.

SILENT PSYCHO
Give us the flag. Or we'll take it
from you.

Other bikers take up the cry. They all want the "ultimate power" of the magic flag.

BIKERS

Give us the flag!
No, us!
We want the flag!
Make us invincible!
Give us the power!

Fox of the Savage Sluts.

FOX

Let women rule! Give us the magic
flag!

An Indian (Rightful Owner)

RIGHTFUL OWNER

We are the first Americans! The flag
belongs to us!

Slammer of the Cannibal Cops, his face bandaged in gauze from
the recent burns.

SLAMMER

I order you to give me that flag!

MUTANT

Mutants must rule! We are the future!

BLACK PANZER

Black power!

KLANETTE

White power!

Knobjob of the Bashers, his face still bruised from the diner
fight.

KNOBJOB

Gay power!

The 500 bikers are now fully aroused, blazing with hate. Each
gang screams the same message. Hand over the flag to them.
Only they deserve to rule.

They're ready to attack.

Capt. America steps forward, reaches into his jacket, takes out
the flag and holds it up for all to see. A hush immediately
falls over the mob.

BILLY

(scared)

Give 'em the flag, man.

CAPT. AMERICA

(calm)

To who?

BILLY
To somebody, anybody!

Capt. America snaps off the bus radio antenna and ties the flag to it.

BILLY
Give 'em the flag and we can get
cut of here!

CHURCHKEY
Do it. He's right.

Capt. America sticks the antenna with the flag on his bike.

CAPT. AMERICA
No. See this... "Don't Tread On Me."
That means you don't take shit from
anybody. Now that's a flag worth
saluting. That's a flag worth fighting
for.

BILLY
This is my flag, hoss! This is the only
flag I believe in! My skin!

Capt. America mounts up.

CAPT. AMERICA
If all you want to do is stay alive, Billy...
you're already dead.
(looks around)
Think I'll take a little ride.

BILLY
They'll kill ya.

CAPT. AMERICA
Fuck 'em.
(casually)
Wanna come along?

A pause. The others watch. Billy realizes he can't wimp out on his buddy.

BILLY
Yeah, I suppose. But I'd just like to
say that you're one crazy asshole.

CAPT. AMERICA
Well, you ain't exactly the living
Buddha yourself, partner.

Billy mounts up.

CAPT. AMERICA

Anybody else wanna get their ass kicked?

Smoke looks around at the lovely, cloud-filled sky.

SMOKE

This is a good day to die.

He mounts up.

MUNCH

I'm a champion now.

He fingers the gold belt he has worn since winning it in Silver Shoe.

MUNCH

A champion's gotta go the distance.

He mounts up.

Churchkey is oiling his "hand".

CHURCHKEY

(to Billy)

I wish I'd left you in that goddamn kitchen.

Snapping a strange weapon on his "hand", he mounts up.

They're all in for one last ride to glory.

CAPT. AMERICA

Okay. Fire 'em up! Let's show these sons-of-bitches some class!

He twirls his finger in the air. The "Five" start their engines. In response, 500 Harleys thunder to life. The sound is overpowering. The big get-down has begun.

FIGHT MONTAGE with music.

The "Five" form an attacking "v" formation, Capt. America in front.

500 bikers ride forward, weapons out.

In a rising cloud of dust from the salt flat, the two forces clash. The fighting is fierce. Wielding pool cues, Billy and Capt. America deal death like men possessed. Smoke, Churchkey, and Munch waste the bastards left and right.

A Zero Zombie yanks Billy off his trike with a bullwhip. Rolling past a Desert Demon machete chop, he pulls a knife and drops the Zero Zombie. But Capt. America is in trouble.

Bleeding from many cuts, clothes ripped and torn, he fights against ten-to-one odds. A Hogman slams a wrench into the back of his head. He falls. The flag slips from his grasp.

Like The Charge of the Light Brigade, Churchkey grabs the fallen flag and tears off.

Munch creases the Hogman's skull with a ballbat. But Diehards and Headhunters keep him from helping Churchkey who's fighting off a dozen bikers. He looks like he's had it until, with a nasty grin, he converts his "hand" to a flamethrower and fries them!

Billy rushes to the mortally stricken Capt. America, cradling his friend's head in his arms. Capt. America is still conscious.

BILLY

Oh, Jesus. Why the hell did you do it, man?

CAPT. AMERICA

For the Bud at the end of the trail.

He winks and dies.

Billy holds him in his arms. With grief and rage, he watches the battle, following the flag.

A Basher clips Churchkey with an ax. He dies. A badly wounded Munch rides by and snatches the flag from the clamps of his "hand". Smoke clears a way for Munch by taking out a Silent Psycho with a pitchfork, his sewn-closed mouth stifling his scream.

Billy takes off his jacket and covers the face of Capt. America.

Munch, with the flag, faces a herd of bikers. He's a porcupine of arrows, knives, ice picks, spears. He won't go down. His incredible rage causes the bikers to fall back, as if before a demon.

With a war whoop, Smoke rides through the opening and grabs the flag from Munch. Only then does the giant collapse. The Mickey book falls out of his pocket, pages turning in the wind.

Smoke is backed onto the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. He fights savagely, mocking his attackers as he cuts them down. Fox fires a flaming arrow into his heart. He falls.

Billy sits on Capt. America's bike, ready to ride off and save his skin. He looks back and down at the mob; killing, screaming, at each other's throats for the flag. A vision of hell.

He starts up the bike, pulls down his hat, yanks the handlebars around, and heads straight for the mob. Fuck 'em!

He ramp jumps over a mountain of bikers and snags the flag from the enforcer of the Silent Psychos. He heads toward the vine-entangled ruin known as the...

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Slammer stands in his way. Billy runs him over but loses control of the bike. He crashes at the foot of the statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Ghoul plunges a sword in Billy's side. Billy kicks him in the balls and kills him with his own sword. Fox lunges at him with a torch. He hurls the sword, impaling her, and seizes the torch from her hand.

With a supreme burst of energy he crawls up the weathered statue of Linclon. He stands on the stone lap, faces the murderous horde of bikers.

The whole mob rushes him, screaming for blood. Suddenly they freeze.

Billy holds the torch near the flag, threatening to burn it. He's bleeding badly.

BILLY

Get back or I'll torch it! Get back
and shut up!

The mob is insane with rage.

HEADHUNTERS & BLACK PANZERS

Hand it over! We'll kill you!

SAVAGE SLUTS & HOGMEN

Give it to us and we'll make you chief!

Billy moves the torch closer to the flag.

BILLY

Did you hear me? Shut up!!!

A Diehard draws back a pitchfork, about to hurl it at Billy.

BILLY

Put that down! That's right! Throw
away your weapons! All of you! Do it!

Except for a Cannibal Cop, all reluctantly drop their weapons.

BILLY

And the scuba gun!

The Cop tosses his weapon aside. The mob is silenced but on edge, just waiting to tear Billy apart.

BILLY

I got you bastards by the nuts.

Weak from loss of blood, he almost falls. The mob surges forward in anticipation. But he manages to hang on.

A Beast confides to a Zero Zombie.

BEAST

Wait'll he drops and we'll stomp 'im.

Billy clutches his wound, stares at the blood on his hand. He looks down at the mob.

BILLY

Jesus, what a nightmare.

They're waiting for him to die, a sea of killers, silent, merciless.

Billy's blood drips on Lincoln's shoe.

The wind blows his hair. Billy throws the flag over Lincoln's shoulder. He finally speaks, almost to himself.

BILLY

This used to be one hell of a country.
The United States of America.

SILENT PSYCHO

What's America?

Billy looks in disbelief, makes a face of disgust and pity. Then with inspired defiance he gives him the finger.

BILLY

This is America, man! Right here!

Music: the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

BILLY

That's how this country was born! The British king told us to kiss his ass and we gave him this!

Again he "throws the bird" at the mob. He's off on a tear.

BILLY

And a couple hundred years later when pigs took over our government and our army started killin' kids, we gave 'em this!

Another stabbing "finger".

The mob listens impassively, just waiting to get their hands on the flag. Billy is so weak he can barely stand. He has seconds to live.

BILLY

And whenever anybody tries to tell you how you should look and what you should read and who to pray to and what to say: and what to think, you give 'em this! Shoot 'em the bird, man! Throw 'em the bone!

He sticks it right out there.

BILLY

Because when you stop givin' 'em this, you stop bein' an American...the toughest balls-out, wind'lovin' sons-of-bitches ever lived! When you mess with Americans you mess with the best! "Don't Tread On Me!" This is our flag! This is our salute!

One final glorious finger in the air. Then Billy collapses. The mob tenses, ready to spring.

The torch slips from his grasp and tumbles to the base of the statue.

Like an animal unleashed, the mob swarms forward, scrambling up the statue, hands clawing Billy, when suddenly...

...a strange deep rumbling and cracking sound stops them dead in their tracks. A bone-chilling sound of snapping marble, of the earth itself about to explode.

The crowd is frozen in terror. They stare at something off-screen, something that moves many to scream for mercy.

CLOSE ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The fingers on Lincoln's hand are moving, grasping out. The stone hand is coming alive.

Billy lies in Lincoln's lap. He sees it. He looks up, directly at camera, and whispers:

BILLY

Go with the trip.

And dies.

The mob falls back in awe, mesmerized as they watch Lincoln's arm slowly rise. The grinding, cracking sound grows in power.

The hand turns palm up. The middle finger extended. The Great Emancipator is giving them all "the bird"!

One Biker returns the "salute". Then another. More join in.

CAMERA MOVES IN FROM THE FINGER TO THE HEAD OF LINCOLN.

Music: Battle Hymn continues, the section where the Choir hums a chorus.

Reprise of earlier dialogue between Billy and The Leader:

THE LEADER (OS)
I want you to take this flag to the
President of the United States.

BILLY (OS)
The Prez! You gotta be kiddin' They're
all crooks and liars!

THE LEADER (OS)
Not this one. He's honest. If anybody
can bring this country together again,
it's him.

BILLY (OS)
And what the hell good is a flag, anyway?

THE LEADER (OS)
The flag is the dream. The dreamer dies.
But the dream is immortal.

Lincoln's head now fills the screen.

CUT TO

NEW ANGLE ON MOB AND STATUE

The mob is swept by the spirit of unity, more join in to give
the defiant "salute".

A Last Patriot lays the body of Capt. America at the base of the
statue. Other Patriots tenderly pass Billy's body down. Another
picks up the fallen torch.

Billy and Capt. America lie side-by-side. More of the mob is
"saluting". In death, the two have triumphed.

Music: the Battle Hymn gathers full orchestral power.

Just above their bodies at the base of the statue is the weathered
inscription of the Gettysburg Address.

CLOSE ON INSCRIPTION

CAMERA PANS THE WORDS OF THE FAMOUS ENDING:

THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN
THIS NATION SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM

A Last Patriot holds the torch high.

AND GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE

A "Frank Capra"-like shot of a Night Phantom, a Blood Brother, and Klanette giving the "salute". They stand shoulder to shoulder, majestic clouds in the sky.

BY THE PEOPLE

A Hogman, a Ghoul, Knobjob, a Noose, a Desert Demon give the "salute".

FOR THE PEOPLE

CUT TO

LOW ANGLE

Bowtie, a Zero Zombie, Mittens, and a Rightful Owner all giving the "salute".

CUT TO

FINAL PAN OF INSCRIPTION (EXTREME CLOSE ON EACH WORD)

...SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THIS EARTH.

CUT TO

WIDE ANGLE

The whole crowd, from Black Panzers to Cannibal Cops to Mutants are throwing the bird. They're transformed, looking proudly to the future. The nation lives once again. These are the New Americans.

CUT TO

BILLY AND CAPT. AMERICA

Their bodies suddenly burst into flame.

Music: the Battle Hymn switches to a heavy metal version.

CUT TO

LONG SHOT OF BODIES BURNING

The crowd gathered together before "The President".

The magnificent eagle of The Leader poised for flight upon the splintered top of the Washington Monument.

DISSOLVE TO

DEEP SPACE - NIGHT

A huge fiery comet streaks through star-spangled space.

ON COMET

It is not a comet at all but the flaming skeletons and motorcycles of the "Five" jamming through space.

The blazing skull of Capt. America leads the pack with Billy by his side.

The "Five" roar off into the cosmos, hell-bent for Heaven.

DISSOLVE TO

GADSDEN FLAG

As it waves in undulating slow motion. It fills the screen.

TITLE:

THE END

FADE TO BLACK