

REAPERS
"The Last Petal/ Six Bullets"

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TITLE INTRO PLAYS:

REAPERS

Chapter 1: The Last Petal

Akira's Story

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- HILL- AFTERNOON

From the arise of the deep clouds, a ray of sunlight shines a beam on a bare tree, looking old and shriveled. As we PAN down this tree, we see a pink Petal, blowing lightly, and hanging as tight as possible--

The petal flies off the branch, then it flies forwards, revealing--

A long and devastated battlefield is in the foreground, filled with dead bodies and burnt dust in the air.

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- BATTLEFIELD- CONTINUOUS

The petal flies across the destroyed battlefield to reveal these dead bodies are full of massacred Samurai soldiers and Mongolians, some impaled, some slit, some dismembered, some flattened. The petal flies through the dust, passing through the endless count of bodies-- it never ends.

In the background, we see a quick flash of a black beast, flying in the clouds. We can hear the flap of its wings.

The petal soon lands its beautiful shape in the hand of a dead body.

We hear a landing of something-- and then a reveal of a monstrous black hand, with its black claws and smokey dusts foaming off its body.

We see THE STORYTELLER, a monstrous, black demon, standing with its wings extended out. Its glowing yellow eyes analyze this dead body and getting close to the petal.

Note: All dialogue will be in Japanese to honor the era.

THE STORYTELLER

So, you're the one.

The hand reaches out, sticking its finger to touch the petal. The petal shines with a grey glow, as the glow slowly travels through the arm of this fallen samurai. The samurai is revealed to be AKIRA MUSHISHI, a samurai commander.

Akira's hand grasps the petal, with a tight grip.

Akira's eyes open wide with awareness, his breath inhales and exhales, like a struggling balloon trying to inflate.

Akira carefully pushes himself off the ground but struggles with the little strength he has. He falls down once but keeps pushing up. He gets to his knees.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

Akira Mushishi.

AKIRA

What... what happened to me?

Akira looks up to stare down the foul beast, showing little reaction, mainly in pure shock of what happened.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

You... you're the death merchant.

THE STORYTELLER

You may see me as Death, but I view myself as a storyteller. What's your story?

Akira looks down to his bloodied armor, feeling the slight hole left in the middle of his chest plate. He presses against his armor.

AKIRA

Why can't I remember anything?

THE STORYTELLER

Death shocked you. Your memory is fragmented. You'll remember everything soon enough.

Akira feels his temples, grasping his face. He groans in pain, hoping for something to stop.

We see QUICK FLASHES of:

-Akira charging on a horse.

-The ground splitting in half by fires.

-Men being sliced in half.

-Akira's men fighting near their leader's side.

-A close-up of Akira's eye dilated back.

We cut back to Akira, panting heavily. His breath is shortened, rapid. The Storyteller trudges around Akira, his heavy feet making black footprints on the ground.

AKIRA

What... what is this...? I can't be dead.

THE STORYTELLER

Look around you, Akira. Death is imbedded around you.

(Beat)

Look down.

Akira listens to the Storyteller's command, to see his own face.

Akira soon pops up, the fear in his eyes is radiant. He scrambles on the ground, seeing his own dead body with a huge hole in the middle of his chest plate-- which shows he was impaled. He stays put, not knowing what his next move will be.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

Do you believe me now?

The storyteller steps on the dead Akira, admiring the katana near his body. He reads off the writing on the handle.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

Honor. Truth. Dedication.

Akira gets up on his feet, finding his balance in this afterlife.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

It seems like these words led to your death.

The Storyteller chuckles at his own joke, as he grabs the Katana. The black goo from the Storyteller's hand travels down the blade, releasing a deep steam. It travels to the very tip of the blade.

The Storyteller pulls the katana, now holding it in his deadly paws. He gives Akira a glance. Akira trembles, his voice shakes.

The Storyteller lowers to one knee, and hands the Katana with both of his paws. He bows his head down, extending his arms to gift Akira his weapon.

Akira, reluctantly, takes his blade, bringing it closer to him in awe. He feels the words engraved on his handle-- feeling the comfort of the blade he had for so long.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
 Congratulations. You're now a
 Reaper.

Akira gives the Storyteller a confused glance.

AKIRA
 Reaper?

THE STORYTELLER
 Yes, Akira. You're now a killer of
 beasts.

AKIRA
 Why am I chosen to be a Reaper?

THE STORYTELLER
 Do you feel fulfilled in your life,
 Akira? Like you died like a true
 warrior?

Akira glances at his own corpse, laying lifelessly. Akira looks down to his own blade, seeing the blood stain left permanent on his Katana. Akira tries to answer "Yes" but can't speak it out.

AKIRA
 No.

Akira is shocked by his own words saying that.

THE STORYTELLER
 I choose those that aren't ready to
 cross over. The feeling of not
 finding their fulfillment. You, my
 friend, were chosen for an
 important mission.

AKIRA
 How can I not be fulfilled? I died
 fighting for my people.
 (Beat)
 Am I... a dishonor?

THE STORYTELLER
 Do you think you're a dishonor?

Akira hesitates to answer that question.

AKIRA

I don't know. I couldn't be. I never broke the code. I never once provoked evil in my life. How could this be?

THE STORYTELLER

That's for you to figure out.

AKIRA

Don't you know though?

THE STORYTELLER

What's the fun telling you everything when you get to figure it out on your own.

AKIRA

I have so many questions.

THE STORYTELLER

Well, go find the answers. Maybe find the answer of how you exactly died.

The Storyteller extends his hand to reveal the annihilated town of Kitsuki, the flames now died down. The smoke in the air casts a dirty orange color in the air, making the town look bleak.

AKIRA

Why this town?

THE STORYTELLER

Because once you see everything, your memory will find its way to come to you.

Akira looks down at his blade one last time, tries to clean the stained blood on his Katana, then draws it back into his holster. He stands with pride.

AKIRA

What about you?

Akira turns around to see the Storyteller is no longer there. He glances around to find where he's at, but there's no point.

Akira takes a good look at the town, then starts marching down, as a storm grumbles in the foreground.

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- CONTINUOUS

In this devastated town, Akira walks down the long- beat up path, all buildings destroyed and bodies occupying the ground. There is no sign of life anywhere-- the town is now ancient history.

Rain drops start falling as the storm comes in. The rain interacts with Akira's skin, leaving a smokey hiss off of his body. Akira examines this phenomenon, but keeps going down.

Akira passes down a temple, where a large, bare tree stands still, looking ancient than ever. Then--

AKIRA

Augh!

Akira grasps his head, feeling the pressure again. The memories-- they're coming back.

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- TEMPLE- FLASHBACK

Near the Pink trumpet tree stands Akira, sitting on both knees with his eyes closed. He takes a deep breath as the pink petals fall around him, landing in the little currents surrounding the tree.

ODA KENSHIN, the second-in-command Samurai with his dark green armor, approaches Akira.

AKIRA

Have you ever seen such beauty in this Tree, Oda?

ODA

It's gorgeous, Akira.

AKIRA

A town deserves pure beauty. It shouldn't be destroyed in haste.

ODA

We'll do everything we can to protect this village. That's why General Nobunga sent us.

AKIRA

(Sighs)

How's evacuating the town?

ODA

They're all about ready to go. The citizens of Kitsuki are heading South, far away from here.

AKIRA

Good, let's gather our things and get these people to safety.

Akira stands firm, taking in one last look at the tree before departure.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

The town of Kitsuki deserves better than this.

ODA

It's not about the town, Akira. It's the people here. We're here to keep them safe, and that's what we're doing.

AKIRA

You're right, Oda. Just can't bare seeing this tree left behind.

ODA

Well sir, let's get the civilians safe.

Akira turns to face Oda, then nods.

Akira and Oda exit the temple--

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- FLASHBACK

--As the two witness groups of citizens marching down the path. Everyone is moving with some haste but sane focus. They're all carrying personal items-- from bags to food crates to dishes. Akira and Oda hop in to direct the traffic.

HIRYUU (23), a very young but ferocious warrior with gold plated armor, rushes up to the men.

HIRYUU

Akira! The Mongolian Army arrived!

ODA

Impossible. They shouldn't be here this fast.

AKIRA

How many of them?

Hiryuu shakes his head in fear, without putting into words of how big this army is.

WHOOSH!

SPLAT!

From afar, a civilian is STRUCKED with an arrow in their back, falling down lifelessly. The screams become much present, turning up a notch.

WHOOSH!

WHOOSH!

A couple more arrows land into the ground without hitting anybody. Akira, Oda and Hiryuu look up to the sky...

A Parade of ARROWS fly high in the sky, like a giant wave. The amount is so abundant, the very sunlight is blocked by this enormous wave.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Everyone take shelter!

Everyone is rushing for cover, either continuing down the path or hiding in buildings for cover. Akira rushes down the path until he notices--

A small child, crying as he lays on the ground, confused and scared. He is all alone-- no mom or dad beside him.

Akira rushes towards the child and---

SWOOP!

He swiftly lifts the child into his arms and holds him close to his chest. Akira turns around--

The arrows are now Closer.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Shit.

Oda and Hiryuu, who're evacuating whoever's around them to safety, sees Akira from afar.

ODA

Run, Akira!

Akira dashes down the path, finding the nearest shelter, as each arrow closes in on him.

One body falls.

Another body falls.

And another.

Arrows and bodies now fall with grace, chasing after Akira.
Then--

An arrow STRUCKS Akira in the back--

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- PRESENT TIME

Akira takes a step back, groaning in heavy headaches that cause a man's knees to weaken.

Akira falls to the ground with a heavy *umph*, his veins popping out of his neck and forehead. His hands apply pressure to the ground, kicking up some dust.

Suddenly-- DUST lightly swirls around Akira's arms; as it travels up, his veins glow a bright grey color. His groans become louder.

AKIRA
(To self)
What...is happening?!

Akira's eyes glow a deep grey glow, glowing brightly through the DUST SWIRLS.

Then--

The glowing stops-- then the dust blows away.

Akira grunts, huffing and puffing. He grabs hold of his chest, trying his hardest to breathe.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
(To self)
This is hell.

THE STORYTELLER (O.S)
You're transitioning.

Without any reaction, Akira turns around to face the Storyteller straight in the face; his glowing yellow eyes stare blankly back at Akira, as his smokey body fills the air.

AKIRA
Transitioning... to a demon?

THE STORYTELLER
To my Reaper.

Beat. Akira takes a deep breath.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
Did you have a memory?

AKIRA
What I saw... was it my death?

THE STORYTELLER
You'll remember soon enough, Akira.
Now, look at your Katana.

Akira obeys the Storyteller's command. He draws out the blade to notice--

--its heavy grey glow radiating in the air, its color draining all other colors around the area.

AKIRA
What devilish antics is this?

THE STORYTELLER
You have to see for yourself.

CRASH!

Thunder and lightning CLAPS loudly in the background and foreground, interacting with the buildings. Fire catches in one of the abandoned buildings.

A mystic ROAR is heard through the heavy storm--This catches the Storyteller's attention, even Akira looks to find the origin of the roar.

AKIRA
Is that--

Akira looks over to see the Storyteller is no longer there. Akira turns to face the direction where the roar was.

Then, Akira holds his Katana for light, and trudges down the path, unknowing of what's awaiting...

The storm REIGN heavily, as the raindrops interact with Akira's skin. The smoke is becoming hazy, his skin producing tons of the black haze.

The storms produce a heavy orange cloud that blocks Akira's view. Only thing we see is his glowing katana. He marches through the thick storm, then--

At the very center of town stands a tall figure facing his back towards Akira.

He stands 10 feet tall, completely sizing up on Akira. He wears a large black Kasa, as his black cape flaps in the storm.

Akira, unknowing of this presence, takes a few more steps before stopping about 5 feet from the tall man.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
Identify yourself!

The man doesn't turn around.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
What are you doing out here?

No response.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
What's your name?

Still no response.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
Speak now!

A monstrous ROAR enters in, overtaking the powerful sounds of the storm. This startles Akira, as he shuffles in position. The roar echoes all around Akira, making it difficult to expect where it's coming from.

The man now turns around, wearing a Demon Prajna mask to hide its face. His dark black armor produces a small smoke haze from the storm, but not as profound as Akira's.

The presence startles Akira-- *he knows who that is.*

AKIRA (CONT'D)
The Spirit.

THE SPIRIT, known for its threatening appearance and tall features, stares down Akira. His mask provides no real emotion, his eyes are nowhere to be found. He stands menacingly.

The ROAR returns. This time, behind the Spirit...

A Humongous werewolf appears from the deep orange rain fog, growling with blood seeping through his teeth. The werewolf, in comparison to the Spirit, stands 30 feet tall. His white hair makes no interaction with the rain, his arms and legs as big as the Spirit itself, and its face fully extensive.

Akira stumbles in fear-- His breath becomes rapid, his heart speeds up. *He has never felt this type of fear before.*

AKIRA (CONT'D)
The Demon Wolf... it's real.

The Spirit still stares down Akira, while the Werewolf from behind growls, yapping its jaw in hunger. It's ready to feed.

We focus on Akira's eyes, as the reflection of the Spirit and wolf can be seen, while sweat beads form around his eyeballs.

The Spirit lifts his finger towards Akira.

The werewolf **dashes!**

In utter shock, Akira scurries back, unsure whether to fight or dodge. Fight or dodge. Fight or dodge.

The werewolf approaches closer!

Fight or dodge...

The werewolf raises its huge claws, then...

Dodge!

Akira dodges to the left, avoiding the beast's right hand scratch. The werewolf loses some traction, but quickly regains it.

Akira turns to find where the Spirit went. *It is no longer there.*

It turns its head rapidly, showing its nasty teeth, saliva oozing out of its mouth like rabies. It charges again.

Akira grips his Katana, unsure if he's able to use it. He hesitates, but as the werewolf jumps forward...

Akira dodges to the right, avoiding the beast's attack once again, this time it tumbles onto the ground. The beast kicks up some dust, turning itself around with no haste and charges again.

This time, the beast drags dust behind itself and uses its tail to send the dust hailing towards Akira's direction, blinding him. Akira waves around his face, trying to see where the beast went. The beast is no longer there.

Crunch!

From behind, the beast lands near Akira and SLASHES him across the field, sending him flying into one of the abandoned buildings...

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING- CONTINUOUS

CRASH!

With a huge umph, Akira crashes into the wall, falling hard to the ground with a massive thump. He groans, grabbing at its chest, where the scratch leaves red smoky haze oozing off his body.

AKIRA

It damaged me... It can damage the dead?

THE STORYTELLER (O.S)

If you die, then you're dead for good.

Akira turns to face the Storyteller standing there, watching him with his glowing eyes.

AKIRA

Then, what do I do?

THE STORYTELLER

Don't die.

A loud howl echoes from outside, its frequency so loud, it shocks the very core of Akira. He lands on his knees, hearing those heavy soundwaves...

CUT TO:

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- FLASHBACK

From the same position, the groans of Akira are loud, embracing the pain from the arrow in his upper right shoulder. He takes a glance at the child in his arms, as he still hangs on to him for dear life.

AKIRA

Go, now!

The kid obeys and dashes off down the road, disappearing into the crowd.

Akira carefully stands up, then reaches back to touch the impaled arrow.

RIP!

Blood withdraws from Akira's shoulder, with little reaction from him due to adrenaline.

ODA (O.S)

Akira!

Now approaching on horses, Oda and Hiryyu gallop over to the injured Akira, accompanying them is a horse with no rider.

HIRYUU

Hop on! Our men are out on the battlefield.

Akira, without hesitation, hops on the horse.

AKIRA

Come on!

With haste, the three men charge towards the upcoming battlefield.

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- BATTLEFIELD- FLASHBACK

In a large group of samurais, all stationed in front of town, they await as their commander, Akira, enters the battlefield alongside Oda and Hiryyu.

AKIRA

Protect this town at all costs! We don't surrender to Savages!

Akira turns to face an empty land in front-- seemingly no one is there until...

A soft cry is heard from afar, but soon it rises until everyone hear it. No samurai react, they stare blankly, ready to withdraw their Katanas.

The Mongolian Army, the size of FIVE ARMIES storm towards the Village, their horses covered in black and gold armor, their long swords in the air. They charge screaming, seeming unafraid to die. Akira and his men show no fear.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Ei! Ei!...Oh!

ARMY

Ei! Ei!...Oh!

With one Samurai waving its flag in the air, the Samurais charge towards the Mongolian Army.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- CONTINUOUS

Akira, stumbling out of the rubbles, holds his Katana with both hands low, the glow seemingly brighter than before.

The werewolf charges forward to Akira, growling deep in its bowels and kicking up heavy dust. It looks like a storm cloud is following the beast. Akira closes his eyes deep.

We get a FLASH of Akira and his men charging forward the Mongolian army, his face as blank as ever. No fear but just courage.

Flashing back to Reaper Akira, his eyes open, now with a deep grey glow in his eyes. The Katana glows even deeper.

AKIRA
Ei! Ei!...Oh!

As the wolf charges and jumps forward, the Katana draws back...

Another FLASH in slow-mo as Akira and his Samurai men are now closer to the Mongolian army, ready to fight.

Then...

SLASH!!!

We only see white.

With a huge POWER BLAST, the Katana SLASHES the thick skin of the beast, as it flies towards one of the buildings.

Akira, panting, holds his Katana, admiring the damage it has left on the wolf. He smirks just a tad. We ZOOM into his Grey eyes...

CUT TO:

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- BATTLEFIELD- FLASHBACK

We only see Akira's closed eyes, as ashes fly all over his face. His brown eyes open...

In his POV, we see ashes and fire surrounding this tragedy of the battlefield, Samurais and Mongolian soldiers fighting to the death, blood spurting all over the place like a fountain. Some Mongolians are slayed, while other Samurais were slayed.

From afar, we see a severely injured Samurai, half his face is burnt, his arm is missing, and blood is pouring out of his mouth. He holds a dagger with his only arm high, then STABS himself right in the abdomen, falling down to his death.

At last, we see a Mongolian bashing the living life out of a Samurai, giving no chance for them to fight back. His large foot makes contact with the Samurai's head, not only crushing the helmet, but crushing his entire head, blood squirting out furiously.

Akira, still dazy as sounds are slowly coming back to him, takes a stand, processing what's all around him. He takes a deep look at his surroundings, only to not see a Mongolian solder is about to slice his head with his own sword.

Hiryuu jumps towards the attacking Mongolian, stabbing him straight through the neck, as blood oozes out his mouth. Then with a swift slice, the Mongolian's throat cuts open, as its organs fall out like jelly. The soldier falls down on both knees, then straight on its face.

HIRYUU

Akira! Are you okay?

Akira nods with whatever conscious he has on him, and the two stick together.

AKIRA

I'm okay, Hiryuu.

A few Mongolians approach Akira and Hiryuu swinging their swords, as the two samurais slash their enemies with Umphs! The soldiers go down with no trouble--

A sound of piercing armor is heard near Akira, in which he quickly turns around to see--

Hiryuu, his head shaking timidly, his eyes bloodshot red, and a little blood from the corners of his mouth. From below, his chest plate now has the head of a sword, sticking out like a sore thumb.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Hiryuu.

Hiryuu smiles.

HIRYUU

Ei! Ei!...oh...

SLICE!! The sword goes up, splitting the very top of Hiryuu's body, his brains and organs slipping out of his body. The lifeless body of Hiryuu falls to his back.

From behind, a giant Mongolian soldier, revealed to be the LEADER, stands affirmatively, his blank face giving no reaction to the endless violence and brutality of his force. He stands about 7 feet tall, his posture straight as an arrow, and his black armor decorated in blood and a little guts.

Akira takes a few steps back, getting into his samurai position. His katana holds high, his face now showing a little life and his eyes filled with slight anger but composure.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- CONTINUOUS

The werewolf exits the building, shaking its body off from the damage, and puffs out in anguish. He growls heavily, getting into pouncing position.

Akira now stands in his samurai position.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BATTLEFIELD (PAST) AND DOWNTOWN (PRESENT)

Note: The italicize represents the past Akira when scene starts and ends, and regular text represents Reaper Akira when the scene starts and ends.

Akira and the Werewolf stare directly at each other, giving no sense of reaction.

Akira and the Mongolian Leader do the same.

These two enemies, both from the past and present, charge towards each other--

Akira slides under the paw of the werewolf, slicing its wrist

Akira gets back on his feet, and slings his Katana towards the Leader, but it is quickly deflected. The two interconnect their swords--

Akira makes contact with the beast's claws, its glowing Katana making no damage to the wolf's beady nails. The werewolf gives a deep growl and lunges his head to bite Akira. Akira avoids it, but jumps on his head, about to impale the wolf. Suddenly, the wolf jerks his head back--

--Akira is sent flying to the field, skipping off the ground like a small rock. He tumbles and is stopped by a dead Mongolian.

The leader charges to Akira, stomping his heavy boots and SWINGS his sword. It makes contact with Akira's Katana, but the leader kicks Akira--

--To the ground. Akira, now on his back, holds his Katana close, as the beast lunges his entire body, trying to bite Akira's head off. Akira resists the wolf, but its claws then try to scratch him, only to be deflected. The wolf keeps using both his mouth and claws to grab Akira, but Akira manages to avoid the attacks. His eyes now glow a deep grey, struggling to keep up with the momentum of the wolf. He huffs... then puffs... then...

AKIRA

Ei!

With thundering echoes, he sends the werewolf back, as it stumbles but quickly regains its footing. Akira charges--

--To the Leader. He swings his katana with swiftness, each hit connecting with the Leader's blade. Both are struggling to lay a hit on one another. The Leader grunts, then grabs Akira by the throat--

--The werewolf now clings onto Akira with his bloody paw, then reaches to bite Akira's head off.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Ei!

The echoes pumble the wolf once again--

--Akira stabs his Katana to the side of the Leader, in which he groans and drops Akira. He flips and he's in pouncing position--

--The werewolf regains its balance, giving its last effort growl, then charges--

--Akira charges the Mongolian--

--The werewolf--

--Jump midair

--Akira--

With his last effort, Akira waves his glowing Katana to the Werewolf, with his final word...

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Oh!

Akira--

The wolf

*Impales**The Leader--**Akira*

END INTERCUT

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- CONTINUOUS

Akira digs his Katana deep into the heart of the wolf, its body slowly going limp. The greyness of the blade grows within the wolf's body, his veins now being shown, pumping in rapid speed. The wolf's mouth oozes saliva and blood, but slowly but surely goes limp...

CUT TO:

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- BATTLEFIELD- FLASHBACK

The Leader's blade strikes in the center of Akira's chest plate, as Akira jerks ever so slightly. His body quickly goes limp, but Akira's eyes are wide open-- with whatever is left in him.

The Leader gives no facial reaction. He just withdraws the blade, and Akira falls onto his knees, panting for any breath he can retain. He huffs very deeply, struggling to breathe, but give his all to look directly at the Leader.

AKIRA

If you were ever loyal, you can end my life right here.

The Leader just stares into Akira's eyes, seeing the desperation of death Akira yearns.

THE LEADER

If you're truly samurai, you'll beg me not to finish you.

The leader shakes the blood off his blade and draws it back into his holster. He walks off into the dust of the battlefield.

With his final breath, Akira falls on his back, life leaves his eyes as his body lays lifelessly, his hands open.

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- DOWNTOWN- CONTINUOUS

Akira withdraws his Katana from the depth of the wolf, as it falls flat on its chest.

The glowing still continues, its body becomes overtaken by the glowing veins. A new life is being formed on the wolf--

Little grey particles start to leave off the wolf, as the body slowly dissipates into thin air. It travels into the air, travelling to the very unknown, as Akira just watches.

Once the particles fly away, the Spirit is seen, just watching from the distance.

Akira makes eye contact with the giant man, waiting for something-- anything from him.

The Spirit backs up and walks into the shadows, disappearing for good. Akira puts away his Katana.

THE STORYTELLER (O.S)

What a great way to start yourself
a Reaper.

Akira glances to see the Storyteller watching from afar, laying on the ground like a dog, its hands crossed over one another and his hind legs spread out.

AKIRA

I could've used your help.

THE STORYTELLER

But you didn't. And here you are.

AKIRA

Is this what I'm gonna see?
Monstrous creatures in this hell?

THE STORYTELLER

Again, not hell.

AKIRA

I was told stories of the Wolf, the
Spirit, and I saw them. They're
real. How?

The Storyteller picks itself up and trudges over to Akira.

THE STORYTELLER

The Reaper Relm.

AKIRA

Reaper Relm?

THE STORYTELLER

All these myths and stories you're told as a child, the spirits that you thought weren't real, are real in this realm. And you were chosen to eliminate them.

AKIRA

For what?

The Storyteller walks past Akira, not giving him a look.

THE STORYTELLER

I always search for those who seem best fit for me-- to serve me and my needs to offer protection for the realm, and the living world. Your story enticed me. You are not what you say.

AKIRA

I'm a loyal warrior.

THE STORYTELLER

Sure, you are. When you regain your memories, I get to see them. And from what I see, you have more to hide. And I cannot wait to see more of it.

AKIRA

I'll prove to you I'm a loyal Samurai, and once I prove it, you'll let me out of here, and I get to cross over.

THE STORYTELLER

(Chuckles)

Sounds like a fair arrangement. If you're not what I assume you'd be, then I'll let you cross over.

AKIRA

But for now, I'll complete your tasks, in sake for the living world-- my living world.

THE STORYTELLER

And the realm.

AKIRA

Sure.

The Storyteller chuckles in amusement. He walks towards the exit of the Village. Akira follows.

EXT. KITSUKI TOWN- HILL- LATER

The Storyteller and Akira head over to the petal tree, where more petals now bloom. It's full of life and promise-- and full of color. It's like life found its way back to the tree.

THE STORYTELLER
Beautiful, isn't it?

Akira gives a soft smile towards the tree, enjoying the very sight he sees.

AKIRA
Never thought I'll see a live petal tree again.

THE STORYTELLER
Do you recall why you're obsessed with this tree?

Akira tries hard to remember but can't come up with any answer.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
That's the thing about memory-- it's always a game you have to play. You either leave it alone or move your piece.

Akira stares at the petal tree, admiring the strong purple haze. He closes his eyes.

A quick FLASH of a town, a blue haze over this town giving it a calming sensation. Running into frame is a little boy, as he laughs in joy. The boy is... familiar to Akira.

Akira opens his eyes, with tears rolling down his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE TEXT:

Chapter 2

Six Bullets

Jack's Story

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HUT- AFTERNOON

WHAM! BOP!

CORY (34), a bloodied man with a broken nose, one shut eye, and a busted lip, drools blood, trying his best to breathe but his nose and mouth is making the objective tough.

The man is tied against a bedpost. His legs are tied up, restricting any movement.

The hut looks like it hasn't had anything in years-- tons of dust swallow the building, aged wood accompanying it. There is just a bed, and a table-- nothing else.

JACK (O.S.)

Well?

A set of black boots walk up to the man, as the bloodied prisoner looks up.

From the man's POV, we look up to see JACK BARST (32), wearing a dark black trench coat, black gloves, and a black hat with red lines-- he portrays himself as some sort of devil.

He keeps fidgeting with an old quarter-- one side is heads and the other is the side with two revolvers. Jack puts the quarter in his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)

TELL ME!

BAM!

A tough blow lands hastily on the man, as he spits blood all over the floor. The man wheezes, as his eye oozes a small tear, but then overtaken by blood.

CORY

(Whispers)

You don't scare me...

JACK
What did you say?

CORY
I'm afraid of no monster.

A deep chuckle sneaks out of Jack.

JACK
Monster? That's how you see me...

Jack chuckles, but this is more unsettling... like he hoped someone would call him that.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm death, Cory. I will give that
to you and your family if you don't
give me what I want.

Cory looks up to Jack, giving him his last hopeful look.

CORY
You won't speak ill of me or my
family. God has them secured. You
will never get to them.

JACK
Enough with your preachy shit.
Don't make me come after them. Give
me what I want. Got it?

Cory doesn't respond.

JACK (CONT'D)
Won't talk, huh?

Jack walks over to the door and then--

Knock. Knock knock. Knock.

The doors open wide, where BLAKE (33), a white male with a large scar below his left blue eye, and RIDER (32), a native American with long, flowing hair, enter. They carry in Cory's wife and child, both wearing custom clothing, looking spiffy than the men. They scream, using all their urge to fight their way out of the struggle.

Cory shifts in his spot, groaning in pain.

CORY
NO--

Jack swoops in and grabs his mouth.

JACK

Shhhhhhh.

Cory struggles, Jack's grip becomes tighter.

Jack nods his head.

In an instance, Blake and Rider kick the wife and child down on their knees, and they quickly pull out their revolvers. They aim directly at the family.

Cory shakes around, trying his best to speak and warn off Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

I told you, Cory. It doesn't need to be this way. You think I give a shit if I kill your family? I've killed many families before them; this has become the usual.

Jack sighs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Like I told you before. Death will come knocking at your door. You can't prevent me. Not even your puny God.

Cory stares into Jack's soul-- he's fearless.

Jack chuckles, enjoying the sight.

JACK (CONT'D)

Boys.

Blake and Rider nod, and they cock their guns. The family screams.

The front door opens to reveal COOPER (31), Jack's right-hand man. He has a clean-shaven face, with freshly brushed hair and a perfect nose-- enough to make someone jealous. He wears the same colors as Jack but wears brown boots instead of black.

Jack sighs in disappointment.

JACK (CONT'D)

What'che want, Coop?

COOPER

Jack. Hercule wants to see you.

The grunts stop, and Jack's smile disappears. He raises his head down, disappointed he couldn't finish the job.

JACK
Can it wait?

COOPER
No, sir.

Jack sighs and then--

WHACK! A final blow to the face, and Cory's knocked out.

COOPER (CONT'D)
He also said to bring Cory, too.

Jack freezes in his spot-- giving an *oh shit* vibe. He sighs.

JACK
(Whispers)
Fuck.

EXT. IRVING TOWN- CONTINUOUS

Jack exits the hut, dragging a knocked-out Cory from behind.

This is a small, run *downtown* that seems like no one's been here for years. It is now the newly operated headquarters for Hercule's gang. Many cowboys walk around downtown, either building weapons, eating, or playing drinking games. *The town is alive full of horrible creatures.*

Jack trudges down a small dirt path, passing by the men he works closely with. They all nod at Jack, giving him a sign of respect. He doesn't nod back, just smirks.

Once Jack passes by, everyone turns to watch Cory's body being dragged. They all stop in their tracks.

Jack catches an eye on HERCULE (51), who stands over a small dirt cliff, overlooking a large Arizona landscape. His back is turned away from Jack.

JACK
Sir.

With a hoist, Jack tosses Cory's body in front of him. The body THUMPS, waking Cory up. Hercule sighs.

HERCULE
What happened to Cory?

Hercule turns around to face Jack. He has a wrinkly but tough face, looking extra dusty with his beard. His blue eyes pierce through Jack's skin.

JACK
He owes us money, sir.

HERCULE
Did that give you a right to beat our Father senselessly?

JACK
But it's the rule, here. He has a payment to live in our headqu---

HERCULE
I don't care, Jack. You don't pumble my secondhand man.

Jack silences himself.

Cory slowly picks himself up, coughing up blood from his bruised mouth. A hand is raised out.

Cory looks up and sees Hercule, who is now kneeling down, lending a hand to the fallen man. Cory takes it and Hercule helps him up on his feet.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for this boy's poor behavior to you. He has no control of his desires. I'll make sure you and your family receive a gift as an apology.

CORY
You're a saint, Hercule. But your gift is unnecessary.

Hercule takes out a rag and applies it on Cory's bloodied lip.

HERCULE
No, no. It's my honor.

Hercule turns his attention to Jack.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
(To Jack)
Clean him up.

JACK
Sir-

HERCULE
NOW, JACK!

Everything goes silent, like a needle drop.

With his head down low, Jack takes a step forward and SNAGS the rag from Hercule's hand. He starts wiping Cory's terrified face.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
I have a job for you, son.

JACK
What's the job, sir?

Hercule walks up to Jack, getting close to his son and preacher.

HERCULE
There's a bank located in Johnson town. It's 15 clicks Southwest from here. It's a big payday.

JACK
How big are we talking?

HERCULE
\$15 million.

Jack and Cory's faces show shock and disbelief.

JACK
In Johnson town?

HERCULE
Don't question my information, Jack.

JACK
I'm not... sir.

HERCULE
Bring your men, collect the money, and get out.

Jack nods.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
Now, remember, Jack...

Jack and Cory pay attention.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
No bloodshed at all. We're not
promoting a violent image for
ourselves.

JACK
Sir, if you don't mind me saying--

HERCULE
Jack. Do you remember our mission?

Jack doesn't say a thing.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
We're stealing from the corrupted,
not being the corrupted. Do you
understand?

Jack slightly nods, biting his lip.

Lifting his hand, Hercule touches his son's chin, revealing a
deep mark on his hand. The symbol features two revolvers,
creating an X symbol.

Hercule lifts his son's head to look directly into his eyes.
Hercule carries deep blue eyes, striking into Jack's soul.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
Do you understand?

Jack keeps looking into his father's green eyes--

A quick FLASHBACK features a POV from a young Jack, as a
younger Hercule beats his son with his bare fists. He is
speaking, but nothing can be heard.

We cut back to Jack, as he lifts his head high.

JACK
Yes, sir.

HERCULE
Now, before you head out, give Cory
his family back.

Jack sighs, turns around and heads towards his men with Cory
now walking by his side. Hercule turns back to look at the
large Arizona field, where a small glimpse of a huge dust
storm can be seen many clicks away.

SCREEECH!

Jack swivels his head. He looks to see where it came from.

All he sees is his father, standing there.

He continues to walk with his head down.

EXT. HUT- CONTINUOUS

Jack and Cory trudge back to the hut, where Cory's family awaits for them outside. Cooper is next to the family, while Blake and Rider stand behind them, still holding the family at gunpoint.

Jack lifts his finger, signaling them. Blake and Rider put down their revolvers.

With no hesitation, Jack slightly shoves Cory, and he heads straight to his family. All three of them embrace each other, happy that no one died.

The three of them head out to another direction, leaving Jack and his men alone.

Suddenly, Cory's wife turns around and gives Jack a glaring look. Not just any look-- *a stare down to death.*

Jack's eyes open, everything around him blurs.

Those green, piercing eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME- FLASHBACK- NIGHT

We open up on a woman with those piercing green eyes, exiting this house, wearing a cowboy hat and a small bag.

She hops on a horse and rides off.

From a bedroom window, a small boy watches this woman-- presumably his mother-- leaving him behind. He just watches.

This boy is revealed to be YOUNG JACK (10), tearing up but not making a peep.

JACK
Goodbye, momma...

Coming into the door frame stands Hercule, much younger, as he takes a swig of bourbon.

HERCULE
Come, son.

Jack turns around.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
She's not coming back. You're with
me now.
(Beat)
Come.

He exits the door frame.

Jack turns to look out the window, only to see the mother
gone for good.

He exits the bedroom.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ARIZONA TRAILS- LATER

The famous cowboy gang-- Jack, Cooper, Blake and Rider ride
off into the sunrise, carrying tons of empty bags on their
saddles. Jack is in front and center, while Cooper is
trailing on his right, and the rest of the guys are behind
Cooper.

Each gallop noise gets quieter, as all sounds soon cut off in
Jack's head. Jack starts to think--

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON TOWN- FLASHBACK- NIGHT

Hercule and Jack ride into this filled town-- drunk
gentlemen, prettied-up women, workers, prostitutes, etc. They
slow down and stop at a Saloon.

Hercule hops off the horse first-- then Jack. They enter into
the saloon.

INT. SALOON- CONTINUOUS

From Jack's POV, we enter the bar behind Hercule-- the
environment is booming.

The dimmed lighting in this old, rustic bar cannot match with
the people-- Bunch of drunks around, women talking to the
men, some people wrestling each other. It's a mad house.

Hercule leads into a private room and is immediately greeted
by tons of men.

They all speak to Hercule, trying to shake his hand, pat him, or nod towards him. They look down at Jack, giving him recommendation.

We exit the POV, as Jack's view is blocked by these men. There is a rough sound of a muffling man-- it sounds like he is struggling.

The men move out of the way, and there is a man tied and beaten to a pulp in a chair. But this is no ordinary man-- this is MAYOR WESTFORD (49), the main mayor of Hudson Town. His face is swollen, eyes bloodshot, and blood oozing from his cheeks. His mouth is taped shut.

Jack's eyes are widen-- he gulps.

YOUNG JACK
Mayor Westford...?

Hercule turns around with an evil smirk on his face. He walks up to his son-- and withdraws his revolver.

HERCULE
Son.

Jack doesn't know what to do. He slightly moves back, but stops himself midway.

Hercule turns the revolver, facing the handle towards Jack. He extends the gun to Jack.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
Take this.

Jack hesitates, but--

The gun is passed down to Him.

Jack examines his dad's weapon-- like a magical wand.

Hercule steps back and points his finger at Mayor Westford.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
Kill him.

Mayor Westford's eyes widen. He is unable to speak. He squirms, trying to escape. Jack looks up to his father, with a face of innocence.

HERCULE (CONT'D)
Kill. Him.

Jack takes a deep breath-- and steps forward. Hercule steps behind Jack, admiring his son on this very moment.

Very slowly, Jack raises the gun. Mayor Westford struggles in his seat, trying to scream through his tape. Jack's hand is violently shaking.

Hercule kneels over and calms his son's hand.

HERCULE (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

It's okay, son. Just pull the trigger.

Hercule smirks, and Jack aims directly at the mayor's head. He takes a deep breath and--

BANG!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. JOHNSON TOWN- CONTINUOUS

We open onto Jack's face, as an evil smirk slowly creeps in.

The gang stroll into town, as they look around their surroundings. This town is full of old-timey buildings, as dust slowly flows through the land. *There's barely anyone here.*

JACK

Keep your guard up, gentlemen.

Everyone nods. Cooper barely nods.

They keep strolling down and take a left.

The bank stands tall and wide. The giant building overlooks this road, as it stands menacingly. It looks much more modern than the other buildings-- making it stand out. The group trot over to the entrance and stop ten feet away. They hop off their horses.

Each member stops in front, all lined up. Blake on the far-left Cooper next to him, then Jack, and Rider next to him. Jack stares directly at the bank, while Cooper, Blake, and Rider exchange glances. Jack takes a deep breath.

COOPER

Remember, Jack. Hercule doesn't want no bloodshed.

Jack glares over to Cooper. He gave him a "I don't give a fuck look".

JACK

Masks up.

Each member pulls up their mask and walk up to the entrance.

INT. JOHNSON BANK- LOBBY- CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! The bank doors fly wide open-- Blake and Rider come into the sides with rifles, Cooper holds up two revolvers and moves to the side of the counter, while Jack walks straight up to the counter with his revolver out.

JACK

Don't you fucking move. Let's make this easy for everyone.

The banker at the counter raises his arms, seeming a bit calmer about this situation. The couple pedestrians inside raise their hands up.

BLAKE

GET DOWN!

RIDER

DON'T YOU TRY SHIT!

The pedestrians lay down on their stomachs. Jack points at the bank teller, while Cooper hops over the counter.

COOPER

Let's go.

Cooper waves his revolver slightly towards the main safe. The bank teller takes charge and leads Cooper behind the doors where the vault is.

Jack looks around the bank, giving a deep scan. The pedestrians seem rather calm about this-- no freakouts whatsoever. No security, no shootout, the bank is nearly empty. There's a weird atmosphere happening in this bank. *Something's off here.*

The room is nearly empty, like it is closing time-- at noon.

Tick. Tick. Tick. The clock ticks as time goes by.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

The sound of the vault soon opens.

COOPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Uh... Jack?

Jack glances at the doors.

JACK

Yeah?

COOPER

You wanna take a look at this.

Jack sighs and hops over the counter.

VAULT ROOM

Pacing fast, Jack swings around the doors and walks toward the vault room. The bank teller is near the door, while Cooper looks over at Jack as he stands in front of the vault.

JACK

What is it?

Cooper takes a step back, only for Jack to swing to his right to see the vault--

JACK (CONT'D)

What. The. Fuck?!

Nothing! The vault is completely empty. Not a single dollar on the floor.

Jack enters, taking everything in. He looks around, hoping he could find something.

JACK (CONT'D)

(Whisper to self)

No.... no no no no no.

COOPER

It was like this when we opened the vault.

Jack turns, anger surges out of his eyes. His face grimaces, and storms towards Cooper, holding his revolver.

He rams his body into Cooper, holding the revolver and aiming it under Cooper's neck.

JACK

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

COOPER

NOTHING! I SWEAR.

JACK

Bullshit. You're lying.

Jack looks at the bank teller.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's the fucking loot?

The bank teller shakes his head.

BANK TELLER
I don't know, sir.

WHAM!

Jack slams his revolver into the bank teller's head, knocking him out. Then--

BAM! WHAM!!

Jack senselessly beats this poor bankteller. The bank teller's cheek opens up from his blows.

Cooper comes over and lays a hand on Jack's shoulder-- this stops him. Jack keeps huffing.

Suddenly, Jack's eyes open wide. Something just came up to him.

JACK
(To self)
It's a trap.

COOPER
What?

JACK
It's a goddamn trap.

Jack exits the vault room.

LOBBY

Jack walks back, seeing Blake and Rider hold their rifles up towards the pedestrians.

JACK
IT'S A FUCKING TRAP!

Jack walks up the window and takes a peek.

Surrounding the entrance, there are 8 sheriffs, all around their horses.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shit.

Blake and Rider exchange glances, knowing the situation is fucked.

Jack glances back at the windows, as a couple sheriffs slowly move up to the main entrance.

Blake and Rider move a few steps closer to Jack.

One of the pedestrians slowly reach into their back pocket.

Cooper exits the vault room and meet the rest of the gang.

COOPER

We're surrounded, Jack!

Everyone looks at Jack breathing heavily. He thinks.

The pedestrian starts getting up slowly.

Jack takes a look at his revolver-- 6 bullets.

JACK

We always get out by six bullets.

Everyone looks over to Jack, seeming a bit freaked out.

Jack spins the chamber and clicks it back into the revolver.

JACK (CONT'D)

We're not going down without a fight.

Cooper and Blake glance at each other before--

BAM! The pedestrian stabs Blake right into the neck.

PEDESTRIAN

That's what you get, you sonofabi-

BANG! Jack fires at the pedestrian.

Then--- BANGBANGBANGBANG!

The bank lights up!! Bullets fly all over the bank, filling Blake full of lead. Rider gets hit in the shoulder, while Cooper and Jack run towards the counter.

They both jump over, bullets still flying all over. Rider plasters himself to the wall, keeping his head low.

Blake, who's still standing there as his body bleeds all over the floor, tips over and falls flat on his face.

COOPER
Shit. We lost Blake.

Jack looks over the counter--

BOOM! Two Sheriffs bust in.

Jack pops up fast and fires two bullets-- both hit directly into their foreheads.

The sheriffs from outside keep on firing.

Jack ducks, avoiding the bullets.

Rider uses his rifle and fires at the open doors. He hits one sheriff in the leg, another in the neck--

SPLAT! A rifle bullet pierces through Rider's head, sending his brain matter all over the wall. He lays back against the wall, and slowly sink to the floor.

COOPER (CONT'D)
They got Rider...

The rest of the sheriffs enter into the bank. One takes the lead.

SHERIFF #1
Your time's up, Jack. Nowhere to go.

COOPER
What do we do now, Jack?

Jack takes a look at his bullets-- 3 left.

SCREEECHHH!!

The sound... it came back.

Jack looks around dumbfounded.

JACK
Did you hear that?

Cooper looks at Jack, confused.

COOPER
(Whispers)
Hear what?

Jack still hears the sounds-- the screech becomes louder from outside. He holds his head, and squinches his head in pain.

Jack gives a deep breath.

JACK
ENOUGH!

He stands up--

BANG! BANG! Jack's bullets hit one sheriff in the neck and the other near his lower abdomen. The other one fires, but Jack dodges to the left, nearly avoiding it.

Jack charges at the other Sheriff-- WHACK!! He decks him into the cheek, splatting blood everywhere.

The sheriffs from outside fire. In a quick reflex, Jack uses the Sheriff he whacked as cover. The body lights up, blood and body parts exploding! It becomes a blood path.

Jack quickly glances at his chamber-- one bullet left.

Cooper pops up from the counter and fires his revolvers at the sheriffs, giving Jack time to dash to the corner of the bank.

Bullets fly everywhere, Jack and Cooper have nowhere else to go.

Jack peeks from a broken window and sees some barrels close to another building. He comes up with an idea.

JACK (CONT'D)
Cooper! Stay low.

Cooper obeys. Jack takes a breath.

He sticks out of the window and aims his revolver.

BANG!

BANG!

Jack fires... so do the sheriffs--

BOOM!!!

The barrels EXPLODE-- fire and dust swallow the sheriffs and horses.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's go!

Jack hops over the broken window. Cooper follows.

EXT. SIDE OF BANK- CONTINUOUS

The two cowboys dash over to a hut, where there are horses strapped to the side. They hop on-- and dash off.

From far away, the cowboys dash, but this lingering feel that someone is watching them. Dust is picked up.

A slight shriek can be heard in the background.

EXT. ARIZONA FIELD- CONTINUOUS

Jack and Cooper ride off back home-- with nothing to bring back with them.

JACK

Fucking Hercule! It was a setup.
This whole time!

COOPER

You don't know that.

JACK

I know my father more than anybody.
He did this! Now he's gonna pay...

While they ride, Cooper squinches his eyes, noticing something leaking from Jack's side.

A little trail of blood is oozing from Jack's lower abdomen.

Cooper remains quiet.

EXT. IRVING TOWN- AFTERNOON

Jack and Cooper enter into their homebase, going as fast as possible, passing by standees. They all seem shocked to see the two men.

Suddenly, the town all stops in their tracks and watch Jack and Cooper reach to the Hercule's place.

Without hesitation, Jack hops off his horse, feeling a slight pain. He looks down, feeling the blood dripping from his wound. He ignores it.

JACK

HERCULE!

Jack trudges over to Hercule's hut, stumbling. Blood oozes like a gusher-- Jack tries his best to hold his wound closed. He withdraws his revolver.

Cooper hops off the horse and carefully follows behind, still not saying a word.

JACK (CONT'D)
HERCULE!! COME OUT NOW YOU COWARD!!

From the doorframe of the hut stands Hercule, with Father Cory behind him. He looks freshly cleaned but heavily bruised near his right eye and nose. His lip is blistered up.

Jack tires to walk, but he stumbles to the ground, falling onto his knees. His breathing becomes heavy, blood drooling from his mouth. Jack leaves a blood trail behind him.

Hercule, looking rather disappointed, walks down the steps of his hut and slyly walks over to his dying son. Hercule stops right in front, watching his son. He turns his attention to Cooper.

HERCULE
What happened?

Cooper looks down in shame.

COOPER
Things didn't go to plan, sir.

Hercule sighs and looks directly at his son.

HERCULE
This was never the plan, son.

Jack slightly chuckles-- he was right.

JACK
(Wheezing)
Are you sure about that?

HERCULE
You were supposed to be arrested.
That was the deal.

Jack goes from chuckling to maniacally laughing-- or tries to. He coughs off a huge chunk of blood. Cory looks disturbed.

JACK
(To Cooper)
You were in on it, too?

Cooper puts his head down in shame.

HERCULE

Your whole team was. Everyone here was. They were supposed to be arrested and freed. But you led your team to death.

JACK

I didn't do jack--

HERCULE

EN-OUGH!

Everyone becomes silent-- Even Jack. The atmosphere becomes tense, no one makes a peep.

HERCULE (CONT'D)

I never wanted this for you. I never knew how monstrous my boy can become. You're not the son I raised you to be.

Jack gives one slight chuckle.

JACK

So, what kind of son were you trying to raise... dad?

Hercule remains silent. He has no answer. He walks up to his son and--

SNATCH! Hercule takes Jack's revolver and backs up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on, pops... no standoff?

HERCULE

I'm sorry, Jack.

He raises the gun.

HERCULE (CONT'D)

I never wanted this for you.

His face is full of sorrow and remorse. His eyes glisten, watching his son slowly die right in front of him.

Everything becomes still, as the whole world stops and watches a father and son at odds.

Jack keeps huffing.

JACK

Get this over wi--

BANG! The gun goes off, echoes bounce all around the landscape. The gunshot sends Jack's brain matter all over the ground and falls on his back. Hercule raises the revolver down, huffing.

Everyone just stares at Hercule-- Father Cory looking away from the violent image, and Cooper looking distraught at his best friend dead right in front of him

Hercule kneels down and reaches into Jack's pocket. A silver coin and a picture of a little girl. He shoves it into his pocket, then closes his son's eyes with his two fingers. Hercule stands up.

HERCULE
(To Cory)
Forgive me, father.

Cory looks at Hercule, and hesitantly puts his hand on his shoulder.

CORY
I forgive you, my child.

Hercule slightly nods.

HERCULE
(To Cooper)
Take his body out of town. I don't
care how far you go, as long as it
is not here.

Hercule turns and heads back to the hut. Father Cory follows, and everyone disperses.

Cooper hesitantly nods, and carefully grabs Jack's body.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT- LATER

Travelling far and wide, Cooper rides, with Jack's body hanging off the back of the horse.

Cooper stops midway and examines his surroundings-- *this is the spot.*

Cooper hops off, and carefully drags the body off the horse. He lays his dead best friend peacefully onto the desert ground.

Cooper sighs, taking one long look at Jack, seeing whatever is left of him.

COOPER
I'm sorry, Jack.

Cooper stands, and hops on his horse. He rides off, leaving Jack's body laying there.

The dead man lies completely still, no movement whatsoever.

Suddenly, a huge dust storm closes in. It looks like it's picking up pace.

It picks up, now closer than ever. The waves-- it gets closer... and closer... and closer...

WHOOSH!! The dust consumes Jack's body, passing him through like a sheet of paper. No movement at all.

Suddenly, the dust soon separates, and surrounds the dead body-- it is some reversal twister.

As dust particles surround the dead body, a black paw reaches out from the dust. Its fingertip points out, and touches the blood from Jack's bleeding head. The blood lights a dark grey, traveling towards Jack. In a matter of seconds, it enters--

GASP!! Jack comes back to life.

He looks around, figuring out what is happening. Jack scans his surroundings, only to see dust.

SCREECHH!!

He looks up--

JACK
What the--

SNATCH!!

Jack's been swept off his feet, literally, by a flying beast. He's being finagled, scratched, and bit, as Jack screams in agony. He draws out his revolver, now shining a dark grey color. Jack is confused by this discovery. He looks up at tries firing, only to realize there's no more bullets left.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jesus--- Christ.

The beast chucks Jack's body down to the ground, leaving a huge imprint. He coughs, and looks up to see what that was.

The beast lands next to Jack, being accompanied by dust as it twirls around it. Jack takes a good look--

The beast is none other but a giant Phoenix, lifting its orange and blue head and its beak colored in blood. Its wings extend, revealing its 30-foot span. The Phoenix squawks.

JACK (CONT'D)

A... phoenix?

The beast flaps its wings, and the dust storm tackles Jack, attacking his open wounds. He groans in pain. Once the dust settles, Jack holds his revolver and then-

Click!

Jack's out of ammo.

He looks up to see the Phoenix SLAP him into the ground. The Phoenix then picks up Jack and chucks him to a bunch of rocks.

From the rumbles, Jack groans in pain, his veins glow a gray. He holds his revolver and cocks his gun.

Click! Cock.

The gray travels up his arms.

Click! Cock.

The Phoenix charges.

Click! Cock.

The gray travels up his neck.

The Phoenix squawks.

Click! Cock.

The Phoenix lifts itself up the air, prepping its talons.

Click! Cock.

Jack's eyes glow a deep gray, and his gun glows. He raises his weapon towards the Phoenix.

BANG!

The Phoenix gets shot in the lower body, falling down hard and holds the bullet wound. Blood slowly oozes out. The Phoenix growls.

Jack picks himself up from the rumbles, the gray goes through his bloodstream, his gun glowing, and his "J" symbol glows alongside. His grin becomes present.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah.

With a quick draw, Jack FIRES towards the Phoenix, firing nonstop. It's an endless number of grey explosions from his gun. Feathers from the Phoenix's wing flies all over the place, blood squirting a bit.

The Phoenix SPINS its bodies and uses rocks to block the bullets. It forms a small rock tornado. Seeing what the Phoenix is doing, Jack CHARGES towards the beast. He notices rocks flying all around the Phoenix, so Jack JUMPS at a flying debris going towards the Phoenix and hangs on for dear life.

The debris enters the Tornado, and Jack FIRES his revolver towards the Phoenix.

One hit, two hit, three hits. The Phoenix squeals.

Jack lets go of the debris and lands on top of the beast. Jack fires along, blood and feathers filling the air. The debris and dust fall down, and the beast extends its arms. The Phoenix flaps and goes up in the air, trying its best to escape. Jack loses balance but quickly recovers. He holds his revolver and aims for the head, but--

SWISH!!

The Phoenix flips its body, knocking Jack off his game. He loses grip of his revolver and jumps off.

In slow-motion, Jack reaches out, hoping to get a grip of his magical weapon. However... the Phoenix uses its wing to grab Jack, knocking him farther away from his weapon. Jack screams, his anger becomes present on his face. His eyes glow, and his veins pop out. He reaches his hand out--

Dust surrounds Jack's falling gun and swoops it in towards the bowl. The gun slides and then the dust shoots the gun towards Jack.

The Phoenix sends Jack into the air, its beak opens up to take a bite of its enemy.

The gun flies past the Phoenix, its eyes catch this sight.

Jack catches his gun, and without hesitation, he fires--

BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANG--

Endless amount of gunfire goes off, each bullet entering the mouth of the Phoenix.

Blood spurts out in different parts of the body, one from the neck, one from the lower body, one from the chest, every bullet hits every organ.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't fuck with me, dammit!

Jack keeps firing and firing, not stopping to rest. Jack falls to the beast, and the two--

BOOM!

Jack rams into the beast, as it falls on its back with a huge UMPH! The Phoenix goes limp, but that doesn't stop Jack from firing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck. You! Fuck. You! Fuck. You!

Jack doesn't ease-- the phoenix body soon dissolves in bullet holes, as blood and guts ooze like lava.

Jack stops, finally catching a breath. He looks around, taking in this certain situation.

THE STORYTELLER (O.S.)
Hello, Jack Barst.

Jack quickly turns and fires-- nothing is there. His face contorts, trying to see who spoke.

JACK
Who's there?

THE STORYTELLER (O.S.)
Oh, I'm no one compared to you.
Let's just say... I'm your biggest fan.

Jack turns around, aiming his revolver around this empty environment.

JACK
What's wrong with me?

THE STORYTELLER (O.S.)
Nothing's wrong with you. You've just improved.

JACK
What did I become?

Jack turns round and WHACKS! He gets sent into the air, tumbling into the ground like tumbleweed.

He slows down groaning in pain. As Jack tries to get up, he notices a creature from far away. It lays still--

Squincing his eyes, Jack sees himself-- his dead body lying there, his blood spread all over the place. Jack's eyes widen-- *he doesn't believe it.*

THUD! A black mist creature lands in front of Jack, as its black haze oozes off of his body. He extends his wings, showing off large body. This is no other than The Storyteller, now with a dark and groggy southern accent.

THE STORYTELLER

My Reaper.

Jack slowly gets up, trying to find his footing, but he stumbles. The Storyteller lays his paw on Jack's shoulder.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

Stand tall, boy.

Jack stares into The Storyteller's glowing yellow eyes. He can't see any life in the demon.

In a quick draw, Jack aims his revolver to The Storyteller's head, but he doesn't pull the trigger.

JACK

What the fuck... happened to me?

THE STORYTELLER

You died.

JACK

Bullshit, I'm not easy to kill.

THE STORYTELLER

And yet, your body is right over there.

The Storyteller tilts his head to aim where Jack's body lays. Jack doesn't respond, he hesitates.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

I'm not your enemy, Jack.

JACK

Then, what do you want from me?

THE STORYTELLER

I don't want anything from you. I followed you, Jack. You have a story that never finished. I'm giving you a chance to finish it.

Jack tilts his head, trying to understand what the demon means.

JACK
I--I don't understand, any of this.

THE STORYTELLER
You will, soon enough.

Jack hovers over the trigger. The Storyteller doesn't budge.

JACK
Give me one reason not to pull this trigger.

THE STORYTELLER
(Chuckles)
You think you can kill *me*?

Jack doesn't respond.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
I'm just here for a deal.

Jack puts away his revolver.

JACK
A deal?

The Storyteller soon circles around Jack.

THE STORYTELLER
You have become something... much more. You always viewed yourself as Death. Now you have the powers of one. I'll let you have these powers, if only you can do one job for me.

Jack nods.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
You'll work for me. And you'll kill any creature to help protect these lands.

JACK
Creatures? There's more than that *bird*?

THE STORYTELLER
Oh, you have no idea, Jack.

The Storyteller stops in front of Jack once again.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
If you do these things for me, I'll
help you on your mission.

JACK
My mission?

THE STORYTELLER
Yes...
(Beat)
What's your mission?

Jack tries to think of his mission-- he doesn't know.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)
I said--
(Closes in on Jack)
What's your mission?

The Storyteller backs up, and Jack winces in pain.

QUICK MONTAGE KICKS IN:

-POV of Jack beating the shit outta someone.

-Jack riding off to the distance.

-Hercule standing over the cliff.

-Hercule shooting Jack.

END MONTAGE.

Jack opens his eyes.

JACK
Son of a bitch...

The Storyteller doesn't respond. He just stares at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
My own father... my friend... they
both betrayed me. That can't be?

THE STORYTELLER
And why do you think that is?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
I don't know, but they'll answer to
me.

Jack CRACKS his knuckles, preparing for his long journey ahead.

JACK (CONT'D)
You said you'll help me with my mission if I help you with killing rodents?

The Storyteller nods, a slight smirk can be seen on his face.

JACK (CONT'D)
Well then... lead me to my first task.

From far in the distance, we see Jack walking towards us, and the Storyteller walks behind him, as he extends his wings, giving Jack a look of a dark angel. The Storyteller flies off.

CUT TO BLACK.

NEW TITLE TEXT:

PATHS OF THE WEST

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN

In this dark space, some dust particles and slight wind fly around the screen-- like a smooth wave.

THE STORYTELLER (V.O.)
There's death in the air.

The dust and wind fly together, forming some figures-- it portrays a Samurai.

THE STORYTELLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(In Japanese)
A Samurai, in question of his faith.

The figure disappears and the dust swirls again. It forms a cowboy this time.

THE STORYTELLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A cowboy, in desperation for answers.

The dust swirls more, showing many different creatures-- but it's hard to recognize them due to the haziness.

THE STORYTELLER

Many creatures, many threats, many truths. All to be revealed on their journey.

The dust swirls fast-- faster by the second.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

(In Japanese)

These are no longer their stories.

The dust now swirls into the figure of the Storyteller, its eyes glow its heavy color The shape is huge, seeing the many dimensions in the face.

THE STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

They are mine.

The dust dissipates. The eyes still glow, until they close...

FADE TO BLACK.