

Crazies (Opening Scene)

by

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EXT. DESERT PLATEAU MIDDAY

A single man, DONNY FELT stops at the entrance of the PLATEAU. He's around 30, pale, with gruff patches of facial hair. He sports an assault rifle and wears combat gear, but his facial expression leaves him totally vulnerable to the situation at hand.

Two other men, EDDY and MALCOLM, join him at the side. They are out-fitted similarly, but Eddy seems to be averse to the seriousness.

EDDY
Jesus, you think they could have spared us a car? My feet are killing me.

MALCOLM
No, cars are too loud. We don't want any Crazies on the alert.

EDDY
Riiighht. That's why they gave me this *silenced submachine gun*, this *silenced* revolver...

He gestures to each weapon, clearly un-silenced. Malcom rolls his eyes annoyed. Eddy waves a grenade in his face.

EDDY (CONT'D)
How about these silenced exploding rocks, huh?

MALCOM
Man, silence your damn mouth! Eyes open!

Just then, there's a loud screech; the three pause to listen. Weapons drawn, Donny leads the charge towards the sound, until the pair finds the source of the noise behind a large boulder. Malcolm and Eddy make a face-Donny's stays stagnant.

The CRAZY is a young woman, naked and covered in a pool of blood. Stubs of foot flesh are raked in sand. Despite draining vitality, she manages to crawl towards Donny, muttering expletives along the way.

CRAZY
(angrily screaming)
YOU...YOU! Fucker! I'll kill you!

EDDY
Uh, hi.

CRAZY
(Screams louder)
I'll kill you! All of you!

MALCOLM
(sighs)
Is there anything on her?

EDDY
Well I think there was at some
point.

The Crazy shrieks again, adding swears towards Eddy. Donny breaks off, beginning to search for their mission's clues. The Crazy yells and reaches for his leg.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Scuze' us sweetie, men at work
here.

Eddy carries her off by the hair; she screeches again, this time in wallowing pain. Donny gives the Crazy another look while Malcolm and Donny circle around her, preparing for interrogation.

DONNY
What are we looking for again?

MALCOLM
(To Donny)
Two bottles of pills and a pistol.
That's what she took from
inventory.

Donny simply grunts in response as they begin interrogating the Crazy.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(To Crazy)
Okay. Let's start at the
beginning...

Donny's gaze starts with a trail of blood, sprinkled with shell casings-either a struggle or attack. Donny follows the blood trail, leading into a small tunnel at the base of a rock wall. He heaves a breath, then kneels down to observe. His look is catatonic as he slowly peers further into the hole.

Within an instant, a cat claw swipes at his face. Donny is thrown back, howling in pain. Eddy and Malcolm tear themselves away from the Crazy, running to Donny's side, weapons brandished.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 Suppress it, go, go!

The two unload their guns into the small crevice as Donny holds his bloodied face and shakes.

The two continually fire and apparently miss. The wild animal is still growling. Donny grunts and lifts himself up.

He grabs a grenade off of Eddy's belt, then pulls the pin. Malcolm just catches his maneuver; Donny tosses it simply, as if discarding a harmless apple he picked clean.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 Donny, wha-GET DOWN, SHIT!

Eddy and Malcolm are the only ones to throw themselves aside. Donny stands still. The grenade explodes, caking out a cloud of dust which shoots at Donny. He breathes heavily, listening to the dying cries of the animal inside. The other two stare at their comrade. The Crazy laughs maniacally, witnessing the chaos behind them.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 (Heavy breathing)
 Donny-what- are you
 fucking...crazy?

Donny whips around, his pistol aimed in Malcolm's general direction. The two stare, with Malcolm's worried eyes and Donny's bloodshot glare intently meeting.

Donny lets out a shot...Malcolm winces, un-hit. The Crazie's laughter turns to a struggled gurgle. Then two more bullets exit Donny's gun while he walks. The Crazie's laughter ends, but Donny keeps walking, keeps firing, until his empty gun chamber clicks over her corpse. Silence.

EDDY
 (Heavy breathing,
 smiling at Malcolm)
 Still think we're the silent type?

Malcolm lowers his head while Donny stares off into the distance.

EXT CITY GATE, MIDDAY

Donny, Malcolm, and Eddy walk towards an outpost jutting out from a large city wall. Two GUARDS, dressed similarly to Donny and his crew, halt them at the outpost.

GUARD 1, a stern faced elderly man, casually draws his pistol and aims at the trio.

GUARD 1
(official, yet blaze)
Stop. What is the happiest memory
you can recall?

Donny steps forward, his face bloodied and bandaged.

DONNY
My daughter's fifth birthday. She
dropped her cake and was laughing.

Donny finishes with a small smile. Guard 1 simply nods, then motions him to deposit his items in a nearby basket. Donny sets a personal item, a small thrift bag, near Guard 2 for inspection. Malcolm steps forward.

GUARD 1
The happiest memory you can
recall?

MALCOLM
My wife said, 'I do', at the
altar.

Malcolm's delivery is also practiced like Donny's; the guard motions for him to deposit his weapons as well. Eddy steps forward.

EDDY
(Fast)
Okay Brian, (GUARD 1), I think I've
narrowed it down between Tammy and
Elena. Tammy was my first, but
Elena had a friend with one of
those "'lezzie'" phases, ya know?
Anyway, she and I-

GUARD 1 (BRIAN)
Basket. Go.

Eddy joins the trio, beginning to deposit his array of armor and armaments within the basket. A radio squawks near Guard 2. He answers it, then turns to Donny.

GUARD 2
Donny, Dictator Steeler wants to
see you in his office.

DONNY
Wants to? Or needs to?

GUARD 1

Whichever one gets your ass in his
office the quickest.

Guard 2 gives a nervous shrug to Donny. Donny sighs. He's dressed now in civilian clothing, a plain white T-shirt and jeans. He grabs his item bag and makes for the main gate.

INT OUTSIDE DICTATOR STEELS HALLWAY, MIDDAY

Donny shuffles down the hallway, his item bag clucking against his back and shoulders. His face lights up to a yet unseen warmth.

Sitting on a bench down the hallway is his daughter
FELICITY.

FELICITY, an 8 year old bundle of unkempt red hair, green eyes, and freckles, sprints toward her father for a hug.

FELICITY

(Giggling, breathless)

Daddy, daddy, daddy! Daddy I
missed you where'd you go?! What
happened to your face?

Donny pulls away, his beaming smile still surviving.

DONNY

It's just a scratch, girlie. And I
already told you, they sent me
treasure hunting again. Here, look
what I found.

Donny presents her with the bag; upon opening it, Felicity discovers an array of older books, toys, and candies. She jumps up and down, her excitement unbounded.

MISS TRUCE

Felicity! I told you to stay
seated.

Donny and Felicity turn to see an elderly woman, MISS TRUCE, appear down the opposite end of the hall. Felicity grunts and pouts, hoping her father will come to her aid.

DONNY

Hey, go sit down, F-bomb. I'll be
right back.

Felicity pulls a small smile before taking her place on the bench. Miss Truce and Donny huddle together to talk.

MISS TRUCE

Are you still calling her that? I told you, those nicknames can manifest in illicit behaviors.

DONNY

Well, she likes it, it's fun.

The two again look at Felicity, struggling to open a sucker wrapper with her teeth.

MISS TRUCE

And are you continuing to give her sweets? Sugar makes girls like her...rowdy.

DONNY

Hey, she likes candy, okay? She's going through a lot. It makes her happy.

MISS TRUCE

(Aggravated)

This isn't about a *happy* lifestyle, Mr. Felt, it's about a healthy one!

Miss Truce sighs, then motions down the hall towards Felicity.

MISS TRUCE (CONT'D)

She had another outburst today. She hit two boys-

DONNY

Did they start it?

MISS TRUCE

It doesn't matter.

DONNY

Did they start it?

MISS TRUCE

(huffs)

Yes. Light teasing. But she punched them, Donny. That behavior is uncalled for. At her age, this is a manifestation of a very damaged psyche. I have the authority to have her-

DONNY
(angered whisper)
You won't do shit. She's *my*
daughter!

Miss Truce saunters back, shocked, but not intimidated.

MISS TRUCE
I see the psychological damage
might be hereditary. Even so,
children take after their parents.
For her sake, show some restraint,
Mr. Felt.

Miss Truce exits. Donny sighs, then walks over to sit with
Felicity.

INT OFFICE, MIDDAY

Donny enters DICTATOR STEELER's office. Steeler sits in a
wide office chair to accommodate his large frame and
'humble' southern ego.

STEELER
Donny! Come right in boy, have a
seat!

DONNY
Thanks John.

John Steeler begins assembling drinks for the two of them.
Felicity can be heard humming just outside the door.
Donny's head follows the noise and he smiles. Steeler
grunts, vying for attention.

STEELER
Sorry you got pestered by that ol'
crabapple outside. You know she
used to be my principal before all
this. Never missed a day. I don't
think an apocalypse can even keep
that woman down.

Donny gives a light snicker. Steeler sticks Donny's drink
in front of him with a frown.

STEELER (CONT'D)
One of those 'dark humor' types,
hmmm? Well, it might suit you,
giving your...situation. How is
that lil' fireball any-how?

DONNY

She's fine, just...a little tired.
I've been trying to get her to
take more naps, ya know?

STEELER

Hmmm. How about you, how you doin'
son?

DONNY

(pauses)

I-well, I dunno, I'm just-

Between a quick swig, Steeler slams his glass on the wooden desk.

STEELER

I'll stop you right there, son,
cause' you've started the sentence
wrong already. You say bad
thoughts, it means you been
thinkin' bad thoughts, hmmm?

Steeler begins pacing around the room. He then pauses by an open window.

STEELER (CONT'D)

Y'know I don't envy your position,
Donny. I never was a parent; can't
imagine what it's like with your
girl. All I remember before The
Craze was all these doctors and
their miracle pills for girls like
her. Sons of bitches made some
just to keep em' in their seats.
Now look at em'! Got the whole
world killin' each other and
stealin' our supplies!

Steeler takes a swig of his drink and sighs. His gaze falls on a portrait of a husky, bearded man hanging on the wall.

STEELER (CONT'D)

The Doc, he'd know what to do.
He's the only one of those brainy
cooks(coo-ks) worth a damn, in my
opinion.

Steeler gives a grunt and shakes his head.

STEELER (CONT'D)

Eh, say' lah-vee,(intentional
mispronounced), eh son?

(MORE)

STEELER (CONT'D)

Time for a subject change, your
startin' to bring me down with
this nonsense. How'd that
retrieval mission go, by the way?

Donny fiddles with his bandage.

DONNY

Oh...fine. She wasn't carrying any
stolen pills...we couldn't find
the gun, either...But we made it
out okay.

STEELER

Well, there ya' go! An upside! See
Donny, that's the kind of thinkin'
that keeps us sane. We don't need
no pills *tellin'* us how to feel.
It's a decision, ya' see, and
happy is always the right choice.
Happy, happy, happy, ya'
understand?

Donny nods, shrinking down in his chair. Steeler walks
over, then leans on the edge of his desk towards Donny.

STEELER (CONT'D)

And Donny your girl being an
Incidental...well, it means she's
spilt milk son. No use crying over
it, am I right?

Donny is frozen in sadness, staring blankly ahead.

FLASHBACK- INT MALL SHOPPING CENTER, FOOD COURT, EVENING

Donny holds a similar, sad stare, a little confusion mixed
in as well. He watches a food court TV perched in a corner.
According to the sliding news tag underneath, the president
was in another scandal, Healthcorp's stocks are through the
roof this quarter...but the night's top story is front in
center.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN

...over 99 children dead at Saint
Perdae middle school. Danny, can
you believe this?

NEWS ANCHORMAN (DANNY)

(phased)

No Tammy, this is *absolutely*
horrible...unbelievable. What
number are we even at this week?

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN(TAMMY)
Eight, I believe, this is the eighth incident of violence this week, not counting the Houston murders...which we are still waiting on updates for.

NEWS ANCHORMAN(DANNY)
Alright, well we'll give you all more as this develops. Coming up next we have Dr. Elizabeth Velpour on the show. She addresses some concern over health risks posed at Healthcorp products...

KAITLYN
Donny, look what Felicity's got for you!

Donny snaps out of his catatonic stare to see his wife KAITLYN, holding an infant Felicity and a crudely constructed Build-a-Bear. Donny pulls her in for a kiss.

DONNY
The stitching is kind of fucked up.

KAITLYN
(laughing)
Yeah well they stuck me with an infant bear. It's like 900 times harder to put the fuzz in. Felicity likes it, don't you sweetie?

As Kaitlyn pulls the bear in for her daughter, Felicity chucks the bear to the ground, giggling plenty. Donny and Kaitlyn laugh; Donny picks up the bear and the three walk out the food court down the mall's aisle. Everything is a scene of picturesque happiness. At the top of an escalator, a gruff, disheveled man announces himself.

CRAZED MAN
(shouting)
THEY'RE KILLING US ALL! THEY WON'T LISTEN! NONE OF US ARE LISTENING! NONE!

The entirety of the mall's crowd is silent, their eyes quickly darting toward this scary intrusion into their lives. The Crazy Man tugs at a shoulder strap, bringing a strapped assault rifle to the front of his chest. The

shopping center freezes in terror-until the man opens fire at a couple slowly ascending on the escalator.

Widespread panic ensues. The Crazy Man has every line of sight covered; he's dispersing bullets with deadly precision at civilians. No one seems safe, no vantage point provides adequate protection.

8 already lay dead; the Crazy Man shoots two teenagers crying in agony, adding to the list. He snarls, wiping sweat and tears from his bloodshot eyes, then reloads.

At this point, Donny and Kaitlyn are cowering behind a cell phone kiosk for cover. Donny pants heavily; Kaitlyn whines hysterically, watching bloodied bodies cry out and drop as the bullets whiz past.

KAITLYN

(screams)

Augh! Jesus, oh god, no, no!

The glass surrounding the kiosk shatters as a bullet clips Kaitlyn's shoulder. She drops Felicity to the ground with a worrying "thump". Felicity begins to cry more severely as her mother wails beside her. Donny stares, shell-shocked.

CRAZED MAN

(Screeching)

THEY CAN'T LISTEN! THEY'RE
POISONING US ALL. WE GOTTA KEEP
OURSELVES CLEAN! I NEED...TO CLEAN
US!

He fires again, catching Kaitlyn with another bullet. She now goes still. Donny's eyes are wet, his lips quivering as he watches his child crying beside her mother. The Crazy Man's footsteps approach. Donny impulsively lies down beside his wife.

Donny tries to contain his snivels as the Crazy Man enters beside his child.

CRAZED MAN (CONT'D)

No...they can't!...no... They got
the children...the fucking
children!

Donny opens his eyes; they clench shut quickly as a magazine drops beside his nose. Donny chooses this moment to spring into action.

Now standing, he hurls a fist at the Crazy Man, landing on his cheek. The man howls in pain, landing beside the shattered kiosk.

CRAZED MAN (CONT'D)
NO! WORKING FOR THEM! THE PILL
PEOPLE...HAVE YOU!

Before he can grip his assault rifle, Donny also throws a hand on the weapon. His other fist pounds the man's face furiously. Harder, faster. A few punches miss as the Crazy Man bucks his head about, scattering a few phones which screech when stimulated. Donny still punches, his bloodied fists worsening as the Crazy Man's screams slowly die off. Blood pools around the edge of his neck-it seems Donny was puncturing a few holes by forcing his head into the shattered glass.

Security guards now enter, weapons drawn, surrounding the killer. Donny is still throwing punches as they close in.

PRESENT TENSE-INT BEDROOM, NIGHT

Donny lies asleep in his covers. His eyes twitch-there's a crunching sound repeating outside. It's paced, deliberate. Tiny girl grunts echo from outside-to which, Donny springs up, alert and awake.

DONNY
(calls out)
Felicity? F-bomb? Hey...

Donny hustles around the house, checking room to room. No bed covers, table undersides, or hamper baskets house his daughter. He stops to shout after checking behind the living room couch.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Felicity! Answer me!

There's a sharp *ting!* outside. Donny finally confronts the front door and crosses his lawn.

Felicity is right outside, swinging a bat at the earth wildly.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Felicity! Hey! What are-

Donny gawks at the scene as he gets a closer look.

Felicity doesn't stop her action-which appears to be caving in a man's skull with an aluminum baseball bat.

DONNY (CONT'D)
(whispers, pained)
Felicity...

Felicity gives a final swing and only then stops to look into her father's eyes. She looks horrifying, hair even more unkempt, with a familiar, Crazy stare.

FELICITY
Daddy...daddy no, he...he had a
knife...he tried coming in here,
you were sleeping, Daddy!

DONNY
(begins to cry)
Felicity...sweetie, no...no...

Just then, a gaggle of neighbors exit their homes to get a look. There's hushed whispers, a few cries of shock.

NEIGHBOR
Call the guards! She's a Crazy!

Donny leaps upward, his tear filled eyes darting in disbelief. Two men come over.

OTHER NEIGHBOR 1
Here, get her legs, I got the bat.

Felicity growls and swings at them, whiffing the air. The two men fault a dodge or two, then thrust back in to grab her.

FELICITY
(screeching)
NO, DADDY, NO, DON'T LET THEM TAKE
ME! I'M NOT CRAZY, I'M NOT, I
SWEAR!

Felicity kicks as they carry her off. Donny aggressively tries to break the two men neighbors apart; another pair of neighbors restrain him as well.

DONNY
Stop, it was self defense! She
didn't mean to! Stop! STOP! She's
not crazy!

FELICITY
DADDY! HELP, DADDY!

Donny's struggle lessens as the neighbors continue to drag him away. He watches his daughter, kicking and screaming wildly as she's carried off.

INT. CRAZY HIVE ROOM NIGHT

A frail YOUNG CRAZY sprints with determination down a darkened corridor. He is light clothing is scarred and scratched; bloodshot eyes flinch as he turns a corner, as if his disillusioned mind half expects to hit it. Finally, he reaches a pair of doors that dwarf him in size. Cluttered noise barrels from the other side.

He struggles to fling them open, then rushes inside to the chaos.

Wall to wall, Crazies are seen yelling and hollering to each other, a few to no one at all. One Crazy in the hive slaps another, who growls and throws a punch back-it's as if violence is passed for simple greetings between them. All the while, three HOODED FIGURES sit on high from their thrones, watching the contained spectacle with interest.

The sprinting Young Crazy is disinterested with the rabble, approaching the throne and spilling his guts with all his might.

YOUNG CRAZY
(SCREAMING, FOR ALL TO
HEAR)

We have her! We have her! A little
killer, she is!

The Crazies all grow silent and turn to look at the three Hooded Figures rise from their chairs. The middle hooded figure, (HOOD 1), is the first to speak in snarled, vile tone.

HOOD 1
(demeaning)
Have who? Who do we have?

YOUNG CRAZY
The...girl...little red headed
girl! She killed! She's...

HOOD 1
(mumbled, mostly to
self)
...A Crazy. Felicity has gone
crazy.

HOOD 2
I knew it! I knew that little shit
wasn't a Happy one!

YOUNG CRAZY
NO! She killed Sam, with a
baseball bat! Bashed his skull in
like...

A few Crazies cheer and shout as the Young Crazy pantomimes
the brutality with his fists.

HOOD 3
Sam was MY scout! If she killed
Sam then-THEN SHE'S NOT JUST A
HAPPY ONE, SHE'S A DEAD HAPPY ONE!

There's even more cheers for Hood 3's sentiments. Hood 1
snarls and throws up his hands.

HOOD 1
IDIOTS! SHUT UP!

The room once again hushes down, a few jittered whispers
sprinkled about.

HOOD 1 (CONT'D)
The girl was an Incidental, for a
long time! If she's just
turned...that means others were
there...to keep her happy. Hrmmm.

HOOD 3
So what then?! Do we kill her or
not?!

A few crazies screech and murmur their agreement.

HOOD 2
How do we know she's turned for
sure? What if she's still a happy
one?

A few more crazies frantically stomp their feet and hiss at
the sentence.

Hood 1 is meanwhile frantically scratching his fingers, as
if trying to brush off dried paint chips that aren't there.

HOOD 1
No! The girl must turn...however
possible! We cannot allow another
one of those...Happies in our
midst! I think we might have a
way...

EXT. OUTSIDE ADMINISTRATIVE/JAILHOUSE BUILDING, MORNING

Donny crouches behind a thick layer of shrubbery outside the jailhouse; he was quick enough to avoid the eyesight of two passing guards. Donny watches them cross the yard, visibly relieved and anxious to continue sneaking across behind them.

He crosses, the entrance to a shabby, cruel looking jailhouse just ahead. Unfortunately, he hasn't acquired enough stealth to go unnoticed- Malcolm spots Donny, walking side by side with Dictator Steeler. Steeler shakes his head.

STEELER

Oh don't tell me I gotta' lock up
another one. That's the fifth
Incidental this month.

DONNY

No, no please I was so...so close.

Donny falters, looking like he's about to collapse from dramatic shock. Malcolm quickly hurries to catch him.

MALCOLM

Donny, it's okay, man. I'm here.

STEELER

We know you're here, Malcolm, you
were scheduled to be. Donny, you
were not. I told you to come by
tomorrow, boy!

DONNY

Please, John...Mr. Steeler,
please! Some people they just
snap, they just turn...Felicity
needs me.

STEELER

And I need you to follow orders or
I'll lock you up with her!

MALCOLM

John, come on man. I'll watch him.
He's in and out in 5, I promise.

Steeler seems furious...but waves his hand in the direction of the jailhouse.

STEELER

(grumbled, angry)

5 fuckin' minutes...can't believe
this. I need a drink.

Steeler begins to walk away. Malcolm pats Donny and ushers him inside the jailhouse.

INT. JAILHOUSE, MORNING

Donny and Malcolm walk down the jailhouse walls-although an actual jail it most certainly wasn't. The somber darkness of the room is contrasted with happy pictures of cartoon dogs painted along the foyer. The dog kennels bump occasionally, containing a few unhinged human prisoners. These prisoners all stare at Donny in awe, silently.

Felicity was designated an entire play area in the far right corner. Although spacious for her size, she still sits imprisoned behind very crudely fashioned sheet metal. Donny stops a few yards away, watching her. His daughter is leaned up against the back wall, tossing a chewed up rubber ball against her bars, catching it, then dully repeating the process.

MALCOLM

She's been like this since we
dropped her off. Isn't saying
anything.

Donny nodded, heaving a sigh. Then, walks over to his daughter.

DONNY

Felicity...

Felicity perks up and crawls over to her father. Her fingers prick out along the cells openings and Donny lightly grasps them. Felicity's eyes are open and wild; she searches her father's face.

FELICITY

Daddy?

DONNY

Yeah F-bomb. I'm here.

FELICITY

(breaks down, sobbing
panting)

Daddy, I had to! I had to do it!
He was outside the window, he did
this...you were sleeping, you
didn't see it!

Felicity is frantically pantomiming someone slitting her throat open.

DONNY
I believe you, Felicity. I'm here.

EXT. JAILHOUSE YARD, MORNING.

Donny exits with Malcolm to find Dictator Steeler outside, drink in hand.

STEELER
She tell you much?

DONNY
Only that it's not her fault. I believe her.

STEELER
Yeah well I wanna go with numbers on this one, Don. *Four* witnesses say Felicity was screaming outside, nothin' from the guy she killed. Our guards found no weapon either, so motive is kind of blank at this point.

MALCOLM
Who's the guy she...you know.

STEELER
His name was Sam Bertle. He's got a wife, she says he's been taking nightly jogs to relieve some stress. Didn't know him to be a harmful man.

Donny shakes his head and shuffles.

DONNY
Sir, I know she did this for a reason. Felicity would never-

STEELER
That's not the point Donny! The point is no one is surprised by an Incidental acting out, 'cept you! Now a man is dead 'cuz of her! We can't let her go off the handle again!

Steeler pulls Donny in close. Donny looks angered at his response.

STEELER (CONT'D)

...and who knows if her father is next, hmmm? Look, I got a proposition for ya'. You may not like it, but it's what the other Dictators and I have come to. You go find the Doc for Felicity and yourself. Get better, Donny. Then bring him back here for Felicity...or else.

Donny turns to look at the Jailhouse, where someone is heard screaming inside.

DONNY

I-I can't leave her! She's a little girl, John, she needs me!

MALCOLM

John, come on. The Coo Coo Nest is a big place, we wouldn't even know where to-

STEELER

That's all I got for ya. We'll hold her in here while you're gone. Otherwise, we're convening again for another vote-I don't think your gunna like the results, Don.

Donny looks to be on the verge of tears. Steeler shakes his head.

STEELER (CONT'D)

You got a week, here and back. Malcolm, get him outta here.

Donny and Malcolm exit the premises. Donny pants heavily, his fists shaking; his behavior appears to be anything from anger, sadness, or a variety of other negative emotions.

EXT. COURTHOUSE, MIDDAY

Eddy sits on a park bench next to a scantily clad PROSTITUTE. Eddy has a worried look, watching the front doors of the Courthouse. The woman huffs in aggravation.

PROSTITUTE

So, can I go now?

EDDY

Hold on, he'll be out any minute.

PROSTITUTE

I'm banging this other guy? I thought you paid for you.

EDDY

I did.

PROSTITUTE

So? Why am I still here?

EDDY

Well I don't know *exactly* how long they'll be. Do you think that port-o-potty over there holds us both?

The Prostitute makes a disgusted face and rises to walk away. Eddy rises as well, seeing Donny and Malcolm walk out a side entrance instead of the front. He takes one more look at the Prostitute, shrugs, and crosses over to Donny.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Hey, Donny, how'd it go?

DONNY

You're a shit lookout. That's how it went.

Malcolm rolls his eyes and backs a little further away from Donny.

MALCOLM

(TO Donny)

Look man, I'd love to help you but...we have orders. I'm sorry.

EDDY

Okay *bad-cop*, so a jailbreak is out of the question. What's the plan Don? Is Felicity...?

DONNY

She's...I don't know. Steeler wants me to find The Doc, see if he can treat her.

Donny pushes past the two, stomping down the street.

EDDY

(to Malcolm)

The Doc? That guy might as well be living with the Tooth Fairy! What happens if he doesn't-

MALCOLM
-the Council.

EDDY
Ohhhhhh...

Eddy and Malcolm quickly jog over to join Donny as he continues to aggressively stride down the street.

MALCOLM
Donny, where you going?

Donny strolls faster, entering a marketplace with a bustling crowd around him. Malcom and Eddy aren't deterred, shoving past people to talk.

EDDY
Donny, come on man, just talk to us! Where you going?

DONNY
(sharply)
Home.

MALCOLM
Why, man?

DONNY
I'm getting Felicity out of there, one way or another.

EDDY
Whoah, Donny! I'm not a buzzkiller usually, but you're gunna get either buzzed or killed when you walk back there all Rambo!

MALCOLM
Donny, he's right man! Donny stop!

Malcolm finally grabs his arms and pins him against a nearby shop wall. Donny shoves him back.

DONNY
Get off!

MALCOLM
Donny, they're gunna lock you up right beside Felicity? Is that what you want?

DONNY
Yes, I do! I need to be with her, she needs her dad!

EDDY

Donny, she needs him to pull his head out his ass! Look Donny...If she's dangerous, maybe it's good she's alone, right? Kind of like a big, time-out behavior adjustment thing. We can go find this Doc guy and-

DONNY

No...I can't leave her...no...

Donny begins to stumble down the street. His eyes catch a selection of the crowd, moving as a unit to get a better look around the commotion. One accidentally bumps into his shoulder.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Hey! Watch-

Donny can't finish, not after seeing the sight in the market square.

Part of the crowd is dragging an elderly man and his belongings, a paintbrush and an artist's paint board. The crowd treats him more harshly than Felicity, throwing punches and pushing him to the center where he is yelled at.

CROWD MEMBER 1

There's children living around here, you sick bastard!

CROWD MEMBER 2

Throw him in the Coo Coo's Nest!

CROWD MEMBER 3

Kill him now! He's too dangerous!

Donny stares awestruck; he sees everything in slow motion, a blurred re-occurrence of last night. The townspeople pick up the man and give him a few good kicks. He is too weak and too outnumbered to defend from any of them. Donny suddenly rushes into the crowd, tearing the man's aggressors off him.

DONNY

Stop! STOP! What did he do? WHAT DID HE DO?

The crowd grows silent, as Donny stands between them and the old man. That is, until one young female speaks up.

YOUNG FEMALE

He drew THAT, last night! Look at it!

Donny does look at it, placed across the street and taking up an entire building wall.

It's an equivocal piece. Strewn across the dark blacks, reds, and yellows is a herd of person's bleeding and suffering under a score of boots trampling overhead. The depictions of victims vary, from children, women, men, some naked, some clothed only by other bodies piled on top. In the center of a piece kneels a man, his visage shrouded under a combat helmet. He appears to be rummaging one of the corpses.

Donny's eyes are glued and wide-eyed to the painting. A large shopkeeper tries to snap him out of it.

SHOPKEEPER

No sane person draws something like that. He was outside this morning, mumbling to himself. Sure sounded like Crazy talk, if I've ever heard it.

The crowd murmurs in agreement. Donny kneels down to the man's level.

DONNY

Why'd you paint that? What's it mean?

The old man sheepishly peers past Donny towards the crowd-Donny is the only one holding a sympathetic look.

OLD MAN

It's...it's my unit. Back in Mai Lai-

YOUNG FEMALE

What the hell is Mai Lai? He's talking Crazy again-

DONNY

SHHHH! ...go ahead.

OLD MAN

In Vietnam, they had us do a recon mission. They were good people...that boy...name was Chu Hai, I think. He was my friend.

Donny takes another look in the center-Chu Hai's face is the most disturbed, most vividly drawn of them all.

DONNY

What are you doing? With Chu Hai?

OLD MAN

(begins to cry)

I'm...I'm saying...I'm sorry. He had a necklace...I was trying to give it back...to his mother...but she...she was...

The old man weeps. Donny slowly brings him to his feet and begins to usher him out of the crowd's grasp.

SHOPKEEPER

Hey, where you going with him?
That man is unstable!

DONNY

(Turns head, meets
Shopkeeper's eyes)

If you can't look at a fucking painting without wanting to kill a man, you're all unstable. Move.

Donny continues to push out the crowd with the man weeping on his shoulder. Eddy and Malcom are waiting for him, witnessing everything.

DONNY (CONT'D)

(To Eddy and Malcolm)

I'm getting the Doc. For Felicity...for everybody. You two coming with?

MALCOLM

(solemnly)

I...yeah, I guess so. Anything for you, man.

EDDY

Hell yeah, let's go make a house call!

The two help Donny carry the old man down the street.

INT. DONNY'S HOUSE, THEN MALCOLM, AND EDDY'S

(Simultaneous action,
split screen and quick
cuts)

At desolate neighborhood signpost, Donny splits off from Malcolm and Eddy, who themselves split off from each other.

Donny grabs his bag and armored uniform on his bedside; before he rushes out the door, a photograph of Felicity is given a smooch.

Malcolm is already dressed, standing by his front door ready to leave. LUCRETIA, a tall, thin curly headed woman he calls his wife, enters to kiss him goodbye.

MALCOLM
I'm coming back.

LUCRETIA
(weakly smiles)
You better.

They embrace one last time before Malcolm exits.

Eddy is loosely dressed in a wife beater and pair of underpants. Wading through a small puddle of beer cans around his bed, he stops at a mirror to admire his clothing selections. Either a black T-shirt saying "I'm the Bomb-.com" with plain jeans, or a bright red T-shirt with the band "Sex Pistols" and a pair of brown cargo shorts.

He tries out the second outfit, only to discover the shirt is far too tiny and the shorts have a very noticeable tear around the crotch area. Eddy tries closing his legs to entrap the hole to closing-the pants rip further.

EDDY
Okay, fine.

He changes then leaves with the first array of clothing and a small backpack.

EXT. CITY GATE, AFTERNOON

Donny, Malcolm, and Eddy approach a Shale city's gate; two GUARDS and Dictator Steeler wait by the opening. Next to them is an assortment of equipment.

STEELER
(to Donny)
You're doin' the right thing here,
boy. Good luck.

Donny simply tears off his bandage from earlier and tosses it to the side.

MALCOLM
Is this what we get?

Malcolm motions to the crate of equipment. It sports 2 shotguns, a pistol, water canisters for each of them, 3 sandwiches, and a tiny bottle of aspirin.

STEELER

Yup. Should last y'all through the week. I wanna see it all accounted for when I get back.

Eddy begins grabbing his share and waves a sandwich about.

EDDY

This too, big guy?

STEELER

Yeah, if you can. Smart ass.

Eddy reaches into his backpack pocket; he winks, then opens a beer.

DONNY

John. Can you keep an eye on Felicity for me? Please? Tell her I love her...and I'll be back?

STEELER

No problem, Donny. You just focus on finding that Doc. We'll hold off on Felicity...but you hurry now, ya hear?

MALCOLM

Gotcha. We'll tell him you said hello.

STEELER

Eh, just tell him you need him. Doc and I, we didn't leave on that great of terms. Just bring him back okay for me, boys.

The three of them strap their equipment to various sleeves and pouches, then make for the front gate. The two GUARDS on standby step aside to open them into the Coo Coo's Nest.

Donny turns back as the gates close behind him and sighs...then jogs to walk with Eddy and Malcolm.

