

FANTASMAS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 905 - BLACK LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - DAY

SUPER: **OTAY MESA, CALIFORNIA -- U.S. - MEXICO BORDER**

The limousine approaches the "Otay Mesa Border Crossing" entry into Nueva Tijuana, Mexico.

EXT. U.S. - MEXICO BORDER CHECKPOINT - LIMOUSINE

TRACK WITH the limo as a U.S. Border Agent waves it through.

Limo continues. Exits at "Blvd. Bellas Artes Zona Industrial." Passes sketchy warehouses, feral dogs, shady people, garbage.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WAREHOUSE GATE - LIMOUSINE

The warehouse is surrounded by graffiti-sprayed cracked stone walls topped with jagged broken bottles. Limo arrives at gate.

The tinted driver side window slides down. A burly armed Gate Guard looks in at thirty-year-old courageous driver, SALVADOR. Guard waves him in.

Limo drives near the warehouse entry door and parks. Salvador exits, hustles to the rear passenger door, opens it:

RED LOUBOUTIN HEELS and long slender legs swing out of the open rear door. Smooth thighs, a white micro mini dress. She bends forward revealing cleavage and silky blonde hair. She takes Salvador's hand as she rises on towering red heels. She lifts her face to the sun, that lights her beautiful innocent face. This is smokin' hot, twenty-one-year-old porn star-

HONEY WHITE.

SALVADOR

(attempts cheer)

Have a happy birthday, Miss White.

This is your twenty-first, right?

Honey winks at him then swaggers with her Chanel bag toward the door.

Salvador sadly watches her walk away... A tear fills his eye.

His POV on Honey arriving at the warehouse door.

The door opens to a deep CREEPY BLACKNESS that engulfs her. And seems to suck her inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - BEAUMONT, TEXAS

A narrow dimly lit hallway. An infinite tunnel. Permeated with prisoners' sweat and psychic anguish.

HAZY BEIGE FLOURESCENT LIGHTS lining the ceiling FIZZLE and FLICKER creating a sick surreal dystopian vibe.

A loud CRACK.

Hallway door unlocks, opens: a MAN enters wearing RED KEDS. He halts briefly, then continues walking. A PRISON GUARD passes us, following the Man. The door closes and CRACKS locked.

TRACK WITH Guard and Man down the seemingly infinite hallway.

The Man is twenty-eight-years-old. He wears black street clothes, an old black suit jacket with the collar up covering his neck. He carries a manila envelope with words in black marker printed on it.

GUARD

(walking; yells)
Got a "twelve-o-one!"

The Man looks at the Rolex watch on his wrist indicating the time: 11:55. He twists the stem of the watch correcting the time to 12:01.

They approach a steel door. The door lock CRACKS open. Guard opens the door. The Man walks through the doorway followed by Guard. They walk down another long narrow dimly lit hallway. Beige hazy fluorescent lights sizzle and flicker. The air is infused with the rotten decay of the invisible netherworld.

The Man and Guard approach the steel EXIT DOOR.

GUARD

(yells)
Coming out!

The door lock CRACKS open.

GUARD (CONT'D)

(cold)

You're outta the woodpile, Brother.

Guard extends his hand to the Man. His shirt cuff pulls back from his wrist revealing a black tattoo: "ABT"

The Man reluctantly shakes Guard's hand. Then faces the door.

Guard opens it. Light shines down through the doorway on them.

GUARD

God forgives, Padre. Brothers don't.

MAN

Well, Brother peckerwood. I think y'all in the ABT are going to have a helluva time with the forgiveness part when your time comes. But I'll pray for you lost souls nonetheless.

(winks at him)

Y'all have a nice morning.

Guard stares at him.

WHITE LIGHT engulfs the Man and seems to pull him out the doorway into the midnight. Guard closes door. Lock CRACKS.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - OUTSIDE GATE

The Man is LIT BRIGHT. He seems to glow. The envelope is in his hand. He looks around, bewildered and alone within the darkness surrounding him. He looks at the envelope. Two words are printed on it in black marker. His name-

PETER SIMON.

He opens the envelope, tips it over. A few one hundred dollar bills slide out into his hand. He stuffs them into his pocket. He looks into the envelope, turns it upside down and taps on it gently to coax out a five-by-seven-inch magazine clipping into his hand. He grasps it. Turns it over. And smiles.

It's a worn clipping of a porn magazine PHOTO. Of the seductive, topless, blonde-haired beauty: HONEY WHITE.

A black limousine drives up. The rear door swings open.

INT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH RECTORY - OFFICE - NIGHT

**SUPER: LAS CRUCES, SOUTHEASTERN NEW MEXICO
SIX YEARS LATER**

We're in a darkened office.

We move past furniture, religious paintings, a desk with a crucifix. Behind the desk is a wide open, formerly concealed steel door with wood laminate matching the walls. Its lock is broken. We pass through the doorway into the small windowless-

SECURE ROOM

-that resembles a panic room with shiny metal walls reflecting a GLOWING ORANGE FLAME. We hear SIZZLING. And if we were in the room we would smell burning steel.

Smoke wafts upward through two thin LIGHT BEAMS projected from black hats worn by Two darkly clothed Thieves wearing black-lensed welding goggles and black latex gloves.

Thief-1 crouches and applies an intense BLAZING TORCH to the lower part of an imposing six-foot tall steel safe.

We move closer to the Thieves. And see a large HOLE where the safe's top door hinge had been.

Thief-1 applies an exothermic incendiary THERMITE TORCH to the glowing, translucent-orange lower hinge. It liquifies. And MELTS to the floor near an open black tool bag.

Thief-1 rises, snuffs the torch. Drops it into the tool bag.

He flips up the black lenses of his welding goggles revealing the eyes of a man who dances skillfully on the razor's edge between Heaven and Hell. This is the former jail-bird convict from the previous scene, Peter (Pete) Simon, now 34-years-old. He's a benevolent safecracker (among other things) who is committed to bringing light to those in darkness despite his personal cost to acquire it.

Thief-2 is Pete's blonde-haired beautiful partner from the opening scene and just featured in the porn magazine photo, Honey White, now 27-years-old. She's also MUTE, for reasons that will be explained later. Honey flips up the black lenses of her goggles revealing dark paranormal eyes. As we know, Honey was an actress in her former life before being dehumanized into a hollow mute creature who scarcely exists.

Despite these spiritual challenges, she has become, with Pete's guidance, a very proficient partner.

She hands Pete a metal pry bar.

Pete inserts the pry bar's edge into the crease between the door and its frame. Honey hands him a small mallet.

Pete STRIKES the bar driving the thin edge into the crease. He hands the mallet to Honey who drops it into the tool bag.

Pete leans in with his chest pushing on the pry bar to dislodge the door from its frame. It won't budge. He leans in again, pushing with all he's got--nothing. He looks at Honey:

PETE

The fuck? Since when is a Mesa safe a problem? Help me, Honey.

She moves close behind Pete, ready to push on him.

PETE (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

Honey shoves against Pete who pushes on the pry bar... The door loosens in the frame. It slowly dislodges. Finally, the door pops out of the frame.

PETE

Sealed tighter than the Pope's ass.

Honey blankly looks at him. He looks at her with empathy. Then drops the pry bar into the tool bag.

They take off their goggles and drop them into the bag. Then they take hold of the safe door and move it to the side. They turn toward the open safe. And stare into it.

Honey's eyes don't blink. Pete glumly shakes his head.

Their hat-lights beam into the safe revealing many many many towers of banded, stacks of worn cash. BOOM. Jackpot. To anyone else. But not to Pete and Honey.

Pete leans in, inspects the interior. Nothing more. Just the staggering amount of cash. He takes out a wrapped pack of cash, flips through the bills, then runs his finger tips up and down the cash stacks on the safe's shelves, estimating the amount. He stops. Not happy. He turns off his and Honey's hat-lights.

PETE

Over four million. Give or take.

(upset; loud whisper)

I was told, by Sevino, that it was
in this goddam safe. Fuck him! He's
a greedy lying son of a bitch!

(heartfelt)

I'm sorry, Honey.

Honey stares at Pete, neither happy nor sad. If she could express her feelings, she'd be red-hot angry.

They turn back to the safe. And quickly take the towering stacks of cash from the shelves and load them into an open duffel bag on the floor next to the tool bag:

PETE (CONT'D)

Joaquin's in deep shit. He's going
to need an intercession from God and
an actual restorative miracle.

Honey looks at him. Then continues transferring the cash stacks into the duffel on the floor. They finish. Pete zips the duffel closed, bends and slings the strap over his shoulder. He rises with the heavy bag. Honey picks up the tool bag. They visually scan the floor around the safe:

It's spotless. Nothing left behind. Except the melted hinges.

They turn toward the doorway that leads out of the secure room into the rectory office, walk toward it, and enter the-

RECTORY OFFICE

Where a sleepy Hispanic boy, PABLO, 12, wearing "Stranger Things" pajamas and a "Hellfire Club" satchel slung across his chest stands in the opposite doorway gazing at them.

Pete and Honey look at each other, then back at Pablo.

PETE

Hey, kid. You awake?

Pablo stands still. His glazed eyes stare at them.

Pete reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of gum.

PETE

(offers)

Gum?

PABLO
 (yawns)
 What're you doing in here?

Pete takes out a piece of gum, unwraps it, puts it in his mouth. He tries to stuff the wrapper into his jeans pocket. It falls out, down to the floor.

PETE
 We cleaned out the safe.

PABLO
 Bullshit.

Pablo pulls a SMALL PISTOL from the satchel. He points it at Pete and Honey:

PABLO (CONT'D)
 You shouldn't be in here. Father Joaquin would be very angry.
 (curious; points)
 That it? Open it. Show me.

Pete slowly moves toward Pablo. Honey follows behind him. She bends down and picks up Pete's gum wrapper from the floor.

PETE
 (nods at pistol)
 Is that real?

PABLO
 Fuck around and find out.
 (nods at Honey)
 What's a matter with her? She looks all spooky ghosty and stuff.

Honey stares.

PETE
 She's okay. She's a mute. Can't talk. He knows you have it? His pistol? I know Father Joaquin, and he-

PABLO
 (waves pistol)
 -No, you don't! Shut up and show me what's in the bag.

Honey and Pete glance at each other. Pete unzips the duffel.

Pablo steps closer to the duffel as he carelessly waves the pistol back-and-forth at them:

PETE

Hey! Careful with that.

Pablo's POV on Pete's neck and the top halves of THREE BLACK LETTERS of a TATTOO peeking out above his collar.

Pablo looks down, crouches next to the duffel. He pulls one side of the unzipped duffel back revealing--the CASH.

Stunned, Pablo looks up at Pete, who drops low, grabs the back of Pablo's head and bangs his forehead into the top of the cash pile in the duffel. Unconscious Pablo rolls off the duffel. Honey bends and grabs the pistol in Pablo's hand:

Pablo's finger accidentally squeezes the trigger--POP!

The bullet WHIZZES past Honey's ear--shreds through her blonde hair--SHATTERS an office window.

PETE

(stunned)

Holy shit. You okay?

SECURITY ALARM RINGS!

Honey calmly yanks the pistol out of Pablo's hand, shoves it into the tool bag, picks it up and starts walking out. Pete zips the duffel, slings the strap over his shoulder and follows Honey to the exit doorway of the office.

They exit the office into the-

RECEPTION AREA

-and hustle to the rectory's front door, and exit.

ALARM RINGING!

EXT. CHURCH RECTORY - STREET - NIGHT

An upper-floor bedroom light pops on.

Pete carries the duffel across the street with Honey carrying the tool bag. They quickly walk to their plain white van parked on the street.

Honey pulls out the key fob, POPS door locks. Opens tailgate. Pete hoists the heavy duffel inside, slides it in, takes the tool bag from Honey, heaves it in, quietly closes the door. Pete runs to the passenger door, gets in. Honey opens the driver door, gets in. The van slowly drives away, then accelerates down the road.

INT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - SECURE ROOM - OFFICE - NIGHT

ALARM BLARES! The empty safe. Nothing left behind except Pablo's foggy memory of the ethereal blonde beauty, Honey White.

We hear FAST FOOTSTEPS RUMBLING down the front stairs:

JOAQUIN (O.S.)

I told you the code! Turn it off,
goddammit!... Joaquin Delincuente!
I'm a priest for Christ's sake.
Turn it off! Silencio! Now!

Unconscious Pablo lays on his back on the floor in the office. He looks like he's sleeping.

The ALARM cuts. Silence.

A stocky swarthy fifty-year-old Hispanic man in a robe rushes into the office with his phone in one hand and an AR-15 rifle in the other. He glances at the bullet-shattered window. This is gangster priest, now in the deepest of shit-

FATHER JOAQUIN DELINCUENTE,

the Pastor of "St. Jude Thaddeus" Catholic Church.

Pablo blinks, opens his eyes. Joaquin runs past him into the-

SECURE ROOM

-to the open safe.

He stares into it. Stunned beyond belief. As if God just took Heaven away from him and told him he's going straight to Hell.

He drops the rifle. Drops to his knees. Drops his phone. Grabs his head with both hands. And hyperventilates. Can't breathe. SUFFOCATING. Raises his hands above his head. Mouth open for breath. No breath. He falls on his back. RED FACE. His fearful eyes search the room for the Angel of Death.

His shaky hand reaches into his robe pocket and pulls out an asthma INHALER. He shoves it into his mouth and sprays salbutamol down his throat. He gasps.... his breathing slowly normalizes. He cries. He wails. He gnashes his teeth like a demon. Then, his POV of Pablo staring down into his face.

PABLO

They cleaned out the safe.
 (rubs forehead)
 And, yeah, they stole your gun.

Pablo walks toward the doorway:

PABLO (CONT'D)

My head hurts. I'm going to bed.

Pablo exits the room:

PABLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pleasant dreams, Father Joaq!

Joaquin on his back stares upward at-

A painting of Jesus nailed to the cross. He whimpers.

EXT. SKY - AERIAL VIEW OF A ROCKY RED CANYON BELOW - DAY

SUPER: **TWO YEARS AGO...**

THE LOVE STORY, PART I: "ON HER WAY TO THE MEET CUTE"

A Twin Otter skydiving plane glides smoothly into frame.

INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

We see tan feminine hands holding the plane's yoke.

The DIALS on the instrument panel show--

ALTITUDE: 12,000 Feet

AIRSPEED: 120 Knots/hour

We hear the CRACKLY VOICE of the MALE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (ATC) come through the plane's radio:

ATC

Radar contact. Maintain one two thousand... Ms. White? Ms. White?
 A strange man is looking for you-

Honey, her 25-years-old self, flips "OFF" the RADIO. Flips "OFF" the TRANSPONDER. She flips "ON" the AUTOPILOT.

She sets her hands in her lap. Then rises from the seat. She wears a red sports bra and white Balenciaga biking shorts that highlight her voluptuous curves. She slides her nineteen hundred dollar "fully destroyed Paris High Top" sneakers off revealing shiny red toenails. She walks back to the plane's JUMP DOOR.

Next to the door, her packed PARACHUTE lays on the floor.

She slides the jump door open. The wind BUFFETS her. She stumbles back, then steps forward. She grasps the JUMP BAR above the open doorway with both hands. Her blonde hair whips around her face.

Honey's POV downward on the rocky red canyon miles below. We hear WIND and the low-tone DRONE of the plane's engines.

She takes her phone out of her shorts. Looks at the SCREEN:

Her screen shows a MAN'S FACE: He appears androgynous, early-thirties, long shiny black hair. This is-

MANGIATORE DIVITA.

More info about this sinister skeeve is coming soon. Honey's hand shakes, she drops the phone. It CRACKS on the floor.

CLOSE ON the shattered screen over Divita's face.

She looks down, out the doorway. The wind blows her hair. The wind jostles the plane. Her bare feet awkwardly "quick-step" to maintain her balance inches from the open doorway.

A GUST of wind hits her. She instinctively reaches for the jump bar. Grabs hold of it.

She lifts her feet and hangs from the bar. She swings out the door holding the bar. She swings back in. She swings out--

FREEZE ON Honey's downward POV on the rocky red canyon. She thinks: "They'd never find my body."

She swings back inside. Sets her feet on the floor. She stands, looks out the door. She takes her hands off the bar. Turns toward the cockpit, takes a step toward it thinking: "But not today"--

--as the WIND sucks her out through the jump doorway. She's gone. Empty plane.

EXT. BLUE SKY

Honey's upward turbulent view of the plane above her becoming smaller as she rapidly plunges away from it.

Honey rolls over into a flat, belly-to-earth posture. She faces the canyon as she approaches terminal velocity of one hundred twenty-five miles per hour.

Honey's eyes are blank. The wind smooths her skin.

Our DOWNWARD POV on Honey as she quickly drops away from us. Straight down. Toward the rocky red canyon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

SUPER: PRESENT DAY - CHIHUAHUAN DESERT - SOUTHEAST NEW MEXICO

Moonlit mesquite. Scrubland. Creosote bushes. Gray sandy gravel. A towering spiny one hundred and fifty-year-old saguaro cactus. All peacefully coexisting.

Parked near the saguaro cactus, a black Lexus with tinted windows. Light emanates from its open trunk. A shovel is set inside. Work gloves, coveralls, rubber boots are dropped in. A Man closes the trunk lid. We hear the voice of a desperate Hispanic Man:

MAN (O.S.)
 Santo Malverde, full of miracles,
 grant safety to my soul-
 (breathes heavily)
 and help me, in this moment of
 extreme fucking difficulty.

On the right we hear the sounds of bobcats SNARLING and GROWLING. On the left, coyotes HOWL, YIP, YAP and BARK.

CLOSE ON Lexus Man's expensive loafers as he passes piles of dirt and deep dark empty holes. And two mutilated, rotting human heads protruding from blood-stained dirt. He stops.

This is athletically built, slickly dressed, forty-year-old killer with black hair and mustache-

RAFAEL CARA.

Cara is the Border Operations Enforcer for the Sinaloa Cartel. He holds a pistol down at his side.

Cara casts a shadow on small BLOODY CHUNKS of MEAT that encircle the head of the Man we just heard praying to Santo Malverde, who is buried up to his neck in one of Cara's holes. This man is forty-year-old D.E.A. confidential source-

CARLOS MORENO.

SNARLING bobcats and coyotes creep close to Moreno's head.

CARA

Carlos, I am smelling the hungry rotten breath of los gatos and los perros. They're going to eat your eyes, your lips, your ears... So. What is it? That makes no sense?

Moreno's ground-level REVOLVING POV on the bobcats and coyotes closing in on him.

MORENO

You kill me, Rafael, before them?

CARA

Maybe.

Moreno's POV on the bobcats, coyotes, then upward at Cara.

MORENO

A man. A woman. West Texas. They are, they say, *fantasmas*... Ghosts.

CARA

Ghosts?! Dios mio! Fuck off.

Cara's phone VIBRATES. He pulls it out, taps it, speaks:

CARA (CONT'D)

Joaquin! Que pasa?

Cara listens... his facial expression transforms into stone cold repressed anger. He ends the call and walks away.

MORENO (O.S.)

Rafael! Kill me! Shoot me! Shoot!

We hear LOUD GUTTARAL sounds of bobcats and coyotes GROWLING, SCREECHING and CHOMPING blended with Moreno's brief SHRIEKING.

Cara stops, walks back toward Moreno. He raises his phone and, for several moments, videos the animals devouring Moreno's head. He stops recording and slides his phone into his pocket. He walks toward the Lexus, passes the tall saguaro cactus.

We see a metal EMBLEM fastened to the cactus at eye-level: CLOSE ON emblem: "C.D.S." above a GREEN--WHITE--RED stripe: the colors of the Mexican flag. Below the stripe are words:

"CARTEL DE SINALOA"

Cara opens the Lexus's driver door, slides in and drives off.

EXT. RANCH - BARN - NIGHT

Dark. Flat. Rotted, broken wooden fences. Hardscrabble dirt. No crops, alfalfa or livestock at this abandoned shabby ranch. A small tractor is parked out back under a lean-to roof. Dust and tumbleweeds blow past. We hear a DRONING sound.

SUPER: **SIERRA BLANCA, WEST TEXAS**

A four-seat, single-engine Cessna 182 Skylane descends into view. It continues its descent and lands smoothly on the flat dirt. It decelerates as it taxis toward an old dilapidated barn. Two twenty-foot wide barn doors automatically swing open creating a forty-foot wide doorway. The plane rolls inside.

INT. BARN

The Cessna enters. An automatic overhead light goes on. The plane stops. A four-inch wide strip of duct tape covers the plane's FAA tail number. Its propeller stops. Engine powers off. Plane doors open.

Honey exits the pilot side. She pulls the duct tape off the tail number, crumbles it into a loose ball and tosses it into the corner of the barn.

It rolls near several other balls of duct tape.

She walks to the passenger side of the plane as Pete exits. He pulls out the duffel loaded with the cash from the rectory job. He walks toward a white SUV parked inside the barn.

Honey leans inside the plane's rear passenger area. She pulls out the tool bag, closes the door and walks to Pete at the rear of the SUV.

Pete opens the tailgate of the SUV and heaves the duffel inside. He takes the tool bag from Honey and slides it in. He closes the tailgate. And looks at Honey. Honey walks away.

She enters the SUV's driver's seat, starts the engine and turns on the headlights.

EXT. SUV

Honey drives the SUV out through the barn doorway...and stops.

EXT. BARN

Pete exits the barn, presses a remote control device, the two twenty-foot barn doors automatically swing closed. The inside overhead light goes off.

INT. SUV

Honey's in the driver's seat. Pete slides into passenger seat.

Honey blankly looks at Pete. He sadly looks at her. They're locked into a yin-yang interdependent duality that is nearing the end of its lifespan in this world. And they know it.

Pete touches her hand. She stares at him, and slides it away. Their eyes reveal awkward disharmony. Honey points to a place on her chest above her heart. She drops her hand into her lap.

PETE

(desperate)

You want to check out. Living like this. Not really living. I get it. I think. I probably don't. But give me a few more days. I will find one. I have people... Please wait for me, Honey. I can't live without you... Two days? Please?

She turns away from Pete, puts the SUV in gear and drives.

INT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - OFFICE - NIGHT

Joaquin sits behind his desk in a robe looking at his computer screen that lights his sweaty face. His AR-15 leans against the desk. His inhaler sits near his hand.

His screen shows a rectory SECURITY VIDEO time-stamped "02:14" of two people with blurry faces (Pete and Honey) quickly walking to a plain white van parked along the street.

Joaquin ZOOMS IN on Pete as he slides the duffel inside the rear of the van. Honey hands the tool bag to Pete who sets it inside. Pete closes the tailgate, runs to the passenger door.

Joaquin stops the tape, rewinds it to where Pete stands at the van's tailgate before Honey opens it. Joaquin stops tape and ZOOMS on the license plate next to Pete's legs:

CLOSE ON what looks like a yellow New Mexico license plate with red blurry numerals.

Joaquin ZOOMS IN tighter on the yellow and red license plate until its yellow background and red numeric illegibility transform into a trippy Georgia O'Keeffe Santa Fe landscape.

Joaquin WHEEZES as he begins to have difficulty breathing. He reaches for the inhaler. Sprays twice. Looks at the video:

CLOSE ON Honey's blonde hair beneath her black hat.

Rafael Cara silently appears standing near Joaquin's shoulder. Joaquin startles, looks at Cara while reaching for the AR-15.

JOAQUIN

Stop doing that!

CARA

I can't.

Joaquin desperately points at the computer screen:

JOAQUIN

She has blonde hair?!

Cara bends down for a close look at the screen. Rises.

CARA

What else?

JOAQUIN

(scared)

That's it. They left nothing!

Cara looks up at the security cameras bolted into the corners of the ceiling whose lenses have been spray-painted.

He looks at the broken office window, then the broken lock on the Secure Room's door. Then at Joaquin.

CARA
Where was Pablo?

JOAQUIN
(points to floor)
There.

Cara walks to the spot. Looks around. Bends down. Looks closely at the floor. He sees a strand of blonde hair. Picks it up and rises while looking at it.

CARA
Women in here lately?

JOAQUIN
No.

CARA
Of course not.

Cara places the strand of hair with its root intact into a small plastic bag. He slides it into his pocket:

CARA (CONT'D)
Pray this strand of hair leads me
to my money. If not, I'll be back.

Cara exits the office. Joaquin watches him leave. He begins gasping for breath.

EXT. STRIP MALL - "FAST LAB SERVICES" - NIGHT

Cara's black Lexus drives into the parking lot. Parks next to an old Pontiac Aztek in front of the glass entry doors. The Lexus's horn TOOTS twice.

The lab's reception area lights go on. From the rear of the lab a half-asleep Hispanic man, ZUBY, 30-ish, walks through the reception area and exits the front door. He quickly walks to the Lexus's driver side window.

The tinted window slides down revealing Cara. He hands Zuby the small plastic bag with the blonde strand of hair in it.

CARA
Two hours.

Zuby holds up the bag, looks at the hair strand.

ZUBY

At least it has the root. But yeah,
Rafael, two hours? That's gonna be,
like really crazy. How about noon?

Cara stares at Zuby.

ZUBY (CONT'D)

(comes to his senses)
One hour it is!

Zuby sprints to the lab.

PRE-LAP: Mexican psych-rock band Tajak's song "Wasn't" plays--

Cara reverses the Lexus, drives away.

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tajak's song "Wasn't" continues-- Álvaro Castro sings:

CASTRO (V.O.)

She was looking for me but I wasn't
around/ God was looking for me but
I wasn't around

The white SUV is parked in the driveway. Lights are on behind
drape-covered windows.

INT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tajak's song "Wasn't" continues-- Castro sings:

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

Death was looking for me but I
wasn't around

On the table are NINE open SHIPPING BOXES, 14"x14"x3". The
open boxes reveal tightly packed banded ten thousand dollar
stacks of one hundred dollar bills. Five hundred thousand
dollars in each box. Four and a half million dollars in the
nine boxes.

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

I was looking for me but I wasn't
around

Fifty banded ten thousand dollar stacks remain on the table in ten stacks, five per stack. Five hundred thousand dollars.

Pete and Honey wear latex gloves as they tape each box closed. They stick pre-printed SHIPPING LABELS onto each box. A few of the shipping labels reveal the cash recipients are: Pastors, Rabbis and Imams of West Texas and East New Mexico churches, synagogues and mosques.

The last label that Pete sticks onto a box indicates--

"M. SEVINO, 308 NEGRA ARROYO LANE, ALBUQUERQUE, NM 87111"

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

No, I wasn't around/ No, I wasn't around

Pete and Honey finish the boxes. They place their five hundred thousand dollar cut from the rectory job into a briefcase. Pete closes it and hands it to Honey. She passively takes it.

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

No, I wasn't around/ I wasn't around

Pete's phone VIBRATES in his pocket. He looks at Honey. Takes out phone. His screen shows the caller: "Dr. Jane Roberts."

He taps the phone screen and listens. Tajak song cuts.

PETE

I'll be right over.

(ends call)

We might have one!

(concerned)

Honey, I'll be right back. This could be it. Please wait for me.

She looks at him without expression. Pete hurriedly exits the house. Honey walks to the window.

She looks out at Pete driving off in the SUV. She turns from the window with the briefcase in her hand. She walks to the bedroom. She enters. And closes the door.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Pete's white SUV is parked next to a Sierra Blanca Police car near the Emergency Room. Pete stands outside the entry doors smoking a cigarette.

A Nurse in her thirties exits and waves to him. Pete flicks the cig and hurries with her into the Emergency Room.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - INTENSIVE CARE ROOM

Pete and Nurse trot down the hall. They pass a Sierra Blanca Police Officer standing outside the ICU. They enter the ICU room and approach a FEMALE PATIENT's bed.

The bedside MONITOR shows Patient's vital signs DROPPING.

We see the name tag of "DR. JANE ROBERTS," 40s, as she checks the eyes of her comatose female Patient, 20s, with a badly bruised and bandaged head and face laying in bed hooked up to a ventilator, endotracheal tube, IV pump and arterial lines.

DR. ROBERTS
(matter of fact)
She's expiring.

The Patient's vital signs on the monitor's GRAPH drop sharply. Patient's heart stops. Breathing stops. All her vitals CRASH. The monitor alarm sounds LOUD and FAST: **EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!**

DR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)
(to Nurse)
Call code.

Nurse opens the door, exits running, yelling:

NURSE (O.S.)
CODE BLUE! CODE BLUE!

Dr. Roberts quickly inserts a SIX-INCH PERISOUCCENTESIS NEEDLE just above Patient's collarbone downward into her chest. She slowly retracts the syringe plunger:

DR. ROBERTS
She jumped, Pete. Off a building.
Left a note saying that she killed
a priest at her monastery. For
abusing her. She was just a novice,
training to become a nun.

PETE
(holds Patient's hand)
May God free you from your sins,
Sister. Save you. And raise you up.

Dr. Roberts hands Pete a small white CLOTH BUNDLE.

Pete nods sadly. He makes the sign of the cross on Patient's forehead, takes the white cloth bundle, hustles out the door.

The monitor alarm continues LOUD and FAST: **EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!**

Dr. Roberts turns to Patient and dutifully administers rapid chest compressions, with tears in her eyes.

HOSPITAL - ICU HALLWAY

Pete jogs down the hall. The Code Blue Team of Doctors, Nurses and crash cart pass him. He looks back at them. Pushes open the Stairs Door and exits.

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete drives up in the SUV, pulls into the driveway and parks. He exits the SUV carrying the white cloth bundle. He quickly enters the side door of the house.

INT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Silent. The nine sealed cash boxes sit on the table, same as before. Pete enters the kitchen.

PETE

Honey! Honey!

He sets the white cloth bundle on the table and continues searching room-to-room for Honey.

PETE (CONT'D)

Honey! Where are you?!

Los Lobos's song "Made To Break Your Heart" plays--

BEDROOM

Pete enters.

Honey lays motionless on the bed. He rushes to her. Her eyes are open. He drops to his knees, pushes his ear on her chest. Nothing. He panics. He administers chest compressions. Her eyes are open. She lays still. Dead.

He continues the compressions... stops. He sadly lays across her chest. Her empty eyes stare at the ceiling.

PETE

No! No! Fucking no! Wait! Wait
for me! You were going to wait!

He gets up and runs to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

He grabs the white cloth bundle off the table, runs to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Pete enters. Lays the white cloth on the bed next to Honey. He tears the top of her blouse open revealing a thin rigid TWO-INCH SCAR running above her left collarbone. Pete feels the scar with his finger tips.

With shaky hands he unwraps the white cloth, revealing a BRIGHT WHITE GLOWING syringe barrel and six-inch needle.

He takes the syringe and aims the needle above the scar.

The perisoulcentesis needle pierces Honey's skin downward into her chest above her heart. Pete slowly presses the syringe plunger, propelling the Novice Nun's GLOWING WHITE SOUL down the barrel into Honey's chest. It vanishes as the syringe plunger reaches the bottom of the illuminated glass barrel.

Pete slides the long needle out. BRIGHT WHITE TINY DROPLETS of LIQUID SOUL sparkle on it. He stares at them. Then sets the syringe on the white cloth. He reverently wraps it.

Pete looks into Honey's eyes. They're lifeless. Staring. Dead. He desperately applies chest compressions. Over and over and over... many moments pass... he breathes hard. Honey's body lays still. Her eyes remain vacant. She's gone. Pete stops. Sits on the bed. He stares down into Honey's eyes. He lays down next to her. He gently takes her hand, holds it softly in his hands. And rests them on his heart. Tears fill his eyes.

Los Lobos song "Made To Break Your Heart" continues-- David Hidalgo sings:

HIDALGO (V.O.)

I didn't know what to say to you
You think it's like a river flowing
Don't you know that love is made to
break your heart

Pete and Honey lay together on the bed. Staring up at the ceiling. One dead. The other wishing he was.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIERRA BLANCA - CATHOLIC CHURCH - MORNING

SUPER: SIERRA BLANCA, WEST TEXAS

Sunday mass. Morning sun shines through stained glass windows.

We hear the voice of the Priest speaking as we PAN across stone mosaic TILES of the Fourteen "Stations of the Cross" that hang along the desert rose stone walls:

PRIEST (O.S.)
(despondent)
Some souls have been so severely
damaged on Earth they have become
detached from God. Lost. And sadly,
cannot find their way back to Him
in Heaven.

CLOSE ON the Fifteenth "Station of the Cross": the
"Resurrection of Christ."

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There are two types of lost souls.
Those who do not accept the fact
That their physical body is dead.

Six seated Parishioners listen to the sermon: old wealthy
Crook, gorgeous middle-age Woman, middle-age trans Man, young
male Gangbanger, young female Prostitute, teenage Girl:

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And those who were corrupted by,
or became criminal creatures while
in their human body on Earth. Both
of these types of disturbed souls
are stuck, between the astral plane
of Earth and spirit world of Heaven.
(sorrowful)
Then, there's Hell. The equalizer.

Two Altar Boys, 14, sit on either side of an Altar Girl, 14.

The Altar Kids watch and listen to the Priest at the pulpit
preaching to the six Parishioners described above.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The only things that burn in Hell
are the parts of us that we won't
let go. Memories. And attachments.
So Hell burns them all away. Like a
dumpster fire. To free our souls.
Enabling them to return to God.

ARC around from behind the Priest to reveal that it's Pete:
Father Peter Simon, Pastor of Sierra Blanca's "Holy Mother of
Lost Souls" Catholic Church.

PETE (CONT'D)

If you're frightened, and holding
on to your past, you are constantly
feeling, in every moment of your
lost existence between Earth and
Heaven, the Devils that painfully
tear and shred your memories and
attachments away from you. It's
pure agony. Am I right? I know I am.

Pete slowly walks from the pulpit to the front of the altar.
He sadly sits down on the top step facing the Parishioners.
He's so bereft from losing Honey he could fall over.

PETE (CONT'D)

But, if you can make your peace, I
promise you the Devils will become
Angels. That will free you from the
Earth. So your soul may finally
enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.
To share in God's eternal love...
Oh God. Please help us.

The gorgeous middle-age Woman stands.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN

Father Peter? I think... that, I'm
ready, you know? To go.

Pete nods to her with empathy.

The other five Parishioners look at her-

VFX: She pixilates... and disappears.

The Gangbanger stands.

The four Parishioners glare at him as if he's a traitor-

GANGBANGER

(bold)

I accept responsibility, for all my-

VFX: He pixilates... disappears.

The Altar Girl stands. Smooths her hair. The two Altar Boys on either side of her stare up at her, astonished.

ALTAR GIRL

(smiles broadly)

I am out! Adios, pendejos!

VFX: FLASH! She disappears.

PETE

(solemnly)

Praise be to the Lord. God bless
their souls, on their travels.

Moments pass... Then, as if struck by lightning, Pete snaps alert. His eyes light. He stands. And stares above the heads of the remaining Parishioners toward the-

REAR OF THE CHURCH

A woman, dressed in a white dress with a white veil over her face and eyes, enters. She stops near the last row of pews.

It's Honey.

ALTAR

Pete smiles.

REAR OF CHURCH

Honey blankly stares at Pete.

PEWS

Curious, the four Parishioners turn around and stare at Honey. They are taken aback by her immaculate beauty.

REAR OF CHURCH

Honey's eyes sparkle. With new life. She lovingly smiles at Pete.

ALTAR

Overcome with joy, Pete runs down the center aisle past the Parishioners toward the-

REAR OF THE CHURCH

Honey opens her arms. Pete gets to her, hugs her tightly.

PETE

You came back.

HONEY

Been waiting so long. To tell you.

(teary eyes)

I love you, Baby. I love you so much.

PETE

I love you, Honey... Forever.

They kiss passionately. He lifts her in his arms, carries her onto the threshold of the exit, senses something amiss--stops:

HONEY

(uneasy)

Pete, I don't feel right.

Pete looks at her with love and concern.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH IN THE BLUE SKY - DAY

SUPER: **TWO YEARS AGO...**

LOVE STORY, PART II: "THE REUNIFICATION"

Barefoot Honey, wearing her red athletic bra and white Balenciaga biking shorts (same as previous scene when she went out the jump door of her plane), freefalls toward the red canyon. The wind smooths her skin closely against her calm face. Her eyes are dark and ghostly. Her face is calm, her blonde hair blows straight up.

Far above Honey, we notice a THIN OBLONG OBJECT on a downward trajectory. Directly at her. It's WHITE. It grows larger... and larger. She's oblivious as it rapidly approaches her and--gently lands on her back, engulfing her with WHITE WINGS.

Honey struggles, unable to see what's on her back. The white wings wrap her body. She rolls her body to face upward at--

--a Man. In a white helmet with a white visor wearing a white nylon WINGSUIT. He holds Honey tight as they plummet downward together. She raises her hands to his helmet. Then his visor. She lifts his visor, revealing--

PETE
 (smiles)
 Hi! I'm Pete!

Honey blankly stares at him.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Hope this works! Hold tight!

Honey hesitates, then wraps her arms around him. She holds him tight. Pete holds her tight with his winged arms.

He pulls the ripcord releasing his CHUTE--that flies high above them. Opening into a wide white rectangular canopy emblazoned with a scarlet RED CROSS.

They struggle to hold on to each other as they rapidly decelerate. The wind separates Honey from Pete. He grabs her tightly, pulls her close to his body.

From what we can see, there's neither time nor space for them to slow down enough for a safe landing in the canyon.

PETE
 What's your name?!

Honey blankly looks at him.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Oh, the quiet type! Well, it was very nice to meet you! But-
 (looks down)
 I don't think we're gonna make it!

He smiles at Honey. They tightly hug themselves together. Honey closes her eyes. As they rapidly plummet and disappear--

CANYON RIM

--off-screen, below the rim of the rocky red canyon.

INT. BLACK LEXUS - MORNING

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY - LAS CRUCES, SOUTHEAST NEW MEXICO**

Cara's black Lexus enters The Boneyard Cantina parking lot off Main Street. He parks near a white BMW i8 Roadster.

Cara exits the Lexus, walks to the rear of the BMW, bends down as if tying his loafer, and sticks an Apple AirTag behind the BMW's license plate. He rises and enters the Cantina.

INT. BONEYARD CANTINA - MORNING

Cara enters, scans the seating area.

A large, long-haired white guy with a scruffy beard wearing sandals, sunburst orange Tommy Bahama shorts and yellow linen island shirt is seated in back. This 40-year-old man drinking a Bacardi and pineapple is corrupt D.E.A. Special Agent-

MARCO SEVINO.

Sevino nods to Cara. Cara walks to Sevino's table and sits down. They stare at each other for several moments... Sevino slides an envelope across the table to Cara. Cara takes it, folds it and stuffs it into his pocket.

SEVINO

Ran the DNA through CODIS. No hits.

CARA

What about the National Index?

SEVINO

Very good, Rafael. Yes, there was a hit in the NDIS.

CARA

It's a woman. Who is she?

SEVINO

Two for two. Yes, a woman. But, there's a weird part.

WAITRESS appears at the table. Cara shakes his head "no."

WAITRESS

(to Sevino)

Another Bacardi and pineapple?

SEVINO
Si, señorita!

Waitress smiles, takes Sevino's empty glass and walks away.

CARA
(impatient)
Sevino. The fucking weird part.

SEVINO
She's dead.

CARA
No. She is not. Her and her amigo just burned my laundry for seven fucking digits. She was there. She was seen. She is on fucking video. Dead people don't leave their DNA on a goddam rectory floor!

People seated in the restaurant look over at them.

SEVINO
Not her, Raf. Been dead for two years. Plane crash. Into a canyon. She was a pilot. Had her own plane. A pro D-License skydiver. The M.E. report indicates probable suicide. She was also a wealthy porn star. Go figure. So I looked her up. A fucking smokeshow. I had to rub one out right at my desk! But I digress. She filed police reports for multiple assaults. Was granted restraining orders against a dirt-bag producer wannabe gangster fuck.

CARA
Name?

SEVINO
Mangiatore Divita.

CARA
Really? Where's he from?

SEVINO
We don't know. No origin. He just, *appeared*. I saw her police photos.
(MORE)

SEVINO (CONT'D)

He really fucked her up. And-
 (repulsed)
 gave her like a lobotomy or some
 shit. Her friends say he turned
 her into a ghost of her former self.

CARA

Stop fucking lying!

People get up to leave.

SEVINO

Raf, I'm just sharing the data in-

CARA

Fuck your fake D.E.A. data. She took
 my money. In person. On video.

SEVINO

Whatever, Raf. Pay me.

CARA

What was her name?

SEVINO

Amelia Blanco. Stage name, was
 Honey White.

Moments pass.

CARA

They found her body?

SEVINO

(derisive)
 No, they did not. No remains in the
 wreckage. She must've jumped. With-
 out a chute. Into the canyon. Like
 I said. Like the M.E. report says!

Cara stands. Reaches into his pocket and tosses a ten thousand
 dollar banded stack of one hundred dollar bills on the table.
 He stares down with malice at Sevino. He takes out his phone.

CARA

(seething)
 They've hit me four times. Eight
 million in two months. Find them
 you disgusting fucking land yacht.

(MORE)

CARA (CONT'D)

Or I will plant you in a fucking
hole next to your snitch, Carlos.

Cara leans down close to Sevino's face; taps phone, whispers:

CARA (CONT'D)

The bobcats and coyotes will eat
your face off. Eyes, nose and lips.

Cara rises. Stares at Sevino. Walks toward the exit.

SEVINO

(worried; to himself)
Yeah, fuck off taco bell.

His phone VIBRATES. He taps screen. Stares at the video that
Cara just sent to him.

CLOSE ON his screen showing bobcats and coyotes savagely
tearing, ripping and chomping chunks of Carlos's bloody head.

Freaked, Sevino stops the video. He takes Cara's cash and
slides it into his pocket. He stares at his phone... thinking
now might be a good time to book that flight to Disappearland.

INT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - SECURE ROOM - NIGHT

Cara stands at the empty safe with Joaquin. He closely
inspects the hole where the safe's upper hinge had been before
it was melted to liquid by Pete's thermite torch.

CARA

(to himself)
Thermite... The Pyro Wizard?
(to Joaquin)
Get Pablo.

Joaquin exits the secure room into the office and beyond.

JOAQUIN (O.S.)

Pablo! Come down, please! Pablo!

Cara inspects the lower hole where the hinge had been. The
hardened metal puddles of the melted hinges on the floor. The
pry bar marks on the interior of the safe's frame.

Joaquin enters the secure room. Pablo follows him in wearing a
"Lost" t-shirt. He sees Cara and begins trembling.

Cara turns to them.

CARA

Stop shaking! I'm not going to hurt you. Tell me now, what you saw.

Frightened, Pablo grabs Joaquin's arm with both hands.

JOAQUIN

It's okay, Pabbie. Just questions.

Joaquin puts his arm around Pablo's shoulders.

CARA

One man and one woman. The woman had blonde hair. This is correct?

Pablo nods.

PABLO

But she was, kinda like, weird.

CARA

I know! The man. What about him?

Cara walks close to Pablo, who cowers against Joaquin.

CARA (CONT'D)

(menacing)

Think, Pablo! Is he White? Black? Hispanic?

PABLO

White.

CARA

Taller than Joaquin?

Pablo nods.

CARA (CONT'D)

Long hair, short hair, color?

PABLO

(scared)

Short! Brown!

CARA (CONT'D)

Scars on his face? Or hands? Any tattoos?

PABLO

I don't...

CARA
 (yells)
 Scars or tattoos?!

PABLO
 No! Scars! Maybe a-

JOAQUIN
 -Rafael, please. He's a child.

CARA
 Shut up! Tats?

PABLO
 Um, I think. Maybe one of those.

CARA
 Of what? Where?

PABLO
 Letters? Three. But not like a word.
 On his neck. By his ear.

CARA
 Okay. What are the letters?

PABLO
 (recalling)
 I think the first one, was a "A".
 And, a "B"? And, maybe, a "T". Or
 a "I"?

CARA
 Why do you think that?

PABLO
 A, B, T. Seemed, like it was short,
 for, "about." A-b-o-u-t. But, the
 "o" and "u" were missing?

JOAQUIN
 ABT... Aryan Brotherhood Texas.

CARA
 (stunned)
 You told ABT my money was in your
 safe? Padre, you are insane. Why
 would you do that?! Fucking greed?!

JOAQUIN

(panic)

No, Rafael. Of course not! We had an agreement. Two percent of what I hold for you, is for the church! It's enough! It's more than enough!

Joaquin glances at his AR-15 leaning against his desk.

CARA

Go ahead, Padre.

JOAQUIN

(pleads)

Just me, Rafael. Please? Just me!

(looks down at Pablo)

He's just a-

Cara pulls his pistol with silencer--shoots: POP. POP.

We hear TWO THUMPS as Joaquin and Pablo hit the floor.

Cara aims downward--shoots: POP. POP.

He unscrews the silencer and puts it in his pocket. He slides his pistol into his waistband. Pulls out his phone, taps it:

CARA

(into phone)

Two at the rectory. Take the safe, too.

He slides the phone into his pocket. Picks up the four empty cartridges off the floor, puts them into his pocket. He goes to Joaquin's desk, unplugs all the cables from the desktop computer. He takes the computer, grabs Joaquin's AR-15, exits.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY

Cara exits, walks to his Lexus. His phone VIBRATES. He hustles to the car, opens the rear door sets the computer and AR-15 on the backseat. A phone VIBRATES. He takes out a BURNER PHONE and answers:

CARA

(formal)

Yes, "X." What do you need?... Of course. On my way.

Stone-faced Cara ends call. He twists the burner phone into pieces like he's wringing someone's neck.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

SUPER: FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - BEAUMONT, TEXAS

Scary-ass imposing federal prison with high walls, gun towers and lots of rolling razor wire.

INT./EXT. PRISON - RECREATION YARD - DAY

SUPER: FIVE YEARS AGO

Violent groups of hardened tattooed Inmates wear white shirts and white chinos in the yard. They're self-segregated by gang: Blacks--"New Black Panthers," Hispanics--"Mexican Mafia," Whites--"Aryan Brotherhood Texas." They're active with: weights, treadmills, soccer, basketball, walking the track encircling the yard. All under the watchful eyes of-

-Armed Prison Guards with AR-15s prowling outside the yard's perimeter fence.

A small group of Mexican, Black and White gangbangers discuss prison business near the cellblock's doorway into the yard.

INT. CELLBLOCK HALLWAY/DOORWAY

A man emerges from the shadows of the hallway with a swollen, black and blue stitched-up face. He slowly, painfully, limps to the-

YARD DOORWAY

He stops on the threshold. The sunlight hits his face. This is newly convicted felon, Pete at twenty-five-years-old. He's obviously been beaten. Though not as obviously raped. A red blood spot stains the seat of his white cotton pants.

Intimidating, cold-blooded Aryan Brotherhood Texas gangsters: Prison Shot Caller BIG TERRY MAYNARD, 50, Lieutenant BAM BAM BLAKE, 45, and Enforcer SLICK THOMAS, 40, approach Pete.

We see their tattoos: "A" "B" "ABT" "112%" "12" "One-Two" and shields resembling coats-of-arms bisected by a sword with a swastika on one side and the image of Texas on the other.

BAM BAM

I had you risen in three, Father.
Like Jesus. 'Cept, you ain't Jesus.
(to Slick & Big Terry)
Pay up.

SLICK
He ain't stepped into the yard!

PETE
Out of my way, Slick.

Pete steps forward as Slick shoves his fist into his chest.

BIG TERRY
You accept my invitation to join the Family. Or you get dead. Right here in the doorway. It won't be as pleasurable as all those spic pricks you had up your ass three days ago. And the niggers? Well, they'd be next. But, we won't let 'em. Cuz they're niggers. If you decline the invite, we'll turn you off. Right here. Right now.

Slick reveals a rusty, metal barbed dildo in his hand.

Pete stares at Big Terry. Doesn't break eye contact.

BAM BAM
You gonna ride the rail, Pete? Go out screaming like a bloody ho?

A PRISON GUARD appears standing behind Pete.

GUARD
(to Big Terry)
The fish giving you trouble?

BIG TERRY
Nah. Father Pete here just making thoughts on whether he wants to be a smart priest or a dead priest.

Pete touches his hand to his butt. He brings it around and looks at his bloody hand. Then looks at the Guard:

PETE
You're not going to help.

GUARD
It's a Family matter.

BAM BAM

You got three years, Kid. Fucking sleepwalk. A woman could do it.

BIG TERRY

And after? You rejoin the church. You need a new parish? We'll get one for you. You crack a few safes for us from time to time. And we'll live nice together, forever after. Like a fairy tale. Or you die here, in the dirt. In pain. Excruciating. Like nothing you can ever imagine.

SLICK

But, it's super fast. You'll bleed out in like less than a minute. So there's that, in your favor. I know, it's a pretty tough choice.

Pete glances at the dildo in Slick's hand, then at Big Terry.

PETE

I'll be safe? From who?

BIG TERRY

Everyone. ABT rules Beaumont. You have my word.

Pete stares at Big Terry... Then, bitterly accepting the bargain, he lowers his head and gives up his spirit.

BAM BAM

Welcome to the Family, Brother-Father. You're now a Prospect.

BIG TERRY

Before becoming a full member, when the time comes, you will violate the sixth commandment.

PETE

Kill someone? Never. I'll never kill anyone. For any reason.

BAM BAM

-Blood in. Blood out.

PETE

What does that mean?

BAM BAM

You kill to join. We kill you if you try to leave. You can only try to leave, Father Pete. Nobody ever actually leaves the ABT.

SLICK

Learn the "14 Words." Think of it like a prayer. There will be a quiz. And severe penance if you fail. So listen to the words now: "We must, secure the existence, of our people, and a future, for White children."

BIG TERRY

Say it.

PETE

(low voice)

We must secure the existence of our people. And a future for White children.

BAM BAM

Loyalty to the Family comes first.

Slick tosses the dildo to Guard behind Pete in the doorway.

GUARD

(walks away)

The fish swims another day.

BIG TERRY

Remember, Father Pete. God forgives. Brothers don't. Welcome.

Big Terry gives silently enraged Pete a bro-hug.

The ABT guys walk to a table set up with tattoo gear. Pete limps over to them. The Family's TATTOO ARTIST offers him a chair at the table.

PETE

(suppressed anger)

I cannot, sit down.

TATTOO ARTIST

(empathy)

Yeah, right. I gotcha. We can stand, Father.

ACROSS THE YARD

We see Mexican Mafia Gang Members huddled near the weights. A younger, thirty-five-year-old, Rafael Cara chats with the Mexican Mafia's Prison Boss, X. RODRIGUEZ. Rodriguez casually points at Pete standing across the yard at the tattoo table:

RODRIGUEZ

¿El nuevo? Es un ladrón, de cajas fuertes. A very valuable soldier.

CARA

That kid's a safecracker? I heard he was a priest?

Rodriguez nods respectfully.

RODRIGUEZ

He was the best along the border. They say he is, a pyro wizard. That every safe opens the door for him.

Cara stares at Pete standing at the table with the Tattoo Artist who is inking the letter "A" into his neck near his ear. ABT Members come to him, pat his shoulder and his back, welcoming him into The Family. Pete looks despondent.

PRE-LAP: Maxence Cyrin's solo piano cover of The Pixies' song "Where Is My Mind" plays as--

Pete stares off into space, certain he will never again be at peace without the soul he just traded for demonic protection. Dying with a barbed dildo up his ass, with his soul relatively clean and intact was clearly the correct choice. Did he, filled with weakness and mortal fear, fail God's ultimate test? Probably. Fuck!

The tattooed black letter "A" on his neck is finished.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAKEUP STUDIO - NIGHT

Maxence Cyrin's piano cover of The Pixies' song "Where Is My Mind" continues--

A small room with peeling pink paint and a vanity mirror encircled with light bulbs, some burnt out, one flickers.

SUPER: **NUEVA TIJUANA -- HONEY'S BIRTHDAY**

Below, sitting on the makeup table, are white Louboutin heels. A black micro mini dress hangs alone on a nearby garment rack.

Next to the Louboutins sits a black-frosted birthday cake. "HAPPY TWENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY HONEY!" written in white icing on the cake. **Six** red droplets of icing, resembling blood drops, dot across in a line below "TWENTY-SIXTH" on the cake. It has **six** red burnt out candles sticking into it.

Thirty-year-old Mexican makeup artist, SERENA, stands at the makeup chair blankly staring with ghostly eyes as she sponges NARS Creamy Concealer over bruises on Honey's left arm:

HONEY (O.S.)

(foggy; slow)

I'm so scandalous... I got, tons of money... celebrity skin. And a reptile heart. But I keep getting hit! Divita, he's too extreme! I'm out, Serena. This is my last day. Gonna get in my plane! My beautiful plane. Fly away. Like an angel... Was an angel. My wings, broke. Can you help me, Serena? Get away?

Serena leans in close to finish concealing the bruises on Honey's left arm. We notice Serena has a thin rigid TWO-INCH SCAR running above her left collarbone.

HONEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(dreamy)

Cover me, Serena. With the soft and creamy NARS. Hide me, paint me. Out of this, mad fucking world.

Honey sits in the chair topless. Her arms and ribs are mottled with bruises. Below her thong, bruises on her thighs. Her youthful vitality and seductive spirit has disintegrated since we saw her swagger into this porn studio five years ago in the opening scene.

Honey takes a sloppy sip from a half-full water bottle. Serena sponges the NARS concealer on her right arm.

HONEY

(fading)

Divita. He pays me, triple my rate. Good money, for sure... Oh... I'm, so sorry, Serena... jus got, head-rush. So really, very tired. I...

Honey's eyes close. Her head falls forward. Unconscious. The water bottle drops from her hand. HITS the floor, splashes. Serena lays Honey's head back to extend her neck. She opens the makeup studio door, KNOCKS on it to summon-

-A tall dark thirty-five-year-old man who now stands in the doorway. His appearance is neither masculine nor feminine. This androgyne is alluring and so strikingly attractive you can't take your eyes off him. But he exudes such a repulsive vibe he makes you want to run away. As fast as you can. While still looking back at him. This is-

MANGIATORE DIVITA.

The sociopath wannabe gangster producer that Sevino referred to at the Cantina and who was previously shown to us in the photo on Honey's phone on the plane.

Divita passes Serena, glances at unconscious Honey laying back in the chair, and continues walking to the makeup table.

DIVITA

You will never have a last day,
Honey. I lust for you too much to
ever let you go. You will be my
Dark Princess. Forever.

He sets on the table an old leather knife roll. He unrolls it, revealing shiny knives and surgical scalpels. He slides out a shiny scalpel. And from a pocket in the roll, he slides out a glass syringe and a clear polyethylene tube. He lays them on the table. From another pocket he slides out a capped, six-inch perisoulcentesis needle. He fastens it to the syringe.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

(dreamy)

The Golden Box. For my Princess.

Serena stands still. Divita SLAPS her hard across the face. Serena turns her head without reaction or emotion.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

The Golden Box! You stupid mute
bitch!

Serena goes to a cabinet. Opens it, revealing stacks of small, Wooden Boxes. And one GOLDEN BOX under a glass dome.

She takes the Golden Box from under the glass dome, sets it on the table next to the syringe and the polyethylene tube.

The dimensions of the gold box are slightly larger than the tube. She opens the golden lid revealing a royal purple padded velvet cutout that will encase the tube.

Limo driver, Salvador, stands in the doorway. He sadly watches. Divita, with the shiny scalpel in hand, walks to Honey. He looks down at her. The flickering lightbulb in the vanity mirror flashes in his black eyes. He runs his finger tips across the inside of Honey's left collarbone. He smiles.

EXT. CANYON - TOP OF THE RIM - DAY

SUPER: **TWO YEARS AGO -- LOVE STORY, PART III: "BODIES AT REST"**

A LARGE WHITE OBJECT FLASHES downward--instantly disappearing off-screen below the rim into the canyon.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR

We're looking up at the same WHITE OBJECT rapidly enlarging as it nosedives right at us.

WHITE FILLS THE SCREEN. Then the sound of a-

-WATER EXPLOSION creating a MASSIVE RADIAL JET-RING SPLASH of thousands of sparkling water droplets. Rising, halting, then falling in symmetrical unison onto the surface of a-

RIVER

A white rectangular parachute with a red crimson cross floats down onto the river's surface. It lays flat then swirls and sinks into the flowing river, revealing Honey, in her red bra and white shorts, and Pete in his white wingsuit. His white helmet floats away. They're tangled together with Pete's arm-wings protectively wrapped around Honey in the shallow river. The river current gently flows around them.

Pete's head lays against Honey's, eyes closed. Honey's head lays across his chest, eyes closed. Water droplets sparkle on their faces. We see a pink scar above Honey's left collarbone.

Two BLACK CROWS land on the river bank. Stare at them.

LOUD BOOM!

Honey's plane has crashed in the distance.

Pete and Honey lay intertwined together in the shallow water.

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY**

The white SUV is parked in the driveway.

We ARC from the front of the house, to the side, over the fence enclosing the backyard, into the backyard, to the-

SWIMMING POOL PATIO

Where the white dress and veil Honey was wearing at the church lay randomly on the patio. Pete's priest vestments, boxers, socks and shoes lay near Honey's white heels near the-

SWIMMING POOL

Where we find Honey and Pete, naked in the water, with their heads just above the waterline. Their faces do not reflect on the surface of the water. They gaze lustfully into each other's eyes. Their hearts align and reconnect... they sensuously touch each other's faces with their fingers. They move closer and kiss... tenderly, slowly... then passionately. They embrace with escalating passion and lust. Lovers driven mad into a magical spell of crazy fervent sex... creating waves in the water as they peak and climax. Honey screams... They hold each other tight. As one. Their ying-yang spiritual duality back in harmonic balance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - POOL PATIO (A LITTLE LATER)

Honey and Pete cuddle together with their arms around each other, wrapped in a plush white cotton towel on a double-wide chaise. Relaxed, at peace, in love.

HONEY

So long, without feeling. Without being able to speak. Finally awake. I've been waiting for this day, for so long... But something inside, in my chest, Pete, feels like a hot burning coal.

Honey touches her scar.

HONEY (CONT'D)

My heart feels right, but my... not sure how to describe it. I'm not, mixed together, correctly. You know?

PETE

It's your soul, Honey... It's not, yours. It was a young woman's. She was troubled... We'll work it out.

HONEY

What do you mean?

PETE

Her soul, brought you back. We're very lucky and should be grateful. Now we have to go get yours.

HONEY

Mine.

PETE

Where do we need to go?

Many moments pass... Honey experiences a realization.

HONEY

(blank stare)
Nueva Tijuana.

PETE

You know where it is?

HONEY

(distant)
I know who has it.

PETE

Are you okay, Hon?

HONEY

(drifts off)
Divita.

Honey has a brief convulsion. Then closes her eyes.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

SUPER: CIUDAD JUÁREZ -- U.S. - MEXICO BORDER

Several heavily armed Sinaloa Cartel Guards stationed at the gate of a fortified courtyard where luxury cars and SUVs are parked. Cara's black Lexus is among them. Armed Guards are stationed at the building's entrance.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - "WHEEL ROOM"

A man screams and pleads in Spanish for his life. The room is hazy with cigar smoke. A small crowd of armed Cartel Members wearing expensive flashy clothes and jewelry stand together laughing and joking while smoking cigars. They're the Cartel's Distributors for northeast Mexico into the U.S. They raucously trade cash and make bets on the outcome of the man, FERNANDO, who screams and pleads off-screen.

Former Beaumont Prison, Mexican Mafia Boss, X. Rodriguez, is among the group. Cara stands next to him. Rodriguez is now the Border Boss for the Cartel. Cara and the others report to him.

THE WHEEL

The Men watch Fernando, strapped to an upright, ten-foot diameter ROTATING wooden wheel. His arms extend over his head with his bloody wrists zip-tied together. His hands, missing a few fingers that we notice laying on the floor, are clasped pointing above his head. He's a "pointer" in this game show.

RODRIGUEZ

(loudly, to everyone)

Escúchenme mis amigos! Tranquilo.

Everyone settles down.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Bueno, bueno. Here's the deal, my friends. You ride the wheel when you owe us more than five hundred thousand. Sí? Fernando owes us nine hundred. If he lands on "two" he has two days to pay us back. If he lands on "one" one day. If he lands on "cero". He dies, on the wheel... Okay? So, let's see what happens!

The room is dead quiet. Around the perimeter of the rotating wheel are three sections with the numbers: "0" "1" and "2".

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You pay what is owed. You will pay when it is due. If you owe me five hundred, you will ride the wheel. That is fair. It is just business!

(devilish smile)

¡Esto es divertido! ¿Correcto?

The arrogant Men watch as whimpering pleading Fernando slowly rotates. He comes to the end of his spin. The Men don't think they could ever fall behind on their payments and end up on the wheel. The wheel is for losers. The spinning Man is not like them. He's weak. Deserves what he gets. The Man's bloody hands point above his head. His hands pass the "0" section... the "1" section... the "2" section... the rotating wheel slowly comes to a stop. The Man's hands point to "0".

RODRIGUEZ

Personally, I'd rather have the
 nine hundred. But we'll get it back.
 Adios, Fernando. Say hello to Jesús
 Malverde.

Rodriguez swings up from the side of his leg a Heckler & Koch MP5 machine gun. He discharges a LIGHTNING BURST of lead into Fernando. Shredding him. Rodriguez stops. Bloody pink mist mingles with cigar smoke. The air smells strongly of sweet charcoal with a hint of sulfur. The Men stare at Fernando. And at Rodriguez. Rodriguez slowly scans their faces. Implicitly threatening all of their lives. The men balk, and look away.

Rodriguez turns and looks Cara in the eyes. Machine gun smoke from the hot barrel wafts up between them.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Rafael, I love you like a son. But
 you owe me eight million.

Cara stares.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Two days.

Rodriguez walks off. The Men become raucous, settling their bets made on Fernando. They joke and antagonize each other. A couple of them laugh, take SHOTS at the dead Man on the wheel.

Cara stares at Fernando as his body jolts with several more rounds of inbound lead. He exits.

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: SIERRA BLANCA, WEST TEXAS

Sevino's white BMW i8 Roadster, previously parked at the Cantina, drives up, parks in the driveway next to Pete and Honey's white SUV.

INT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - FRONT WINDOW

Pete goes to the window, slyly pulls the drape back. He looks out the window at huge Sevino, wearing bright Tommy Bahama island wear, exiting the car. Sevino waddles to the side door.

PETE

Honey! It's Sevino. He's coming in.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Pete goes to the kitchen door, opens it. Sevino enters.

PETE

You're never supposed to come here.

SEVINO

Well, that's changed hasn't it?

PETE

Why? What happened? Now we're-

SEVINO

Give me the eight million.

PETE

(scoffs)

There is no eight million. You know that. We took our cuts and the rest went to churches, synagogues and mosques. Why would you-

SEVINO

Cara? You know him. From Beaumont. He's the border enforcer for the cartel now. Second, under X.

PETE

Cara?

SEVINO

Yeah. He wants his money back.

PETE

Are you fucking retarded?

Sevino pulls out his pistol and aims it at Pete.

SEVINO

No. Just morbidly obese. You're coming with me to tell him yourself. Where you sent the money. Then we're going to get it back.

PETE

You are retarded. Why would I do that? You have, what, three hundred grand? I just sent you another five hundred. That's eight. Run with it.

SEVINO

I can't. He'll find me. And feed my face to the animals in the desert.

PETE

Well, fatso, what goes around comes around. He'll kill you if you go to him. Take your chances and run. You're rich. Go to the Caribbean, or maybe-

SEVINO

No, Pete! Fucking listen! You're coming with me, now! Let's go. Walk!

Sevino waves his pistol at Pete directing him to walk out the kitchen door. Pete doesn't move.

Honey appears in the kitchen doorway. She's cut her hair. It's now SHORT BROWN. Pete gapes at her. Sevino turns toward her.

SEVINO (CONT'D)

(love-struck)

Oh, hi. Hi Honey. You, uh, look so, great. But something's, different? Besides your hair, I mean. Which I love! What is it? What did you do?

Honey stares at Sevino.

SEVINO (CONT'D)

(surprised; smiles)

Your eyes! They're like, alive now. They look great! How did you do it? They're all sparkly and-

Honey raises Pablo's pistol and SHOOTs Sevino three times in the chest. Dumbstruck, he clutches his chest. Sevino drops his pistol, falls against a cabinet, slides to the floor.

PETE

(shook)

Honey. Jesus... that was... yeah,
definitely the right move.

Honey walks to Sevino. He whimpers as he bleeds. He looks up at her with jilted lover's eyes. She SHOOTs him in the head.

PETE (CONT'D)

Okay... Hey, I really like your
hair. The short brown. It's a bob,
right? The way it frames your face.
It's really, cute, Hon.

Honey sighs.

HONEY

My natural color. The new me.

She puts Pablo's pistol on the counter.

PETE (CONT'D)

Okay. Now we gotta clean up. And
get moving.

(walks to her)

You alright?

HONEY

Never felt better.

PRE-LAP: Mariachi Mexteca's cover of The Stranglers song
"Golden Brown" plays--

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - COURTYARD - NIGHT

SUPER: **CIUDAD JUÁREZ -- U.S. - MEXICO BORDER**

Cara's Lexus's headlights are on. It's parked among the other
luxury SUVs and cars, same as before.

INT. CARA'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Cara sits in the driver seat looking at his phone screen that
shows a connection between his phone and the AirTag he stuck
behind Sevino's BMW's license plate. It shows a distance of
eighty-three miles--

--A one and a half hour drive to Sevino's BMW parked at Pete and Honey's house in Sierra Blanca. He drops a pin on Pete and Honey's address, puts the car in gear and drives toward the courtyard gate. The Cartel Guards open the gate. Cara exits.

INT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

Bottle of bleach on the floor. Pink water in two buckets. Pete and Honey wear rubber gloves. They're using rags to wipe Sevino's blood off the floor, cabinets and wall. They finish up. All surfaces spotless. In the b.g., on the floor near the kitchen door, lays Sevino's huge body wrapped up and taped with black plastic garbage bags.

The loud sound of a TRUCK outside.

Pete quickly looks out the window. A pickup truck now parked behind Sevino's BMW Roadster. Pete looks at Honey. Honey exits the kitchen.

Hard KNOCKING on the door.

Pete goes to the door.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

PETE

I'm busy! No visitors!

SLICK (O.S.)

(calm)

Open it, Father. Or it's coming off the hinges.

PETE

(opens door)

Hey, Slick. Didn't know it was you.

ABT's enforcer, Slick Thomas, now mid-40s, from Beaumont Prison, walks in followed by his large associate, FLATHEAD.

SLICK

(nods toward driveway)

Nice Beamer. Yours?

Slick looks at Sevino's body near the door. Pete nods at it.

PETE

His.

SLICK

I thought you couldn't violate the sixth commandment? Shame on you.

PETE

I didn't. He fell. Hit his head.

SLICK

(nods at buckets)

Bleach? Y'all didn't call 9-1-1?

PETE

He's D.E.A. Woulda been, complicated.

SLICK

D.E.A? This blimp?

(revelation)

Oh, right... So he's the one been feeding you tips! Heard someone was hitting massive stacks the past few months. We were getting jealous. Of course it was you! The Pyro Wizard.

(bro-hugs Pete)

Congrats, Brother.

Slick sits down at the table. Flathead moves to the door.

SLICK (CONT'D)

But. It's Sinaloa cash, Pete.

Pete nods.

SLICK (CONT'D)

You've got a mighty large pair of testicles, Father. What happened to the meek shall inherit the earth? Mathew 5:5, I believe?

PETE

What the Devil giveth, the Lord taketh away.

SLICK

Hmm. Never heard that one.

PETE

It's from Pete, 1:1.

SLICK

Good one, Pete. Enough chatter. Big Terry wants you to torch a vault.

PETE
 (indifferent)
 Whose? Where?

SLICK
 Chase Maxwell. Artesia.

PETE
 The oilfield billionaire?

SLICK
 Praise the Lord. Family's in Europe
 for a month. The contractor that
 installed the vault said, under
 extreme duress I might add,
 (smiles at Flathead)
 that there's at least three mil
 plus jewelry. The heirloom shit.
 You forgot "when."

PETE
 When?

SLICK
 Probably your last job for us since
 you fucked with X. Rodriguez. And
 Cara? You remember him? He's gonna
 cut your head off and hang you from
 a bridge in Juárez. So, we're urgent.
 (dead serious)
 Now, Pete. Right this very minute.

PETE
 Oh, no. No. I have other plans, at
 the moment. Tonight. Plus I gotta-
 (nods at Sevino's body)
 take care of that. He's going to be
 hard to move, an island unto him-
 self. How about tomorrow? Any time
 tomorrow works. What time is good?

SLICK
 (smiles)
 You're amusing when you panic. It's
 now, Pete. I know it's short notice
 so we'll take the body and Beamer
 off your hands. Nice of us to step
 up and help out a fellow Brother.
 Right, Pete?

PETE

Very nice. Yeah... You know, but-

Honey's in the doorway with Sevino's pistol. She SHOTS Flathead in the throat, turns, SHOTS Slick in the back of the head. Blood spatters on Pete. Slick falls face-first onto the table top. Dead. Flathead violently chokes on the blood in his throat, drops to the floor choking, bleeds out. Dead.

Pete stares aghast at Honey. Honey looks at Pete. She drops the pistol and runs to him. She hugs him. He hugs her.

Moments pass.

PETE

Jesus. We're going to need more bleach.

EXT. CARA'S LEXUS - INTERSTATE 10 EAST - NIGHT

The Lexus passes a sign-- "Sierra Blanca 25 Miles"

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

The BMW Roadster is parked at the end of the driveway facing the street. Slick's pickup truck, backed-up close to the side door of the house, points at the rear bumper of the BMW.

A winch secured to the front of the bed of the pickup truck slowly winds a taut synthetic cable around its drum. The cable leads to the rear of the bed, down off its lowered tailgate, over thick boards that form a ramp down to the driveway. The cable is wrapped around Sevino's plastic-wrapped body.

Honey brings a loaded duffel bag from the house to the truck as the winch cable drags Sevino's body up the lumber ramp into the truck bed. Pete takes the bag from Honey and loads it into the bed next to the two other duffel bags that rest on top of the plastic-wrapped bodies of Slick and Flathead.

HONEY

That's it.

PETE

Good. Take a last look and lock it.

Honey enters the house. Pete stops the winch. He disconnects the cable from Sevino's body. He arranges a duffel bag over it. Closes truck tailgate. Honey exits the side door.

HONEY
Clean and locked.

Pete jumps down from the truck bed. Honey gets into the BMW Roadster and starts it. Pete takes the lumber to the side of the house. He gets into the truck's driver's seat, starts it, flashes the truck's headlights at Honey in the BMW.

Honey drives off. Pete follows her.

Their white SUV remains in the driveway.

EXT. SIERRA BLANCA - BMW ROADSTER & PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

- The BMW and truck pass the Hudspeth County Sheriff's Office.
- They turn right on E. Walling Street.
- They pass the Corner Tank on the east side of town and bend north on Ranch Road.

In moments they're in dark, flat, desolate nowhere. They pass moonlit mesquite, scrubland, creosote bushes, gray sandy gravel and an extended family of giant saguaro cacti.

EXT. CARA'S LEXUS - I-10 EAST - NIGHT

The Lexus passes a sign-- "Sierra Blanca 10 Miles"

INT. CARA'S LEXUS

Cara looks at his phone. He focuses on the screen that now shows Sevino's BMW heading north away from Sierra Blanca on Ranch Road at a relatively constant distance of thirty-five miles away from him. He hits the gas, hits 130 mph.

INT. SLICK'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Pete's in the driver's seat. He follows Honey in the BMW. They approach a sign-- "Highway 62." Honey turns left (west). Pete follows her.

EXT. SLICK'S PICKUP TRUCK - BED

The taped edges of the black plastic body bags RIFFLE in the wind. We hear the sound of a phone VIBRATING from one of the wrapped bodies laying under a duffel bag.

INT. PRISON - BIG TERRY'S CELL - NIGHT

SUPER: **FEDERAL PENITENTIARY -- BEAUMONT, TEXAS**

ABT gangsters Big Terry and Bam Bam Blake, six years older than last time we saw them, stand near each other. Bam Bam has an iPhone up to his ear. He ends call. Shakes his head.

BIG TERRY

Where the fuck is he?

Bam Bam looks at the phone's Find My app screen that shows Slick's name and a BLUE DOT moving west on "Highway 62" in the middle of Nowhere, West Texas toward the El Paso -- Ciudad Juárez metro border zone.

BIG TERRY (CONT'D)

No answer?

BAM BAM

(looking at phone)

They're headed west on Sixty-Two.
Should be going east to Artesia.

BIG TERRY

Last communication?

BAM BAM

Him and Flathead at Pete's.

BIG TERRY

This is fucked. We're going to miss a huge fucking payday at Maxwell's. What's he doing?!... Get Shiloh on it. He's in El Paso. Intercept that fucker and find out what's what.

Bam Bam taps a contact on the phone.

BAM BAM

Shiloh... Terry wants you on a catch and kill... I'll send the coordinates of Slick's phone... Yeah. It don't make any sense. They're driving west on Sixty-Two. Right at you in El Paso... Could be Slick's truck or another vehicle... Yeah. If necessary. Do it.

Bam Bam ends call.

PRE-LAP: The Dandy Warhols song "Fast Driving Rave Up" plays over--

EXT. CARA'S LEXUS - INTERSTATE 10 EAST - SIERRA BLANCA - NIGHT

Cara's Lexus exits off I-10 East onto the ramp at a high rate of speed into dark, dead Sierra Blanca. Its brake lights FLASH as it slows down hard to 30 mph. And putts through town...

INT. CARA'S LEXUS

Cara's in the driver's seat. Frustrated and straining to keep to the 30 mph speed limit. He passes the Pecos County Bank. Thinking he has a clear path through town he steps on the gas. Then immediately hits his brakes to slow down as he spots-

A Hudspeth County Sheriff's patrol car parked in a church lot. Deputy JUAN SALAZAR, at the wheel, watches Cara drive past.

EXT. SIERRA BLANCA - N. ARCHIE AVENUE

The Dandy Warhols song "Fast Driving Rave Up" continues playing over--

Salazar's patrol car pulls out of the church parking lot and slowly follows Cara's Lexus.

INT. CARA'S LEXUS

Cara's driving. He glances up at his rearview mirror to see Deputy Salazar biding his time as he follows him.

Cara pulls out his pistol and sets it on the passenger seat. He looks at his phone screen that shows Sevino's BMW heading west now on Highway 62, seventeen miles ahead.

INT. PETE & HONEY'S BARN - NIGHT

The same shabby barn as before. We hear the sound of VEHICLES approach. The twenty-foot barn doors automatically swing open.

Headlights beam inside the barn and throw light on the Cessna 182 Skylane. The duct tape balls that Honey had used to cover the Cessna's FAA tail number are lit up like eggs in a nest.

Pete drives Slick's truck into the barn. The automatic overhead light goes on. Pete parks, exits, and lowers the truck's tailgate.

Honey shuts off the BMW. She exits the car and enters the barn. She begins the pre-flight inspection of the exterior of the Cessna: the wings, tail, wheels, etc.

Pete climbs inside the bed of the truck with the three bodies and three duffels. He takes the duffels off the bodies and drops them to the ground. He hears the muffled sound of a phone VIBRATING. He listens closely as it VIBRATES trying to find the source. He tears the plastic off a body revealing Slick's messy head. He reaches into Slick's clothes and pulls the phone out. He looks at the locked screen, wipes his finger prints off the phone with his shirt tail and slides it back into Slick's bloody shirt.

Honey finishes the Cessna's exterior inspection and climbs into the pilot seat.

Pete jumps down from the truck bed. He carries two duffel bags to the plane, loads them into the rear passenger area.

PETE

How's the fuel?

HONEY

We're good.

PETE

No extra?

He points at four red fuel containers near the barn wall.

HONEY

No.

PETE

Ready in a couple minutes.

HONEY

Pete? My shoulder and arm. Are hot.

PETE

Sorry, Hon. Can I do anything?

HONEY

I guess not. I'll be alright. It's just the burning down my arm. Now it's tingling down my left arm.

(beat)

Pete?

He looks at her.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened. At the house. I've never been violent. I wanted to be. A lot of times. With Divita for sure. Wanted to kill him. Really kill him. For beating me. And Serena. The others. But I couldn't even raise my hand. I was so, weak... Something just, flooded my body. A fire hose of some kind of life force. Head to toe. I was vibrating. It wasn't rage. It felt exhilarating, like straight up. Righteousness. And it felt, okay, you know? Like someone gave me permission... I murdered three men, Pete. Murdered. That word. It's so hard to believe.
(teary eyes)
Can you forgive me? Will God?

PETE

Of course. It was rough, a very rough, do or die situation. And you did what had to be done. You saved us. You, saved us. Self defense for sure. I couldn't have done it... God loves you, Honey. As a priest, I absolve you. I love you. I always will. No matter what comes our way.

Honey nods. Smiles... She turns back to the plane's dashboard. Continues with the plane's instruments and operational inspection, flipping switches, checking gauges, etc.

Pete retrieves the remaining duffel and loads it into the rear passenger area with the other two.

PETE

We'll be alright. Keys?

She tosses him the BMW key fob. He slides it into his pocket, walks to the plane's tow bar leaning against the wall. He attaches it to the plane's front wheel frame, pulls the plane-

EXT. BARN - CESSNA

-out of the barn. Pete opens the plane's passenger door and leans in.

PETE

How do you feel?

HONEY

I'll manage. Thanks... A bit of engine difficulty though. Either it's flooded or it's the starter. The engine won't turn. Gotta check the cables.

She exits the plane, walks to the engine in front. She removes a couple bolts from the nose cone and flips up the cowling over the engine behind the propeller. Pete stands next to her.

EXT. HUDSPETH COUNTY TEXAS - HIGHWAY 62 - NIGHT

Cara's Lexus passes a sign-- "Highway 62 El Paso 30 Miles." The Hudspeth County Sheriff patrol car follows the Lexus.

INT. CARA'S LEXUS

Cara drives the speed limit. He looks at his rearview mirror. Sheriff Deputy Salazar follows close behind him. Cara's pistol lays on the passenger seat. His phone screen shows Sevino's BMW stopped off of Highway 62, five miles away.

EXT. HUDSPETH COUNTY TEXAS - HIGHWAY 62 - NIGHT

The Sheriff's patrol car's RED and BLUE LIGHTS FLASH on. STROBING brightly. The car speeds up to Cara's bumper.

INT. CARA'S LEXUS

Cara drives. His face lit BRIGHT with the BLUE and RED STROBING lights. He grabs his pistol off the passenger seat, looks up at his rearview mirror. The Sheriff's car pulls out from behind him, rapidly jumps forward, up alongside him now, staying even, side-by-side, its LIGHTS FLASHING.

Cara takes the pistol in his left hand and holds it just below his side window.

The Sheriff car's passenger window slides down, revealing Deputy Salazar driving. He smiles broadly at Cara. Just pulling a little Texas cop "haha" on him.

Cara stares at him, ready to blow Deputy Salazar's brains out over his stupid joke. He faux smiles at Salazar and nods.

Deputy Salazar nods at Cara, then jumps the patrol car ahead, kills the flashing lights, and accelerates down the road into the endless desert darkness.

Cara drops the pistol back onto the passenger seat. And hits the gas. His phone screen shows Sevino's BMW stopped off Highway 62, now three miles away.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 WEST

Deputy Salazar's patrol car turns off Highway 62 into the parking lot of "Cornudas Café."

Cara blows past it. His tail lights fade and disappear.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 EAST - SHILOH'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The pickup truck speeds past a sign-- "HIGHWAY 62 EAST"

INT. SHILOH'S PICKUP TRUCK

The long-haired man in the passenger seat with a small machine gun in his lap has ABT and Nazi symbols in black and red ink tatted on his arms and neck. He looks at his phone screen. This is thirty-year-old, K-DOG KLARK, ABT's El Paso enforcer.

K-DOG

Five miles. Then left at Mayfield Ranch... Shiloh, did Big Terry say what the fuck is up with Slick? I don't get it.

The driver looks like an NFL football player with a blonde crewcut who has the pulverizing demeanor of a woodchipper. He's tatted like K-Dog with ABT and Nazi symbols. This is West Texas ABT Captain-

SHILOH SUMAC.

SHILOH

No... Slick was a true believer. A loyal Brother over twenty years. So, K-Dog, I say this with a high degree of certainty, that Brother Slick is no longer with us. Whoever got his phone did him... And we're gonna send that heretic to mother-fucking Hell.

EXT. BARN - CESSNA 182 SKYLANE - NIGHT

The plane's engine cowling is closed.

PETE
What can I do?

Honey puts the engine cowling bolts back into the nose cone:

HONEY
Nothing. Should be ready to takeoff
in a couple minutes.

Pete looks toward Mayfield Ranch Road, over a rocky ridge across the dark surface of scrubland. Headlights appear, fast approaching their property.

PETE
(urgent)
Shit. Back in the barn.

HONEY
(worried)
Who is it, Pete?

Pete pushes on the nose of the plane, rolls it into the barn:

INT. BARN

PETE
(pushes plane)
Slick's phone was on, vibrating. I
should've tossed it! Pretty sure
that vehicle out there is an ABT
tracker looking for him... Hurry.

Pete hurries to a barn wall, flips a switch turning off the barn's overhead light.

PETE (CONT'D)
Grab the duffel bags!

EXT. BARN

Pete hurries to the BMW, looks toward the point on Mayfield Road where the vehicle's headlights had been-

-Now, total darkness. No headlights. No vehicle. Pete slides into the BMW's driver's seat, drives it into the barn O.S.

We hear a LOW-TONE DRONING sound from inside the barn...

EXT. MAYFIELD RANCH ROAD

Another set of headlights approach the ranch at high speed. The vehicle slows as it approaches the driveway to the barn. It stops at the entrance to the driveway a hundred feet away from the open barn doors. It's Shiloh's pickup truck.

INT. SHILOH'S TRUCK - BARN

Shiloh's in the driver's seat. K-Dog's in the passenger seat with the machine gun in his lap looking at his phone screen.

K-DOG

Bam Bam's coordinates point to-
(looks out windshield)
that barn, there. Looks abandoned.

The inside of the barn is dark.

SHILOH

Looks like a plane inside.

Shiloh turns onto the driveway. He drives up toward the wide barn doorway. Stops about fifty feet away from it.

He reaches under his seat, pulls out two pistols. Racks them.

SHILOH

Go around back. Wait for a whistle.

K-Dog exits silently. Shiloh exits silently.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BARN

With the machine gun slung over his shoulder, K-Dog crouches with the gun aiming forward as he quickly moves to the side of the barn, then to the rear of it, then disappears around the corner off-screen behind the barn.

Shiloh, a pistol in each hand, quickly moves to the side of the barn's wide doorway. He peeks inside.

INT. BARN - DOORWAY

Shiloh cautiously steps inside, hurries to the side of the barn door. He scans the interior of the barn:

The plane. Slick's truck. The red fuel cans and duct tape balls. No BMW in sight.

Shiloh creeps to the plane. Opens the door aiming his pistols. Nobody inside. He hurries to Slick's truck. Looks into the side window, opens the door. Nobody. He creeps to the rear of Slick's truck, continually scanning, aiming his pistols around the interior of the barn. He looks inside the truck bed.

Three plastic-wrapped bodies lay side-by-side. Slick's body has the plastic pulled down from his bloody head.

Shiloh scans the barn. Nothing. He whistles softly.

K-Dog enters from the rear barn door, hurries to a side wall.

Shiloh nods K-Dog over to him at the truck. K-Dog scans, hurries to Shiloh at the rear of the truck.

SHILOH
(whispers)
Call it.

K-Dog takes out his phone. The machine gun hangs from the sling around his shoulder. K-Dog taps the phone. Looks at Shiloh. A couple moments pass.

The muffled sound of Slick's phone VIBRATING from his wrapped body in the truck bed. They look at the three bodies.

Shiloh nods to K-Dog. K-Dog ends the call, hops into the bed, pulls the plastic down off Slick's bloody head, pulls the plastic off Sevino's head and shoulders, pulls the plastic off Flathead's bloody head and shoulders.

K-DOG
Slick, Flathead, and some other
dude. Looks like someone's dad.

SHILOH
Search him. Pull Slick and Flathead
down. We're taking 'em home.

Shiloh scans the barn. K-Dog searches Sevino's clothes. He pulls out his wallet and badge wallet. He opens badge wallet-

Sevino's blue and gold D.E.A. BADGE: "D.E.A. Special Agent, Marco A. Sevino, El Paso Division."

He tosses the badge wallet down to Shiloh.

K-DOG
Dad is D.E.A. What the fuck is this?

Shiloh glances at it, slides it into his pocket.

SHILO

Pull 'em out. I'll get the truck.

K-Dog drops Sevino's personal wallet onto his body, jumps down from the bed. He pulls Slick's and Flathead's bodies off the truck's tailgate to the barn floor.

K-Dog drags Slick's body to the doorway. Shiloh walks with him, scanning.

Shiloh's HIT in the back, then his head--TWO GUNSHOTS. He drops to the ground.

Stunned, K-Dog stares at Shiloh, whirls around with the machine gun RAPIDLY SPRAYING an extended BURST of FIRE all over the barn, BULLETS HIT the truck, barn walls, plane--simultaneously K-Dog's HIT with SHOTS in the face, chest. He drops to the ground near Shiloh.

Bullet smoke rises from a stripe of bullet holes ripped into a chest. Cara's chest. He's down on his back on the ground near the barn's rear door. Joaquin's AR-15 lays near his hand.

The barn is dead quiet. Bullet smoke hangs in the air.

Moments pass.

The low-tone DRONING sound. A rectangular, secret steel floor panel camouflaged with dirt, gravel, hay and barn floor crap attached to it slides open, revealing a ramp into a cellar. Pete peeks out from the cellar just above the barn's floor.

He scans the barn: Dead Shiloh. Dead K-Dog. Dead Cara. Slick and Flathead's plastic-wrapped bodies on the ground. Sevino's wrapped body in the truck bed.

Bullet holes in the truck. Bullet holes in the plane. Bullet holes in the barn walls.

Pete cautiously creeps up the ramp out of the cellar, onto the barn floor. He looks around, stunned.

PETE

Come up.

From the cellar, Honey cautiously walks up the ramp. She stands next to Pete, stunned. He puts his arm around her.

HONEY

They were going to kill us?

PETE

Yeah... they hit the plane.

Honey hurries to the plane. Its fuselage and engine cowling are riddled with a sweep of bullet holes. Honey runs her fingers along the holes. Fuel streams from a hole down the side of the cowling, onto the barn floor.

HONEY

(angry)

My plane!

Pete goes to her, puts his arm around her shoulders.

PETE

Sorry, Honey... but we gotta move.
We'll have to take the car.

Honey stands staring at the plane, distraught. Pete trots to the cellar, descends the ramp off-screen into the cellar.

Honey walks over to Shiloh and K-Dog. Looks down at them. She kicks K-Dog hard, over and over and over... she cries:

HONEY

You mother fuckers!

She bends down, picks up K-Dog's machine gun. She glares down at them, and FIRES a BURST of bullets into K-Dog and Shiloh.

The BMW slowly drives up the ramp, over to Honey. Two duffel bags are in the back seat. Pete pops the trunk, gets out then cautiously approaches Honey. He makes eye contact, she drops the machine gun. He hugs her, calms her. He walks her to the passenger door, opens it, helps her slide in, closes her door.

Pete runs to Shiloh's truck outside the barn, gets in, drives it into the barn. He exits, grabs the machine gun and Shiloh's pistols, takes them to the BMW trunk, opens it, revealing the open third duffel and the hundreds of thousands of dollars in banded cash from their Cartel jobs. He places the machine gun and pistols inside, zips it, closes the trunk.

INT./EXT. BARN

Pete drives the BMW with Honey out of the barn, parks.

PETE

I'll be a minute. Sit tight.

Pete exits BMW, runs into the barn-

INT. BARN

He flips a hidden switch on the barn wall. The cellar's steel floor panel DRONES closed. He grabs a fuel can, pours fuel along the barn walls. He grabs another fuel can, pours fuel all over Shiloh's and Slick's trucks, the five bodies, then a trail of fuel out the barn doorway-

EXT. BARN

-To the BMW. He lights the fuel trail. It FLAMES into the barn, onto the bodies, truck, plane, walls, etc.

Pete slides into the BMW driver's seat. Looks at Honey. She's angry, staring. Then explodes:

HONEY

You're burning my fucking plane?!

PETE

I'm sorry. What else can we-

HONEY

Goddammit, Pete! Fuck you! That's my plane! It's my plane! How could you do this to me? Goddammit! I fucking hate you!

Pete puts the BMW in gear and speeds down the driveway to Mayfield Ranch Road, turns left heading south to Highway 62.

INT. BARN

The flames engulf the plane, trucks and bodies. Race up the walls of the barn. A phone VIBRATING is heard. The two trucks burn. A phone VIBRATES. Shiloh's body burns. A phone VIBRATES. The blazing walls turn the barn into a smoky raging inferno. The trucks EXPLODE into flames. The roof beams catch fire.

With flames and thick smoke approaching, laying on the floor near the rear barn door, Cara coughs. He coughs again. His eyes open. He wipes them with his hand. Dazed, he looks around. Joaquin's AR-15 lays next to him. A flaming roof beam falls next to him! He quickly rolls away, onto his belly. Burning embers float onto him. He crawls out the rear door.

EXT. REAR OF BARN

Cara crawls away from the door to a rusty burn barrel near the tractor. He sits, leans against it, breathing hard. He pulls his bullet-riddled shirt open revealing three slugs embedded into his Kevlar vest. He rips his shirt off. Takes off the vest. Large reddish-blue welts stripe across his chest.

INT. PRISON - BIG TERRY'S CELL - NIGHT

Big Terry and Bam Bam Blake stand in Big Terry's cell, same as before. Bam Bam has an iPhone up to his ear. Shakes his head.

BAM BAM

Nothing.

Bam Bam's phone shows the Find My app screen. On it is Shiloh's name and a BLUE DOT off Mayfield Ranch Road. Then the BLUE DOT DISAPPEARS from the screen.

BIG TERRY

Who is fucking with us, Bam Bam?

BAM BAM

(looking at phone)

The fucking dot's gone. Shiloh...

BIG TERRY

Shiloh what?!

BAM BAM

I don't know, Terry. Disappeared?

BIG TERRY

What the fuck is going on!

Big Terry stares at Bam Bam.

EXT. BARN - DESERT - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

Barechested Cara stumbles away from the burning barn. Vest in his hand. He walks to the rocky ridge covered with mesquite and creosote. He walks around the ridge and stops. Looks at-

His Lexus. He walks to it, opens the trunk, tosses in the vest, pulls out a red shirt, slams the trunk, puts the shirt on, walks to the driver door, opens it, slides into the driver's seat. Closes the door. Silence.

The Lexus sits dark for many silent moments...

PRE-LAP: Wall of Voodoo's song "Mexican Radio" plays--

The Lexus's lights go on. It speeds into a semicircle throwing a wave of dirt and dust clouds into the air as it shoots away from the ridge toward Mayfield Ranch Road.

The flaming barn burns in the background.

The Lexus speeds south down Mayfield Ranch Road over 100 mph.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - CORNUDAS CAFÉ - NIGHT

Wall of Voodoo's song "Mexican Radio" continues playing--

Sheriff's Deputy Salazar exits the café with a large cup of coffee. He walks toward his patrol car, stops. He looks northeast. And notices-

-The sky lit red-orange in the distance from the flames of the burning barn. He gets in his car, starts it, exits onto Highway 62, makes a right turn eastbound, and floors it.

INT. SALAZAR'S PATROL CAR

Wall of Voodoo's song "Mexican Radio" continues playing--

Salazar speeds toward Mayfield Ranch Road. The speedometer shows 95 mph. He slows as he approaches Mayfield Ranch Road, just as-

-Cara's Lexus makes a high-speed SQUEALING right turn off of Mayfield directly in front of Salazar onto Highway 62 heading east. Salazar flips on the RED & BLUE STROBING LIGHTS, hits the gas, chases down Cara's Lexus.

Wall of Voodoo's song "Mexican Radio" cuts.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - HIGHWAY 62 EASTBOUND

Cara's Lexus travels at high speed. Salazar's car with its RED & BLUE STROBING LIGHTS trails behind the Lexus but is speeding faster, gaining on it.

The Lexus slows... Salazar's car drives up close behind it. The Lexus's right turn signal lights up, blinks. The Lexus pulls over, onto the shoulder. Stops.

Salazar's car pulls over behind it. Stops. Salazar slowly exits his car, hand on his pistol butt in its holster. He cautiously approaches the Lexus.

Cara puts his empty hands out the open driver's side window, his palms facing back toward Deputy Salazar.

Salazar approaches the Lexus's driver's window. He gets to the window. Cara's right hand disappears back into the Lexus. A pistol extends in his hand out the window. Several silent ORANGE FLASHES of LIGHT from Cara's pistol. Salazar crumples to the ground. Cara exits the Lexus. Stands above Salazar. TWO more FLASHES of ORANGE LIGHT from his pistol muzzle aimed down at Salazar. Cara pulls the body-camera off Salazar's bloody chest, takes it, gets into the Lexus's driver's seat. Speeds east on Highway 62 toward El Paso.

INT. BMW ROADSTER - NIGHT

Pete drives. Honey's in the passenger seat. They stare out the windshield at the purgatorial landscape of West Texas.

HONEY

My plane. Gave me wings. To fly and the opportunity to jump. To, escape. This filthy planet. All of the evil, infesting the people. Who aren't really people, at all. Just ageless ghosts who incarnate human flesh to hijack brains, bodies and velvety voices to lure, destroy and deliver innocent souls to Lucifer's playground in Hell. Earth is a battlefield, Pete. Where Lucifer and his demons vacuum up weak souls like dust balls. Every day. Since the beginning of time. When they first fucked Adam's daughters.

Pete looks over at her.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Millions of us, children, like me, were easily led away from true love. God's love. And the path to Him in Heaven. For what? The illusion of love. Synthetic, artificial "love."

(MORE)

HONEY (CONT'D)

That the media brainwashed us into believing was more cool, exciting, and rewarding... Pure materialism. Money! Houses! Cars! Fans! Movies! TV shows! Magazine covers! Fame!

(mockingly sings)

"I'm gonna live forever! I'm gonna make it to Heaven/ Light up the sky like a flame/ Baby remember my name."

(rants)

You ain't gonna make it to Heaven, bitch! We get the flames in Hell. After we burn out. It's the Devil's Con. He tricked me. Into trading my soul. For fucking monopoly money. Eternal death. Without God. Without love... Except for my porn videos and my photos on the web, it'll be like I was never even born.

She looks at Pete. Pete nods with empathy. Many moments pass.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I am angry, Pete! I want my goddam soul back! I want to go to Heaven when I die.

Pete nods supportively.

PETE

I know. We're going to get it back. You said a guy has it? David, in Tijuana?

HONEY

Divita. In Nueva Tijuana.

PETE

Map it.

HONEY

No. We're not driving. We're buying another plane. New wings. Give me your phone.

Pete takes out his phone, passes it to her. Honey taps info on the screen, scrolls, taps.

HONEY

Desert Aviation. It's an FBO. East El Paso. Twenty miles. What are you waiting for? There's nothing out here but dirt and desperation.

(smiles)

Hit it, Padre!

Pete smiles and floors it... His speedometer shows the BMW's speed hitting 125 mph. The cacti blur past them as they melt into the darkness along Highway 62.

INT. CARA'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Cara drives. His speedometer shows 130 mph. He holds his phone above the steering wheel, looking at the screen's Find My app. The app shows the AirTag on the BMW moving fast, eastbound on Highway 62 toward El Paso, sixty-five miles ahead of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT AVIATION FBO - MORNING

Modern two-story white stone building with lots of windows reflecting the rising sun. Private jets, prop planes parked and tied-down. Private jets prep for takeoff on the tarmac. The white BMW Roadster parked near the front reception doors.

INT. DESERT AVIATION - SALES OFFICE

A casually dressed forty-year-old indigenous man, TIWA, sits behind his desk with a large window behind him. Pete and Honey sit in chairs facing him. Their duffel bag lays on the floor near Pete's chair.

HONEY

Total hours on the Skylane?

TIWA

Eighteen seventy-seven. But only seven thirty-five after the engine remanufacture.

HONEY

Three-ninety, Tiwa? That's way high.
(to Pete)

I know this year and model. It's a doctor killer. They buy 'em, fly 'em, and die in 'em. You're high.

TIWA

(gentle scoff)

Yes, ma'am. It is a doctor killer.
But three-ninety is a fair price.
It's a beautiful bird.

HONEY

I'm a Miss. Who do you think you're
negotiating with, Tiwa, a porn star?

(frowns)

We'll give you three twenty-five.

TIWA

(smiles)

No. Thank you, Miss. Who I did not
think was a porn star. But you do
look familiar.

Pete leans down into the duffel bag. He pulls out stacks of banded cash, over and over, setting them in a long high row across Tiwa's desk. Tiwa stops smiling.

PETE

Three-forty, Tiwa.

(stares at Tiwa)

Plus that 2021 BMW i8 Roadster outside. Pink slip's in the glove box. Probably worth a buck and a quarter. You could get at least ninety. Maybe a hundred. Put some money in your own pocket. Or just enjoy the ride.

Tiwa stares at the cash. He gets up, walks to the window. He looks out at the dusty, mint condition BMW Roadster.

TIWA

Miles?

PETE

A little over thirty-seven hundred.

TIWA

Why?

HONEY

Why what?

TIWA

Why are you selling?

HONEY

We're moving to Mexico. Cabo. We won't need it. It's too, flash. And we don't want people thinking we work for the Tijuana Cartel. Know what I mean?

TIWA

(turns; faces them)
Three-fifty. Plus the Beamer. You said you have the pink slip?

Pete leans down into the duffel. He pulls out another ten-grand bundle of cash. Sets it on the desk.

PETE

Yes, Sir. We do.

Tiwa walks over to Pete. He looks down into the duffel bag. His POV on K-Dog's machine gun, Shiloh's pistols and the remaining hundreds of thousands of dollars in banded cash. He walks back to his desk:

TIWA

I don't want to know.

HONEY

Probably best you don't. We'll be outta your hair soon. Think about where you want to take your missus on a nice vacation.

Tiwa nods. And smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT AVIATION - RUNWAY - MORNING (A LITTLE LATER)

The newly purchased Cessna 182 Skylane, same model as they had before, accelerates down the runway. It glides up into the sky and the bright morning sun.

EXT. PETE & HONEY'S BARN - MORNING

Destroyed. Black burnt smoking embers. Remnants of the two burnt pickup trucks, the burnt plane.

A Hudspeth County Sheriff's patrol car, Coroner's van and pickup truck parked nearby.

An unmarked Detective car drives up, parks near the Hudspeth County SHERIFF DEPUTY in his twenties who stands near the smoldering remnants of the barn.

The Coroner observes one-by-one the burnt skeletons of Shiloh, K-Dog, Slick, Flathead, Sevino. Shakes his head. Puts on gloves.

A middle-aged, Businessman, with a fade haircut, glasses, booties and latex gloves inspects the tail of the burnt plane. He jots with a pen into a notebook. Closes the notebook. He casually waves to the Sheriff's Deputy as he carefully walks out of the barn's dead embers to his pickup truck. He gets in, and slowly drives off.

DETECTIVE, in his thirties, now with booties and latex gloves on, walks over to the Deputy.

DETECTIVE

Who was that?

DEPUTY

Claim investigator.

(points)

For the plane.

DETECTIVE

From the insurance company?

DEPUTY

Yep. Showed me his card and ID.

DETECTIVE

Hmm. That was quick. Who called the insurance company about the plane? Who knew what insurance company to call? How did he get here so quick?

Deputy sheepishly looks at him. Detective shakes his head.

DETECTIVE

Did you get his truck's plate?

DEPUTY

(embarrassed)

Nope... You want a coffee? Donut? I have a bag of Dunkin in my car. Coffee's still hot.

DETECTIVE

(angry)

Did you think for half a minute you half-wit that he might have some information about Deputy Salazar's murder last night?! That I've been working *alone* for the past several hours? For chrissakes! Get on your goddam radio and fucking call it in!

DEPUTY

(cringing)

Nobody else is on duty today, Sir. Ed Tom left for vacation and-

DETECTIVE

-Fuck this job!

DEPUTY

Donut and a coffee? They'll help you calm down.

(walks to patrol car)

Anger is a very negative, useless emotion. Let's try to enjoy our quiet morning. No use getting all riled up over a burnt barn.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MORNING (A LITTLE LATER)

The plane's "insurance claim investigator" at the barn is fifty-year-old ABT Brother, GARLAND DUKE, a former corrupt Dallas detective. He talks on his phone, checking his notes in the notepad from time to time while he drives:

DUKE

Terry?... Yeah, I saw the bodies. Assume they're your guys. Plus an extra. Maybe the shooter. Burned bad. Coroner has to do a dental ID. A burnt plane was in the barn. Ran the serial number through FAA. The owner is deceased. A Honey White... Yes, Honey White... What the fuck, you know her?... A porn star, huh? Will wonders never cease? Hold on a sec, Terry.

Duke pulls the truck over onto the shoulder, parks.

DUKE (CONT'D)

(revelation)

Wait, I think I remember her...
 Right. Yeah! The hot young blonde
 who jumped out of her plane. Into
 the canyon near San Diego... But
 why would she have a plane in a
 barn in West Texas, if she's dead?...
 Let's table that for now... Ran the
 barn's address through the county's
 property database. The owner, Peter
 Simon, is apparently a Catholic
 priest. Was a Pastor at a church in
 Sierra Blanca. That doesn't exist.
 His whereabouts are unknown for the
 past few years. But the taxes paid
 on the property are current. Which
 is curious... Yeah, Peter Simon...
 That Pete Simon? The Pyro Wizard? I
 have heard of him. Didn't know he
 had the priest gig. Go figure...
 Yeah, Cartel churches, mostly near
 the border... You think they're to-
 gether, the porn star and the priest?...
 You got it, Terry. I'll keep digging.

Duke ends call. He drives off the shoulder back onto the road.

INT. CESSNA 182 SKYLANE (FLYING) - MORNING

Honey's in the pilot seat flying the plane, her hands on the yoke. Pete's next to her, his hands off the co-pilot yoke in front of him that moves simultaneously with Honey's yoke.

The dashboard instrument panel AIRSPEED indicator shows their speed: 125 knots/hour.

The ALTIMETER shows the plane flying 60 feet above sea level. Under radar detection.

Honey guides the plane between small hills and rocky plateaus.

HONEY

(smiles)

You just appeared that day? In your
 Elvis Presley, "Aloha From Hawaii"
 1970s-style white wingsuit when I
 fell out of my plane? Coincidence,
 Pete? I think not. Tell the truth.

PETE

(scoffs)

Oh, yeah well. What a surprise, huh?

(embarrassed smile)

When I was at Beaumont, in prison, and wasn't getting my ass beat, I would read about you. Of course my one-sided relationship with you started with your pictures. Which were beautiful by the way. But something about you struck me. On a whole other level. A deeper realm. Like I already knew you. It wasn't so much like I fell in love with you, as it was a, regeneration, of a love we already had. I found you. Again. In my heart. In my soul. Your pictures were like, magazine ads, that helped me find you... I was lost, Honey. Lost without you. So, when I got out of Beaumont, I took a bus to San Diego. Found a room at a rectory and worked at the church. Cracked a few safes to pay the bills. While I hid out from the ABT. Then I started jumping. Got my pro D-License, like you, and began hanging out at the local San Diego airports. Hoping to meet you. In person. It's all I wanted to do. Maybe you might like me if we met and feel the same kind of forever love that I felt. And we could go out. And become a couple again. Or, maybe, Honey, I was just fucking crazy... I was going to give up my dream. That very day. Seemed like it wasn't ever going to happen. I was really depressed. Going to jump. Not pull the cord. It was bad day. I said a prayer. Asked God to help me find you. Wherever you might be...

Honey smiles at him. He's embarrassed.

PETE (CONT'D)

That day I was late to the airport. The manager said you were up, so I got a plane. I couldn't believe it.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

I had the pilot track you down. It wasn't too hard. And then I saw you go out of the plane! So I dove, and flew down. To introduce myself to you while I had the chance, and to try and say hello. Crazy, right? Then I saw you weren't wearing a chute. And you had this funny blank look on your face. Like you didn't care, that you were going to die. Your eyes were so, empty. So I had to try to improvise... And then we crashed into the river.

(small smile)

And became, a couple. Forevermore. Thee end.

Honey smiles at him.

HONEY

You're sweet, Pete. I don't fucking hate you anymore for torching my plane. I'm sorry I said that to you.

(heartfelt)

I felt it, too. That I knew you. When I lifted your visor. It hit me. I love you Pete. I guess I always did. I'm so happy I can say it to you. Because I couldn't when we met.

Moments pass.

PETE

What happened, Honey. When you died, on our bed?

HONEY

I, you know, just got sick of being dead. But alive. Kinda like that locked-in syndrome, you know? I was physically okay, and conscious of everything going on but I couldn't speak or express myself, after he took my soul. Worst of all was how much I loved you. But couldn't tell you. Or show you. It was a horror movie, driving me out of my mind... I just couldn't wait any longer. For you or Sevino to find me a soul. To break me out of zombie prison.

PETE

Jesus. I can't begin to imagine.

(moments...)

But, how did you, die? I didn't see pills or blood. I was heartbroken. I couldn't figure it out.

HONEY

I just let go... I laid still. And gave up. Everything. All of it. All of me. Like what old people do when they decide that it's their time to go... I left. Thinking I would be cradled in God's arms. In His love.

(coughs)

But it was all black, Pete. Scary, silent, nothingness. Because I had no soul, to give to God. No ticket into Heaven... Because it had been taken. By that demon. Divita.

Honey coughs hard.

PETE

Are you okay? That sounds bad.

Pete hands her a water bottle. Honey sips the water.

HONEY

(clears throat)

Thanks. Throat's burning. My body, dead, laying on our bed. Suddenly struck, by a golden lightning bolt. Blasted me out of the nothingness. It hit deep, into the core of my cold stiff body. Electrified it. Like Frankenstein's monster. The woman's soul, that you injected, fired every dead cell, limb, nerve and muscle. It ignited my being, Pete. A white-hot inferno grew within me. A goddam miracle. All from the power of her soul. I was alive. Consciousness blossomed. On the bed. But when I awoke, you weren't there. And I got really scared. Because you weren't with me. And I didn't know, if it was real. If we were going-

(sharp pain)

-Pete, something's wrong. Bad. My arms, chest... burning, I can't-

Honey's hands reflex off the yoke to her chest. She CRIES out in deadly pain. Her head falls forward, unconscious.

PETE
(panics)
Honey? Honey?!

The plane dips down toward a hill. Pete grabs his yoke, pulls it back too much, the plane's nose jerks too high. He pushes the yoke forward a bit, the wings level, the plane levels.

PETE (CONT'D)
(freaking)
Honey?! Honey! Wake up! Honey!

He takes his left hand off his yoke and shakes her shoulder. She doesn't respond. He looks out the windshield. He checks the dashboard instrument readings. The plane drifts left, he corrects with the rudder pedals, steers it right. His knuckles white on the yoke. He keeps the plane straight and level. He's scared SHITLESS. Looks out the windshield, barely avoids a crash into a hill. He looks at Honey slumped against the door. He's filled with fear...that her new soul just killed her.

EXT. BEAUMONT PRISON - RECREATION YARD - DAY

Same as before. Inmates self-segregated by gang affiliation in white shirts and white chinos in the yard, active with all the rec equipment. Armed Prison Guards patrol outside the fence.

Big Terry and Bam Bam chat with new thirty-year-old Mexican Mafia Prison Boss, X.JR. RODRIGUEZ, the son of X. Rodriguez, the former Prison Boss and now the Cartel's Border Boss. A BODYGUARD next to X.Jr. glares at Big Terry and Bam Bam.

X.JR.
This is a joke, right?

X.Jr. smiles at his Bodyguard. They both chuckle mockingly. Bam Bam coldly stares at them.

BIG TERRY
(firm)
Your Father, X-Junior, wouldn't treat this meeting so, flippantly. He'd know the value and gravity of its weight and behave accordingly. Maybe I made a mistake... Thinking I could help you.

X.JR.

I ain't like my Father, Terry. I have a different set of superpowers. So don't presume to tell me how to behave. I'm less stressed. Make better decisions when I'm at ease... Tell me what's so important to you and the ABT that you and big ass Bam Bam had to grovel across the yard for this pow-wow. To help me.

BIG TERRY

One of the Brotherhood's Prospects. Pyro Wizard safecracker, Padre Pete. Remember him? You overlapped a few months. He and his porno girlfriend killed four ABT Brothers. Pete and Honey, that's her name, are dead. They just don't know it yet.

X.JR.

Your problem.

BIG TERRY

They stole eight million Cartel dollars. Your problem.

X.Jr. tries to restrain his shock.

X.JR.

So what.

BIG TERRY

Don't "so what" me, Junior. This heat goes all the way up to your Father. Eight mil. People become unhappy. I heard about that wheel-thing you psychos got in Juárez. Maybe Big Daddy X. takes a spin. Wins the grand prize.

X.JR.

What are you looking for?

BIG TERRY

My guy says Pete and his girlfriend bought a plane in El Paso. Filed a flight plan says they're traveling to San Diego.

(MORE)

BIG TERRY (CONT'D)

Which is out of our jurisdiction.
We want someone to take out Pete
and Honey. Make a bloody example.
Cut off their heads and hang 'em
from a bridge if you like. All
the better. And you can retrieve
the Cartel's cash. Be a hero. Save
Daddy X. from a spin on the wheel.

X.JR.

(to Bodyguard)
Get the burner.

Bodyguard hustles to the Mexican Gang gathered by the weights.

X.JR.

(to Big Terry)
I know just the guy. A specialist.

EXT. DESERT AVIATION - DAY

Same as before. White stone building, lots of windows, private
jets and prop planes. The white BMW Roadster parked next to
Cara's Lexus near the entry doors.

A dozen East El Paso Patrol Cars with BLUE & RED STROBING
LIGHTS speed toward the Desert Aviation building.

EXT. DESERT AVIATION - TARMAC - RUNWAY

Cara carries a gym bag as he quickly walks along the tarmac
with his pistol muzzle pressed into the lower back of forty-
year-old, mild-mannered pilot, BOB. Bob and Cara walk briskly
toward a twin engine Beechcraft. Bob starts to do a walk-
around inspection of the plane-

CARA

What're you doing?!

BOB

(stops)
The pre-check. It's part of-

CARA

Get in the fucking plane, Bob!

Bob abandons the check. He quickly climbs into the pilot seat.

CARA (CONT'D)

Don't do anything stupid and
you'll make it home for dinner.

Cara opens the door, sets the bag inside, climbs into the passenger seat next to Bob who quickly goes through pre-flight check: flipping switches, checking gauges, etc.:

BOB

(firm)

I have to do this.

CARA

Do it faster!

Bob finishes the check, starts the engines. The props rotate. The plane rolls toward the runway. Cara's burner phone VIBRATES. He answers:

CARA

(formally)

X-Junior? Inside, at Beaumont?

INT. DESERT AVIATION - SALES OFFICE

Tiwa lays dead on the floor with gunshot wounds. A small group of scared people outside his office lay on the floor.

EXT. DESERT AVIATION

The horde of East El Paso Patrol Cars with BLUE & RED STROBING LIGHTS speed to the entry doors of the building and SKID to a stop near the white BMW Roadster and Cara's Lexus. Patrolmen exit cars, draw pistols, shotguns and storm through the doors.

INT. DESERT AVIATION

People remain lying on the floor. The Patrolmen enter fast, scatter, rapidly clearing rooms and offices. They bust out the rear doors toward the tarmac.

EXT. DESERT AVIATION - RUNWAY

The Beechcraft twin prop plane accelerates down the runway. It rises smoothly up into the sky.

TARMAC

Patrolmen scramble out the doors. They halt and gaze at the Beechcraft gaining altitude. They're very pissed off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: **NUEVA TIJUANA**

Same warehouse as before: opening scene and makeup studio. Covered with graffiti, surrounded by walls topped with jagged broken bottles. Two Armed Guards stand at the closed gate.

INT. WAREHOUSE - "VAULT OF LOST SOULS"

Divita enters through an open stainless steel door. Shelves are stacked with hundreds of small wooden "Soul Boxes" as previously seen in Serena's cabinet in the makeup studio.

Divita walks to an elaborate shrine in the corner featuring a gold pedestal upon which sits a small shiny Gold Vault with a key lock on the door. The door is beautifully engraved--

"Honey White, My Eternal Princess"

Divita places his left hand reverently on the bright gold door. He bows his head. His lips move in silent worship of Honey's soul locked within the vault... He finishes his devotional, kisses the vault door, turns, exits the vault.

INT. WAREHOUSE - "CHAMBER OF DARKNESS" (MOMENTS LATER)

A mirrored room with creepy vibes dimly lit with red light.

A black shiny coffin with an inverted silver cross on it sits on a platform in front of a black marble altar at the front of the chamber. A silver chalice with an inverted cross sits on the altar circumscribed with a white pentagram that's engraved into the altar's surface. At the altar-

Serena wears a full-length, long sleeve black velvet dress. She positions unlit black candles on the points of the pentagram. A large bronze statue of the Satanic deity Baphomet with the figures of children sitting upon his lap rises behind the altar. A gold pedestal, similar to the one in the Vault of Lost Souls, stands next to the altar.

Divita enters. Serena stands at attention at the altar. Divita walks to the coffin.

DIVITA

Come to me, my faithful one.

Serena walks to Divita at the coffin.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

You look very beautiful, Serena.
For such a dim and empty vessel.

(creepy; raises arms)

Tomorrow night I will sacrifice all
the souls in the vault! Plus the
highest, most unholy gift of all! I
will deliver at midnight, to my
Darkest Lord and Master, the soul of
my Eternal Princess, Honey White!

Serena blankly nods. Divita calms... opens the coffin lid.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Serena, my servant. I will be most
honored to offer you to the Master
as well. You must be very proud
that I am choosing you, my Dear, to
commence with the Sacrificial Rites.

(takes her hand)

Get in.

Serena blankly stares at the open coffin...

DIVITA (CONT'D)

Step up now. It's very cozy. Like
our bed. This will be your eternal
resting place. You will love it.

She hesitantly steps onto a step stool. And climbs into the
coffin. She lays down in it, and adjusts her long dress.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

(kisses her hand)

Fare thee well, Serena. Our parting
will bring me eternal sorrow. But I
shall mingle with thee again, within
the flames of inglorious Hell. Good
night, sweet servant. Travel well.

Divita SLAMS the coffin lid closed. Fastens several latches.

BANGING inside the coffin. BANGING. BANGING. BANGING.

Divita puts his left hand on the coffin, taps on it gently.

BANGING. BANGING.

MUTED SCREAMING... SILENCE.

Divita smiles deviously. He walks toward the exit door:

DIVITA
Salvador! Finish the preparations!

He exits the room past Salvador (Honey's limo driver from the opening scene) who stands just inside the doorway. Salvador nods to Divita as he passes him. Salvador closes the door.

He hurries to the coffin on the platform. He opens all the latches. Looks toward the door. Raises the coffin lid. Emotional, he leans in-

-Serena's face is calm in death. Salvador desperately performs chest compressions. Tears fill his eyes.

INT. CESSNA 182 SKYLANE - DAY

Altimeter shows 50 feet above sea level. Airspeed shows 150 knots/hour. Pete anxiously flies the plane from the co-pilot seat, gently pulling and pushing the yoke, tapping the floor pedals, hopping, dropping, steering to avoid hills and rock formations. Honey is slumped against the door.

Out the windshield, slowly coming into view: ranch houses, trailers, farms... Pete slowly pushes the yoke forward, decreases speed, brings the plane closer to the ground.

EXT. CESSNA 182 SKYLANE - RANCH - HOUSE

SUPER: EAST TECATE, MEXICO

The plane aims for flat land near a ranch house. It decreases speed, wheels roughly hit the dirt, bounce upward, then gently drop down onto the dirt and roll forward. The plane stops near the house. The prop stops rotating. Engine cuts.

A seventy-year-old indigenous Paipai Indian woman, a Shaman named CATORI, opens the back door of her house. She curiously stares at the Cessna stopped fifty feet from her door. She grabs an rifle, racks a round, exits the house. She walks past two parked pickup trucks toward the plane.

The Cessna's co-pilot door opens. Exhausted Pete climbs out. He spots Catori with the rifle, raises his hands:

PETE
Help me! My fiancée! She's dying!

He points into the plane.

Catori FIRES a SHOT over Pete's head. He drops to his knees on the ground, hands in the air.

PETE (CONT'D)
 (in agony)
 She needs help! She's dying! Help
 me, please! I don't know what to do.

He falls over on his back in misery.

Catori lowers the rifle. She cautiously approaches Pete. Men in their forties appear behind Catori in the doorway with rifles. These Three rugged Men are Catori's SONS. They exit, run past Catori to Pete, point their rifles down at his head.

CATORI
 (to her Sons)
 La piloto! ¡Tráela a la casa!
 (to Pete)
 ¡Levantarse! Get up!

Pete gets to his feet. SON-1 and SON-2 shoulder their rifles, walk to the plane, open pilot door, carefully carry Honey out of the seat. SON-1 cradles Honey in his arms, carries her to the house. Son-2 opens the door, they enter the house. SON-3 shoulders his rifle, searches Pete. Then goes to the plane.

CATORI
 Come into the house now.

Pete gets up, dusts himself off, walks to her.

PETE
 (distraught)
 I think she's dead.

Catori and Pete walk to the house:

CATORI
 Why do you think that?

PETE
 Her soul. Is not hers. It's from
 another woman.

CATORI
 We'll see... What about you, Niño?

PETE

What do you mean?

CATORI

(soothing)

Do you believe, my son, that you are
Here with me now? In this world?

Jolted, Pete stops, stares at her. She warmly smiles at him.

INT. BEEHCRAFT AIRPLANE - DAY

Bob's in the pilot seat. Cara sits next to him.

The Altimeter on the dashboard panel shows 70 feet above sea level. Airspeed indicator shows 200 knots/hour. Out the windshield we see the same hilly and rocky terrain as we did when Honey and Pete flew over it in the Cessna.

CARA

Where's the plane?

BOB

You have to be patient, Sir. If
they're still headed for San Diego-

CARA

Find the fucking plane, Bob!

Cara's pistol in his lap is aimed at Bob. Bob stares at him.

The plane drops steeply. Cara's seatbelt harness cuts into his chest. Bob pulls the yoke back, the plane rises steeply... Bob levels the wings...then steers the plane into a barrel roll-- The plane's upside down...then right side up. Cara's queasy. Bob levels out at 100 feet above sea level, 200 knots/hour.

BOB

You shoot me, Boss? I'll make sure
you die a horrible death. I flew
recon missions in Afghanistan. I'll
find your fucking plane.

Shook and sick, Cara nods.

INT. CATORI'S RANCH HOUSE - LATE DAY (LATER)

A cooking pan with herbs simmers on the stove in the kitchen.

The house is decorated with Paipai cultural artifacts. Honey lays with her eyes closed on a couch with Catori seated with her. Herbs burn & smoke in small metal tins near them.

Catori feeds Honey liquid from a mug with a spoon. Honey's lips partially open, she swallows the liquid. Catori keeps feeding her. Pete sits in a nearby chair, head to the side, eyes closed, sleeping. A plate with food scraps sits on a tray in his lap. Catori's three Sons stand and sit nearby.

SON-1

Do they know?

Pete's eyes open. He listens to Catori.

CATORI

They are strong, ancient fantasmas. Joined together from the beginning. He, of the sun. She, of the moon... But a powerful demon, near us to the west, has stolen this one's spirit. They will go to war with the Dark One to take it back. To reunite, in harmony. So they may travel on together. To the Great Spirit... But I have fear this powerful demon may destroy them.

SON-2

If she is strong, why is she weak?

CATORI

There is a wild spirit inside her. From another woman. Who is angry. And is now a killer. She wants to be released from the body that is not hers. To go home. She has lit fires inside to destroy this body... This medicine will quench the fires and suppress the angry one's spirit.

Honey's eyelids lightly flutter. Her eyes begin to open.

CATORI

She wakes now. This medicine, Peter, will not last. You must reclaim her soul before tomorrow's moon. And set the wild one inside her free. For it too will awaken, and burn her alive. From the inside out.

Pete nods gravely.

HONEY
(waking; fearful)
Pete? Pete?!

Pete goes to Honey. He affectionately touches her head, smiles at her. He kisses her forehead. Honey calms:

PETE
I'm here. Right here with you.

Son-3 carries in a duffel bag from the Cessna. He sets it on the floor next to Pete and Honey's other two duffel bags.

SON-3
This one is loaded. With what looks like stolen dollars. And weapons... Are you thieves?

They all look at Son-3 and the duffel bag.

CATORI
Peter, why do you carry objects of evil? Money and guns? You said you were a man of the Great Spirit.

PETE
Yeah... It's complicated.

INT. BEEHCRAFT PLANE - DUSK

Bob's in the pilot seat flying. Pissed off Cara sits in the passenger seat.

CARA
(mocking)
"I'll find your fucking plane."
Where is it, war hero?

BOB
San Diego was a diversion. Probably flying under radar, too. It's late. We'll have to return to El Paso.

CARA
Big fucking talk, Bob. No wonder the U.S. fucked up in Afghanistan. We are not returning. Find a flat spot and take us down.

BOB

Not here. It's a Cartel trafficking zone. It's not safe.

CARA

Surprise, Bob. I'm the cartel.

BOB

(disregards; nods calmly)
There it is.

POV out the windshield on the Cessna 182 Skylane parked down below next to Catori's ranch house. Cara spots it.

CARA

That's it. Take me down!

EXT. BEEHCRAFT - CATORI'S HOUSE

The plane rapidly descends, decreases speed, levels wings, gently lands on the flat dirt and rolls to a stop near the Cessna near the house. Its props stop rotating. Engine cuts.

INT. BEEHCRAFT

Cara opens his door--quickly swings back aiming his pistol at Bob--Cara's HIT with THREE SHOTS in the chest that knock him out of the plane onto the wing below.

Bob calmly stares at the open bloody door with a smoking SIG Sauer M17 service pistol in his hand. He exits out the pilot door onto the wing, hops down to the ground, quickly walks around the front of the plane to the passenger side. Bleeding Cara lays on the wing. Bob yanks him off the wing. He THUMPS hard on the ground.

CARA

(dying)
Fuck you, Bob. You aren't a-

Bob FIRES a SHOT into his head.

BOB

You disparaged the men and women of the U.S. armed forces.

Bob calmly turns around to face-

Catori and her Three Sons standing silently nearby with their rifles aimed at him.

BOB (CONT'D)

(lowers his pistol)

This man hijacked my plane. He was a murderer. Now he isn't... You can call the Policia, or I can bury him somewhere. I am agreeable with whatever choice you make. I mean you no harm. I will, however, need a bucket of water to wash this piece of shit's blood off my plane.

Catori and Sons lower their rifles. Catori stares at Bob...

CATORI

Would you like some dinner?

BOB

Muchas gracias.

(points at Cessna)

He was a cartel sicario, looking for that plane. Why?

EXT. FEDERAL HIGHWAY 2D - CATORI'S PICKUP TRUCK - SUNSET

Catori's pickup truck heads west toward the sunset. Pete and Honey's three duffel bags are in the truck bed.

The truck passes a sign-- "Bienvenido a LA PRESA RURAL"

It passes another sign-- "Nueva Tijuana 15 Km"

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Pete's in the driver's seat. Honey's wrapped in a blanket in the passenger seat sleeping. Pete looks at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

SUPER: NUEVA TIJUANA

Catori's pickup truck is parked in front of a motel room door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The three duffel bags lay on the floor. Honey sleeps on a bed. Pete's in a chair next to Honey, watching her. K-Dog's machine gun and Shiloh's two pistols lay on the table next to him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - "VAULT OF LOST SOULS" ANTEROOM - NIGHT

TWO armed GUARDS stand inside. The large stainless steel vault door is closed. Salvador enters the room with a tray holding coffees and a bag of hot food. He smiles at the Guards.

GUARD-1

You're late, Salvador.

SALVADOR

Buenas noches, Señores. I'm sorry, but tonight was a long line.

Salvador hands the tray of coffees and bag to Guard-2.

GUARD-2

Gracias, Salvi. They're still hot. Muy bien.

GUARD-1

Where is Señor Divita?

SALVADOR

In his suite preparing details for the ceremony tomorrow night. Adios.

GUARD-2

Buenas noches, Salvi.

Salvador exits.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DIVITA'S SUITE

Mirrored walls. Carpeting, lavish furniture, ceiling are all black. An inverted silver cross hangs on a wall. Ornate, red candle lit candelabras fill the room with an eerie pink haze.

Divita, dressed in a shiny black satin robe with a silver inverted cross hanging around his neck, stands in front of a full-length mirror, in a trance state. He growls a satanic invocation in Latin for the "Ceremony of Sacrificial Souls":

DIVITA

(loud Latin bass voice)

*O Princeps Tenebrarum, Domine
Naturae. Numen Sapientiae INVOCO TE,
SATANA! Adoro te, Satanas de profun-
diis animae meae. O Domine Satana,
pandant ianua regni tui sonitu vocis
mei, in hac prece.*

A bag of food, same as the Guards, sits on a table with a cup of coffee. Divita takes the cup, gulps from it. Clears throat.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

Offero tibi hac nocte, O SATANA! Mi Magister Obscuri, animae harum centenariorum animarum pretiosarum a pura prole invisissimi Dei. Nunc pro meo maximo atque ornatissimo munere, cum hoc magno sacrificio et summa blasphemia omnium honor et gloria...

(drinks coffee; tired)

I offer you now the sweet sovereign, golden soul of my one sweet Princess. The most delectable, purest soul of all! My eternal love, Honey White!

He drops the coffee cup to the carpet. Staggeres to the couch.

DIVITA (CONT'D)

(breathless)

I hold the spirit of Satan within my heart!

(drops onto couch)

I was born without the stain of sin. My spirit is one with Satan.

(eyes close)

As it is now... and ever will be. So... it is done.

His head falls back onto a blood red pillow. He's out cold.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - COURTYARD, INSIDE GATE - DAWN

A stretch limousine is backed up to the propped-open entry door, engine's running, trunk's lid is up.

Salvador exits through the doorway pushing a mover's dolly with a large box on it. He stops at the open trunk, jams the box inside, the last one that will fit, near several others.

Salvador quietly closes the trunk lid. Runs to the gate where the Three armed Guards lay on the ground unconscious at their posts. Empty coffee cups and food bags lay on the ground near them. Salvador enters the Guard Shack, presses a button. The gate opens.

He runs to the limo, slides into the driver's seat and drives toward the open gate, just as--

--MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS HIT and RICOCHET off the limo's rear bumper--bullets SHATTER the rear window as it speeds through the open gateway. A Guard with a rifle chases after the limo wildly firing at it. The limo accelerates down the road, makes a SQUEALING turn and disappears.

INT. "VAULT OF LOST SOULS"

The stainless steel door is open. The shelves are stripped bare. All of the small wooden "Soul Boxes" are gone. The small Golden Vault on the pedestal within the shrine stands alone. The vault door swings SHUT-

INT. VAULT ANTEROOM

Divita, his face as red as the fires of Hell, stands next to the armed SECURITY CHIEF who pulled the vault door closed. The Guard rotates the handle on the door. It loudly CLICKS locked.

DIVITA

The little fucker drugged me. I treated him like my own son!

SECURITY CHIEF

He drugged everybody on duty, Sir. The evening coffee was spiked.

DIVITA

I trusted him with the combination!
He's, a fucking traitor!
(enflamed)
GOD DAMN HIM TO HELL! Where is he?!

SECURITY CHIEF

Gone, Sir. The limo took on heavy fire. But he managed to escape.

Divita angrily exits the anteroom to the-

INT. CHAMBER OF DARKNESS

Divita enters. The room is the same as before. Mirrored walls, dimly lit with creepy red light.

The shiny black coffin sits on a platform in front of the black marble altar at the front of the chamber.

Divita hurries to the black coffin. He fiddles with the latches, opens them all. He raises the lid. His face becomes mangled with anger, failure, humiliation and vengeance.

He SLAMS the lid closed. Purple veins bulge from his forehead. He raises his fists in the air and screams with fury:

DIVITA
O Satan, why hast thou forsaken me?!

INT. LIMO - DAY

Salvador drives. He looks over at groggy Serena in the passenger seat. He affectionately holds her hand.

An open, small wooden Soul Box with Serena's name on it sits on the dashboard.

Serena smiles at Salvador.

The rear seating area of the stretch limo is loaded with the wooden Soul Boxes from the Vault of Lost Souls.

SALVADOR
(smiles)
We drive to the sea, Serena. To
set all of these poor souls free.

Serena smiles, scooches over, kisses Salvador's cheek.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - GATE - PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Five armed Guards stand alertly at their post. Gate is closed.

Pete's pickup truck slowly passes by the gate, keeps moving.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Pete drives. Honey's in the passenger seat. She's weak from the wild soul within her and Catori's medicine. They look out the windows at the Guards as they pass the warehouse gate.

PETE
Shit. Getting inside is going to be impossible. Battling with guards to rob a safe isn't my forte, Honey. We're quiet, sneaky thieves. But if we have to shoot it out with them to retrieve your soul, I'm all in.
(look of love)
We'll go out together, Honey. In a blaze of glory.

HONEY

(smiles)

I love you, Pete.

(grabs his hand)

But there's another way.

PETE

(smiles)

Thank God. We're too young to die.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The pickup truck is parked in front of the motel room door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Same room as before. The tool bag with their safecracking gear sits on a chair next to Pete, who stands in front of a table covered in plastic. Honey sits in a chair watching Pyro Pete work. He weighs out red iron oxide and aluminum powder on a digital precision scale, then mixes the powders together:

PETE

(measuring)

Having the correct balance of fuel and oxidizer is key to having a stable burn in a thermite reaction. The recipe calls for three parts red iron oxide and one part aluminum fuel. In pyrotechnic compositions, the finer the ingredients and better mixed they are, the easier it is to ignite. And the faster the reaction will burn.

HONEY

Should I crawl under the bed now?

PETE

(smiles)

It won't ignite until it's lit.

HONEY

When I was mute I couldn't ask you questions when you did this stuff. Used to scare the shit out of me. But I couldn't tell you. I would just sit and tremble.

PETE

Sorry. I should've explained as I went along.

HONEY

How do you light the torch?

Pete carefully pours the finely mixed powders into a two-foot long tungsten carbide tube.

PETE

It needs a very high temperature to ignite. Remember this?

Pete takes a gold sparkler out of the tool bag.

PETE (CONT'D)

This sparkler has iron in it. Burns at eighteen hundred degrees. It'll light it up like the Fourth of July.

He sets it next to the thermite torch. He puts the torch supplies back into the tool bag:

PETE (CONT'D)

(flirting)

Couple hours til nightfall?

He takes Honey's hand, she rises from the chair. He smiles at her. She smiles at him. They stare love into each other's eyes. They kiss. Wrap their arms around each other...move to the bed...pull each other's clothes off...fall onto the bed, kissing hotly...sudden stop. Honey grimaces in pain-

HONEY

Pete, my chest. The pain, and heat. Like fire. It's starting to flow.

Pete hugs her gently.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Pete and Honey, dressed in black thievery apparel, turn out the light and close the door as they exit with the tool bag.

EXT. WAREHOUSE GATE - PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Five armed Guards stand alertly at their post. Gate is closed.

Pete's pickup truck passes by the Guards and gate. Travels another hundred feet, makes a right turn, kills the lights, proceeds down a dark alley running alongside the warehouse.

EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE

The truck slowly drives past a shipping dock. It continues another fifty feet and stops. Honey exits the passenger side. She climbs into the truck's bed. The truck drives forward with its passenger side close to the warehouse wall. Pete kills the engine, exits the driver side, hops into the bed with Honey who holds the tool bag.

PETE

(smiles)

The first job we can actually talk to each other. What should we say?

Honey smiles, winces in pain, touches her chest. Pete stands in the truck bed. He leans against the warehouse wall next to a window. Honey hands him long pre-cut strips of duct tape. He tapes the window, uses his elbow to break it...he listens... no alarm. He clears glass from the window frame, take the tool bag from Honey, drops it inside the window. He helps Honey up and through the window, holds her hands as she drops to the floor inside. He looks around, climbs up and through the window frame, and drops to the floor inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAKEUP STUDIO

Pete and Honey let their eyes adjust. The dark makeup studio comes into focus. The same setup as before with the makeup chair, table etc. Pete picks up the tool bag.

HONEY

(whispers)

Serena helped me escape out that window. She did my makeup here.

Pete nods, guides her to the closed studio door.

PETE

(whispers)

What's outside?

HONEY

Left is the production studio. Right goes to Divita's suite, then the Vault of Lost Souls. Chamber of Darkness is at the end of the hall.

PETE

We'll go slow.

Pete opens the door a crack, peaks out. The left is dark and silent. To the right, the hallway is clear. He listens for sound... SILENCE. They step out into the dark-

HALLWAY

And stay close together, holding hands, moving slowly along the wall toward Divita's suite.

PETE

(whispers)

Your hand is hot.

HONEY

(worried)

I'm on fire. The nun, she's back.

They creep closer to the door of the suite. It CREAKS open-

Pete and Honey freeze against the wall--holding their breath.

Divita exits, stops, checks the pocket in his black satin robe, pulls out a silver necklace with the inverted cross, loops it over his head, straightens it on his chest, walks on.

Pete and Honey hold tight against the wall. They lean toward taking a step as-

The Security Chief steps out of the suite, turns, facing their direction--but his eyes are downcast. He pulls the door closed, and quickly hurries after Divita.

Honey and Pete exhale, take cautious steps along the wall.

Divita and Security Chief briskly walk past the door to the Vault of Lost Souls anteroom--and stop.

Honey and Pete freeze against the wall.

Divita takes a gold necklace with a GOLD KEY on it from around his neck inside his robe. He hands it to Security Chief.

DIVITA

(stares death)

Bring me the Princess Box in the gold vault in thirty minutes. Do not fuck this up.

SECURITY CHIEF

(unnerved)

I will, Sir. Of course, Sir. There will be no issues.

DIVITA

I will be in the chamber. Check the gate and the other stations.

SECURITY CHIEF

Uh, Sir.

Divita turns, faces him with a "what the fuck now" look.

SECURITY CHIEF (CONT'D)

I don't have the combination to the vault. I can come get you, to open it in thirty minutes? Or you can open it now? The building is secure.

Divita shakes his head, walks back a few steps toward Honey and Pete, enters the vault's anteroom. The Security Chief waits outside the door. Moments pass. Divita exits the room.

DIVITA

(irritated)

The vault door is open. The Golden Vault is locked. Can you manage it?

Security Chief nods. They resume walking down the hall.

Honey and Pete look at each other and scoot quickly to the door of the vault anteroom. They enter into the-

VAULT ANTEROOM

And run through it to the open vault, and enter the-

"VAULT OF LOST SOULS"

Then stop, puzzled by its empty shelves. They spot the shrine in the corner with the gold pedestal and, the GOLDEN VAULT. They hurry to it. Pete drops the tool bag on the floor. He takes a close look at the shint vault, runs his fingers over the engraving of-- "Honey White, My Eternal Princess"

PETE

Oh my god.

He looks at Honey.

HONEY

(mind blown; in pain)
It's in there? My, my soul, is in
this fucking box?!

PETE

Let's get to work.

HONEY

(in pain)
It feels like liquid fire running
through my veins, Pete. Oh God,
you gotta make it stop!

PETE

I'm sorry, Hon. Hang in there.

The muted sound of UNNATURAL DEEP BASS SINGING is heard from
the Chamber of Darkness next door:

DIVITA (O.S.)

(sings; bass voice)
Therefore, O mighty and terrible
Lord of Darkness, we entreat You
that You receive and accept this
sacrifice!

Pete takes two pair of welding goggles with the black lenses
out of the tool bag, hands one set to Honey, she puts them on,
Pete puts his on. He reaches into the bag and takes out the
THERMITE TORCH and the GOLD SPARKLER.

PETE

Here we go.

Pete lights the sparkler with a lighter, it SPARKLES to life,
he touches it to the end of the tungsten thermite torch. The
end of it WHOOSHES SUPER BRIGHT burning at four thousand
degrees Fahrenheit. Their faces and goggle lenses light up.
Pete applies the torch to the KEY LOCK on the GOLD VAULT DOOR.

DIVITA (O.S.)

(sings; bass voice)
Which we offer to You on behalf of
this assembled company, upon whom
You have set your mark!

The lock begins to glow...turns translucent gold...begins to
liquify...melts completely to the floor by the open black tool
bag. Pete snuffs out the torch, drops it into the tool bag.

DIVITA (O.S.)
 (sings; bass voice)
 That you may make us prosper in
 fullness and length of life, under
 Thy protection-

Sound of RAPID MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS!

Pete and Honey flinch in shock. Pete opens the door of the Gold Vault.

HONEY
 Hurry, Pete! I'm burning up!

Honey peers inside the vault in wonderment at the elegant-
 GOLDEN BOX.

Pete reaches in, takes it in his hands.

PETE
 (runs to exit)
 Get the bag! Let's go!

Honey grabs the tool bag, runs after Pete wincing in pain, they exit the Vault of Lost Souls into the-

ANTEROOM

They run through it toward the exit door.

More GUNSHOTS RING OUT! VOICES YELLING, sounds of CHAOS, RUNNING, SHATTERING. A BATTLE RAGES inside the warehouse.

Pete and Honey exit the anteroom into the-

HALLWAY

They look around cautiously.

SEVERAL RAPID BURSTS of GUNSHOTS. Men CRY OUT.

The hall is clear. They run to the-

MAKEUP STUDIO

They enter. Pete locks the door, sets the Golden Box on the table.

PETE
 The chair!

Honey sets the tool bag on the table, gets in the makeup chair. Leans back, exposing her neck. She places her hands over her upper chest, scowling in severe pain.

Pete opens the Golden Box on the table. The clear tube holding Honey's soul GLOWS BRIGHT WHITE. He's momentarily transfixed by its brilliance--he reaches into the tool bag, takes out and attaches the six-inch perisoulcentesis needle to a syringe. He pushes the plunger with his thumb all the way down.

PETE

Extracting the Nun's soul.

He aims the syringe needle above Honey's pink scar above her collarbone. The needle pierces Honey's skin down into her chest. Pete slowly pulls the syringe plunger upward, sucking the woman's BRIGHT WHITE LIQUID SOUL into the barrel...it fills completely. Pete slides the needle out. Honey's facial muscles relax. Her expression goes slack. Eyes blankly stare.

Pete aims the syringe at the open window, shoves the plunger downward with his thumb--BOOM!--the soul SPRAYS out into the air, coalesces into a CLOUD...and ROCKETS out the open window.

Pete goes to the sink, rinses the syringe barrel and needle. Shakes it, pushes the plunger to the bottom of the barrel. He goes to the open Gold Box on the table, sticks the long needle through the rubber seal atop the tube, extracts Honey's BRIGHT WHITE GLOWING LIQUID SOUL...filling the barrel.

MORE GUNSHOTS--RAPID SUCCESSION. SCREAMING! YELLING!

Pete goes to Honey's side, looks into her vacant eyes, aims the needle above her pink scar, and BOOM--

The DOOR BUSTS OPEN! Divita stands bloody and wounded in the doorway, enraged with a pistol in his hand. He aims at Pete.

DIVITA

Who the fuck are you? You have ruined everything! Oh, you're the bloody fucking priest. Of course! It was foretold you might appear.

(aims pistol)

That is the soul of my beloved Eternal Princess! And thou shalt not have her! Ever!

Divita SHOOTS--Pete turns and ducks to protect the syringe filled with Honey's soul--

--the bullet HITS Pete in the shoulder. He SLAMS into the table, pulls a pistol from the tool bag, aims at Divita.

Divita aims his pistol at Pete.

Pete sweats, his hand trembles, the pistol shakes.

DIVITA

(scoffs)

You can't do it, Padre. Can you?
You could never take a life. Sixth
Commandment and all that other
Moses mountain tablet bullshit. I
can. Now, I will take *your* soul.

Pete's hand steadies, he comes to his moment of truth:

PETE

I can do it. She's mine!

CLOSE ON his finger... It squeezes the trigger--BANG!--

-A HUGE FLASH OF BRIGHT, PALE BLUE LIGHT fills the room. It slowly dissipates, to reveal-

Brown, weathered, frayed but perfectly ordered FEATHERS. War torn, yet majestic. We slowly PULL OUT to reveal-

Enormous expanded WINGS--that abruptly FOLD--to reveal-

A magnificent, muscular, golden-haired behemoth of a man with a cherubic face who dauntingly stands between Pete and Divita. He holds in his right hand a Flaming Sword. In his left, the Scales of Justice. This is God's #1 Warrior-

THE ARCHANGEL, MICHAEL.

Pete's bullet drops from Michael's wings, HITS the floor.

Mouth agape, Pete stares at Michael in utter disbelief.

Michael glares at Divita--who FIRES his pistol--Michael flicks his sword--bullet RICOCHETS. He swings the sword, severs Divita's hand on the pistol, they THUMP on the floor.

MICHAEL

You've been fucking with the ancient
souls of God's favorite children.

(thunderous)

And He, has had, ENOUGH!

DIVITA

This is my realm, Michael! I own
this earth! They are my souls. I-

MICHAEL

(thunderous)

-You, own nothing! You, are nothing!
You, will obey, my command!

Catori appears in the doorway holding her rifle. She steps into the room. Her Sons and Bob appear behind her with pistols and rifles, wounded and bleeding from the battle with Divita's guards. They gaze at Michael, awestruck, their jaws drop open.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Demon, you will crawl before me!

Divita scowls at Michael... he drops to his knees, then his belly. He slithers slimily across the floor toward Michael. He arrives at Michael's feet. A forked tongue darts out of his mouth. Divita fearfully looks up at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Back to Hell with you!

DIVITA

No!

Michael instantly brings down his sword on Divita's neck, severing his head--a fountain of BLACK BLOOD jets out of his neck. His head rolls and EXPLODES! into flames.

MICHAEL

(soft voice to Pete)

God never doubted you, Pete. He
loves you both. Take care of Honey.

Enthralled, Pete nods to Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

God's Will be done!

A HUGE, PALE BLUE LIGHT EXPLOSION! The blue light dissipates. Michael and Divita are gone. Pete's shoulder is healed.

Pete touches his shoulder briefly, then rushes to Honey lying in the makeup chair. The syringe in his hand GLOWS BRIGHT WHITE with Honey's soul.

Wide-eyed Catori, Sons and Bob step close to the makeup chair.

Pete aims the long needle above the scar along Honey's collar bone. He slides the long needle down into her chest above her heart. He slowly pushes the plunger downward, her GLOWING BRIGHT WHITE LIQUID SOUL disappears as the syringe plunger reaches the bottom of the illuminated glass barrel.

Pete slides the needle out. BRIGHT WHITE TINY DROPLETS of LIQUID SOUL sparkle on it. They all stare at the DROPLETS. Pete sets the syringe on a white cloth.

He looks into Honey's eyes. They're lifeless. Staring. He becomes scared.

PETE

C'mon, Honey. C'mon. Please, open your eyes.

Catori, Sons and Bob are concerned and worried.

PETE (CONT'D)

Honey, please. Please. Open your eyes. Just open them, for me. Please God, open them.

(teary)

Bring her back to me. Please. God!

Honey YELPS! and INHALES loudly. Her eyelids flutter open. Pete looks down at her. Her eyes BLAZE. He's overcome with JOY. He kisses Honey's lips. She kisses him and smiles.

HONEY

Pete... I love you, Baby.

Honey sits up in the chair. Pete hugs her.

PETE

I love you, Honey.

Catori, Sons and Bob smile. And-

BOOM! Pete and Honey are gone.

BLACK.

The Dandy Warhols' song "Good Morning" plays--

...Then-

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - RIVER - DAWN

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY -- LOVE STORY, PART IV: "THE ASCENSION"**

Sunlight beams into the glowing canyon. Lighting up ancient sandstone, metamorphic, igneous rock formations deeply cut by a soft flowing timeless river that is sharper than a razor.

The sun's light falls on Pete and Honey's skeletons intertwined in the shallow water...same as before. His skull gently rests against hers. Her skull softly lays on his breastbone.

Pete is still in the white wingsuit. His arm-wings wrapped protectively around Honey.

A WHITE DOVE on the river bank stares at Pete and Honey.

Another WHITE DOVE flutters down. She lands next to him. They nuzzle each other. Then flap their wings and takeoff-

Flying upward, past the millions-of-years-old sedimentary layers of downcut red, orange, yellow and brown rock walls.

Out of the deep ancient canyon, above the rim-

Into the blue sky, higher and higher...

Disappearing finally, within the BLAZING RAYS of the SUN.

WHITE SCREEN.

FADE OUT.