

REVELATIONS

by

Vance L. Mellen

Copywrite Vance Mellen
Mellenhead Productions
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.

Preacher 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.

FAT WOMAN (O.S.)

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

INT. FAT LADIES' TRAILER - DAY

Preacher ENTERS. A very small battery powered TV is on near FAT LADY'S (35) 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. Trevor peeks inside.

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 TV and kitchen sink 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 an 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

Preacher staggers down a back road. KEVLAR (23), the
insurance salesman, drives up behind, 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. 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. Front dash in flames.

KEVLAR

Yeah! Yeah! Go baby, burn!

Preacher panics and tries to put out flaming newspaper. Kevlar laughs. 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 rock breaks a church window.

PREACHER

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

Kevlar turns lantern down, carries it.

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 - NIGHT

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

Kevlar SNORES.

Zombie faces stare quietly through boarded 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

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 lightning
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 on right eye. 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, sits. Wrath stares Preacher down. He pulls a long rusty Civil War sword from a gunny sack. Takes Kevlar's joint.

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.
(MORE)