

REVELATIONS

by

Vance L. Mellen

Vance L. Mellen  
Mellenhead Productions  
2047 N. Racine Ave.  
Chicago, IL 60614

E-mail: [kvmellen@hotmail.com](mailto:kvmellen@hotmail.com)

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

PREACHER WILLIAM BUBB (40) is at a picnic. Lovely, sunny little country church with graveyard on a nearby hillside. A dozen parishioners eat their chicken and biscuits happily in the summer. An old man stares lewdly at a little girl. A CHURCH MARM flirts with the Preacher.

PREACHER (V.O.)

The Book of Bill, chapter 1; verse 1: In the beginning of the end was the Preacher. He beheld the light divided from darkness. We are all animals, sinners. Fight, eat, sexual intercourse. God has revealed your secret parts to me. I know you all.

Sees ants crawling in his Barbecue sauce. He goes ahead and slathers it on a steak anyway. A YOUNG WOMAN (30) hugs an OLDER WOMAN (60). They exchange knowing looks, smiles. Some sort of inside joke that the Preacher doesn't get. Young woman looks to Preacher.

YOUNG WOMAN

Are you ready, Reverend Bubb?

PREACHER

For what?

OLDER WOMAN

(disturbed)

Don't you know?

Young woman walks off, disgusted.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Outwardly, these are whited sepulchers, but their innards are deadmen's bones. Hypocrites all. Let us all burn. Curse us with boils--with the plagues. Humble us. God damn them all. I beg you. God damn us all. A prophecy: it will be over soon.

Preacher sees a bald, emaciated white head staring out of his church basement window. He is perplexed. He excuses himself from a conversation with a church marm. He walks to the church.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Preacher Bubba enters the church, unseals the basement door. Goes down.

BASEMENT - The only source of light: A window, obscured by pageant props and Christmas garnishes. Preacher goes towards it, whispering:

PREACHER

Who's there?

The back corner of the basement is empty. Preacher turns and stares out grimy windows. THE PREACHER SEES:

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The picnic table sheets have blown away. Plates of chicken, decomposed. Deflated crispy old balloons. Flies.

PREACHER (V.O.)

This is the story of why I got left behind.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (SERIES OF SHOTS) - DAY

BEGIN CREDITS

Signs of the rapture: the landscape is empty. Abandoned cars. Junk yards, abandoned houses. Stubble fields. Tractors stopped in the midst of harvesting.

Preacher stares out of the window.

EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAWN

Preacher steps over graves behind the church. They have been dug up months ago it seems. He inspects them, curious. Looking inside the deep graves he sees open coffins.

He hears a RUSTLING and MOANING (O.S.) in the cornfield.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAWN

He slips between the cornrows, walks in deeper. Hears the sounds of sex, Louder. Guttural, angry, full of spit.

Preacher gets down on his knees, crawls in the dirt and pulls apart the cornstalks.

A couple kisses, makes awkward, filthy love in the corn. Both are wearing formal wear. An ancient Tuxedo, a long white wedding dress. Preacher adjusts to get a better look.

The woman turns to look at the Preacher. The man turns too.

They are yellow-skinned zombies, fat and loose green veins showing through peeling cheeks. Preacher runs, terrified. Stumbles backward into an open grave. The coffin lid falls shut on him. He panics, pounding on the lid.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS -DAY

Preacher wanders the earth. Visits abandoned houses. Checks the electric meters: Nothing. Mailboxes full of old mail, water running in a sink. Puts his hand on the faucet knob but doesn't turn it off. Finds a business card wedged in a front door.

INSERT DOG-EARED BUSINESS CARD:

Picture of KEVLAR (23), handsome, smiling. "Call Kevlar for Insurance against the End Times. Make the most of being left behind."

Preacher visits more empty houses and sticks bright red fluorescent dots on the top of each door mantle.

He walks towards a country crossroads a mile away. Sees a green pickup driving through in the far distance. He runs towards the crossroad waving his arms, jumping frantically.

PREACHER

Hey! Wait!

The pickup drives on through the empty plains in a tiny cloud of dust.

EXT. BACK WOODS TRAILER - DAY

TREVOR (4) a dirty little kid plays in front of a wasted trailer, on blocks. Preacher knocks on the door.

FAT WOMAN (O.S.)

Get the hell out!

PREACHER

It's Preacher Bubb.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Preacher Bubb? I thought you were that damned insurance salesman.

INT. FAT LADIES' TRAILER - DAY

Trevor follows Preacher inside. A very small battery powered TV is on near her bed.

Small and faint on the screen:

INSERT TV: Insurance selling young man, hypnotic eyes, charismatic, (KEVLAR) is shaking and quivering, selling his "Insurance against the end times."

A kerosene heater belches yellow fumes. Preacher covers his mouth and nose from the stench.

FAT WOMAN  
(To kid)  
Get out!

She lays in the back, filling half of the trailer.

She rolls part way up and crams her huge hand into a drawer by the kitchen sink that is full of crusted dishes, floating insects. Pulls out a rotten yellowed rag and a rubber turkey basting syringe. Tosses them at the foot of the bed.

FAT WOMAN:  
Sit down. Relax.

Preacher ignores the rag, paces nervously.

FAT WOMAN  
Where you been?

PREACHER  
I don't want it today. Diseases are in everything. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

FAT WOMAN  
Don't worry Preacher. You're still a virgin. Use the rag and tell me how my flesh sickens you. You bring my food?

PREACHER  
The church is empty! Everyone's gone. There's no tithes. Gluttony is a sin! A deadly sin.

FAT WOMAN  
Keep preaching. It makes me hot.

Preacher stops pacing, looks at a picture hanging on the wood paneling.

INSERT PICTURE: Two smiling young boys. One with obvious downs syndrome has his arm over the shoulder of another. Both wear Boyscoutish uniforms.

PREACHER

Your lust and idleness repulses me.  
I'm not feeding you anymore. You  
or your spawn. I'm going on a  
retreat. You won't see me again.

FAT WOMAN

Oh, I'll see you again. You want  
to see them? I'm looking good. I  
lost some weight.

She starts pulling her nightgown down over her shoulders.  
Kid peeps up through the window. She throws an empty gallon  
jar of frosting at the window.

FAT WOMAN

Trevor! Get the hell out.

PREACHER

Where did everyone go?

FAT WOMAN

Gone.

PREACHER

Where?

FAT WOMAN

We weren't invited. You warned us.  
We'll have to repopulate the earth  
together. No more rags for you.  
Come over here.

She lunges for the Preacher. Catches hold of his belt.

EXT. BACK WOODS TRAILER - DAY

Preacher staggers out of the trailer with his shirt torn,  
holding up his pants, half crying. He wretches, can't puke.

PREACHER

(screams at Trevor)  
No more food for you, dirty  
little... You can blame your  
mother for that.

(MORE)

I curse you both with famine! I  
resign you to hell! Start praying  
because I wash my hands of you.

Little Trevor looks on, unconcerned.

EXT. BACK ROADS - DAY

KEVLAR, the insurance salesman, sticks his head out of the  
window.

KEVLAR  
You need a ride?

Preacher ignores him, keeps walking in a daze.

KEVLAR  
Get in, I'll take you where you're  
going. Shouldn't be wandering the  
road. People'll think you're  
trying to create trouble.

PREACHER  
I'm a Preacher!

KEVLAR  
Preachers cause troubles too. Get  
in.

Preacher gets in.

INT. KEVLAR'S CAR - DUSK

They drive the country roads. Kevlar's dash board is  
decorated with a Mary statue with head bobbing.

KEVLAR  
You going to try to convert me?

PREACHER  
I'm not trying to convert anyone.  
Unless God led me to you.

KEVLAR  
I don't want you preaching at me.

PREACHER  
If he tells me to convert you, I  
will.

KEVLAR  
I'll never go for it. I'm one evil  
son-of-a-bitch. You smoke?

Kevlar pushes in his dashboard cigarette lighter. Preacher folds his hands to his forehead and silently prays.

KEVLAR

You depressed?

PREACHER

Praying.

KEVLAR

You praying for me?

Preacher shakes his head.

KEVLAR

You buy my insurance and no form of damnation can prosper against you! Here.

Kevlar hands Bubb his card:

INSERT CARD: "Insurance Against the End Times."

KEVLAR

I'm Kevlar. Insurance salesman. You know there's all sorts of insurances, Preacher... What's your name Preacher?

PREACHER

Reverend Bubb.

KEVLAR

There's sure a lot of you preachers left over. You must be evil or something.

PREACHER

No.

KEVLAR

(teasing)  
Yes, you are.

PREACHER

I'm not. I used to be.

KEVLAR

I've sold to a lot of preachers.

PREACHER

Insurance keeps God's children from repenting.

(MORE)

How can they suffer for their sins if a fire, flood, or even a popped tire doesn't bother them? He's got no way to punish them. Blunts the sword of justice. Besides, I can't afford it anyway.

Preacher tries to force the card back in Kevlar's fingers. Kevlar moves his hand away.

KEVLAR

No. Doesn't take money. If you get out, you sign all earthly goods over to me. Anybody left is in the lottery to win the leftovers. You're insured against damnation. Recruit your congregation and you get your cut too. I'll make you a rich man.

Cigarette lighter POPS out.

PREACHER

God will consume us all in a fiery furnace.

KEVLAR

I didn't say anything about God. I'm offering you a chance to get rich. I've got infomercials all over the plains. I'm into something really big. If I had me a preacher behind me, I could really sell.

PREACHER

Mammon? I don't want your filthy lucre... I want salvation. I'll speak a parable unto you... A preacher came unto a fat woman to satisfy his lusts. He tried to repent but she pursued him. He condemned her child to death! All right? Better a millstone were hung about his neck.

KEVLAR

Must've been an evil little shit to be left behind with us, Padre.

PREACHER

I'm not meant to be here with people like you.

KEVLAR

You'll have to do some serious penance to get out. Start by spraying my Mary here. She could use a cleaning.

Kevlar pulls some cleaner from under his seat. Hands it to the Preacher with a wad of newspaper. Preacher sprays the Mary. Before he can wipe it, Kevlar pulls out the cigarette lighter, touches it to the foam. The whole front window goes up in flames.

KEVLAR

Yeah! Yeah! Go baby, burn!

Preacher panics and tries to put out the ball of flaming newspaper. Kevlar laughs maniacally. The station wagon drives down the road, dashboard blazing.

They SLAM into a Zombie on the road.

PREACHER

Good lord! You killed him. Stop the car. I'll heal him.

KEVLAR

Been dead for years. I hit four or five of them a night. Corn-fed zombies. Pop like ticks. They're coming out now. Golden hour. Got some place we can hole up?

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - DUSK

Zombie cries in the setting sun.

ZOMBIE 1

Oh, God it hurts. Please forgive me my sins.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DUSK

Preacher and Kevlar fortify the church, tearing apart church pews and nailing the boards over windows. Kevlar finds a stained pair of huge pink lacy women's underwear.

KEVLAR

What's this?

PREACHER

I found them on the highway.

Kevlar doesn't believe him.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CISTERN - NIGHT

The sun has set behind the church.

ON TOP OF THE CHURCH: Preacher shimmies up and out through the tight bell tower. He drops the knotted rope from the bell tower out off to the side of the church, climbs down.

Alone on ground, he looks into the corn fields past the cemetery. The dry stalks SCRATCH together in the breeze.

Preacher runs over to a large cistern thirty yards from the church. He looks down into the blackness, water far below. It is deep, dark, rot floating.

Preacher pulls the yellowed rag stuffed in his crotch -- the one the Fat Woman gave him. He throws the rag into the cistern. Pulls the lacy underwear from his shirt, tosses it too. They drift down and settle on the black foamy water.

FROM THE CHURCH:

Kevlar peeps out at the Preacher through a crack in a window.

OUTSIDE:

Preacher Bubba climbs back up the bell rope as fast as he can.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

Kevlar sits smoking in the dark church. A lantern lights the chapel. A window SHATTERS. They hear GIGGLING outside. Zombies claw at the outside of the church. Their bloated faces stare through cracks in the windows.

Preacher is praying, hanging upside down, cross-like. He pulls on a rope, levers rise him and thump his bloody head gently on the wood floor. We hear the prayer IN HIS HEAD.

PREACHER (V.O.)

God, I'm ready to come home to your loving arms. I need to feel your barrel chest again. I want to put my hands in your white beard, dear Father. Remember me? I've been a team player. I want out now.

ZOMBIE VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
Preacher! Who you got in there  
with you?

Kevlar looks up from his porn magazine.

KEVLAR  
Shut up bastards, I'm trying to  
concentrate!

ZOMBIE VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
What're you two doing?

PREACHER  
Burn that magazine. God will only  
protect us if we're righteous, son.

KEVLAR  
You'd better believe that I can  
protect myself, Preacher. I know  
ju jitsu, but I don't want to roll  
around with those cretins. They  
fall apart on you. Get juice all  
on you.

Kevlar goes to windows. Makes mocking faces at the zombies.  
Sprays his cleaner through the window into the face of a  
zombie. Ignites it with a lighter, makes a blowtorch.  
Zombie cries in pain.

ZOMBIE VOICE 3  
(crying)  
Good lord! What did I ever do to  
you? I just wanted to watch!

KEVLAR  
Pathetic assholes. Spineless. Get  
a job and leave me the hell alone!  
Losers. What are you doing  
Preacher?

PREACHER  
If you pray in strange fashions  
he'll turn his eye on you like a  
boy puts his magnifying glass to an  
ant. Burn me pure, God. Accept my  
sacrifices.

FLASHBACK:

Preacher is standing in the middle of a road, frozen.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Book of Bill, chapter 2, verse 6.  
A parable: a man stood in the same  
place for two years. He was  
supposed to be damned. It messed  
up God's time tables so bad that  
God couldn't chain him with new  
sins. Throw a wrench in His plans,  
He'll manifest Himself. Part the  
heavens like a scroll to reveal his  
face. Send angels to get me moving  
again.

RETURN TO SCENE

Kevlar walks closer to the sweating Preacher, hanging upside  
down, in leather horse riggings.

KEVLAR

God doesn't know you.

PREACHER

On the entire face of the earth  
there's only a few millions of  
people praying at this moment.  
Maybe only a few million *left*. I  
reckon that out to them, I'm the  
only one on earth praying like  
this. God has to pay attention.  
God hear my prayers!

ZOMBIE VOICES OUTSIDE (O.S.)

Kinky, Preacher! Preacher's got  
hissself' an altar boy. Send your  
boy out here and we'll promise to  
leave you alone, Preacher.

Car horn HONKS. Kevlar rushes to the window.

KEVLAR

Get away from that car, damned  
zombie! I know the Devil. I'll  
call him up from the pit to scald  
you if you don't get away from that  
car.

A rocks SLAMS on the outside of the church.

PREACHER

Put that lantern out. They're  
attracted to the light, even though  
they can't bear it.

Kevlar puts it out.

KEVLAR

If you're such a righteous preacher  
why don't you save me?

PREACHER

I wish to God I could get out of  
here. I've suffered so long.

KEVLAR

Wouldn't it be nice to be like the  
nulluses out there, Preacher? Give  
up all choice, lose all hope, no  
emotions? You try too hard. Just  
sniff a little ether and rot in  
front of the TV.

INSERT: PREACHER'S VISION - three cross-like telephone poles  
on the plains.

BACK TO SCENE

PREACHER

I think he's coming for me. Is  
that you God? It's him! He sees  
me!

Kevlar cuts the rope when Preacher isn't looking. The  
Preacher crashes to the ground, bashing his head. Weeps,  
frustrated.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Preacher and Kevlar sleep on old pews in the church basement.  
There is a SCRATCHING coming from behind the basement wall  
near the Preacher's head. He stares at the wall, can't  
sleep.

Kevlar SNORES.

Zombie faces stare quietly through boarded basement windows.

INT./EXT. ABANDONED HOUSES - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Preacher goes through an abandoned house, gathering goods.  
He pulls bottles of pills, creams, elixirs from a bathroom  
medicine cabinet, empties them into a pail.

OUTSIDE:

Kevlar attaches a small hauling trailer to the back of his station wagon. Preacher loads it with blankets. Kevlar steals a battery from an old truck in a shed.

PREACHER

Why did you tell those zombies that you knew the Devil?

KEVLAR

I do know him. I've got big things going, Preacher. You got no concept of what I'll accomplish.

PREACHER

(intrigued)  
Is that so?

CUT TO:

INSIDE: Preacher pulls canned food off kitchen shelves. Kevlar scrounges for porn mags, picks up a dictionary, Thumbs through.

INSERT: Kevlar runs his finger to the word "Bubb"

KEVLAR (cont'd)

If you find me laying around dead soon I want you to know who did it. God's been creeping around here. He's going to try to get a piece of my action. All I can say is, if I die I want you to know who did it - His people did it. God's jealous of me.

PREACHER

But you don't believe in God.

KEVLAR

Damn right!

Kevlar is on the roof, he throws down a TV antennae. Puts an old black and white TV in the back of the trailer.

ANOTHER HOUSE:

It is a country doctor's house. Kevlar picks up a stethoscope lying in a pile of doctor's whites. Puts it in a box of chemicals, paints, thinner. Preacher breaks a lock and collects hundreds of pill bottles from the cabinet. Kevlar wheels the goods out to his car in a wheelchair.

INSIDE:

Preacher looks over a picture of the doctor and wife on a dresser in a bedroom.

PREACHER

You cheated on her and they still  
let YOU go.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Preacher gathers all of the rocks and bricks laying outside of the church. He dumps them in his cistern. Turns to see Kevlar.

Kevlar is on the roof setting up the antennae. He yanks out the cross, pushes in the antennae in it's place. He spreads his arms over the antennae and feigns crucifixion, laughs.

PREACHER

Blasphemer! In the name of  
Jehovah, I call down lightening  
upon you!

Kevlar looks frightened a moment, looks up to the sky. Nothing. He laughs at Preacher Bubb.

PREACHER

They who mock shall mourn.

Preacher is disappointed, slumps to the ground with his feet hanging over the edge of the cistern.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Kevlar hooks the antennae to the TV, wired to a bank of ten car batteries and transformers. TV fires up faintly. A picture flickers in and out.

KEVLAR

Check it out.

Faintly, the sounds of sex and static are heard on the TV. It is a scrambled porn station. Occasionally a breast shows through the scrambling. Kevlar laughs.

KEVLAR

Look at it! I haven't seen any  
good teats in months. Women are  
more righteous I guess. Most got  
taken up.

PREACHER

Turn that off. I won't have it in the chapel.

KEVLAR

Loosen up Preacher. It'll do you some good.

Kevlar pours paint thinner into a paper sack, holds it to his face, breathes.

Preacher storms over and yanks out the TV plug. He raises the TV over his head to smash it when Kevlar wrestles it from his hands.

KEVLAR

It's mine!

PREACHER

Get out! This is a house of God. I want your trash out of here.

KEVLAR

You'll never survive without me.

PREACHER

God will protect me! He left me behind for a purpose.

KEVLAR

Preacher Bubb. I know what you are. You're a zero! Nothing at all. God forgot you long ago.

PREACHER

Where did you learn that?

KEVLAR

What?

PREACHER

Who told you my middle name?

KEVLAR

Zero? You see! I knew it. God told me. I'm a prophet. I command you to kiss my ass.

Kevlar drops his pants. Moons Preacher.

PREACHER

In the house of God? Get out!

Kevlar climbs a ladder to the attic and bell tower. Kevlar grabs the rope. The bell RINGS.

KEVLAR

Whoops! They know you're in here now. They'll be coming. God's got more important things on his hands than to deal with you, Zero.

Preacher looks small and pathetic below in the chapel.

PREACHER

God loves all his children.

KEVLAR

His whole plan has fallen to shit. You think he's worried about little you?

PREACHER

You don't know of what you speak. Please repent, son. God is all powerful. He knows when a sparrow falls.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

Preacher Bubb hears Kevlar SNORING in the rafters. Voices taunt outside the church. Hands claw at the walls. Bruised, embalmed faces stare through the cracks in the boards.

ZOMBIE VOICE 4

Preacher. What are you two doing in there? I can see you.

ZOMBIE VOICE 3

You boys are way too repressed. Let's see a little action in there.

ZOMBIE VOICE 1

Won't you let a few perverts join your church?

ZOMBIE VOICE 2

(whispers)

Please Preacher, come and heal me. I want you to lay your hands on my crotch. It's all swollen!

Zombies giggle. Preacher reaches into his pail of pills, he splashes a handful through the crack in the window.

He hears a frenzy of SCRATCHING AND SQUEALING as zombies claw each other over the pills.

Bubb pulls a blanket over the window crack.

Kevlar's SNORING staggers a moment, resumes.

Preacher sneaks into the chapel. He turns on the TV. Turns its HISS down fast. Looks to the attic. After a moment he sits back on a pew. Gets up to readjust some tinfoil on the antennae on the TV.

INSERT TV: Scrambled porn.

Close on Bubb's face as he watches. His eyes flash bigger and his breathing starts every time he can make out a few frames of unscrambled breasts.

IN THE ATTIC:

Kevlar fake snores between stifled laughs.

KEVLAR

Preacher, be careful or the  
Devil'll get to you.

Preacher scrambles to turn off the TV. Covers himself with a blanket.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Book of Bill, chapter 6, verse 14  
If you lay a hand on your own  
loins, my demons possess your body.  
They jump in and out by legions.  
Such demons never had bodies  
before. They want to feel through  
your body vicariously.

Preacher sleeps.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Preacher and Kevlar drive past abandoned farm houses.

KEVLAR

Do you believe in the Devil?

PREACHER

Yes.

KEVLAR

You believe in the Devil! You're  
damned for sure then.

PREACHER

Wait! No. You're putting words in my mouth. I mean I believe he exists. I don't worship him.

KEVLAR

Well you're about to see him. My friend Wrath owns the Devil.

PREACHER

No one "owns" the Devil.

KEVLAR

You'll see. This guy is so awesome! Calls himself Wrath. He's so evil he'd make a corpse shit his pants! Even the Devil's afraid of Wrath. I remember in High School, I saw Wrath driving once. No one with him. He's driving down the road and I see him mash his head on the steering wheel. Wham!

(acts it out, almost  
bashing his head)

He wasn't doing it to impress me. He didn't even see me. Now that's cool.

They arrive at Wrath's factory.

In Wrath's factory yard: sculptures of raping phallus, and syringe stabbing the earth. Preacher notes a small one-foot-tall cross burned black, planted upside-down.

KEVLAR

Here you're not a preacher. Get it? If he finds out you're a preacher he'll kill us.

PREACHER

I can't deny I'm Christian.

KEVLAR

You are about to meet the Devil. His people will be threatened if you aren't sickly looking. Do you want to see the Devil or not?

PREACHER

I want to.

KEVLAR

I'll make you a zombie. Here,  
we'll call you Zero. Zero the  
zombie.

Kevlar bites a blood bag and oozes a bit out, smears it in a circle around Preacher's eyes. Slaps him hard on both cheeks. Preacher recoils.

KEVLAR

Here.

Kevlar grabs a few of the Preacher's nose hairs and rips them out. Preacher yells.

INT. WRATH'S FACTORY - DAY

Kevlar and Preacher walk right into Wrath's abandoned factory. Half completed sculptures -- totem poles of knives, heads, bones. Satanic black light posters, candles, skulls, crystal balls, pentagrams, hard rock posters. Preacher is sniffing, eyes watering. Looks bad.

Six sweating GOTH GIRLS lie on dirty gunny sacks sprawled among grain sacks. WRATH (33), is angry, tattooed, hateful, hard rocker, "666" tattooed on forehead with infected holes in the circles of each "6" drilled through the skull for drug injection. Wears an eye patch. Sleeps in the pile of girls.

They vogue for Kevlar and Preacher. Goth girls have ash-blackened eye shadows. Each has dozens of infected piercings, scabs on their balding heads. They talk through clenched jaws, tense neck muscles.

Cats prowl for rats among the grain sacks. A small TV shows a home video of Wrath cavorting with naked Goth girls in better days.

PREACHER (V.O.)

I pass through the midst of evil  
unmolested. The Lord takes away  
the pride of the daughters of Zion.  
They once walked with wanton eyes,  
stretched forth necks, mincing  
trinkets, changeable suits. Now, a  
dozen women cling to one man. And  
instead of a sweet smell there  
shall be stink. Burning instead of  
beauty.

GOTH GIRL 1 (33) sidles up to Preacher, starts stroking his leg. She has a homemade "666" tatoo carved in her forehead. GOTH GIRL 2 (24) clings to Kevlar, he pushes her away hard.

KEVLAR

You don't want her Zero. Trust me.

Kevlar digs through a gunny sack, finds a huge bag of marijuana, rolls one. GOTH GIRL 3 (28) licks the paper for him.

PREACHER

(to Goth Girl 1)

Why did you do this to yourself  
honey?

GOTH GIRL 1

Because it's cool. We all got one.

PREACHER

Don't you know what that means?

GOTH GIRL 3

Means we worship the Devil, man!  
Don't you? Or are you a fuddy  
duddy? Want one? Join the club.

She slides her hand up his leg. Preacher gets tough.

PREACHER

Get off, whore!

KEVLAR

Ooh! You're a bad boy. That's  
telling her Zero. She likes that.

The little boy TREVOR (son of the FAT WOMAN) crawls out from the pile of women. He has "666" tattooed on his forehead too. Preacher nearly panics, contains himself. Trevor studies Preacher suspiciously.

KEVLAR (CONT'D)

Wrath! Wake up. What you all  
watching?

WRATH

Mementoes from a better day. I  
knew you were coming Kevlar.

Preacher can hardly take his eyes off the orgy on the TV. Wrath opens his one good eye. Kevlar smokes.

KEVLAR

Awesome! See what I mean. He's psychic too. So cool! Zero here loves porn, don't you Zero?

PREACHER

(feigning evil)

Oh, ...yes. Darn right. Love them. Anything naked, I love it. It's the thorn in my side.

WRATH

Mine too.

Wrath lifts his fishnet shirt to reveal hundreds of scarifications, tatoos, chains, piercings with boils and infections.

GOTH GIRL 5 (40) crawls up to him and sticks a rusty railroad spike through a stretched flap of flesh on his nipple. Gangrenous fluid spurts out as he plays with it, grimaces.

Kevlar stops smoking his joint.

KEVLAR

(to Wrath)

Whoa! Put it down, boy. Smells a little.

PREACHER

Why do they call you Wrath?

WRATH

I call myself Wrath. Because I'm angry I guess.

KEVLAR

Cause he's bad-assed, right Wrath?

Kevlar gives Wrath an awkward five. Wrath stares Preacher down. He pulls a long rusty Civil War sword from a gunny sack.

WRATH

My dad died when I was six. He leaned a broomstick against the wall like this.

Wrath props the sword up against the wall, point on the floor, leans all his weight against its flat side. It flexes a lot. He smokes Kevlar's joint.

WRATH

It snapped and went up his rectum.  
I'm fatherless. I traveled all  
over the countryside cutting people  
up. The sword will always be the  
best weapon. When I can't find  
someone to cut, I cut myself up.

Wrath swallows the sword down. Slides it back out.

KEVLAR

He's got it all, now. All his  
chicks.

Wrath offers Preacher a tote on his joint.

PREACHER

No thanks. I get too bad.

Preacher notices a pretty, very under-aged, GOTH GIRL SYLVIE  
(15) curled up in a window sill. She cries quietly.

WRATH

I take no pleasure in them. Most  
of them have lock-jaw. Tetanus  
from rusty needles. Can't even  
give suck.

GOTH GIRL 1

He's bone dry. Can't produce juice  
anyway.

WRATH

You want to go with the zombies?

Goth girl 2 sidles back up to Preacher. She pops one of her  
boils, sniffs the puss.

GOTH GIRL 2

Cursed us with scabs. God cursed  
him with dryness, too.

Wrath punches his own crotch three times, hard. Smiles.  
Smokes.

WRATH

Nothing!

Goth Sylvie still stares out of the window.

GOTH SYLVIE

Sex has become vapid, empty, arid.

WRATH

In and out of the mouths of babes.

GOTH SYLVIE

(To Preacher)

You're a good man. Can you please take me to God?

WRATH

God's a goner.

PREACHER

(to Sylvie)

No, honey, I'm no good. Trust me. I'm bad all through.

WRATH

(to Sylvie)

God won't take you back. You sold your birthright for a mess of this pottage.

(Wrath cups his crotch)

I never did want to go to heaven. They're boring up there, man. This is where the action is.

Wrath smokes another.

PREACHER

I heard marijuana can cause impotence.

WRATH

I'm not omnimpotent. I'm potent! I can still kick everyone in this room's ass. You're lucky it mellows me out.

KEVLAR

(quiet to Preacher)

Don't anger him.

Little Trevor walks up to Preacher and stares at him.

WRATH

You two know each other?

PREACHER

Should a child be seeing all this?

WRATH

You kidding? We have to get his permission. Better respect him.

(MORE)

Little kids are killers too these days. We're keeping him around to sacrifice him to the Devil someday, right Trevor?

Wrath puts his hand on Trevor's head. Trevor just stares at Preacher, nods "yes" with a little help from Wrath.

GOTH GIRL 1

We all decided to stay behind. We hate God, how 'bout you?

Preacher can't answer. He stares at the kid.

KEVLAR

Believe me, girl, we hate him much worse than you ever could. We don't even believe in him.

Wrath digs through some sacks of junk. Pulls out a little metal tube. Gives it to Preacher.

WRATH

Here's a de-scrambler for you. Hook it up to the TV, get you some free porn. There's still a few channels left.

KEVLAR

Dude, you're the best. Thanks!

PREACHER

Thanks a lot.

Wrath puts his arm around Kevlar.

WRATH

Who wants to go to heaven when we got all the goods here, huh Kev?

KEVLAR

Zero wants to meet the Devil. Can you show him?

WRATH

What'll you give me?

KEVLAR

You get a month of free insurance against the end times.

WRATH

Don't need it.

As Kevlar and Wrath negotiate, Preacher moves towards Sylvie, still staring out the window. Whispers to her.

PREACHER

Your name?

GOTH SYLVIE

I'm number four... I'm Sylvie.

PREACHER

Sylvie. I'll save you, little one.  
Endure just a little longer.

Goth Sylvie turns from the window. Preacher sees stretched and weeping scars all over her cheeks and neck. Cookie cutter shapes like gingerbread men and half-moons. Preacher backs away.

KEVLAR

I got drugs.

WRATH

Got enough.

KEVLAR

To last FOREVER? Damn. How about  
I'll get you a bigger TV?

WRATH

I've got TV's, satellite dishes, de-  
scramblers by the thousands. Why  
does he want to meet the Devil?

PREACHER

I don't believe in no damn Devil.

WRATH

Oh, yeah? Tough guy. Well come  
and see then.

CLOSE on the other Goth girls' faces, a new face for each word:

PREACHER (V.O.)

Unbelieving, abominable, murderers,  
sorcerers, idolators, liars,  
whoremongers. You waited to be  
born in a time among them. When  
the pleasures of the flesh were  
perfected. You thought you could  
take it.

Wrath pulls a key out of his eye patch.

EXT. WRATH'S BOXCAR - DAY

Wrath takes Preacher and Kevlar through a huge overgrown marijuana field to an abandoned boxcar. He carries a boom box radio. Kevlar clings to his large bag of marijuana. They climb up and Wrath opens the boxcar hatch.

WRATH

I've been seeing this pretty-boy surfer dude creeping around lately. I don't know if he wants my girls or what. So I'm keeping the Devil here.

Light streams in and a very OLD MAN DEVIL (70) panics and tries to scramble away but he is bound in heavy rattling chains with padlock. He is filthy with uncut yellow toe nails curling in spirals under his feet. Wears coveralls and a John Deere hat. Preacher squints down on him.

OLD DEVIL

Who is it? Please help. I need water. Just a drop on your finger to quench my tongue? Let me out. They're all maniacs.

KEVLAR

Don't listen to him. He's the great deceiver. He plays tricks on our feeble little minds.

PREACHER

He's just a lousy hobo. That's not the Devil.

WRATH

It sure as hell is. Don't you remember him? You knew him before this world was.

PREACHER

Is this the man who made nations tremble, and the earth shake? Can't we let him up a minute?

Wrath sets up his radio, puts a tape in.

WRATH

He's dangerous.

PREACHER

Doesn't look that dangerous to me.

KEVLAR

That's what he wants you to think.

OLD DEVIL

Please! Not the music!

PREACHER

Where did you get him?

WRATH

I found him out plowing in the fields. He's pretending to be the salt of the earth. I could see right through him. The bastard just gave up.

PREACHER

What do you mean?

WRATH

He's trying to hide, to avoid his duty. Just gave up on the whole damn thing. Had a nervous breakdown. Tuned out, turned off. Dropped out of the plan. He's a coward. Retired, AWOL, took a vacation.

OLD DEVIL

I'm not the Devil! Can't you help me?

Wrath pushes play on his boom box, cranks up his most evil hard rock. Old Devil covers his ears as the music echoes down into the boxcar.

PREACHER

Why would he do that?

WRATH

I'm doing things in that factory over there that make the Devil tremble in horror and disbelief.  
(To Old Man)  
You got the sin ball rolling, but you never thought we'd push it this far, did you?

OLD DEVIL

Please, turn it down, I'm begging you. I'll do anything.

Wrath starts to tap dance on top of the boxcar, like a rock star.

WRATH

I want all the money in the world!

OLD DEVIL

Fine! I'll give it to you. Just turn that goddam' racket off.

WRATH

I told you he was the Devil. Sing along Satan!

Satan sings along with Wrath's music. He has the lyrics memorized, starts to dance a little soft shuffle.

WRATH (CONT'D)

Sin is the only perpetual motion machine. I used to say "the Devil made me do it." Now I know it was just me all along.

LOOKING UP FROM THE BOXCAR - On Wrath's pierced, swollen face. Wrath pulls a skeleton key from beneath his eye patch, wags it in front of the old Devil.

WRATH (CONT'D)

We don't need you anymore. Even the Devil's scared of me. You obey me, don't you boy? I've got the key now. God's been dead a long time. Died with a bang. But you're dying with a whimper. Man is the new devil!

KEVLAR

You preach it Wrath! Hallelujah!

WRATH

I threw the big wrench in God's plan when I stole the Devil. People are only half resurrected. God has to get the rest of the righteous out before the plagues can get rid of me.

(sings)

Wrath changed the score. Beelzebub can't wage war anymore!

Kevlar slaps the Preacher's back, nearly knocking him into the boxcar.

KEVLAR

Fantastic! Diabolical, huh  
Preacher?

WRATH

Preacher?

The women and Trevor have all gathered around the base of the boxcar, staring up with disgust. They move closer. Wrath turns the music off.

GOTH GIRL 1

Wrath, that man's a preacher.  
Trevor went to his church 'till the  
Preacher damned him. He's probably  
here to judge us.

WRATH

You a preacher?

PREACHER

No. I'm evil. I'm an addict.  
Look at me! My eyes.

Preacher rubs his eyes to bring up tears. Wrath wipes blood from Preacher's eyes. Wrath's face is twisted with hatred, neck muscles bulge. He grabs Preacher's collar and leans his back over the boxcar hole.

WRATH

Are you a man of God? I'll throw  
you in there with my Devil.

GOTH GIRL 2

He'll gnash his teeth on you!

KEVLAR

Tell him the truth, Bill! Just  
tell him.

PREACHER

I...

WRATH

Did God send you here to pass  
judgement on us?

KEVLAR

I'm sorry Wrath, he just...

PREACHER

No! I... Yes. I am a preacher.  
He didn't send me.

(MORE)

He left me behind and I don't know why. Dear Lord, why did he leave me here with you?

GOTH GIRL 3  
You're no better than us then.

WRATH  
Don't bring him back here Kevlar.

Wrath releases Preacher, closes and locks the boxcar hatch on the old Devil, climbs down. Goth Sylvie hesitates but follows Wrath. Preacher and Kevlar walk quietly through the staring furies. Trevor gives Preacher a grin.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DUSK

Preacher drives home. Kevlar dozes in and out.

PREACHER  
Diabolical? So you're really impressed with that boy, aren't you?

KEVLAR  
He's one hell of a lot cooler than you.

PREACHER  
Wrath's not evil. He's a joke. The Devil laughs at Wrath. Why would the Devil want him? He's nothing. A pretentious hipster. The Devil wants the righteous -- like preachers. Not fools. The Devil is much quieter than that.

The sun is setting in the Preacher's eyes. His head rears back, ready to sneeze.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE CAR:

The Preacher completes his sneeze (SILENT). His head appears to bash the steering wheel once, twice.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DUSK

Preacher stacks canned goods on basement shelves. He hears scratching and tapping coming from the other side of the basement. He shuffles over and puts his ear to the cold stone. LOUDER SCRATCHING.

PREACHER

There's somebody in there!

UPSTAIRS:

Kevlar hears pickax.

BASEMENT:

Kevlar comes down. The Preacher swings the pick ax at the wall.

KEVLAR

What are you doing? You don't know  
what it is!

A hole opens in the wall. Little AMERICAN INDIAN Guy (30) in a rotten dirty hundred-year-old white tuxedo crawls out. He holds a long lock of hair with ribbon. Preacher pulls him out. His face is perfect, holy, glows a little. Speaks with stereotypical Native American accent.

INDIAN

Where am I?

PREACHER

You're in my church basement.

INDIAN

Is this hell?

PREACHER

I'm afraid so.

Indian examines his hands. Sees the lock of hair, works the ribbon in his fingers a bit.

INDIAN

I have flesh! It's been a long  
time since I felt it. Is my wife  
here? She left this in my coffin.  
(referring to ribbon/hair)

PREACHER

I don't know. I don't think so.  
Where did you come from?

Indian looks back into the wall hole.

INDIAN

From there. It was beautiful.

Preacher stands, looks out grimy church side window sees a graveyard rising up the hill. Kevlar is extremely nervous. Backs away from the Indian. The Indian's tux is fairly glowing.

INDIAN

I did my penance in there. I'm out now. I go to meet Jesus.

KEVLAR

He's dead.

INDIAN

(smiles)

No. He's alive again. Somewhere.

(to Preacher)

I think I know you. Are you going too?

PREACHER

Yes. I'm supposed to go. I'm not supposed to stay here. I want to. Can you show me where he is?

Indian stands stiffly. Smiles and puts his hands on the Preacher's face.

INDIAN

Brother, if he hasn't told you then you can't go to him.

KEVLAR

(bewildered)

I think it's good for us to be here. We're seeing a miracle I think. Isn't it a miracle Preacher?

PREACHER

I think so.

Kevlar reaches out his card, hand shaking.

KEVLAR

Can I interest you in some "End Times" insurance?

INDIAN

I have to be leaving. I need to meet my wife. She's waiting there for me. I wish I looked better.

KEVLAR

Maybe we can give him some clothes Preacher. Should we give you some clothes? I got plenty.

PREACHER

Where do you all go? Can't you please tell me?

The Indian is already walking up the basement stairs.

KEVLAR

You'd better not go out there. Preacher, we can't let him go out there. They'll tear him to pieces.

PREACHER

Wait till the morning. I'll give you a ride there.

INDIAN

Can't go unless you're invited.

They follow him upstairs.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CHAPEL - DUSK

Upstairs, Kevlar won't let the Indian escape, stands in front of the bell tower ladder to keep the Indian from going up. The Indian pulls the bell rope. Bell RINGS.

KEVLAR

No! Don't ring that. Wait, now, Mister. You don't understand what's out there. You're naive to the ways of the world. You've been in the ground for a long time. Things have changed.

PREACHER

He's right, friend. I think you'd better stay a night. Leave in the morning.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Zombies are BASHING on the side of the church. They use drain pipes with mirrors like submarine periscopes to spy on the Preacher, Kevlar and the Resurrected Indian.

ZOMBIE VOICE 6

Preacher. He's beautiful. Won't you please share him with us?

ZOMBIE VOICE 3

Kevlar, let us touch him. He's different.

INDIAN

The whole earth is scarified, trampled, polluted. Your bodies too. The elk are afraid to travel through here because it's cursed. Walking sticks come alive and beat their masters. Totem poles melt under curses.

Indian sits on a church pew. Kevlar screws in the de-scrambler to the TV. As he does, fuzzy TV news plays. Kevlar is too busy to notice the snowy picture. A woman announcer teases:

INSERT TV

Fuzzy picture of Preacher in the chapel, masturbating (from yesterday). It's as if the TV became a camera.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

A Preacher's hidden lifestyle exposed! Late night fantasies don't go unseen. His sins are shouted from the housetops... Tonight at 9:00...

RETURN TO SCENE

The news sounds fade out. Kevlar changes the channel a few times. Pornography appears on the TV. Kevlar claps his hands.

KEVLAR

Yeah! Boy! Here you go.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/ROOFTOP - DUSK

The Preacher is up on the bell tower, sprinkles a few pills off the rooftop like bird feed. He preaches down at the zombies with a bullhorn.

PREACHER

A parable unto you: you wrap one thread around your fingers and you can break it. You've wrapped a thousand around yours. The threads are like a web, cutting into your flesh. Get God in your life. He wants you to give up your sins. They've bound you. You are all children of God. You can repent, be baptized.

Zombies laugh and mock the Preacher.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

Kevlar laughs as the Indian looks at the TV astonished.  
PORNO MOANS (O.S.).

KEVLAR

Nice huh?

Kevlar searches the Preacher's private boxes. Keeps an eye up towards the bell tower. He finds a lunar calendar, rubber gloves, turkey baster syringes.

KEVLAR

(to himself)

What are you up to Preacher?

INDIAN

We never had this stuff when I was alive. Just drawings. Pictographs. Moving pictures are a new thing to me. They warned me about them on the other side. Tens of thousands of years without it and now... I see what destroyed your generation.

One of the church pew boards breaks off the church window. The pills aren't enough. The Preacher climbs back inside, frantically nails back on the boards.

## PREACHER

Lend a hand over here. They're  
tearing the place apart!

Zombies are screaming and cat calling, hammering the walls.  
Kevlar ignores everything. The Indian is entranced with the  
TV.

## INDIAN

The very land formations are  
Satanic here. Underground  
aquifers. Sink holes. Hot pots.  
Cisterns. Lucifer was cast down  
into the earth. Son of the  
morning. Busted through in your  
own backyard. He'll come out of  
there again someday.

## KEVLAR

Will you be quiet and watch!

The outside noise is unbearable. Preacher rushes into the  
chapel to see a flash of porn.

## PREACHER

They're going crazy out there!  
While you guys defile my chapel.

The Indian looks up ashamed. He's lost his glow. More  
boards fly off the windows.

Kevlar examines the pills in Preacher's pail.

## KEVLAR

You stupid jackass. These are  
uppers. Give him to them. That's  
all they want!

Kevlar grabs resurrected Indian, fights him towards the  
window. The Indian is afraid.

## KEVLAR (CONT'D)

Use your cross or something! Cast  
them out Preacher, or I'm turning  
the Indian over to them!

Preacher moves towards a pyramid of zombie bodies -- women,  
children old and young -- building upwards towards the church  
window. Boards fall away and hands reach in. Preacher  
raises his palms to them.

PREACHER

In the name of Jesus, I cast you  
out.

Zombies laugh at Preacher. A Zombie in leather with his ass showing through S & M chaps, is half in the chapel window, crawling up over other zombies. Preacher backs away. He has no power over them. Looks at his hands.

PREACHER

I'm not righteous enough. My hands  
are unclean. These kind can only  
be cast out with much prayer and  
fasting.

The Preacher pushes his hands over his ears, crouches down. Kevlar shoves the Indian out the window onto the Zombie with chaps. Both fall into a pile of half naked zombies.

INDIAN

Oh God, Great Spirit! Rescue me!

Zombies stroke Indian's body and slide him off fast, crashing into the cornfields.

All is quiet.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Sticky zombies in trailer houses sit in front of flickering televisions. They come out of walls wearing yellowed underwear. Stare, hollow-eyed.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Early-morning. The Preacher sneaks out of the church. He throws the Resurrected Indian's hair lock/ribbon in the cistern. Kevlar steps out of the corn field, surprising Preacher.

KEVLAR

What you got there?

PREACHER

Nothing.

Kevlar looks at the witches' brew gurgling in the cistern. Kevlar recoils from the stench.

KEVLAR

What is it?

PREACHER

Disgust with the filth of this world. Filth deserves filth, like a sow turning to its vomit. You should all be destroyed!

Kevlar scoots away from the edge of the cistern.

KEVLAR

Preacher! I know what you're up to here.

PREACHER

You know not of what you speak. A parable: A young boy remembers the feel of old ladies' dried wrinkled hands cupping his face. They would search his face for signs of greatness. "You will be a prophet someday," she told him. Now he's nothing.

KEVLAR

You can't buy your way out of hell with this. It ain't no way to destroy evil, Preach. It will grow back. God can't even control it.

PREACHER

You still deny God's power even after he showed you such great signs last night?

KEVLAR

I didn't see no signs. All I saw was a preacher that lost his power.

PREACHER

You hypocrite! I remember you fawning and crying over the resurrected Indian before you destroyed him.

KEVLAR

(guilty)

They didn't destroy him. They just played with him a little. And how could he get killed if he already was and was risen again?

PREACHER

Then you admit he was resurrected.

KEVLAR

I never saw anyone resurrected.  
You didn't either.

PREACHER

Do you deny that you saw it?

KEVLAR

He tricked us. He was a zombie or  
some chemical or science rebuilt  
him. I've seen a lot better  
miracles when I was high. Doesn't  
have anything to do with God.

PREACHER

How quickly they forget the Lord  
their God. We did a horrible thing  
last night.

KEVLAR

It was him or me. Him or us. We  
have missions to complete.

PREACHER

No greater love can a man have than  
to lay down his life for his  
neighbor.

KEVLAR

I've got some great stuff we can  
throw in your pot. But you never  
get anything free in this life  
Reverend.

A ways down the dirt road from the church, the GREEN PICKUP  
pulls in surrounded by a whirling dust devil, stops. The  
dust passes over the church.

Preacher rubs dust out of his face and eyes. Tries to peer  
into the pickup, reflected light blazes off the windshield.  
Preacher and Kevlar look at each other. Preacher is  
concerned. They wait a moment. The truck doesn't move.

KEVLAR

Who is it?

PREACHER

Another Preacher trying to steal my  
congregation. Can't a man ever  
keep his church safe? Check it  
out.

Kevlar walks over to the truck. Preacher watches, nervously steps a few feet into the corn field.

KEVLAR  
(approaching the truck)  
Howdy! Can I help you?

Kevlar covers his eye from the glare.

IN THE TRUCK:

A shirtless, buff and GOLDEN-TANNED MAN (33), long blonde hair, sunglasses. A surfer dude in the middle of the plains. Kevlar goes short on breath, he's so beautiful.

GOLDEN MAN  
Hello, friend. I'm looking for a little fellah. An Indian fellah. Should be in a white tuxedo. Seen him around?

KEVLAR  
No, sir. Haven't seen much of anything.

Golden Man looks long at Kevlar. Kevlar shuffles his feet, looks down and back at Golden Man's sunglasses. Sees his own reflection.

GOLDEN MAN  
Well, if you see him, please tell him to stay put. Watch over him. You'll be rewarded handsomely. Understand?

KEVLAR  
Sure. I will.

Preacher watches as the green pickup pulls out, kicking up dust. Kevlar stands there watching the truck head towards horizon.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Kevlar drives Preacher cross-country. Preacher studies Kevlar's files of clients, dotted maps. As they drive, they pass signs of the times: three old cross-shaped telephone poles, burning fields, cars littering the roadways.

KEVLAR  
Most everyone around here's got taken.

(MORE)

It's the Bible belt you know. Any people left are like roaches. Most only come out after the sun sets. They don't want anyone to see their sins. But they're my clients. They worship me. Preacher, I have a confession to make.

PREACHER

What is it son? God will forgive you.

Kevlar's face goes fierce as he glares into the sun.

KEVLAR

You're riding in a station wagon with the Anti-Christ.

PREACHER

You? The Anti-Christ?

Kevlar turns to stare at the Preacher, doesn't watch the road. Seems to be able to drive without looking. Preacher is afraid. Kevlar lifts his hands off the wheel. The car speeds forward straight down the road.

CLOSE - Kevlar steering with his knee.

Preacher panics. Grabs the wheel, as Kevlar speeds up.

PREACHER

What are you doing? You're going to get us killed!

KEVLAR

(demonic gravelly voice)  
We are legion for we are many!

PREACHER

Demons come out of him! I command you to depart from this boy.

The car slips off the road onto the shoulder, into the grass. Kevlar grabs the wheel, looks forward again.

KEVLAR

Yee haw-haw-haw!!! I got you Preacher! Scared the Bejesus Christ right out of you!

PREACHER

You're evil, through and through. You should repent of your sadistic ways.

(MORE)

If God could find only one  
righteous person among you he might  
not destroy the earth.

EXT. ROY'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Kevlar knocks on a farmhouse door. Preacher sees a  
fluorescent red dot above the door jam.

PREACHER  
Must've been here before.

There is a sign hanging near the dot:

INSERT SIGN - "Signs of the Times. See it here!!! Only two  
bits!!!"

KEVLAR  
Remember, Preach. Whenever you  
want to sell or persuade someone,  
you've got to remember and use  
their name. People love the sound  
of their own name.

Old ROY (65), waif-thin, long hairs growing out of his nose  
and ears, opens the door. He always has a thin trickle of  
blood oozing from either his eyes, nose, mouth, ears. He  
holds a mace can out the crack.

ROY  
I've got my mace!

KEVLAR  
Roy old boy! It's Kevlar. This  
priest here wants to see the  
collection. You show it, I'll get  
you a month's free insurance  
against end times.

ROY  
Sure! Come on in. But stay in  
front.

INT. ROY'S FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

Roy follows the boys down into his mildewed basement, piled  
high with old man junk. He keeps his finger on the mace  
trigger.

KEVLAR  
Roy, you sold any insurance lately?

ROY

Things have been kind of dry lately.

KEVLAR

I know, Roy, but you got to get out of the house and talk to people. It'll make you a whole lot of money and future security.

ROY

I know, Kev. I know. I'm trying. There's hardly anyone around anymore. I don't go out. Someone will take my stuff.

KEVLAR

You remember to use people's names?

ROY

I reckon so. When I meet somebody.

KEVLAR

I'll swing you by a tape to get you motivated again. Your fridge smells like it's going bad.

ROY

Oh, that's just me. No time to bathe.

PREACHER

No time?

ROY

They say he's going to come like a thief in the night. I got my mace ready for the bastard. I only bathe one leg at a time. No one's going to catch me with MY pants down!

Roy unlocks and opens his rusting deep freeze, pulls out trash bags. Speaks in a reverent, hushed tone.

ROY

A lot of fanatics travel a long ways to see these babies. This here meteor just fell from the sky one day. Watch out. It still stinks. I call her "Wormwood". I figured it was a sign from the heavens. The end is past near.

He unwraps the frosted trash bag, revealing a frozen brown ball of shit.

ROY

I got another one here, too. Could you pull that out for me Preacher. Too heavy for me.

Preacher reaches into the freezer unwraps burlap over another ball, twice the size of a bowling ball, weighing forty pounds. Preacher unwraps it.

PREACHER

It's an ice ball.

ROY

She's a hail stone. Call her "Witch Titty".

KEVLAR

No way! You got to be shitting me.

ROY

(points at brown ball)  
No, that's the shit. Crushed the hood of my truck. Both just fell from the sky.

Preacher examines the turd ball. Smells his fingers.

PREACHER

I think this ball came from an airplane that dumped on you. There's nothing special here.

Preacher examines the two, entranced. We hear the Preacher's scriptures in voice over as he glides his hands over the ice ball.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Book of Bill, chapter 6, verse 42:  
In the last days, forty talent hailstones will fall from the sky to torment and crush sinners.

(aloud, to Roy)

Well I'm more interested in purchasing the hail stone. The feces isn't worth much.

ROY

Nobody said anything's for sale.

PREACHER

I've got to have it for an experiment I'm doing.

KEVLAR

I'll give you six months of free insurance if you'll give him the damn hail stone.

ROY

No. I'm keeping it. It's a part of history. I make my living with these. Might be collectible some day.

Roy shuts down the freezer.

KEVLAR

What if your power goes out? She'll melt.

ROY

I've got a generator hooked up to my windmill. It's plenty of enough juice to run the freeze for a hundred years.

PREACHER

The earth's gonna' be burned. It won't do you any good to keep it in the freezer, man.

Kevlar opens the freeze, pushing skinny Roy aside, peers into the frost. Roy slams the freezer shut. Aims his mace, shaking.

ROY

I'm not selling it. That's it. You boys better go, now. You've seen them. Wash your hand off Preacher, a lot of folks got really sick after handling that ball.

Preacher looks at his fingers, thinking. We hear his scriptures:

PREACHER (V.O.)

In the end, Wormwood will fall from the heavens and will rot the waters and turn one third part of the oceans and waters to blood.

Preacher crosses to a sink, washes his hands with industrial liquid soap, scrubs hard.

KEVLAR

What's wrong, Preacher?

Preacher turns, stands strong, commanding, facing down skinny Roy. Even Kevlar shrinks beneath his power.

PREACHER

Roy, in the name of Jesus and his church, I'm confiscating your balls. Help out here, Kevlar.

Kevlar easily snatches the mace out of Roy's fist. Kevlar and Preacher push Roy away, he keeps coming back and pulling at them, begging them. He's like a fly to them.

ROY

No, please, fellas. Kevlar, it's all I got. Without these I got nothing. I'm nobody.

Kevlar and Preacher pull the balls from the freezer.

EXT. ROY'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Kevlar rolls a wheelbarrow with the two wrapped balls to the station wagon, they roll them into the car. Roy is still whimpering and pulling at their clothes. When Kevlar turns to look at Roy, Roy cowers in fear.

KEVLAR

Back off, Roy! The Preacher is working on something big, now. Give it up.

ROY

Thieves! You're supposed to be a man of God? Won't someone help me? They're mine. Please, give them back! How will an old man survive?

Ignoring him, Preacher and Kevlar get into the car and drive off with Roy whimpering behind.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CISTERN -DAY

Exhausted, Kevlar and Preacher roll the balls to the edge of the cistern. Both unwrap and push their balls into the pot, splashing in the steaming soup.

Preacher is elated. Kevlar laughs and dances.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (SERIES OF SHOTS) - DAY

A montage of the boys collecting poisons to add to the cistern:

- A) They ransack barns and warehouses for sacks of fertilizer.

KEVLAR

I wanted to be big in government at first. I have good leadership skills. People naturally follow me.

PREACHER

Is that so?

- B) They tow a trailer piled high with barrels, gallon cans, chemicals. Inside the station wagon:

KEVLAR

You could be the preacher that trained the Anti-Christ. Maybe that's why he left you behind.

(towards heaven)

God! I accept your will! I will be your Anti-Christ.

PREACHER

Don't pray aloud. The Devil learns your exploitable weaknesses. Though I don't think he'd bother with you. You don't have what it takes.

KEVLAR

I'm plenty evil Preacher.

PREACHER

You may be evil, but you're no good. The Anti-Christ will be good first, then fall from grace. Learn what the righteous suffer. Have you ever been really good? Do you understand how it feels to walk with perfect confidence among the children of men? You have to be chosen.

KEVLAR

I went to Sunday school for three years. People always told me I was a handsome devil.

- C) Preacher puts on rubber gloves. Kevlar eyes him suspiciously.
- D) LONG SHOT - Wearing a doctor's mask, using a turkey basting syringe, Preacher sucks fetid fluid from the rectum of a dead cow. Squirts the fluid carefully into a zip-lock bag.

PREACHER

E-coli.

- E) Kevlar tries to sell insurance to a CHAIN SMOKING WOMAN (40), covered in moles and warts.

KEVLAR

It's the only insurance endorsed by a living preacher. If you're damned you get a better house, car. All the creature comforts to make eternity bearable. Close your eyes and the Preacher will heal it.

Preacher quietly scrounges in her bathroom for drugs, finds wart remover. He empties her trash can full of stained tampons into a freezer bag, stuffs it down his pants.

KEVLAR (O.S.)

Trust in him.

As Preacher ENTERS, Kevlar covers Chain Smoker's eyes with a rubber gloved hand. Preacher daubs wart remover on her face.

CHAIN SMOKER

It's burning! I feel it, Jesus.  
Ouch!

With a floss garotte, Preacher plucks a pendulous wart from off the nape of her neck. Catches it and puts it in his bag.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS/BOOKMOBILE - DAY

Kevlar and Preacher drive up to an abandoned "Bookmobile" in the center of the highway. Inside, they look through the books.

Kevlar finds the ".001's" section and gathers books on witchcraft, Satan worship, fortune telling, divining, UFO's, bigfoot, Loch Ness, spontaneous human combustion and other mysteries.

KEVLAR

Where did all the mysteries go?  
This world used to be filled with  
secrets and magic.

PREACHER

These books can't teach the  
greatest secret.

KEVLAR

What?

PREACHER

There is a secret so powerful that  
only a few are privileged to know  
it on earth at any time.

KEVLAR

And I suppose God taught it to you?

PREACHER

God can't teach this secret.

KEVLAR

What is it?

PREACHER

You can't handle it. I won't tell.  
You'll have to figure it out for  
yourself.

KEVLAR

I want that secret! Preacher!

Preacher EXITS the bookmobile.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/GRAVEYARD - DAY

Kevlar stands in front of a tombstone, shovel in hand,  
frowning. It reads...

INSERT TOMBSTONE: Your Brother Jimmy.

He turns away and starts to dig elsewhere.

LATER

Kevlar, filthy, pries open the coffin lid. It's empty inside except for a few Indian artifacts. He crouches down and peers through a tunnel leading into the church basement, clawed through where the head would lay.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CISTERN -DUSK

Kevlar pours rusty containers of chemicals into cistern. Preacher shakes tampons out of his pant leg, pours in the fluids, etc.

Tampons sink slowly into the black. Preacher puts his hand on Kevlar's shoulder as they look down into the foaming sludge. Kevlar pushes his hand off.

KEVLAR

None of that Preacher! I got part ownership in this little project of yours.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH -NIGHT

Preacher patches then pumps up a large inner tube. He submerges it in a tub of water looking for bubbles and holes to patch. Kevlar shovels pills through cracks for the zombies.

The TV plays, fuzzy, in the background. Kevlar has added an intricate web of tin foil lacing up along the church walls to the roof antenna. Kevlar adjusts the foil.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

Exposé: Where do they go during the day? People crawl out of the walls like roaches, sitting silently in front of TV's watching only at night. Sticky and putrid in their rotten trailer homes on soggy couches.

INSERT TV:

A man sits on a couch in yellow briefs watching TV, sweaty, greasy. He stares AT CAMERA as if camera were a TV.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Now we have exclusive footage. Through surveillance video, we've seen them. They exist!

(MORE)

In the morning they run into holes,  
away from the light. They can live  
off one greasy fingerprint for a  
week.

LONG SHOT: An abandoned house on the plains, except for the  
flicker of TV in the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Kevlar examines the bucket of pills, pulls out certain colors  
and grinds them to a pulp, adds them to a booze flask.

KEVLAR  
(to Preacher)  
Ready? Let's do it.

Kevlar turns the TV towards a window, pries a smaller board  
off. Quiet zombie faces crowd around and stare in at the TV.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH/BASEMENT - DAY

Preacher pulls a barricade of junk away from the hole in the  
stone wall where the Indian broke through. He holds up a  
lantern and looks inside.

KEVLAR  
Dark as Hell in there.

PREACHER  
(nods)  
After you.

Kevlar crawls into the tunnel.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Kevlar and Preacher crawl up out of the Indian grave. They  
sneak quietly into the nearby cornfield.

A dozen entranced zombies stand all over the moonlit yard,  
watching the flickering TV, swaying totem poles.

EXT. WRATH'S FACTORY - NIGHT

Preacher uses a drain pipe periscope to look above the corn  
field to spy on Wrath.

Wrath is burning gutted cat carcasses on little upsidedown  
crosses in his yard. A few of the girls sit around them,  
warming their hands. Little Trevor sits with Goth Sylvie.

Two other Goth girls play with a rough homemade Ouija Board. Kevlar approaches from the dark.

GOTH SYLVIE

Who goes there?

KEVLAR

It's me dude.

WRATH

Kev. Brother. We're making a sacrifice to Satan. Want to join in?

KEVLAR

Sure. What do I need to do?

WRATH

I don't know. Just watch, I guess.

Wrath sprays lighter fluid on a dead cat.

KEVLAR

I found some books on this Satan stuff today. I'm going to research it. I think I'm the Anti-Christ.

Wrath stares him down. Laughs. Goth girls all laugh.

WRATH

Hear that Trevor. Kevlar's the Anti-Christ.

AT THE BOXCAR

Preacher climbs up the boxcar, quietly opens the hatch. He hears a scrambling below.

PREACHER

Old man, I've come to get you out of here. You'd better be quiet.

BACK AT THE SACRIFICE

Kevlar loads the turkey basting syringe with his drug concoction.

KEVLAR

I brought you something special.

Kevlar hands the syringe to Wrath. Wrath burrows the syringe into one of the little inflamed holes on his forehead, in the center of a "666". Squirts it in.

Hands it to Goth Sylvie, who hands it to Goth girl 2. She injects too. Wrath droops. His voice drops two octaves.

WRATH

I'm the one with the mark of the Beast in my forehead. You don't know a damned thing about devils.

KEVLAR

I can get a tatoo too.

WRATH

Go ahead.

Wrath Pulverizes some ash in his palm. Spits in it. Mixes it with a needle he pulls from his tongue, hands the needle to Kevlar.

WRATH

Make your mark. You can join us.

Goth girl 2 sidles up to him. She has a mirrored earring.

GOTH GIRL 2

Come on honey.

Kevlar holds the needle to his forehead, looks in her mirror. He starts to press, chickens out. Girls and Trevor snicker.

KEVLAR

I don't want to get tetanus. How could I sell insurance with a lock jaw?

WRATH

Doesn't matter. You don't need this to have "The Mark".  
(indicating "666")  
I've given my frontal lobe over to a chemical Lucifer. My addiction commands me. I used to have such rage. Now I am a scar-brained nullus. I could cut my own head off and wouldn't feel a thing. I'm better this way.

Goth girl 5 injects the drug into Little Trevor's holes. He seizures.

IN THE BOXCAR

Preacher lights a lighter in the pitch blackness. He smiles, nervous.

PREACHER

So this is what hell is like.  
Where are you? Come forward. I  
command it.

Slowly, the old Devil, crawls into the light, dragging his heavy chains.

OLD DEVIL

Bless you my boy.

The old Devil smiles at the Preacher, puts his hand on the Preacher's cheek. Old Devil rests his head in Preacher's lap.

PREACHER

Abide with me awhile.

AT THE SACRIFICE:

The cat is smouldering now. Wrath has fallen asleep. Girls either sleep or trip, except for Goth Sylvie. Kevlar signals her:

KEVLAR

Sh-h-h-h.

Kevlar slowly pries up Wrath's eye patch and reaches inside his empty eye socket. Wrath moves, startling Kevlar.

Goth Sylvie strokes Wrath's chest, plays with his piercings. Kevlar slowly pulls the skeleton key from Wrath's eye socket. He takes the Ouija Board too and sneaks away with Sylvie.

AT THE BOXCAR

Kevlar drops the key into the boxcar.

INSIDE

Preacher unlocks old Devil's chains. He can't walk. Preacher lifts him up to Kevlar. They carry him into the corn rows.

Wrath awakes. Fingers his socket. Screams. Kicks the smoking cats. Pumps up his sinewy muscles, "roid raging". Girls are terrified.

GOTH GIRL 1

What's wrong baby?

WRATH

You're all spies! Trying to take my power. You mess with the claw you get the fang! You think you're bad? Go back to your momma!

He picks Trevor up over his head and throws him across the field. Trevor scampers away.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Wrath chases Preacher, Kevlar, Goth Sylvie, old Devil through the corn. Sniffing the air to track them.

PREACHER

Keep going!

Preacher hands off old man to Kevlar, separates. Hides in the corn rows, waiting for Wrath. Wrath appears. Preacher stands and faces him.

PREACHER

(calm)

That's enough now, Wrath. Go home. Obey me. He's ours now.

Wrath just stops. Sulks away, dazed.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

The Preacher pushes the old Devil in a wheelchair up to the edge of the cistern pit. Devil kisses the Preachers hands. He rolls out of the wheelchair and worms across the ground, trying to kiss Kevlar's feet. Sylvie watches.

KEVLAR

Satan's kissing my feet!

OLD DEVIL

Thank you boys! How can I thank you? I don't have anything to give.

KEVLAR

Oh, you're going to give a whole lot. Father of lies!

PREACHER

(to Kevlar)

I can't do it.

(MORE)

You've got to do it when I'm not looking. I can't be blamed for this.

Kevlar rolls the old man into the cess of the cistern. Sylvie turns and runs, crying. Kevlar chases her down and tackles her. Pins her down. Her shirt is open exposing her scarred chest.

The old Devil screams, thrashes in the black stew. Preacher tosses the old patched inner tube into the cistern. The old Devil clings to it for life.

The Preacher looks in, horrified. Kevlar yells over to the Preacher.

KEVLAR

He's going to drown in there.  
Think he'll be okay?

PREACHER

He's the Devil isn't he? The Devil can't die. He'll stay there for eternity. We have control of all evil. Right there. In MY cistern.

KEVLAR

It's mine too. I'm his master. Just remember that Preacher. I make the rules. I tell him what to do.

PREACHER

You can keep him. I want no part of it.

Preacher EXITS, leaves Kevlar sitting on Sylvie's stomach. She pushes him off, follows after Preacher.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

Goth Sylvie lies on a church pew. Preacher gently removes the countless piercings on her face. She pries at a little chain leading down the front of her shirt to a piercing somewhere below. Kevlar in B.G.

PREACHER

Sylvie, don't do that. You'll getting it infected.

GOTH SYLVIE

If it heals they'll just cut me up more.

PREACHER

No sweetie. No one will ever dare hurt you again. I have the power to stop that sort of thing. I'll protect you.

GOTH SYLVIE

Aren't I hideous to you, Preacher?

PREACHER

(looking her over)  
You're beautiful.

Sylvie wraps her arms around his neck. He holds her.

KEVLAR

Sylvie, ask the Padre why didn't God protect you?

PREACHER

Why would he bother do something he could have us do?

Preacher strokes Sylvie's back. Kevlar holds a butcher knife to his finger tip. Tries to cut his finger.

KEVLAR

Gheez! Preacher, can you spare a hand here?

Embarrassed, Preacher lays Sylvie back down. She smiles, stretches, closes her eyes.

PREACHER

(mocks)  
Preacher, help me damn my soul! No son, you'll have to do that yourself.

Kevlar can't bear to cut, gets a bag of blood scrounged from the doctor's office. He soaks a magic marker in the blood.

PREACHER

Don't do it Kevlar. You're messing with things you just don't understand.

Kevlar writes a contract. Sylvie sleeps. Preacher daubs her scars with alcohol.

KEVLAR

No more selling insurance. I'm hitting the big time now.

(MORE)

Devil gets my soul, I get to be the  
Anti-Christ.

PREACHER

In my church! Witchcraft. I  
deliver you to the buffetings of  
Satan, boy.

Kevlar burns the edges of his parchment to make it appear  
more antique.

KEVLAR

You're just jealous Preacher cause  
I'm going places. I'm going to be  
super bad.

PREACHER

What makes you think the Devil even  
wants you?

KEVLAR

Rose up from the trailer trash to  
build my own pyramid scheme.  
Pyramids are signs of the Devil.  
Has six sides. Skipped Sunday  
school all the time. I was always  
cruel to animals. I wet the bed  
until I was eleven. Never wore  
underwear. I'm a control freak.  
These are signs of a serial killer,  
at least.

PREACHER

You haven't got what it takes to be  
an anti-Christ.

Kevlar rubber-bands the blood bag closed, throws it into the  
middle of the chapel.

KEVLAR

I'm not AN anti-Christ. I'm THE  
Anti-Christ. Keep talking. You'll  
see. I'll control your mind soon  
enough.

Kevlar lies down to sleep.

PREACHER

Why would you want to be a devil,  
son? There's no glory in it.  
Satan will use you then throw you  
out. He has no loyalty.

(realizing)

Doesn't a pyramid have five sides?

KEVLAR

I'll be important! People will worship me. They'll remember me forever.

PREACHER

Be a preacher then. My congregation just loves me.

KEVLAR

What congregation?

PREACHER

Prove it! Prove you're the Anti-Christ. Give a sign.

KEVLAR

If that blood bag is moved by morning, then we'll know I'm the Anti-Christ. Mark it well.

PREACHER

Aren't you sleeping upstairs?

Kevlar looks over at Preacher with Sylvie, smiles.

KEVLAR

Why?

Kevlar lays back down, sleeps.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Morning light streams through the boards on the church windows. The SOUND OF A PICKUP TRUCK pulling close to the church. Preacher awakes, sits up, listening. He looks over to Goth Sylvie's pew. Only blankets and a pile of piercings.

Preacher jumps up and rushes to the bell tower rope. He steps on the blood bag, bare-footed. It POPS, squirting blood all over the church walls. Preacher falls in it, scrambles up.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Preacher climbs the bell tower. As he arrives at the top, he sees Goth Sylvie getting into the green pickup truck way down the driveway.

PREACHER

Wait!

He runs across the church roof in his underwear, towards the truck pulling away in the distance. Almost falls off the roof. The truck disappears over the horizon.

He examines the blood on his feet. Climbs back into the bell tower.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Preacher looks down from the church attic. Kevlar is dancing gleefully in the blood.

KEVLAR

It's true. You see, it's true!

PREACHER

I stepped on it.

Kevlar stops dancing, disappointed. Then smiles.

KEVLAR

So? Doesn't matter. The Devil still fulfilled my sign. I'm the Anti-Christ alright.

PREACHER

You can't take being the Anti-Christ. It takes years of training and stamina of character that you just don't have. Could you drink your own urine to keep from dying of thirst? When the fires come, can your tender flesh withstand the heat? You haven't the strength for those kind of trials.

KEVLAR

I'd better get training then.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/GRAVEYARD - DAY

Preacher listens to headstones with his stethoscope. He moves from stone to stone. A beautiful fall day, with wind blowing in the cemetery trees.

CHURCH STEPS:

Kevlar urinates into a coffee can. He mixes some lemonade powder into the urine, tablespoons of sugar, pours in a little booze.

PREACHER

You won't have such sweet luxuries  
when the real end comes!

KEVLAR

(toasts Preacher)  
Here's piss in your eye!

He sips the concoction, gagging. Tosses it down with a  
squeamish smile.

KEVLAR (CONT'D)

(voice changed)  
See! I'll do anything.

GRAVESTONES:

The Preacher hears something SCRATCHING. He gets on his  
knees and listens to the ground. He grabs a shovel and digs  
up the grave.

PREACHER

Got a live one here! Grab a  
shovel.

KEVLAR

You're own your own, Reverend. I  
got studying to do. If you dig too  
deep you'll bust through to the  
aquifer, poison our water.

LATER

Kevlar reads Bookmobile books.

INSERT

Pictures of bigfoot, UFO's, spontaneous human combustion,  
voodoo, vampires, divining rods, Satanic emblems.

LATER

Preacher still digs while Kevlar catches a toad.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Humans are boils on the earth,  
planted like infections, ingrown  
hairs and slivers, cancers. The  
earth wants to pop these zits out  
of her. Get the puss out.

(MORE)

Bleed a little until the infection is removed, otherwise the puss regroups and all these blackheads are just formed up again. Humans will abide in her forever unless the godly dig them out.

Kevlar sorts a bag of food, pulling out the spices. Builds a small fire, puts a kettle on it. He empties spices into it. Boils up some potion.

Reading the instructions in a Bookmobile book, he drops in the toad. He puts the toad in the broth but it jumps out. Kevlar chases it. It jumps into the Preacher's cistern before Kevlar can catch it.

OLD DEVIL (O.S.)

Who's there? Is someone up there?  
Help me, let me out.

Kevlar pulls his contract out of his pocket. He creeps closer to the cistern edge, gets on his hands and knees, crawling.

He scoots contract slowly forward until it falls over the edge. Kevlar crawls back away quietly.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/GRAVEYARD - DAY

Preacher is in a reverie, digging as the sun sets. We hear the Preacher's scriptures as he works:

PREACHER (V.O.)

A parable: Book of Bill, chapter 15, verse 1. Put a toad in boiling water he jumpeth out, betimes, with quickness. Likewise with cold water. Yet put him in luke-warm water and the kettle speweth him not out. He will abide as the fires grow, and the water will become hotter and hotter until that hour wherein the toad will be cooked. That toad will give up the ghost. Thus wise, will the Devil destroy the souls of men with slow, and cunning.

Preacher's shovel hits coffin.

PREACHER

I've got it.

Kevlar runs over to look down into the hole. Preacher pries open the coffin.

INSIDE:

A TEENAGE BOY (17) in fifties clothes. Eyes tight shut, he can't see in the bright sun. He holds a pistol in hand, covering his eyes, he aims it everywhere. He has burned bullet holes all over his neck and head.

TEENAGER

Get back!

Preacher and Kevlar scramble away.

KEVLAR

Careful where you aim that thing!  
You got women and children around.

PREACHER

Put it down, boy. No one here  
wants to hurt you. What do you  
need guns for, anyway?

TEENAGER

In case I got buried alive. My  
grandpa got buried alive. We  
exhumed him up and found he'd  
scratched his finger nails off  
trying to dig out.

PREACHER

Hand it over, boy. You can't kill  
anyone here.

Kevlar creeps closer behind the teenager. He examines the leaking bullet holes all over the kid's body and skull. Teenager spins and points towards Kevlar, who jumps back.

TEENAGER

Get back till my eyes adjust!

KEVLAR

(whispers to Preacher)  
He's got a six shooter. I count  
six holes in him.

PREACHER

I'm not taking any chances. I  
heard about guns.

The kid is straining to open his eyes. He crawls up out of the grave, still pointing the gun, backing towards the cornfields.

KEVLAR

You got lots of guts to shoot yourself up that much.

TEENAGER

Didn't hurt. Not after this.

Teenage kid pulls up his shirt to reveal a giant pink hole in his chest, mostly healed, retouched and waxed by an undertaker.

TEENAGER

Shotgun. Did it myself.

KEVLAR

Fantastic! They let you keep your scar?

TEENAGER

Jesus kept his. Can't I keep mine? I hated life. I ended it. Now you've forced me to live it all over again. God bless you Preacher! My mom's down there somewhere. If you dig her out, tell her to stay the hell out of my life.

The Teenage kid dives into the cornfield, disappears. Preacher starts digging the next grave over.

PREACHER

You see! God does exist. He still does miracles.

KEVLAR

The kid said it himself. He was buried alive.

PREACHER

Did you see how he was dressed? How's he supposed to survive down there?

KEVLAR

(shrugs)  
Ate graveyard rats.

PREACHER

Didn't you see the bullet holes?  
He killed himself! His mom's in  
there somewhere.

KEVLAR

Shouldn't have dug him out. He  
wasn't ready yet.

Kevlar shakes his head and EXITS.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/GRAVEYARD (SERIES OF SHOTS) - DAY

FROM ABOVE - Preacher digs up another grave. Then another.

FADE TO:

Still more holes appearing. Occasionally the Preacher helps  
out another person from their grave. He gives a few of them  
sunglasses for their walk off into the sunset.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DUSK

Kevlar plays with Wrath's home-made Ouija board.

KEVLAR

Am I the Anti-Christ?

The floater drifts over the "YES". Kevlar gets excited. It  
keeps drifting over the "NO". Kevlar's smile falls.

KEVLAR

Yes and no.

Preacher enters, washes the filth off his hands and neck in a  
bucket.

KEVLAR

Will you give me a sign?

The floater whips all over the board. Kevlar sits back,  
terrified.

KEVLAR

Preacher! Stop it.

Preacher wipes his face and looks. The floater flies across  
the chapel, shatters on the wall where the Preacher just  
stood. Kevlar crosses the room to gather the broken pieces.

KEVLAR

Did you see that? Scared the shit out of me.

PREACHER

You haven't seen anything scary yet. The Devil will give you all the signs you want. Flashy ones to consume in your lust. You'd do better to trust in God. He might not give you as many signs, but he won't play with you, use you, then laugh as you burn in hell.

Kevlar tries to rebuild the floater.

KEVLAR

I wanted to ask how to be the Anti-Christ.

PREACHER

He's right out there in that cistern. Why don't you just go out there and ask him?

Kevlar looks out the window.

KEVLAR

I'm not ready yet.

COUNTRY CHURCH/BONFIRE - DUSK

The sun is just setting. Kevlar has a huge bonfire raging. He dances around it, a naked silhouette. Preacher sits nearby, whittling a divining rod, keeps his eye on the cornfields. Zombie eyes stare out of the cornfields. Kevlar grabs a hand full of pills and throws them into the corn. The rows shake violently.

PREACHER

The sun'll be down any minute. We'd better get inside.

KEVLAR

They get their meals from us. They wouldn't eat the hand that feeds them.

PREACHER

There's more and more. You're attracting them.

Kevlar turns his naked back to the fire. Backs up closer to it until his skin smokes. Chants, breathes deeply to handle the pain.

KEVLAR  
(chanting)  
Ollum-omni ishna-bu. Omnay.  
Omnay. Omnay!

He dives away from the fire. Dances in pain. Preacher sees his back covered with large water-filled blisters.

PREACHER  
You're burning your flesh.

KEVLAR  
I can withstand fire! Try to burn  
me, God! Just try it.

Preacher looks up to the stars, nervous. Kevlar repeats his training.

KEVLAR  
(chanting)  
Ollum-omni ishna-bu. Omnay.  
Omnay. Omnay!

PREACHER  
What's that language?

KEVLAR  
I speak in tongues to control the  
pain! I used to make up weird  
phrases when I was a boy. Would  
freak my poor Christian mother out.  
(mockingly)  
"Don't, son. You might summon up  
the Devil." I did it anyway. She  
was too fat to chase and spank me.

Kevlar closes his eyes, meditates, taking the bonfire heat. He is covered with sweat. The Preacher looks at his beautiful body. A scripture:

PREACHER (V.O.)  
Book of Bill, chapter 22, verse 18.  
He was called the son of the  
morning. Began as a son of light  
but fell. Took a third of us down  
with him. He became the father of  
darkness. Jesus had no earthly  
beauty that man should desire him.  
But the Devil was beautiful.

Fire-red-eyed Zombies stare lustily from the corn.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

Kevlar swigs whisky. Preacher washes Kevlar's scorched feet in a small rubber tub. Hot water boils on a camping stove. Kevlar is half asleep on a pew, exhausted, moaning, cringing from the pain. Zombies can be heard, faintly, breathy outside.

ZOMBIE VOICE 4 (O.S.)

(quiet)

Oh, yeah, Preacher. Do it. That's right. He's beautiful isn't he?

ZOMBIE VOICE 1

Preacher, I heard you got someone out. Could you help me get off, too?

Preacher tries to feed Kevlar some porridge. Kevlar spits it up.

KEVLAR

Disgusting. It's luke warm.

Preacher puts his finger in it.

Preacher slowly leans Kevlar on his side. Preacher's hands shake in the candlelight as he puts ointment on Kevlar's boiled back. Kevlar jerks, drops his whisky.

ZOMBIE VOICE 3

If you wipe your butt and look at it, you're gay!

Preacher gets up, pulls Kevlar's blanket off, startles him. Kevlar scrounges for a sheet. Preacher throws the blanket over a crack in the boarded up window.

ZOMBIE VOICE 2

Why? Can't I see? Open up in there! One more look.

Preacher continues anointing sores.

KEVLAR

Ouch!

PREACHER

You'll have no ointment when the fires really come.

KEVLAR

I can take it. I got tough skin.

PREACHER

I admire your spirit. The Devil digs at sores till they go cancerous. Loves weakness. God turns weaklings strong. He's got a mansion for you on high.

KEVLAR

I got to deaden this pain.

PREACHER

Turn the pain over to Him.

KEVLAR

Roll me a joint.

PREACHER

I threw it all in the cistern.

KEVLAR

Damn it! Get me some of those pills then. Get them now! It hurts.

Preacher continues to tenderly spread the ointment lower on Kevlar's back.

PREACHER

You think the Anti-Christ is a drug addict? He'd have to think clearly to fight against Jesus. The Devil can't be addicted. He only makes addicts. Your body is a beautiful temple. You shouldn't defile it anymore. Shame on you.

Kevlar gets creeped out. Pulls the sheet higher over his rump.

PREACHER

What are you ashamed of? Adam was found naked and he wasn't embarrassed.

Kevlar rises, stands away from the Preacher, wraps his sheet around him.

KEVLAR

That's enough, faggot.

ZOMBIE VOICE 3 (O.S.)

Boo! Loosen up kid.

ZOMBIE VOICE 4 (O.S.)

Come on!

PREACHER

Why can't a man do service out of love? What ever happened to brotherly love? Man was supposed to be godly but he can't get out of that sort of thinking. Everything pure has become corrupt because of talk like yours!

(yanks blanket off window,  
screams at zombies)

And yours! Can't you make some intelligent conversation?

Preacher throws hot water at zombies through windows. They SCREAM.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

I wish I could force you all to repent. I'd torture you like you torture me till you all repent!

KEVLAR

That's a real loving sermon!

PREACHER

(to Zombies)

You are hopeless fallen gods! You were intended to be great. All of you. Retards!

Preacher storms off to a corner. Kevlar trips him. Preacher sprawls on the floor, cowers.

KEVLAR

Don't call THEM retards! Retards never did anything to you. He ain't happy lest he's tramping out someone's sins. We need to work this out of your system. I'll give you some sins to trample.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Kevlar drives, leaning forward off his seat in pain, past serial roadside signs.

## INSERT SERIES OF SIGNS:

SIGN 1: "HE Loves You THIS Much." Cartoonish drawing of Jesus on the cross with his arms outstretched, fingers extended like measuring a fish.

SIGN 2: "XXX Petting Zoo! World's Largest Bestiality Barn! NEXT EXIT" Picture of hand squeezing a cow's teat.

SIGN 3: "HE won't let you down..." Buff, grinning Jesus holds a dying old man in his loving arms.

SIGN 4: "Do it Doggie! COME on in! NEXT RIGHT" Photo of a real dog in dominatrix leather outfit.

SIGN 5: "...unless you let HIM down. KEEP STRAIGHT!" Buff Jesus looks sinister as he drops the injured old man into a raging fire.

SIGN 6: "Pork A Pig!!! EXIT NOW!" Cartoon pig, in negligee.

Kevlar turns onto the exit.

## EXT. BESTIALITY FARM - DAY

Kevlar digs in the back hatch of his station wagon. Pulls out a long Mexican whip.

KEVLAR

You're going to need this.

Preacher hides it in the butt of his pants. They parked in front of a huge barn. One pig grunts in the pigsty. Kevlar knocks on the door of a tiny farmhouse. He notices the fluorescent red dot above her door. A sweet old granny opens the door, dressed skimpy. She's the MADAME (70).

MADAME

Welcome boys. What can I do for you both?

KEVLAR

The Preacher and I heard you have a funny farm out here. You the Madame?

MADAME

I surely am.

KEVLAR

You open for business?

MADAME

Come on out.

Madame walks them towards the barn, as they approach, Kevlar and Preacher see that most of "The World's Largest Bestiality Barn" is merely a plywood facade. The actual barn is smaller, half see-through from missing boards.

INT. BESTIALITY BARN - DAY

Madame escorts the boys through the huge barn. She shows her goods in barnyard stalls. Flirts with Preacher.

MADAME

We're just a vestige of what we used to be in our glory days. Japanese fellers came from all over the world to see this farm. We specialize in animal meats, leather, cowboy boots, cow bladders. People slathered our barbecue sauce all over their ribs until my customers dried up.

(winks at Preacher)

This is about the closest thing you'll get to a real woman here honey, other than me of course.

Old lady opens a barn stall to reveal a muddy floor covered with filthy magazine center-folds and posters laid out on the ground. Preacher turns away quickly.

KEVLAR

Wow! I want one. Come on. Preacher, take a look at her.

Kevlar gets to his knees by a centerfold. Puts his finger in a hole torn in her paper crotch. Mud oozes out of the hole with a suck.

MADAME

Sucker holes. Get to rape mother earth herself! Come on Preacher! Your God sees everything, doesn't he?

PREACHER

He's all-powerful, all-seeing.

MADAME

Then he's seen these too. If he can handle it, so can you. Take a peek. I've got an automatic milking machine if you got a battery I can borrow. One feller almost got a gasm' out of it.

KEVLAR

What's that?

MADAME

Before God set the curse on them people used to get them. WOW-WEE!

Preacher walks deeper into the barn.

MADAME

(to Kevlar, whispers)  
Is he still a virgin?

Kevlar shrugs, wanders around.

KEVLAR

Relax, Preacher.

MADAME

I've only got a few animals left. A pig, a goat, a cow. But they'd service all your bestiality wants and desires. They're very experienced.

PREACHER

I haven't seen any big animals in a long time.

MADAME

These animals are very rare. Most got taken. These all have bad dispositions, but they're really *GOOD* with people. I guess they were abused growing up. Preacher, I can put you in a cow with a zipper on its gut. Give you a breathing tube if you want to get back to the womb. Get born again. I've got some cookie cutter shoes that will leave deep marks on your back.

PREACHER

Cookie cutters?

KEVLAR

(from the other room)

Why do you still run this place if  
no one comes?

MADAME

Oh, they still drizzle in. I had a  
little girl, but she run off with a  
tatoo artist. Here's an oddity for  
you.

Another stall: A MOTHER (38) lies in a cot. Across the  
room, a BOY (13) plays with a little tractor in the hay.  
Between them a long, fleshy umbilical cord stretches from  
under her burlap skirt to his belly.

MADAME (CONT'D)

She couldn't let her baby boy grow  
up. They never cut the cord. She  
greases it with linseed oil twice a  
day to keep it supple. Stretches  
it with sticks so they can sleep in  
different cots. Don't want any  
incest around here. I've seen what  
inbreeding can do. You can have  
both of them or half price for one.

KEVLAR (O.S.)

Padre! Get a picture.

Kevlar has his head stuck through a hole in a cartoonish  
drawing of a farmer in overalls having sex with a pig, its  
eyes rolled back, tongue lulling. A second hole is cut out  
near Kevlar's waist.

Madame moves to an old Polaroid camera, snaps a picture while  
she talks. Hands Kevlar his Polaroid picture.

MADAME

I used to have some Siamese twins  
too. One was good and one was bad.  
The good one started floating up in  
the air one day. Damnedest thing I  
ever saw, and I've seen some damned  
stuff too. The floater pulled the  
other one half to the sky. I took  
to roping them down.

Madame shows the boys a dark stall. A naked, cancerous old  
man lies half buried in hay and dirt on a bed of chicken  
wire. Dozens of horse bits, S & M leather bindings, chaps  
and cowboy boots with spurs decorate his stall. Preacher  
creeps in closer.

MADAME

Here we have our newest addition:  
"The Disease". Most diseased man  
in the world. I think he's got  
every sickness known.

Madame cranks the handle on an old fashioned Ma Bell phone,  
shocks Roy awake with the jolt.

In the sparks, Preacher and Kevlar see that the old man is  
ROY (hailstone).

MADAME

He likes the leathers. You'll  
surely get something if you lie  
with him. Some like to defy death.  
Like the risk. Others want one  
last fling before the end. They're  
sick themselves. They'd end up  
damned anyway.

PREACHER

Anyone who plays at the precipice  
will be damned. It's just in their  
nature.

MADAME

So, which stall would you like  
Preacher?

PREACHER

I wish I could draw some blood from  
that old man.

Madame laughs and slaps the Preacher's butt, feels the whip.

MADAME

What you got in those pants? A  
diaper? That's pretty perverse  
Preacher! Draw some blood. I'm  
sure we can arrange it. What you  
got to barter?

PREACHER

I can teach you the ways of  
salvation.

MADAME

I don't need any of that. Your  
righteousness bores me. I crave  
excitement. The edge!

Madame points at a shelf with canning jars full of roaches, centipedes, ants.

MADAME

Plenty of bugs left. Put one of those jars on your little man and you'll get quite a tickle. A month later you'll fart a thousand centipedes!

Madame cackle-laughs.

PREACHER

Doesn't it worry you that everyone was taken up but you?

MADAME

(shrugs)

Why are you still here? I'm happy. People go to the level they're comfortable at.

PREACHER

You're going to face the Wrath of God. Why don't you repent?

MADAME

I make a living. I'm not ashamed of what I do, Preacher. I find people their pleasures.

PREACHER

Just where is it that you think everyone went?

MADAME

They're dead I guess.

PREACHER

And where are all their bodies?

MADAME

Got et'. What the hell do I care? I've been doing this forever. How can I stop now?

PREACHER

You just make a decision.

KEVLAR

Help her decide Preacher. Go ahead! Do it.

MADAME

Preacher, you would've loved that little number I had for you last week. A fourteen-year-old girl. Must have been resurrected, cause every time I tore her a new hole it'd heal right back up. Anywhere I cut her. ANYWHERE. You would have liked her I think.

Preacher pulls out his whip.

PREACHER

I'm sorry Sister, but I'm going to have to cleanse this barn of iniquity.

MADAME

Very nice.

Preacher opens the Roy's stall, throws him a gunny sack and cracks his whip.

PREACHER

Repent! Sinner. Get out, Roy. You make these farmlands cursed!

Old Roy scampers off. He cracks his whip at the animals. They run. He's getting into it. He cracks it at the mom, she screams and protects her boy.

PREACHER

Why won't you run? I'm letting you out of here!

He whips the mom again.

KEVLAR

That's it, Preacher. Let it out.

Preacher repeatedly cracks his whip at the Madame. She likes it. She falls, comes crawling back for more.

MADAME

Come on! Harder. Let me have it!

Preacher sees she likes it. He stops whipping, disgusted. Naked Roy runs back into the barn, whooping and hollering. Preacher cracks him, drawing blood.

KEVLAR

Get them again Preacher.

Roy lassos Kevlar's neck with his leather bindings, yanks him to the ground. Roy is dragging Kevlar into his stall.

KEVLAR (CONT'D)

(choking)

Preacher! Help me.

MADAME

We can dominate too! I could use a few tricks like you two. Virile young man and a preacher?

Preacher pulls a sickle off the barn wall. He chops the leather around Kevlar's neck. He appears ready to chop up the mom and boy, slices the umbilical cord instead.

PREACHER

Run! You're a man now.

MADAME

You're only making things worse. Now they'll just sleep together!

Preacher and Kevlar back out of the barn, whip cracking. They run. Preacher starts the car and drives off. Kevlar dives into the window, Madame clutching after him.

MADAME

Don't go, Preach! Come back!

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Preacher drives past burning fields, tiny ancient graveyards, half dug up. Preacher sees a body hanging in a tree. He skids to a stop. Kevlar leans out the window.

KEVLAR

It's that teenager.

Preacher and Kevlar run to the suicidal teenager. Kevlar climbs the tree. Preacher grabs the kid's waist and raises him up, struggling. Kevlar is shimmying out on the hanging branch, saws at the rope with a pen knife.

Kevlar looks down at the teenager's swollen tongue, purple head, leaking bullet holes.

SUDDENLY

Teenager awakes, looks up into Kevlar's eyes. Terrified, Kevlar falls. The teenage kid kicks the Preacher off. Preacher and Kevlar scramble away.

PREACHER

We're trying to cut you down!

They go to help again, but the teenager just kicks at them. The boy refuses help, pulls his old revolver from his tuxedo, fires it at Preacher. Preacher dances away.

Kevlar grabs a stick. Hits the kid's back. Kid drops the pistol.

PREACHER

I thought it was a six shot.

Preacher looks inside the revolver. One shot left.

KEVLAR

Must've had extra bullets.

Preacher keeps the gun.

KEVLAR

Let's knock him out.

Kevlar mashes the kid on the head. No avail. The kid grabs the stick and swings it back at them.

PREACHER

He wants to die.

KEVLAR

He can't. He's damned.

Preacher and Kevlar are exasperated. They walk back to the car and drive off, leaving the kid hanging.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Preacher has stopped the car, urinates into the corn at the side of the road. A WOMAN IN WHITE (30) gathers corn twenty yards down the road. She is pretty, smiling at her work. She has a long dress on, covers her arms.

Kevlar honks the horn.

KEVLAR

Someone's coming.

Preacher jumps into the corn, urine flipping everywhere.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Good afternoon Brethren. Would you care to join us for dinner at the compound?

Woman indicates a huge abandoned school building. Preacher steps out, fly down. Kevlar points. Preacher zips up his wet pants.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

We're all godly people. We could share a little message with you.

PREACHER

I'm always looking for messengers. It's been months since I ate anything. I'd be mighty obliged.

She walks, white dress billowing. They follow.

INT. CULT COMPOUND - DAY

Preacher and Kevlar sit on white pads, finishing their vegetarian dinner. Woman in white and FANATIC, (40) sit on either side of them, smiling benignly, all in white. Fanatic teaches the Preacher. Everything is painted white.

FANATIC

You see, your trials, Preacher... were assigned to you, by YOU before you entered this life. You were in heaven with God.

Fanatic holds the end of a ball of white yarn. He rolls the ball out towards Kevlar's feet. Kevlar grabs the ball of yarn and holds it.

FANATIC (CONT'D)

This is time. To you it's strung out. There is no time where God is.

Fanatic pulls the yarn back, but Kevlar won't release it.

FANATIC (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Will you please give it back to him?

Kevlar glowers, throws the ball back at Fanatic. Fanatic wads it into his hand.

FANATIC

God holds the whole string of time  
in his hand. Like this.

WOMAN IN WHITE

For all we know, we are all really  
right there with him RIGHT NOW,  
working out our life's test under  
his tutelage.

PREACHER

(glassy eyed)  
Makes sense.

FANATIC

That's right. It does. Truth  
always makes sense. Else how could  
we accept his judgments unless we  
are our own gods? We'd always  
blame our shortcomings on The  
Father, you see.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Yes. Unless WE are up there, RIGHT  
NOW, choosing our trials for  
ourselves. Who could better build a  
package of struggles to grow by?  
If you sin against someone, they  
are there in heaven watching the  
moment you do it. No hiding.

FANATIC

Desecrate your mom's shower and  
she'll be watching.

KEVLAR

If you have insurance you won't  
have ANY trials.

PREACHER

I just wonder why God doesn't show  
his face to me.

WOMAN IN WHITE

You haven't seen God? You're a  
preacher?

PREACHER

Of course I've seen him. It's just  
been awhile. I'm being punished.

(MORE)

A parable: When a little boy prays in Sunday school, Jesus might touch his head. But if that boy peeks during the prayer the Lord hides his face for a season.

FANATIC

(smiles lovingly)

Maybe you're looking into his face right now and you don't even know it.

KEVLAR

Bullshit!

WOMAN IN WHITE

Excuse me?

FANATIC

Animalistic talk is not allowed in this compound.

KEVLAR

Bullshit.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Bill, what kind of company are you keeping here?

She scrounges Kevlar's card from a pile of papers.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

I thought I knew you. "Insurance against the end times." Very industrious.

FANATIC

There are no shortcuts around God.

KEVLAR

Come on Preacher, we've been here for hours. We have to get home before the zombies come out. The sun's going down.

FANATIC

(takes Kevlar's card)

Relax, Brother Kevlar. You need to hear this. You were brought here for a purpose. I may have work for you.

WOMAN IN WHITE

You are supposed to be here for some reason, Preacher. Your finding us is a sign to you.

KEVLAR

I've heard enough. Now let's get out of here.

Preacher gets up stands behind a white sheet and changes out of his preacher clothes.

PREACHER (O.S.)

What are you afraid of, Kevlar? I want to hear what these people are teaching.

KEVLAR

These guys are boring as hell.

FANATIC

Hell starts here. This high...  
(holds hand three feet  
above floor)  
God grows forever, hell shrinks forever. You are diminishing.

WOMAN IN WHITE

If it's truth Kevlar, it can only help you.

FANATIC

I'm just a messenger. Open your mind. Stay with us. Both of you. For a time. Until you've learned the 17 lessons.

WOMAN IN WHITE

We've only begun to touch on the truth that's here for you. Here, you can be good and the world won't mock you.

KEVLAR

I don't want to be good. I'm the Anti-Christ!

WOMAN IN WHITE

(cries out)  
No! Kevlar, don't say that. You don't want to be one of the cursed.  
(MORE)

Do you want to die in a tornado or have the earth open up and swallow you? Bad things don't happen to good people. They've always done something evil to deserve their punishment.

Preacher steps out from behind the white sheet wearing a white jump suit.

PREACHER

How do I look?

WOMAN IN WHITE

(smiling, clapping)

You look pure! Godly!

FANATIC

Pure and clean.

KEVLAR

Wise up, Preacher. There's something wrong here! If these people are real, then why weren't they taken out?

FANATIC

You're good people, just like us. We're all just trying to be good. Why weren't you taken out, Kevlar?

KEVLAR

Because I didn't want to go.

FANATIC

How about you, Preacher?

PREACHER

It happened so quietly. I hardly noticed.

WOMAN IN WHITE

(laughs)

Tricky. Jehovah never does what you expect. Came as a wimp the first time. But he has a special power now. He will be showing you things.

FANATIC

(smiles at Woman)

That's right.

PREACHER

I like what this man is teaching.  
I want to stay here. I'm not like  
you, Kevlar. I'm like these  
people. Go back without me. I'll  
come in a few weeks.

ZOMBIES BANG on the outside of the school walls.

FANATIC

(listening)

It's getting too late. They're out  
now.

PREACHER

Brother, would you pray for me?

FANATIC

Sure, Bill.

Fanatic and the Woman cuddle around the Preacher and sway in  
a prayer as KEVLAR EXITS to next room.

LATER:

Kevlar wanders through the adjacent empty white room, bored,  
fidgety. He sees a large old fashioned Bible in a pile of  
books. He looks it over.

Down the hall, the fanatics are still teaching the Preacher.  
They sit in front of the TV on mats in lotus, like at a  
shrine.

FANATIC

I've seen this one before. Now  
watch this one! Killed twelve  
thousand in India.

PREACHER

Talk about cursed! They got it  
more than anyone.

INSERT TV

An earthquake devastates a village. Then a tornado, a  
typhoon.

FANATIC

I love this channel. God's  
judgments are glorious to behold.  
I rejoice in their calamities!

(MORE)

I just wish he never swore off  
floods. When he comes again, he'll  
wear a red robe, man!

Preacher watches destruction, dead bodies, he claps his  
hands, laughing.

PREACHER

Wow! He'll get them with fire  
soon. Go get em' God! One billion  
for God, Zero for man!

FANATIC

Because they weren't saved.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Amen! He'll burn them with  
volcanos too. Everyone has their  
vulnerability. Once you find it,  
you've got to take advantage of it.

FANATIC

He said he was going to do it, but  
no one cared! "I told you so!"  
They didn't even know about it.  
Only the privileged few. If they'd  
known the signs they could have  
rejoiced instead of feared.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Bill, you are one of the chosen  
few. I'm so glad you've joined us.  
I feel like I've known you forever,  
Brother Bill.

She leans and hugs the Preacher.

PREACHER

I know Sister White. It's a  
miracle we've all come together.  
(seeing more calamities,  
laughs)  
Look at that! Look at that little  
bugger burn!

WOMAN IN WHITE

That one's crushed like a little  
roach.

Laughing loud with the fanatics, Preacher glances over at  
Kevlar. Kev stares at him hatefully.

Preacher stops laughing. Sees himself reflected in the TV  
tube. The fanatics continue cackling.

WOMAN IN WHITE (O.S.)

This ones the best. He got a disease from having sex with monkeys!

FANATIC

(fake grief)

Gol' darned shame!

Kevlar walks in to the Preacher.

KEVLAR

(interrupting)

I found the reason we're here.

Kevlar drops the Bible in the Preacher's lap. Preacher can't read it in the darkening light. His eyes are blurry.

PREACHER

What is it?

KEVLAR

A Bible! Now let's get out of here. This is what we're here for. For ME! It's got nothing to do with you.

PREACHER

What's it about?

FANATIC

It might be the only one left. You don't need to read it Kevlar. I've already read it, I'll tell you what it says. I can interpret it.

(Fanatic reaches for it)

Hand it here, Preacher.

Kevlar takes it back before the Fanatic can take it.

KEVLAR

They've copied a lot of what you say in here, Preacher. I think you ought to sue them!

Woman in white laughs. Stands protectively near seated fanatic. Picks up the TV remote.

FANATIC

Kevlar, I can show you how to use that book to trap God. It's a prison that he's built. He can only do what he says in that book.

(MORE)

Nothing but. Would you like to  
learn more?

KEVLAR

I'm the Anti-Christ and this  
Preacher's my teacher. Now I'm  
taking him out of here! I need  
him.

Kevlar grabs Preacher's arm. Preacher yanks loose.

PREACHER

I'm not leaving alone! We're all  
going to get out of here. These  
people don't belong here! I'm  
staying or going with them.

FANATIC

By the time our lessons are done,  
and fees are paid, you'll be  
cleansed. We'll bring you to the  
other side. It will be painless  
and glorious!

KEVLAR

If you're so wise, then tell me the  
"Great Secret".

FANATIC

If you don't know, I can't tell  
you.

KEVLAR

How would I know about it if I  
didn't know it? This is your test,  
guru.

PREACHER

Don't tell him. It's a trick.

WOMAN IN WHITE

The Devil wants to control people.  
He hates free choice. What's the  
ultimate way of controlling  
someone?

KEVLAR

Torture them.

PREACHER

Something worse. Think son.

KEVLAR

Kill them.

FANATIC

You have your secret. The Devil wants to help his minions murder. He doesn't really want a big show. He wants an innocent killed. Only then could you hope to take over the Devil's job. Impose your will, and the Devil really gives you some power. The secret itself is no big deal. But doing the secret is.

PREACHER

Where did you learn that?

FANATIC

That's the real secret, now, isn't it, Preacher?

Preacher stands up.

PREACHER

I don't feel comfortable living with you both until you tell me where you got that information.

FANATIC

Trust me, Bill. I'll take you out of this life. We can go anytime we want.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Anytime of your choosing.

The Fanatic starts to chant. Woman in white fiddles with the remote control. A LOW BUZZ fills the room.

FANATIC

You may need to sacrifice your life, Preacher, but you'll get out. We'll help you.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Hallelujah, we will!

The BUZZ grows louder, Kevlar backs into the distant room. The walls vibrate. Fanatic's eyes roll back into his head. He chants:

FANATIC

I rapture myself when I choose. I rapture myself when I choose. I rapture myself when I choose...

## WOMAN IN WHITE

(chants)

I rapture myself when I choose....

Preacher is frightened, backs out of the brightening room. Kevlar is running, kicking boarded windows, trying to bust out.

Kevlar turns, sees the Preacher running towards him, screaming, Bible in hand.

## PREACHER

In the name of this Bible I command  
you to desist!

The Fanatic floats in a pool of light, seated in lotus position, three feet above the ground. Blue sparks tickle the floor below him. He begins drifting slowly towards Kevlar and the Preacher, through the dark hallways, chanting. The BUZZ is deafening.

Preacher and Kevlar run the halls, separating, trying to find a way out. Mashing on locked doors. The light is always just behind them, down the hallway.

## KEVLAR

Down here!

Kevlar leads Preacher into a dark basement. The Fanatic floats at the top of the stairs, can't get down. His light illuminates sparking wires webbed under the basement rafters.

Kevlar throws a switch off on the fuse box. The BUZZ stops.

Fanatic falls down the basement stairs. A thick metal plate rolls out from under his butt. He was sitting on it. Fanatic MOANS in pain.

Kevlar pushes Preacher up out through the basement window as Woman in white curses at Fanatic.

## WOMAN IN WHITE (O.S.)

Must I do everything myself? Get  
your ass up those stairs. Give me  
one thousand pushups...

## EXT. CULT COMPOUND - NIGHT

Kevlar and Preacher roll out of the basement. They run through the corn rows, slamming into zombies.

Kevlar's station wagon: The headlights turn on. Zombies stagger out of the way as Preacher and Kevlar drive off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS/TV STATION - NIGHT

Preacher drives all night, dodging zombies on the empty highways. Kevlar sleeps. Preacher drifts off the road.

He starts awake. Sees a tall TV broadcast tower, red lights blinking on the horizon.

PREACHER

What's that?

Preacher drives past abandoned houses, TV lights glowing through the windows. He finally nears the TV broadcast tower, pulls up the drive to a little cinder block building surrounded by a high razor-wired fence. He stops at an intercom. BUZZES it.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)

Who's there?

PREACHER

It's Preacher Bubb. We've been driving all night. Please let us in. I can't go any further. If we stop, zombies'll get us.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)

I never open at night.

Preacher BUZZES intercom again. Kevlar wakes up, looks around.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)

I'm not letting anyone in.

KEVLAR

Are you the station that broadcasts "Signs of the Times"?

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)

Yes.

KEVLAR

Well, I'm a client of yours. I've been paying you to show my "End Times Insurance" spot for a year now. Now open the damned door!

The gate BUZZES open, Preacher pulls in.

INT. TV STATION - NIGHT

Preacher stands in front of a TV Camera. Looks haggard. He is confessing his sins over the air. The voice of the woman TV BROADCASTER (40's) asks him questions.

Kevlar lies on a sofa in the corner, looking over his new Bible. He ignores the Preacher.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
What is it you wanted to tell us?

PREACHER  
First, I'd like to thank "Signs of the Times" for having me on the air.  
(closes his eyes, raises hands)  
I pray that I might ascend through the airwaves. Take me up on high to meet Jesus. I'm a vibration, a wave at a higher frequency. Jesus, I also pray you're watching this channel tonight.  
(looks into camera)  
Anyone that knows him, please wake him up. Make him watch. My sins are going to be shouted from the housetop antennas tonight. I have some important confessions to make.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
Confessions?

PREACHER  
A confession. I'm not good. I've been trying. I can't be good...

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
Could you be more specific?

PREACHER  
I...

Kevlar turns his Bible sideways like a centerfold.

INSERT BIBLE: old lithograph of stereotypical Satan, horned, grotesque.

KEVLAR  
(more to himself)  
Remember to say their names.  
(MORE)

Look the camera right in the eyes.  
They like that.

BACK to Preacher. Broadcaster presses him.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
This is your chance to come clean.  
Have you heard the rumors floating  
around on the air about you? We  
have some tape here...

INSERT:

VIDEO from TV's point of view, one grainy frame a second,  
sped up. PREACHER MASTURBATING in his church.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
Televisions are built of thousands  
of phosphorescent dots. Just like  
your eye. By reversing a signal.  
Your TV can become a crude camera  
once every second.

PREACHER  
I see. Yes. I'm not here to deny  
anything. I've lived imperfectly.  
But I want to change, to repent.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
What are these sins?

INSERT: Grainy footage of PREACHER THROWING GOTH GIRL  
violently off his leg.

PREACHER  
First, I hate my fellow man. I  
judge them. I hoped to see you all  
damned. It's my hatred that's kept  
me behind.

TV BROADCASTER  
You'll have to do better than that.

INSERT: VIDEO of Preacher wrestling with FAT WOMAN in  
trailer house.

PREACHER  
I will. I god-damned a child to  
famine. I tried to spawn evil Anti-  
Christ children with a turkey  
baster though I never did have  
sexual intercourse with what I  
*thought* was a virgin.

(MORE)

I flushed billions of sperm down  
the toilet to be incubated in the  
drains of the world. Then I  
abandoned all those pathetic lumps  
of pink puss-for-skin retarded  
inbreeds. Failure lards. They  
weren't beautiful enough. Save  
one.

Preacher looks over towards Kevlar, who is oblivious.

INSERT:

VIDEO. FLASH of something we haven't seen yet: INFRA-RED  
NIGHT FROM CHURCH of Preacher cavorting with naked Zombies in  
the grave yard.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

I tried to dig out the dead for you  
Jesus. But I fear I only did more  
damage than good. God will do his  
work in his own time. I've been a  
bad example to Kevlar, here...  
(starts weeping)  
...who is like a son to me!

ANOTHER SHOT

Preacher lifts the sheet covering NAKED SLEEPING KEVLAR.

BACK TO SCENE

Kevlar gets up from his couch, moves forward, sees VIDEO of  
Preacher.

INSERT:

VIDEO of Preacher and the FANATICS, laughing manically,  
pointing AT CAMERA. GRAINY, closer on something swollen in  
his pants.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Last, plagues crept into my mind.  
I've been brewing this concoction,  
a witches brew. I wanted to  
destroy the waters, turn the oceans  
to blood. To poison and kill all  
you rotten sinners listening today.  
All I wanted was to be a key player  
in the end. To be special. I'm  
even a miserable failure at that.  
I'm so good now that I'm evil, you  
see?

Preacher gets on his knees. AS HE CONFESSES we see a SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) The Preacher on the FAT WOMAN'S trailer house TV, confessing LIVE.
- B) On WRATH'S TV, confessing.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

This is my last chance. Right now.  
I hope it's not too late for me to  
fly up to you Jesus. Take me out!  
I'm penitent. Send a UFO,  
whatever, I'll go. Get me out of  
this mini-barnyard apocalypse.

- C) On the CHURCH TV -- Zombies, watching, hypnotized.
- D) Flickering TV lights in abandoned houses all over the plains.
- E) On the FANATICS' TV.

The picture flips, SIGNAL STOPS ABRUPTLY. HISS.

CUT TO:

Kevlar is holding a frayed camera cord in his hand. The Preacher weeps.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Preacher sits in front of the TV, on a torn up easy boy chair in his yellowed underwear. He is watching the "rebroadcast" of his confession of that night. Drinks a beer, unshaven, sickly.

TV BROADCASTER (O.S.)

The amazing confessions of a fallen preacher. William Zero Bubb. We will be rebroadcasting this episode again all month. The Preacher began his career as the brightest star...

INSERT

FUZZY TV - Quick flash of handsome, young, charismatic Preacher, moving and shaking before an entranced congregation of fawning worshipers.

YOUNG PREACHR  
(tearful, to camera)  
Please! I beg you. I beg myself!  
Stay true! We must endure to the  
end. You can do it.

AUDIENCE "ALLELUIAS".

BACK TO SCENE

PREACHER  
Disgusting. She really made me  
look like a god damned fool.

He turns to the SCRAMBLE PORN station. SOUNDS of sex.

Kevlar ENTERS.

KEVLAR  
Reverend, why don't you go out and  
dig some holes? It's a beautiful  
day.

PREACHER  
Why don't you find someone to  
murder today? Get with the  
program.

KEVLAR  
I should murder you.

PREACHER  
Why the hell not. Go head'. Get  
me out of this shitty world! Won't  
do you any Anti-Christ good though,  
You've got to kill someone. An  
innocent. I'm not righteous  
anymore, am I? Besides, we're  
already dead and gone.

KEVLAR  
You should get outside. You're  
getting fat. You stink. Your  
body's a temple you know.

Preacher laughs.

PREACHER  
I want you to quit reading that  
book. Your preaching's getting on  
my nerves.

KEVLAR

God left you behind because he knew  
you'd turn into this.

Kevlar EXITS church.

Preacher gets bored with scrambled porn. He changes the  
channel back to "Signs of the Times".

INSERT TV:

Calamities, destructions, environmental catastrophes, fires,  
plagues.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CISTERN/GRAVEYARD - DAY

Kevlar stands far away from the cistern, throws the  
Preacher's whip, coiled with the bloody umbilical cord and  
Polaroid into the cistern. Hears a SPLASH and MOANING  
within.

Kevlar walks through the graveyard with a pick and shovel.  
Holes at every gravestone. Roots and coffin parts lie  
everywhere. Kevlar stops at the stone: "Your Brother Jimmy".  
He goes to his knees and listens to the grass. THE WIND.

He starts digging.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CISTERN - DAY

Old Devil, relaxes, floating on his inner tube.

Preacher walks towards the cistern. He has the big Bible and  
his white jump suit in his hands. Kevlar stands straight up  
out of his grave-digging hole. Jumps out of the grave, runs  
to Preacher.

Preacher tosses in his jump suit then lifts the Bible above  
his head. The old Devil moans in the darkness below.

KEVLAR

Stop!

Kevlar tries to grab it. Both men nearly fall in. The Bible  
is torn in half, Preacher kicks the parts into the cistern.  
Devil covers his head as parts land on him. One page sticks  
on his inner tube.

Preacher storms back into the church.

KEVLAR

That was mine, you pathetic  
asshole! I needed that!

In the cistern, Devil reads a scripture. Kevlar listens.

OLD DEVIL (O.S.)

I would that thou wert either cold  
or hot, but because thou art  
neither cold nor hot, I will spew  
thee out of my mouth.

LATER:

Kevlar is digging deeper. Wears sunglasses. Black sludgy water fills the grave around his ankles. He hits wood. The sludge drains in. Kevlar works faster. Hears COUGHING and CRYING in the coffin.

Tearing at the wood, Kevlar panics and yanks out a man that looks a lot like himself. It is Kevlar's older brother, JIMMY (32) dressed in a VERY tight Boyscout-type uniform, some badges on a sash.

Kevlar slaps him and pushes him back down into the muck.

KEVLAR

What are you doing in my brother's  
grave you bastard?

JIMMY

Kevlar?

KEVLAR

You are not my brother. My brother  
was a retard! He had a fat neck  
and stump hands, a face flat as a  
shovel. A retard! Where did you  
all put him? I want him now!

Kevlar kicks Jimmy. Stomps him back down into the soupy coffin. Jimmy gags in the muck.

JIMMY

Who is it? I can't see you!

Kevlar puts the sunglasses on his gagging brother. Pulls his face up into the blinding light.

KEVLAR

I'm the Anti-Christ and I will  
destroy you. Where's my brother?

Jimmy squints in the sunlight. Studies Kevlar.

JIMMY

Kevlar. It's me.

Kevlar is stunned a moment.

KEVLAR

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Jesus has fixed me up. But I'm fine now. I had a real strong spirit so they made me a retard to protect me. If they kept me normal, Lucifer would have destroyed me with temptation.

KEVLAR

You weren't perfect. You were tempted too. Retards get boners just like everyone else.

Kevlar climbs out of the grave. Jimmy follows him. Kevlar zigzags between grave holes.

JIMMY

You were strong too, Kevlar. You seemed pretty confident you could handle this life. God puts a veil over your eyes. You were born, then you forgot how great you once were. You're crippled too. The Devil watches always. He would have you that he might sift you as wheat. He'll suck the corn off your cobb.

KEVLAR

The Devil's a fly to me.

JIMMY

No Kevlar. The Devil is no simpleton. I learned a new word since I died: Narcissism. It's the last great plague. Everything you see is created just to test you, this is true. But don't let it hyper-encephalate you. You need Jesus' help.

KEVLAR

To hell with Jesus.

JIMMY

I'm taking you to meet him.

KEVLAR

Oh, I'd like to meet Jesus! I want to talk to him. He gave you brain damage and we suffered our whole lives for it.

JIMMY

The tongue of the stammerer will speak plainly that the glory of God might be manifest unto you.

Kevlar studies his new brother.

KEVLAR

I'll talk to him. But I want to know something first. Why did he leave me here?

JIMMY

I'll show you.

Jimmy walks down the church drive. Kevlar follows.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

IN DISTANCE - Kevlar and Jimmy walk across the plains.

KEVLAR

I've been learning about him. He was a nerd! A beatnik. Couldn't say anything clearly at all. Couldn't even get organized enough to resurrect you proper. I could have done it much faster. Set it up like a pyramid structure. He never had any women. Do you hang with guys like that? Was probably gay.

INT. FAT LADIES' TRAILER - DAY

Fat lady lies, weak in the back of her trailer. She's half as fat as she used to be. The caving floor is littered with little bleached bones and an empty picture frame. The trailer is practically empty. Everything has been eaten.

A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

FAT WOMAN

Good God, come in! Help me.

KEVLAR ENTERS. Fat Woman can barely look up.

FAT WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can you feed me? I've lost half my weight...

(sees it's Kevlar)

Not you! I told you I don't need any of your damned insurance. I need real help!

Jimmy ENTERS.

KEVLAR

We're here to ask you some questions.

JIMMY

Hi mom.

Fat Woman croons her neck.

FAT WOMAN

Who's there?

JIMMY

It's Jimmy, Mom.

FAT WOMAN

Jimmy! Good lord. You're a man!  
You're beautiful, son.

She reaches rotund arms out to him. Pulls him in, weeping. Rocking him like a Pieta. She kisses him again and again.

FAT WOMAN

My little Jimmy. I missed you. Oh, your uniform! You were the only thing good and sweet in my entire life. You're back and you're perfect, son. It's a miracle!

JIMMY

Mom, I'm here to take you and Kev out of here.

FAT WOMAN

Oh, no son. That's nice, but I can't go anywhere.

(MORE)

I need you to be a good little boy  
and give me something to eat.

JIMMY  
We didn't bring anything.

FAT WOMAN  
(kisses Jimmy's cheek)  
That's all right. It'll be okay,  
child.

Kevlar kicks the little bones around on the floor.

KEVLAR  
We're not going to feed you until  
you answer some things first.

Fat Woman slows her kissing. Stares at Jimmy's shoulder.  
She opens her jaw and bites into Jimmy's shoulder. Jimmy  
screams and thrashes. Kevlar runs to help.

KEVLAR  
Get away! Run.

Kevlar wrestles Jimmy from her, tearing Jimmy's skin and  
uniform. No blood.

FAT WOMAN  
Can't you see that I'm starving in  
here? I'm so sorry, Jimmy. Come  
here. Mommie's sorry. Jimmy, get  
over here! Now!

Jimmy is crying in Kevlar's arms, trying to fix his torn  
uniform. Kevlar pushes Jimmy out of the trailer a moment,  
but steps back inside.

KEVLAR  
Why was I left behind?

FAT WOMAN  
You were a virgin birth.

KEVLAR  
We didn't have a dad? Then we're  
a miracle.

FAT WOMAN  
No. You had no father.

She regurgitates a little. A turkey baster syringe comes up.  
She pulls it out of her mouth, wipes it with a yellowed rag,  
tosses them at Kevlar.

FAT WOMAN  
That's your father.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Preacher is in the corner, still watching TV. Both brothers quietly wash, put on the Preacher's suits. Jimmy still snuffles. The Preacher looks over and grunts once in awhile. Kevlar eyes him with disgust.

JIMMY  
He's really great, Kevlar.  
Patient. He wants to work with  
you.

PREACHER  
HA!

KEVLAR  
That would be great, Jimmy. Now  
stop going on about him. I already  
said I'd meet him. I could really  
do some things with him.

PREACHER  
Yeah. Do it with him. Do it TO  
him!

Preacher leans over, half drunk. Points at Jimmy.

PREACHER  
There's your innocent, right there,  
Kevlar. He's the one you should do  
it to.

Kevlar approaches Preacher's chair, kneels, reaches beneath Preacher's butt cushion. Preacher's breath starts.

KEVLAR  
(whispering and winking)  
I'm aiming for something bigger.

Kevlar pulls the pistol out from under Preacher. Tucks it down the crotch of his pants, Preacher watching close. Jimmy doesn't see it. KEVLAR and JIMMY leave the church.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
People are really happy there...

Preacher struggles to get up. He goes to the window. Watches the boys walk down the long gravel church drive.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/CISTERN - DAY

The old Devil hangs in his inner tube by a rope. The Preacher hauls him up, grabs his overalls, pulls him out of the cistern. Both are exhausted.

They stare into each other's faces. Old Devil can barely see. Says nothing. His skin is rotting and cracked, covered with boils and leeches. Preacher watches him limp off down the road.

Preacher then drops a match into the cess pool. It EXPLODES in flames. Corn and trees are singed by the heat. Paint on the church boils up. The old Devil disappears over the horizon.

TV BROADCASTER (V.O.)

This alert just in. The Devil is on the prowl again. He has come out of hiding. He ranges abroad across the earth, going to and fro to destroy the righteous.

Preacher walks into the corn rows, cess pool burning in B.G.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Preacher watches the old Devil from the corn, follows him for miles across the plains, through woods, across roads, underpasses, crawling in ditches. The sun is moving towards setting.

PREACHER (V.O.)

We all follow the Devil.

The old Devil arrives at a cross-roads. Collapses in the middle of the dusty cross, arms outstretched. Preacher waits and watches from a cornfield.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

Preacher sees the green pickup coming in the distance. He hunkers down in the corn.

Green pickup stops. Golden Man gets out, picks up the old Devil. Carries him towards the truck.

Jimmy runs towards the Golden Man over the plains. Kevlar runs behind him.

JIMMY

Wait! We're going too!

KEVLAR

(to Golden Man)

Hey man! That's the Devil! You don't want him.

Golden man struggles with old Devil's spongy flesh.

GOLDEN MAN

Lend a hand here.

Jimmy helps hold up old Devil's body. Kevlar hesitates, then grabs the old Devil's legs, helps slide him into the back of the truck. The American Indian sits in the back, wrapped in a blanket. Gives Kevlar a dirty look.

Golden man leans, revealing a pink crease in his side. It opens further. Kevlar sees a light glowing deep inside the nasty scar.

GOLDEN MAN

Watch his head. Thank you.

Golden man lifts sun glasses to wipe his eye, then tenderly inspects old Devil with Kevlar looking over his shoulder. Jimmy circles around and jumps in passenger side of the truck.

GOLDEN MAN

Poor Pa. He's had a rough time. Looks like he's been a victim of some sort of Satanic ritual.

Kevlar reaches into his pants for the pistol. He inches it near Golden Man's scar.

KEVLAR

I don't know anything about that.

GOLDEN MAN

I suppose he's ready to go. Are you?

KEVLAR

We're not going anywhere.

Golden man speaks to Kevlar without even looking back.

GOLDEN MAN

Would you crucify me afresh?

Kevlar pushes the pistol into the scar.

KEVLAR

You made us suffer. Jimmy  
suffered.

GOLDEN MAN

We're all fine now. It was like a  
twenty-four-hour flu. Nothing  
more. Just be healed.

IN THE DISTANCE

Preacher watches, nervously. Nods his head.

PREACHER

Don't let him trick you, son.

BACK TO SCENE

Golden Man turns slowly, looks into Kevlar's eyes.  
Sunglasses blazing. Kevlar sees a thin tatoo of thorns  
around Golden man's forehead. Kevlar steps back, nervous.

KEVLAR

You trying to play mind games on  
me?

GOLDEN MAN

No friend. You ready?

The Golden Man slowly goes to the driver's side, opens the  
truck door to get in, Kevlar rushes up behind. Points the  
gun at the back of his head.

KEVLAR

It's not that easy.

GOLDEN MAN

It is for me.

KEVLAR

I've got to kill someone.

Golden Man gets into the truck. Shuts the door.

GOLDEN MAN

Who taught you that? You don't  
want to kill anyone, Brother. Get  
in. I'll take you out of here.  
You need a rest.

Kevlar falters, lowers the pistol a bit, raises it to the side of the Golden Man's head. Presses it hard into his temple.

THE PREACHER:

Preacher gets up out of the corn and walks slowly towards the distant truck.

PREACHER

Come on. You can do it! I know  
you can.

BACK TO SCENE

GOLDEN MAN

It's your choice. You haven't done  
it yet. You can be the Antichrist  
if you like, I guess. Or you can  
get in and we go.

KEVLAR

Am I him?

GOLDEN MAN

Depends.

Golden Man slowly leans past Jimmy to open the passenger door. Kevlar almost pulls the trigger.

Golden Man turns and smiles at Kevlar, gun between his eyes. He is radiant, the sunset behind him like a halo.

GOLDEN MAN

Be not spineless but believing.  
You're out of time. Make a choice.

Preacher sees Kevlar lower the gun. He runs towards the truck now. Speaks frantically.

PREACHER

(to Golden Man)

I'm sorry for him. He's a little  
impulsive.

(Preacher tugs at Kevlar's  
elbow)

Come on Kev. You're just a boy.  
Do you really want to shoulder that  
kind of power?

(to Golden Man)

He's not capable of killing anyone.  
I'll straighten him out.

(indicating his own side)

(MORE)

Hey, a little Super Glue on that  
cut will seal it right up.

Kevlar drops the gun and circles around to the passengers'  
side. Preacher pursues him. Kevlar gets in, slams the door.

PREACHER  
What are you doing? Wait a minute!  
Where are you going?

The truck pulls slowly out as the Preacher jumps in front of  
the truck, circles to grab the driver side door. Golden Man  
looks over casually.

PREACHER  
Stop a minute! Kevlar, let's talk,  
here.

JIMMY  
He made his decision.

PREACHER  
(to Golden Man)  
That kid's mine! Please, I've been  
working on him for an eternity. I  
need him with me. What do you  
want. I'll give it to you.

GOLDEN MAN  
He passed his test Bill.

PREACHER  
(composing himself)  
Why does he get to go? Can I go  
with you too? Please? Take me  
along. I kept the old man safe for  
you.

JIMMY  
Get thee hence, Bill Z. Bubb!

KEVLAR  
(to himself)  
Preacher William... Bubb. Bill  
Zero Bubb.

Golden Man accelerates. Preacher chases behind in a dusty  
whirlwind. Falls in the ditch.

INSERT THROUGH THE DUST: LICENSE PLATE: "DS X MCINA"

Follow the truck until it "leaves us behind".

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The Preacher rants, raves, gnashes teeth. Tears the church to pieces.

PREACHER

I'll destroy you all! I try to be good. When do I get out? I played my part. God damn you all. He was mine! I earned him. I raised him up from nothing. It's not fair. My wrath boileth over!

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

His cistern BOILS and FOMENTS. The gun sits on the bottom. With a belch it falls, draining through the bottom of the cistern into the underground aquifer.

INT./EXT - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

- A) Fetid sludge with chunks of red flesh comes spurting out of the same water faucet seen running in opening montage.
- B) Rot water seeps up from cracks in the earth. It pours out of windmill pumps, fills toilets, poisons ponds, fish float to the surface.
- C) Wrath washes at a water pump, clean water changes to diseased water. He rubs the rot into the piercings and sores on his face. He opens his eyes and sees. His stomach convulses.
- D) It backs up into Fat Woman's sink. She is even thinner now. Fat Woman limps over the little dry bones on the trailer floor.
- E) Opening the trailer door for the first time in years, she steps out, takes to the roads.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH/BASEMENT - DUSK

Zombies sit calmly in the Preacher's chapel pews, waiting for a sermon.

Rot water drains into the basement through the hole in the stone wall. Preacher stands in six inches of sludge water. He stares out the basement window.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH/WINDOW - DUSK

Outside the basement window: Preacher stares right AT CAMERA.

PREACHER

You are all under my power.

Preacher stares long. The film runs out.

FADE TO WHITE

AS FILM TAIL CLICKS IN THE EMPTY PROJECTOR. NO END CREDITS.

FADE OUT

THE END