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Bounty Killer

By Jason Dodson

It's been a while.
You look good.
How'd you track these guys, anyway?
I have my ways.
You gonna tell me
who your snitch is?
Nice try.
Look, I only want Trevor.
You can have the rest.

MARY DEATH:

Where's your gun caddy?

DRIFTER:

in the Thrice Burned Lands.
By gypsies.
You do look good.
You look like shit, old man.
[elevator dings]
[music playing]
Stewie, baby, listen.
We just gotta stick it out
a while longer.
The people will start missing
what only we can give 'em.
[laughs]
Yo, give me a Blue Label
on the rocks, glass of water.
Do you think they're gonna
choose the wasteland
over the comforts
of the old world?
[laughs]
[coughing]
- [woman screams]
- Come out from behind the bar, bounty killer!
[crowd murmuring]
[new music plays]

ANNOUNCER:

approved by the Council of Nine.
This death warrant is issued
for Herbert Trevor Jones,
wanted for tax evasion,

insider trading,
employee slavery
and war crimes.

What's the matter, Trevor?

You get a dirty mug?

- [gun clicks]

- Shit.

[gunshots]

[jukebox playing]

All right tonight

Aah!

Oh, yeah

- [screaming]

- [gunfire]

Lookie here

Ooh, yeah

I don't mind

telling you, baby, uhh

That you looking kinda good

DRIFTER:

Ah, shake that thing, woman

[engine whirring]

[bullet clanks]

Ah, come on.

[muttering] Son of a...

[laughs]

Are you trying to steal my kill?

MARY:

Just trying to help a guy out.

DRIFTER:

You're a real pain in the ass.

You know that?

- [laughs]

Yeah, well, at least

I don't have gun problems.

DRIFTER:

Give me that. Yeah.

I should probably

get myself a gun caddy.

- You gonna pull me up?

- No.

NARRATOR:

In the not-too-distant future,
the world powers were brought
to their knees by big business.
Fueled by power and greed,
the great titans of industry
took up arms
and set out to destroy one another,
giving rise to the corporate wars.

- [bomb dings]

- [music resumes]

As the nation
spiraled into oblivion,
the top executives
abandoned their armies
and escaped with the remainder
of the world's wealth.
The great cities of the world
burned for many years.
Born from the ash was
the Council of Nine,
who vowed to rebuild
and give hope
to the survivors of the wasteland.
To avenge the corporations'
reckless destruction,
the Council issues death warrants
for all white-collar criminals.
In turn, a new breed
of mercenary hunters spawn,
the bounty killer.
From savage gypsy
to graceful assassin,
the bounty killers
compete for body count,
fame and a fat stack of cash.
They're ending the plague
of corporate greed
and providing the survivors
of the apocalypse with retribution.
These are the new heroes.

- [ding]

This is the age
of the bounty killer.
[motorcycle revving]
- We love you!
- Yes!
[cheering]
You don't know
what you're talking about, Henry.
Does this look
like the savior of mankind?
Mary Death?
No, it looks like misogyny.
Do you know what misogyny is?
No, you don't, because Drifter
looks like the hero of the world.
I should gun caddy for him.
I'm gonna go gun caddy for him.
So long, suckers.
See you in another life.

CADDY:

Excuse me, Mr. Drifter, sir,
I hear you're in need
of a gun caddy.
I am the fastest gun tosser
this side of
the Thrice Burned Lands,
and I-
Right, bounty killers only.

CADDY:

you need me to do.
I- I can flute a barrel.
I can globe a sight,
trigger a blade
for single action,
double action, triple action,
round action.
I can do anything!
I know Morse code.
Boop-boop-boop.
That's an S.
I taught myself how to tie knots.

- BILLY:

- I can fish.

Billy Bloom, "Wasteland News. "

So what do you got there?

Looks like a fresh kill.

You know I don't

do interviews, Billy.

He doesn't do interviews, Billy...

- Come on.

- so just back off.

- Come on.

- Set up an appointment.

BILLY:

could use a little PR.

A great story

like this could put you

right back up on the top

where you belong.

Come on. Help me out.

I don't need a bunch of front-page photos

to prove I'm doing my job.

[engine revs]

Oh, my God, she's here!

It's really her!

Bounty

Bounty killer's gonna get ya

Looks like my story just arrived.

CADDY:

Where are they going?

They don't know

the real deal's right here.

[crowd cheering]

Some broad in hooker boots.

I want to die in your arms

Have you slay me

in your bed tonight

Killer

' Cause there's a war going on...

WOMAN:

Yay, Mary Death!

I love you.

My fans mean everything to me.
I am like a fine sommelier,
and I will choose
the right weapon for the kill.
A sommelier, huh?
Yeah. Sorry. It's like a wine-
Yeah, I know what it is.
Mary, pretty big score today.
How did you find
these Yellow Ties
when the other bounty killers
had given up?
Now, Billy, you know
I never pull out before the big kill.
[cheering]
I made an oath to the Council
to root out corruption
where it hides
and serve the justice to you,
the people.
And you can quote me on that.
She is fantastic.
Anyways-
No! I was kidding.
And what am I supposed to do
with this twitching twat?
He isn't dead yet!
Ohh!
Fuck sake!
Here. Take your money,
and piss off,
you pair of wankers.
Oh, thank you very much.
Oi, Drifter.
- [sniffs]
- Yeah?
There, you cunt.
And what's his problem?
Bad manners and a face
that'd make his mum reach
for a hammer. [chuckles]
Don't usually get
gypsies this far east.
They raided a Green Tie hideout

at some caves just south of here.
Stole all the kids to brainwash 'em
into raving-mad killers.
Bloody animals, really,
the gypsies are.
Good tippers, though.
20% every time.
Oh, bleeding hell.
Oh, another headless wonder.
Come on. How am I supposed
to ID 'em without a fucking head?
Relax, Willy.
I've got his business card.
Pile of crusted rubbish
is what it is.
Oh, and it smells
like a fat man's rotten yarbles.
I shall have to deduct
some money for the lack of head.
Are you giving me shit, Willy?
It's simple, you silly sod.
No head, no bounty.
You have no idea
how far up my ass the Council is
about the state of these bodies.
Well, you know where
you can tell 'em to shove it.
Now, don't you blaspheme
the Council in here,
or you'll end up
like your pal Harry.
Harry?
Who's Harry?
Mary Death, your angel face
is a sight for these weary eyes.
Thanks, Willy, but I'm no angel.
Well, pickle my todger.
Another pile of justice
from Mary Death.
So who's this Harry
everyone's so wild about?
- Give me that.
- [laughs]
Oh, what's the big deal?

He's just some small-time collar.

- [beeps]

- [laughs]

Wait a minute.

Is this your snitch?

- No.

- [laughs]

He is. Hmm.

Very interesting.

DRIFTER:

MARY:

Uh-huh. All right.

- I'm serious.

- Okay.

He's all yours.

Crabby.

Hey, sorry. Just-

MARY:

CADDY:

I just wanted to say
I'm the best gun caddy ever.

If you would just give me
one chance to prove it.

Bloody hell, kid.

You know this knob shiner?

It's just that what
you do means so much,
and I want to be a part of it.

Ha ha ha.

Oh, you'd be better off hiring
one of these working stiffes.

Ah, he's got guts.

All right, who have you
carried guns for?

Okay, good question.

One, Black Betty,

two, Cracker Boone-

both top bounty killers.

Drifter, did you hear that?

Black Betty and Cracker Boone.

Hmm.

Good luck, kid.

Make sure to keep
a fresh mag handy,
and, um, always stay to his left.

- Yep.

- He likes that.

- [laughs]

- Willy.

WILLY:

All right, all right.

Don't get your tits in a twist.

Slabbing up your bodies
is always a pleasure, my darling.

The pleasure's all mine.

[laughs]

Bless you, love.

See you around.

Drifter...

get this mangy mutt out of here.

You know the rules.

Just go, and gas up my bike.

We have to go find Harry.

CADDY:

Oh, my God.

Gun caddy coming through!

[cheering]

[bird squawks]

I'm all right!

- [cheering]

- I'm all right.

I just fell down a little bit.

MAN:

[transmission] You know
what to do, Mr. Gunney.

Get her to join up,
or take her out.

MAN:

CADDY:

your informant, right?

DRIFTER:

but he's small-time.
He's been more valuable
to keep alive,
'cause he swims
with bigger sharks.
Two wood.
- Two wood.

CADDY:

to catch a big shark.
Shotgun!
So Mary said
she wouldn't go after your fish.
So you guys don't go
after each other's kills.
Yeah, but it doesn't mean
you can't make it
hard as hell for the other guy.
Now shut up,
and throw me the 12-gauge.
[shotgun fires]
World's greatest gun caddy, huh?
Stop asking questions,
and pay attention.
I'm sorry!
Bounty
Ah, I'm so sorry, baby.
I didn't know you couldn't handle
that much weight.
Heh.
I guess I've gotta carry
this whole relationship now.
I promise, no more attachments.
Just like mama.
Ah! [chuckles]
Thanks, Bob.
Whoo!
That sun is a scorcher.
Tell you what, days like today
make you really miss
that ozone layer,

if you know what I mean.
Hmm. Mary Death, right?
You want an autograph?
No, but thank you for the offer.
What's wrong with your friend?
Is he too fat to get out of the car?
Oh, Bob?
Bob's just a-
He's a little shy.
[chuckles]
I'm Greg Gunney,
Wasteland Resorts.
We're building a brighter future
one condo at a time.
"Stop surviving. Start living. "
It's our motto.
You were vetted by the Council?
Yes, I am.
You see, the world is evolving, Mary,
and, thanks to you,
the white collars are dwindling,
so the Council has turned
its attention to loftier goals.
Who's bankrolling you?
- I'd rather not say...
- [ding]
but it isn't too late to join our team.
With our resources
and your celebrity,
oh, this could be
a beautiful partnership.
If you don't want an autograph,
you need to clear out of here.
Bottom-line kind of girl.
I like that.
No, Greg,
you are really
not understanding me.
In the amount of time
we've been talking,
most women will have
already decided
whether they want to fuck
or be your friend.

I'm not most women, Greg.
I just decide
whether I want to fuck
or kill you.

BOB:

Forget this bitch, Greg.
She ain't buying nothing.
You know, Bob's right.
Let's cut the foreplay.

[screams]

[gags]

You think they're gonna
choose the wasteland
over the comforts
of the old world?

[laughs]

[groans]

Greg, you're not gonna
make it much longer,
and I can make your death
a little easier for you.
Do you know where he is?

[gags] No.

No.

Okay, what about
his pal here, Harry?

Fuck you.

- What was that, Greg?

- [gurgles]

You're not being very clear.

- [groans]

- Spit it out, Greg.

GREG:

What kind of idiot
holes up inside of his own bar?
That doesn't make any sense.
Well, being marked
by a death warrant
doesn't give a man any more sense
than he had before,
and sometimes the best place
to hide is in plain sight

where no one's looking for you.
- Well, then, let's do this.
- Oh, no, I'm going in alone.
- What do you mea-What?
- I know you heard me.
Yeah, I did hear you.
It's a terrible idea.
Listen, listen, I need you to keep
an eye on things outside,
and whatever happens,
stay outside,
and be ready to go
at a moment's notice.
Oh, like a lookout.
[engine revving]
Oh, this is great.
Hey, looks like you
pulled out the big guns.
Who are you tracking, Mary?
You're gonna want
to make yourself scarce, Billy.
Yeah, miss out on the action?
No way.
[sighs] Make it hard as hell
for the other guy.
Hey there, pretty lady.
Why don't we see what's
hiding up your little skirt?
[clattering]
That ought to slow you down.

CADDY:

[bird squawks]

MARY:

Are you Francis Gorman?
I could tell you I was innocent,
but you'd assume I'm lying.
Never trust a collar.
I taught you that.
You didn't answer my question.
Is that your mug on the warrant?
Yeah, it's me.
And Harry here,

is he your old business partner?
You kill him
so he wouldn't turn you in?
And what the fuck is Second Sun?
Second Sun?
What the hell are
you talking about?
God, they tried to kill me,
you son of a bitch!
[grunts]
I didn't kill Harry.
Smell the room.
He's been dead a week.
This was a trap.
I trusted you.
I believed in you.
Mary-
Why didn't you tell me?
I was going to.
It's, uh-
It's complicated.
I'm going to the Council.
I need to speak to the Judges.
That's suicide.
No one's ever appealed
a death warrant.
The Council Guard'll
kill you at the gate.
Yeah, well, I'll deal with that
when I get there.
Then I'm going with you.
You can't do this alone.
You can't come.
I don't want you
risking your life for me.
That wasn't a request.
You're not gonna make this
easy on me, now, are you?
Now, where's the fun in that?
Get the bikes, Jack!
Shit. Shit. Shit.
[knife whooshes]

BILLY:

Hey, this is great stuff, Mary.

MARY:

Told you to get out of here.
Yeah, and miss
the story of my career?
Not a chance!
Been a pleasure
working with you, Billy.

DRIFTER:

around on the ground
and get the bikes?!
[gunfire]
Shit.
[ding]
What the fuck was that? Mary!
You are acting like a child!
I'm going with you to the Council.
Will you stop being so stubborn?
You can't go on a kill-crazy rampage
every time you're mad at somebody!
Oh, yeah? Watch me!
[gunshot echoes]
Mary, on your nine.
[engines start]

JACK:

What happened back there?
Why is Mary trying to kill us?

DRIFTER:

She's having a tantrum.

JACK:

Put the hammer down, man.
She can't catch us.
I modified her boosters.
[cylinder rolls]
What happens
if she engages them?
I don't know.
Probably stall out.
That's not supposed to happen.

What are you doing?
What are you stopping for, man?
We gotta go!

JACK:

Can we go, please?
Can't have you following me,
fender bunny.
[radio playing ballad]
Doo, doo-wah
Doo, doo-wah
Doo, doo-wah
Doo-wah
Handsome
Ah, so handsome
Gentle and sweet
Knocks me off my feet
Every time I see him
Handsome
Handsome man
Doo, doo-wah
I don't even know his name
I don't know where he lives
But he's still to blame...

MAN:

I'll be with you in a minute.
[man groans]
Ah, so handsome
[gunshot]
- Gentle and sweet
- [chuckles]
Knocks me off my feet
Every time I see him
- [groans]
- Handsome
Sir, Mr. - [groans]
How many times have I told you
the importance
of maintaining our appearance?
We had the bounty killers
surrounded-
Give me the bottom line,
Mr. Elliott.

Where is Gorman now?
Mary Death said they're
going to the Council.
Mary Death?
Mary Death.

- [telephone rings]
God.

Excuse me a minute.

- [ring]
[groans]
[whines]

STERLING:

Yes, Catherine?
Tell me our progress.

STERLING:

Well, we hit a snag.
Mary Death showed up
and ruined our plan.
Now the bounty killers
are headed for the Council.

CATHERINE:

This is disturbing news, Mr. Sterling.
The board is losing
their patience with you.
[Elliott groaning]
What is that horrible noise?
[groans stop]
My apologies for the interruption.
Finish the job, Mr. Sterling.
Any more hiccups,
and we will have no choice
but to terminate you.
Am I clear?
Yes, ma'am.
[whines, beeps]
[sighs]
We gotta get back to it,
act like nothing happened
and keep the killing alive.

DRIFTER:

I'll understand if you want to quit.

JACK:

I don't believe any of this.
I've followed you for years.
You're the best bounty killer we got.
And now all the others
are gunning for me.
It's too dangerous for you, kid.
No. You took a chance on me.
I'm taking one on you.
So I am with you till the end,
always on your left.
So how are we gonna get there?
Nobody knows where it is.

DRIFTER:

I'll figure it out.
We'll just have to get
across the Badlands first.
- The Badlands?
- Quiet.
What is that?
Kill the lights.
Kill the lights.

JACK:

Gypsies.
Fuck! Gypsies?
We're dead!
- Calm down.
Calm down?
Bounty killer's another thing,
but gypsies?
Throat-ripping, village-raping gypsies?
You get down.
- How down?
- Shh.
They probably got scouts
all around here.
[drums playing]
[whooping and yelling]
Is that Mocha Sujata?
That's the gypsy queen.

They say every outsider
who sees her gets killed.

DRIFTER:

you better get her autograph
before she slits your throat.
I don't want her autograph.
What are you doing
this far west, bounty killer?
Only those that want to cross
the Badlands come out this far.

DRIFTER:

We're trying to find San Dalloosa.
I hear it's bingo night.
[whooping]
Where's the girl?
What are you talking about?
Don't play smart with me.
A gypsy girl named Nuri
escaped our camp many years ago.
She killed my king.
Well, good for her.
[whooping]
She escaped to look for you.
She mentioned the name Drifter.
[sighs]
Well, maybe she was a fan.
[chuckles]
- Ponka!
[laughter]
[groans]
Well, that might
get you somewhere.
[chuckles]
[groans]
[whooping]
Now...
where are you hiding the girl?
Fuck off.
[groans] Fuck!
Aah! Why?
[whooping]
Where's Nuri?

No more games.
You know where
this Nuri chick is?
Can I suggest you start-
[whooping]
Where is she?
- Yeah!
- [cheering]

JACK:

I hate gypsies.
[spits]
Yeah. Me, too, kid.
- [grunts]
- Shit! Shit!
Shit! Shit!
They're gonna eat us!
Will you keep your voice down?
I'm not gonna keep
my voice down!
They're gypsies!
That's what they do. They eat people!
Jack, they're not gonna eat anyone.
It's just a myth they spread
to scare people, okay?
I think.
- What?
[groans]
I'm so fat.
Oh, they're gonna love me.
I'm so marbled.
I'm not gonna let anyone
eat you, all right?
We still got a few hours
till daylight.
Wait. What?
You got an escape plan?
I'm working on it.
Besides, the way they're going
to that roach liquor,
they'll be worse for wear
in the morning.
That's your escape plan,
is that they have hangovers?

Yes.

Have you got a better one?

No, but at least mine
can't be undone with aspirin.

Just please tell me
that you don't know
this gypsy girl
that they're looking for.

[sighs]

It's Mary Death.

What?

- It's Mary Death.

- What?

Told you Mary Death!

It can't be Mary Death.

She's not even a gypsy.

Why are you risking our lives
for a woman trying to kill us?!

Shh. It's complicated.

What's so complicated about it?!

Because it's a woman.

They're all complicated.

JACK:

You love her, don't you?

Don't you?

Shit!

Now, if you got a women...

WOMAN:

Oh, yeah.

I first met Mary many years ago
when she tracked me
to the Thirsty Beaver,
a warehouse where bounty killers
could train all day
and at night share a stiff drink
with one of Lucille's
famous beaver girls.

I know a good woman
can mean a good man's doubt
Ain't that right?

[muffled music continues]

Ain't that right?

[wind whistling]

[fading]

Ain't that right?

[gasps]

Get out.

- Come on.

- Come on.

Let's go.

I didn't order a gypsy.

Where are the girls?

You have a blade
against your throat,
and all you're worried
about are those whores?

Well, yeah.

Paid for all night.

Who are you?

The gypsies call me Nuri.

They'd have my head
if they knew I was here.

You escaped?

They say you're the best bounty killer
in the Thrice Burned Lands.

I need you to train me.

Why don't you get
one of your clown-faced
boyfriends to train you?

[growls] They've given up
on the world.

They just want to burn it
further into oblivion.

You're setting things right
and actually making
a difference here.

You tracked me here,
and that means you got talent.

[hisses]

Get off.

[laughs]

A lot of spunk, too.

Oh, this is gonna be interesting.

[screaming]

[laughter]

Always expect the unexpected.

DRIFTER:

every challenge.
I was hard on her.
I mean, you have to be.
You didn't say you
were using live rounds.
Must have slipped my mind.

DRIFTER:

She was a fast learner.
Anything short of perfection
wasn't good enough.
She had to be the best.
[ding]
Humph.
- [laughter]
- Nice.
I didn't know you were
doing the whole course.
Must have slipped my mind.
[piano playing]
[overlapping conversations]
[orchestra playing]

DRIFTER:

before I started bringing her on jobs.
[grunts]
Not bad.
You can threaten me
all you like, love,
but half bounty is all
you're gonna get.
You'd be well advised to teach
that dodgy bint some manners.
Ahh! That merchant is a crook!
It's an unspoken agreement we have.
They skim a little bit off top
in exchange
for some information, okay?
No. Deal, nothing. When I'm on my own,
things'll be different.
- You're acting like a child.
- Uhh!

Nuri, what's with all that racket?
I'm finishing a new outfit.
And my name isn't Nuri anymore.
It's Mary Death.

DRIFTER:

I realized I had created
the greatest killer
the world would ever know.
The months that followed were
a good time for the two of us.
We pulled off jobs in tandem.
She was my fender bunny,
and I was her old man.
The world was blown to hell,
but it didn't matter.
We were invincible.
I've been thinking, fender bunny.
Stop talking.
You know, hear me out.
You deserve better than a...
cramped room
at the Beaver, you know?
And I've saved
some money, and...
yeah, we could ride
out of here tomorrow
and leave all this behind.
We could start a new life.
- [blow lands]
- Ohh!
Shit! You cut me deep!
Mary...
you cut me deep.
[groans]

DRIFTER:

I tried to love her, kid,
but she stabbed me
in the spleen and left me for dead.
[scraping]
[Jack chuckles]

JACK:

You really know your gypsies.

JACK:

Can't hold their liquor, I guess.

[sips]

DRIFTER:

Gahh.

DRIFTER:

What are you waiting for?

I'm stealing a stagecoach

from of a bunch of savages

with a wanted criminal

moonlighting as a bounty killer,

who has the hots

for a murderous, deranged gypsy.

Dreams do come true, kid.

I never stopped believing.

Hyah!

Hyah!

Hyah!

Get going!

Get up!

They're getting away.

Ho! Whoo!

Kill them!

- [whooping]

- Kill them!

[gunshots]

Bollocks.

Oh, shit.

- Pitching wedge.

- What?

Jack, pass me the pitching wedge!

What the hell is a pitching wedge?

The RPG.

[yelling]

I told you to let them escape.

Catch up with the others,

and tell them to fall back!

Fall back!

[beeping]

Oh, come on.

Shit.

[grunting]

[beeping]

[screams]

[knife slices]

[beeping continues]

[beeping stops]

Boom, motherfuckers.

What are you doing?

Well, I was, um-

I'm up here saving our necks,

and you're down there

taking a siesta in the trailer?

His head just went everywhere.

Yeah, I know.

It was too easy.

That was easy?

How was that easy?

I don't want to hear it, Jack.

Just get up here, and man the rig.

We gotta move fast!

I found something.

Jack, I think you just bought us

a trip across the Badlands.

Must be an angel

You must be my heart

Alone in this desert

Just let it all start

You change

like the seasons...

MARY:

of whiskey and a Coke?

Nuri?

How the hell are you, Lucille?

Just one more time

You need a drink.

Forget all the rules...

MARY:

God, what happened

to this place?

Man, I remember us

turning customers away every night.

My best girls went off
with a dancing show to New Phoenix.
Yeah?
Why didn't you go with 'em?

LUCILLE:

much of a dancer.
Not on my feet, anyway.
[laughs]
You know,
a strange thing happened.
After the girls left,
this town suddenly lost interest
in being a town.
Hmm.
Funny how that happens.
[laughs]
Another?
Must be an angel
You know, there's a saying
you can't fool a fool.
Must be my heart...
I know a broken heart
when I see one.
What's going on
with you, baby girl?
Inside your arms...
Is it Drifter?
He's one of them.
Oh.
He's a criminal.
This whole time,
he's been hiding like a snake.
And now you're the one
who, uh, has to kill him, right?
That's right.

LUCILLE:

It's hard to do your job
when it goes against
what you feel in your heart.
It's a weakness.
Oh, that's just the gypsy in you.
Underneath that armor,

you're still a woman,
flesh and blood like the rest of us.
He lied to us.
Heh. Yeah,
but he's a handsome liar.
Come on.
Let's get you cleaned up.
Oh, hey, that was my first cover.
Yeah. I've been keeping track,
and I knew you'd come back
sooner or later for these.

MARY:

Spent so much time
working on 'em.
Oh, now this one, that's good.
Yeah, that's my favorite.
Okay, I always thought
the chest plate was a bit much.
Ah, sometimes it pays
for a girl to be practical.
[metal clinks]
Lucille, you got a set
of wheels I could use?
voil.
[sighs]
Lucille, I love you.
Yep, there's still life
in the old girl yet.
I took her out last week,
and she kicked like a mule.
I'm borrowing a gas mask.
It's yours.
- [engine hums]
- Do me a favor.
If you don't kill Drifter,
send him my way.
I'll give that handsome man
all the loving he needs.
You don't change, do you,
Lucille?
Why mess with perfection?
See you around.
Take care, Nuri.

JACK:

Think this junker still runs?
Oh, this junker could blow
the wings off a bat out of hell.

JACK:

Whose place is this, anyways?
Coyote named Jimbo.

JACK:

What's a coyote?
He smuggles white collars
out of bounty killer territory.
How do you know him?
Well, you could say
we have a special relationship.
He's your informant, isn't he?
Right?
The coyote takes collars
to where they think they're safe.
Then he turns around,
and he tells you, right. Right?
That's an astute observation,
Mr. LeMans.
Hell, I'm sorry I ever
underestimated your intelligence.
Ah, thank you.
Wait. What?

JIMBO:

God damn it! Drifter!
What the fuck are you thinking
knocking on my door like that?
Where the hell did you
get that gypsy trailer?
Oh, we stole it.
- What?
- From gypsies.
Who the fuck is this?
Oh, he's my gun caddy.
I need your help.
Get inside!
Get inside!

Ahh!

[thunder rumbling]

JIMBO:

Fuck that shit, man.

No, no, no,

I got-I got a collar
to pick up in New Phoenix.

Cancel the job.

Hey! Don't touch nothing.

Nope. Mm-mm.

Man, abandoning a client
would sully my reputation.

DRIFTER:

What reputation?

You know, that's a good point.

You make your own fuel?

Man, that ain't no ordinary fuel.

That's moonshine.

You run your car on moonshine?

Damn straight, 160 proof.

That is an old family recipe
perfected by my granddaddy
GuntherAristotle Stone.

He was a great man.

Now, why are you in such a rush
to get across the Badlands?

[creaks]

What's this bullshit?

Well, sing a song.

Can't say I'm surprised, though.

Hey, don't drink that.

That is not for consumption.

No. I'm gonna put it over here.

I'm headed

to the Council building.

The Council building?

Man, they're gonna
shoot you on sight.

Yeah, but don't worry about that.

Just name your price.

Oh, hell.

You show up here not invited.

You got some weirdo with you.
You're a wanted man.
You been tussling with gypsies.
Man, that is a lot of risk
for Jimbo to take on.
Besides, driving across
the Badlands,
that ain't no Sunday cruise, man.
The radiation's so hot in there,
you stay in there long enough,
it'll make your eyeballs bleed.
[Jack sighs]
[choir sings]
Hot damn, Drifter.
You are full of surprises.
Drifter's so full of prizes.
I ain't seen a six-pack
of PBR since...
[muttering]
Whose cold, dead hands
you have to wrestle this hooch out of?
What does it matter?
It's yours now.
Damn, Drifter.
What do you say?
I say load up the guns,
and pack the biscuits, boys.
We are going
on a bona fide adventure.
This guy's, uh, sweaty.

DRIFTER:

put in that shit, anyway?

JIMBO:

on Gunther's recipe.
I told him not to drink it.
I hope he don't go blind
and his pecker don't fall off.
[thunder crashing]
[grinds]
Shit.
[screams]
[echoing laugh]

You're a scout.
Why are the gypsies
in the Badlands?
Fuck you, bounty killer.
Tell me how to get out of here.
Why are the gypsies
in the Badlands?
They're looking for you, Nuri.
[laughing]
[grinds]
Ah, damn it!

DRIFTER:

[Jack groans]

DRIFTER:

[alarm blaring]
[alarm stops]
[whirring]
[alarm blares once]
[sighs]
[gas whooshing]
[ding]
Okay.
[filtered breathing]
What is this place?
[growls]
[sighs] Perfect.
How much?
[growls]
Okay, look. I don't-I don't have
any money on me right now.
Um, but if we could work out a deal
or something, I could-
[grunts]
[alarm blares, air whooshes]
No. Look, I-I can't go
back out there, sir.
I'm asking you to help me.
I can't go back out there
without a map.
I don't know my way
through the Badlands.
I need you to help me.

You obviously know what you're doing.
Look, you make maps.
We'll work something out.
If you-Hello?
Look at me!
Please.
I need your help.
[grunts]
[alarm blares]
What?
I told you
I don't have any money.
[chuckles]
Thank you.
You don't by chance happen
to have a map to the Council, do you?
[radio playing heavy metal]
[sniffs]
Whoo hoo hoo!
Hoo hoo hoo!
Hot damn! I whupped
the Badlands again!
And in record time.
Ah! Whoo! You all right?
- [coughs]
You all right?
Check your eyeballs.
Check your eyeballs.
You're all right.
Ah hoo hoo hoo!
Hell, yeah.
Up yours, Badlands.
This calls for a celebration.
Ah! Now I can die a happy man.
- [bullet ricochets]
- Aah!
[screams]
- [gunshots]
- [screaming]

DRIFTER:

Jack, get the guns.
Just go around and get
the rest of the six-pack.

DRIFTER:

Shh. You and beer.

Shit.

Well, I'll be damned.

JACK:

Gypsies? What?

Yeah, it's a gypsy, all right.

- [bullet ricochets]

- Shit.

It's Mary. Shit.

Okay, 600 yards.

That's what, the nine iron?

No, I had a better idea.

JACK:

Drifter, she's gonna
take you down.

Oh, what are you doing?

Mary! I'm done running.

I'm not gonna
fight you anymore.

Are you gonna
come down here and talk,
or you just gonna
keep knocking dirt on my boots?

Hey, sorry about your car.

I didn't know.

I just crossed a few-

Ack!

Hey, hey, take it easy, man.

Jimbo, what did I say would
happen if I ever saw you again?

You ain't still raw
about that Texas job, are you?

Listen, your beef's with me.

Leave him out of this.

And you are a dead man.

Oh, just stop it.

Just stop it.

I am sick of all the guns
and the Badlands
and gypsies trying to eat us!

MARY:

You were captured by gypsies?

Yes, we were

captured by gypsies,

and they tortured the hell

out of this guy,

and he never gave you up.

'Cause you know why?

For some fucked-up reason,

he loves you.

And she could have shot you,

like, a million times

and she didn't,

'cause she loves you.

So can you quit

acting like children?

Please?

Thank you.

We hired Jimbo

to take us to the Council

so Drifter can talk to the Judges.

You'll never get past

the Council Guard.

I told you that.

He's gonna do this his way, okay?

After everything

he's done for the people,

he's earned the right

to face the Judges.

And you're welcome

to come with us.

What?

Listen, I'm the one

with the bounty on my head.

There's no reason for any of you

to get mixed up in my mess.

JACK:

It's not your choice.

It's ours.

MARY:

How you gonna find it?

Here.

All right. If we're gonna
see this through to the end,
we're gonna take it
the whole way.

And I promise you
everything'll make sense
when we get to the Council.
I'll follow you as far
as the Council building,
and when they find you guilty,
it's gonna be me
who puts a bullet in your head.

Sounds like a play.

It's better than your stupid knife
in my spleen.

That's not funny.

Yeah, it's kind of funny.

Let's do this!

[engine revs]

[engine revs]

[engine stops]

Two weeks.

JIMBO:

We missed one hell of a party.

JACK:

I only see Council Guard.
Where are the dead guys
from the other side?

JIMBO:

dragged 'em away after.

JACK:

you think did this?
It was an army of Yellow Ties.
Second Sun.
That's why they were celebrating.

DRIFTER:

Mary, wait!

[breathing heavily]

JIMBO:

Oh.

DRIFTER:

When I saw my warrant,
I knew there was
something wrong.
I just had to see it for myself.

JACK:

How'd you know?
The Council already
knew about my past.
It didn't make any sense for them
to issue a warrant after all these years.
You knew the Judges?
Yeah, they tracked me down
after the last
of the great cities burned.
By the time they found me,
I'd already killed
two of my old business partners.

JACK:

Why'd you kill 'em?

DRIFTER:

My company built planes,
and after the crash,
my partners betrayed me
and sold out
to the corporate militias.
They took over my plant and started
building bombers for the war.
Whenever I heard news
of a city being annihilated,
I knew the plane
that delivered the bombs
likely had my name on it.
The Council offered me
a position as the tenth Judge.
They needed someone on the inside
who knew all the players,

but I refused.
I spent enough time
behind a desk.
I needed to get my hands dirty.
So I became the first bounty killer.
It's all over.
The Council's dead.
People's hope will die with them.
No, it's not all over.
We've still got
one more job to do.
The Second Sun.
[gun cocks]
Ah, shit.
Francis.
Hello, Catherine.
What, you know her?

CATHERINE:

didn't stick around
to watch your company
fulfill its potential
when we merged with Second Sun.
Oh, I've been watching you
for some time and hunting you.
And I am sorry about putting
the bounty on your head.
It wasn't very nice, I know,
but it was necessary.
Oh, you're not sorry.
You'd stab
your own mother in the back
to increase your bottom line.
Or husband.
Ex-husband.
Are you disturbed
by the fact that every woman
you've ever been involved with
wants to kill you?
Yeah, well,
I try not to think about it.
Dick-head.
You should have told me.
Oh.

So you're Francis' new little whore.
Mary Death,
everyone's favorite bounty killer.
You know, I had other plans,
but seeing you here today,
well-[laughs]
That changes everything.
I'll blame the death
of the Council on you.
The people will lose their faith
in bounty killers.
The system crumbles,
and then-
Second Sun moves in
promising a better life.
Exactly.
Honey, you are
smarter than you look.
It's a shame we didn't meet
under different circumstances.
We might have gotten along.
If circumstances
were different,
you would already be dead.
Maybe.
Or maybe not.
Get your damn hands off her!
Hey!
Button your lip, short dick.
The boss doesn't like it
when people interrupt her.
I got you covered, Catherine.
Raah!
Gypsies!
[gypsies yelling]
You need to get out of here.
And where's the fun in that?
I didn't think they'd follow me
across the Badlands.
They're here for me,
aren't they?
Come on, listen.
We can let 'em kill each other,
and I can get you out of here.

No. This ends right here,
all of it.

[knife stabs]

[groans]

JACK:

Sorry to do this to you, Jimbo.

But it's better than you
getting shot a third time.

[screams]

[gasps]

Great job, Jack.

Get me bullets, guns,
whatever you got.

I'm out.

DRIFTER:

You're doing great, kid.

JACK:

Just stay by my left,
and we'll get through this.

JACK:

I can get that guy.

Reload! Shit.

[yelling]

[laughs]

No!

Living among the outsiders
has made you weak.

You used to be great.

That's why the king picked you.

He actually thought
you were better than me.

They all did.

Now that my king

will be avenged,

I'll return with your head

and show them all

why I've always been the true queen.

And this is how you die...

as a whore for the Council.

- [groans]

- I'd rather die a whore.

God.

[tent rustling]

JACK:

Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Stop! Stop!

Relax. Mary, let go.

Let go. It's okay.

They're not gonna

hurt you, okay?

[laughs] You okay?

[gasps]

JACK:

These guys

actually aren't all that bad,
especially since you killed their queen.

They're like-

Where's Drifter?

He's gone.

They, uh-

They took him.

Uh, I didn't stay with him...

like I promised.

I didn't either.

I never do.

He protects me,

and all I ever do is let him down.

JACK:

Hey, no, no, no, no.

It's gonna be okay.

- No.

- We're gonna be okay.

We're gonna go save him.

Oh, really?

How? You and me

against whatever the fuck

Second Sun has waiting for us?

We would need an entire army.

No, listen, you don't understand.

It's over, Jack, okay?

I couldn't even handle

a small band of Yellow Ties,
'cause I'm too busy
in my own fucking world
just being distracted and-
- Sorry.

It's just that you need
to shut up, okay?
You killed their queen.
This is your army.

MARY:

where do we go?
We have no idea
where Second Sun is.
Uh, well...
I caught a small fish.
You did what?
I caught a small fish.
Come here.

STERLING:

Dude, get me down.
To catch a big shark.
[gypsies whooping]
I'm not telling you anything.
Jack...
you really are
one hell of a gun caddy.
[classical music playing]
[overlapping conversations]
Welcome back.
[conversations inaudible]
[conversations resume]
What the...

CATHERINE:

You're confused.
You have a slight concussion,
but you'll survive.
Where am I?
We're in your new office.
Cigar?
I rolled them myself.
I remember

how much you liked them
on our honeymoon in Havana.
Fuck you, Catherine.
Maybe later.
I'll cut to the chase.
That stack of papers
on your desk is a contract.
Should you choose to sign it,
you'll be reinstated as CEO
of Gorman Enterprises.
I'll have a controlling interest,
but you'll be the face
of the company.
You just issued a death warrant for me,
and now you want to-
I never intended
to kill you, Francis.
The Council, yes.
That tart, Mary Death, obviously...
but never you.
Mm-mm. No.
I have much bigger plans for you...
for us.
What the fuck
are you talking about?
Don't you see?
The apocalypse was
the greatest business opportunity
that's ever come our way.
It was the ultimate bankruptcy,
a clean slate, and now with
no government to stand in our way,
there's no unions,
no minimum wage and no taxes.
It's pure capitalism.
We won't just corner
the free market, Francis.
We'll own it.
That's not capitalism, Catherine.
It's the wacked-out ramblings
of a woman
who's lost her bloody mind.
I've lost my mind?
You're the one riding around

with a bag of guns
playing vigilante cowboy.
Although, actually I must
thank you for that.
You see,
you and your little girlfriend
were out there
eliminating our competition,
so, in the end, your efforts
simply sped up our schedule.
Run this company with me,
Francis.
It's the only thing
you've ever been good at.
[classical music playing]
Are you coming on to me?
Is that what this is all about?
You know, 'cause I'm not adverse
to a quick romp on the desk
if that's what you're saying.
[screaming, gunfire]
[classical music playing]
I don't want to fuck you, Francis.
I just want you
to build this empire with me.
I want you to lead our army
as we set out to conquer the world,
as our brand warrior and CE-
- [knock on door]
We are in a meeting!
[workers screaming]
How the hell did you get in-
[dialogue inaudible]

MARY:

You talk too much.
Now, I would have said,
"Meeting's adjourned. "
You clean up nice.
You look like shit, fender bunny.
You got a gun for me?
Nope, but I do.
Good to see you, kid.
You guys gonna keep smooching,

or you want to go
shoot some people?
[music playing]
Well, I heard and I've been told
Of the things that you could do
Well, that you think nobody else
Can do half as good as you
Uhh
I heard
that you shake that thing well
- Jack, I'm out.
- Just want to know
Are you ready?
Are you ready?
Are you ready?
Ohh
- [gun clicks]
Let's get on with it
Let your tears fall in line
Well, why don't you
just let 'em fly?
Baby, just 'em fly
Come on
Hit it now
All right
You looking good, woman
That's it, sugar
Whaah
It's all right tonight
Yes
Lookit here
Reload!
[music fades]
Mary!
Mary!
You're welcome.
No!
Mary, wake up.
Wake up, Mary.
Please don't die.

JACK:

[taps metal]

[Jack laughs]

You scared me, fender bunny.

Sometimes it pays

for a girl to be practical.

[chuckles]

Are you hurt?

I don't know.

I can't feel anything.

How do I look?

Better than the other guy.

[Jack laughs]

Her head is, like, just gone.

[music playing]

JACK:

How long they been up there?

JIMBO:

Heh. Two weeks.

Let's go

[engine revs]

She still don't sound mean enough.

Well, no wonder.

Who taught you

how to install a distributor?

JACK:

Takes more than

just bolting it on, lug-head.

You gotta retard

the sparks four degrees.

Otherwise, it throws the timing off.

JACK:

just making words up.

You saved me from them gypsies.

That's a deed

that shouldn't go unrecognized.

This is your last beer.

It's your last beer now.

Thanks, Jimbo.

- [revs engine]

- Hear that?
Oh, that tastes like boobies.
How's the car?

JIMBO:

It's ready to go.
Old Jack here bought
the best pony in my stable.
She's mean enough
to outrace the devil.
Nice job, boys.
[engine idling]
Did you get anything else
out of the fish?
Gutted the flounder pretty good.
Told us there were
Second Sun everywhere,
and then he gave up a base
on the Philly coast.
All right.
I'll rendezvous with the gypsies
and meet you in Philadelphia.
- [revs engine]
- Thought we were all going together.
[groans]
Take care of him for me.
[tires skid]

DRIFTER:

Damn it, woman!
You cut me deep! Again!
Come and get me, old man.
Bounty
Bounty killer's gonna get ya
Bounty
Bounty killer's gonna get ya
I want to die in your arms
Have you slay me
in your bed tonight
Killer
'Cause there's a war going on
And I don't want to see
the morning light
Take me to paradise

Please make my death slow
Ooh
I want to come until I go
Bounty
Bounty killer's gonna get ya
[new song playing]
Mushroom clouds
leave me so blind
The sweet smoke
fills my lungs of fear
Searching for a love I can't find
As you appear
Black rains clear
Loving me
To leave again
Cutting me
I bleed, and then
My only defense
Is love I've built
To fight until
My heart is filled
Stop this war and hold me still
Leave me sore with each thrill
Shake my core
Calm my chills
Love me more
Than the kill
- Hey.
- Oh, no.
Hee hee. Sorry.
[laughter]
Oh, teach that
psycho bitch, you cunt.
- Back.
- [laughter]
- That is so going in the blooper.
- I was...
Billy Bloom.
[laughter]
- You stole it?
- From gypsies.
Who the fuck is this?
[laughs]
- Hi.

What the fuck are
you laughing about?

Jack LeMans.

- Keep going. They're rolling.

- Sorry.

It's-

- Pull it together, man!

- I'm sorry.

Where the fuck did you-

He's my-

He's my gun caddy.

What the fuck is this?

Sorry.

[laughter]

Sorry. You're killing me.

- Okay. Sorry. Okay.

- Okay.

Mark.

[metal clatters]

I'm sorry. Can we do...

[laughter]

Wow.

Shift, and-

- [laughter]

- and lift.

- Mmm.

- [beep]

Oh, that tastes like a birthday.

[beep]

Oh, that tastes

like Christmastime.

[beep]

Oh, that tastes like boobies.

[beep]

That tastes like a bazooka. Oh.

- [beep]

- Oh, that tastes like a springtime meadow.

Drifter!

There, you cunt.

[laughter]

So that wasn't a good move

for you, was it?

[laughter]

Stop this war

Hold me still
Leave me sore with each thrill
Shake my core
Calm my chills
Love me more
Than the kill
If when all is said and done
The next time never comes
I know you were the only one
Held hostage by
Your hottest gun
Stop this war
Leave me sore
Shake my core
Calm my chills
Love me more
Than the kill