Prologue: The Attack of the Greys!
EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The only light available is given to us by the moon. The trees are bare, branches like skeleton arms stretching. A man’s footsteps shuffle the autumn leaves. The moonlight outlines his silhouette in black save for the impossibly white sneakers he wears on his feet. His walk is brisk, haste but smooth. He carries a long suitcase in his hand. This is JULIUS VALENTINE.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
The wind blows an ugly whisper.

The wind blows an ugly whisper. Cold breath smokes out of his mouth.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
They tell me things I’d rather not listen to. I hear my memories reminding me of my sins. I hear my regrets telling me I’ll only fuck up again. And worst of all: I hear the whispers of my victims, all those poor sons of bitches that were unfortunate enough to hear the roar of my gun.

The woods come to an end at a grassy hilltop. Below is a mansion, gated in. Valentine comes out of the shadows, he’s a hardened man wearing a suit. He’s in his mid-30’s.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Used to work in the FBI, but it didn’t work out. Now I’m a contract killer. But to be honest, usually the only thing that gets killed is the contract. You can never trust the type of scum bags I have to deal with. Unfortunately, only scum bags would pay for my kind of work.

He opens his suitcase: a padded foam interior holds the parts of a PARKER HALE M85, a sniper rifle. He begins to assemble.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
See, I wasn’t born with any real talent. Never that smart either. But I have some...unique abilities. I guess you can call them super powers, but there’s nothing real super about them. I don’t shoot lasers out of my ass or anything, no.
VALENTINE (cont'd)
If anything, my super power is that
I’m really good at killing people.

Valentine takes the final piece, the sight, and snaps it onto
the rifle. He gets down on a knee, braces the rifle against
his shoulder, and lines his eye with the sight. He aims in
the direction of the warehouse.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
And I mean really good.

Valentine scopes out the mansion. Bodyguards are posted here
and there. Generic looking thugs that still sport the look of
the prohibition era.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
My assignment for the night is
Greenhorn. A butt-ugly midget who
I’d kill myself if they hadn’t
assigned me the hit. Got a tip from
my client, said security was
supposed be light tonight. And it
is...
(beat)
Too light.

INT. LIBRARY, MANSION - NIGHT

A nice fancy room with red carpet. We see GREENHORN in the
middle of a conversation with his two BODYGUARDS playing
cards at a small table. Greenhorn is a deformed looking
dwarf.

GREENHORN
-- and make sure you don’t disturb
me unless you absolutely have to.
You know I hate it when you
interrupt me during my special
time...

BODYGUARD 1
(rolling his eyes)
Yes, Mr. Greenhorn, we won’t...

GREENHORN
You’d better not.

Greenhorn exits and closes the door behind him. BODYGUARD 2
waits for Greenhorn’s footsteps to dissipate.

BODYGUARD 2
What do you think he does during
his ‘special time’ anyway?
BODYGUARD 1
I’ve heard it has something to do with a pig. Beyond that, I don’t really wanna know.

BODYGUARD 1 picks up a huge hamburger and takes a bite. A pickle falls on his shirt.

BODYGUARD 1
Aw, Christ.
(wiping his shirt)
You know they say if it doesn’t get all over the place, it doesn’t belong in your face.
(eating the pickle)
But if it gets all over the place, how the hell are you supposed to put it in your face? That’s what I wanna know. Y’know what, I mean?

He eats his hamburger again, chomping with his mouth open. Bodyguard 2 is silent, his jaw drops.

BODYGUARD 1
(with mouth full)
What? What, I get food on my face?
(beat)
I got something on my face, don’t I?

Yup. A laser sight pointed right between his eyes. Bodyguard 2 jumps out of his chair and hits the floor.

BODYGUARD 1
What the--

BLAM!! His brains EJECTS from his skull and lands almost whole on the table. He stares at the bloody mess in admiration.

BODYGUARD 1
Awesome...

His eyes roll in the back of his head and he dies in his seat.

Bodyguard 2 makes a speedy attempt towards the door. He doesn’t make it. His head EXPLODES. He falls to his knees then on his face.

CRRASSH!! Valentine makes a glass-shattering entrance through the window. He hits the floor rolling with pistols in both hands.
VALENTINE (V.O.)
That should’ve gotten the others’
attention. No use in being quiet,
it’ll only slow me down.

INT. HALLWAY, MANSION - NIGHT

Three Bodyguards stand guard in a narrow hallway. A small lamp is the only light source. BODYGUARD 3 approaches the library door.

BODYGUARD 4
What are you doing?

BODYGUARD 3
I heard something.
(knocking)
Ay, you guys in there?

No answer. BODYGUARD 3 shrugs.

Suddenly bullets come flying through the door like a swarm of wasps, they shred him apart.

BODYGUARD 5
Holy Shit!

No one can react on time. Valentine kicks down the door and rushes at the two Bodyguards. Bodyguard 4 FIRES his gun. ONCE. TWICE. Both miss. Valentine’s too fast. He kicks straight up and strikes the bodyguard’s chin. Bodyguard 4 flies into the air. A small breaks and we’re in the dark.

We can’t see a thing. We only hear Bodyguard 5’s trembling voice.

BODYGUARD 5
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,
fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

The sound of broken porcelain breaks the silence.

BODYGUARD 5
Fuck!

Bodyguard 5 fires blindly into the blackness. His body lights up from the gun’s flash.

BODYGUARD 5
Where the hell are you!?

He fires again.
VALENTINE (V.O.)
Idiot. He’s only giving away his position.

Bodyguard 5 is firing carelessly now. But in the wrong direction. Flashes from the gun like a strobe light reveal Valentine slowly approaching behind him. Valentine cups his hand over the Bodyguard’s mouth. Lights out. Silence...then CRACK!!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY, MANSION - NIGHT
Valentine sprints up an ornate stairway.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, MANSION - NIGHT

The door burst’s open. Valentine scans the room. Left. No one. Right. No one. In front of him is an office desk and chair. It’s turned away from us. We see hands resting on the chair’s armrests.

Valentine returns one of the guns to his back. He approaches slowly towards the chair with caution. He swings the chair around.

It’s not Greenhorn. Instead it’s one of his bodyguards, tied up with duck tape across his mouth. Valentine rips it off, leaving a pink rectangle around his lips.

BODYGUARD 6
ARGH! Fuck! Fuck you, Valentine!
Fuck, that retard, Greenhorn too.
Asshole, can’t believe he did this to me!

VALENTINE
Where is he?

A car engine ROARS outside the office window. Valentine runs to it. He sees a black Buick speeding away.

INT. BUICK
Greenhorn sits in the backseat. A bodyguard drives him away from the mansion.
GREENHORN
Hurry, I don’t want to be around when they get here.

INT. OFFICE, MANSION

BODYGUARD 6
Don’t you get it? You’ve been set up, just like the rest of us. We’re all just decoration for this surprise party they planned for you.

VALENTINE
The hell are you talking about?

BODYGUARD 6
Greenhorn isn’t the real target here. It’s you. He was just bait. Whoever wants you dead has gone through a whole lot of trouble to see that it gets done.

VALENTINE
How come you’re telling me this, why are you helping me?

Bodyguard 6 bursts with laughter.

BODYGUARD 6
Jesus, Valentine, you think I’m actually trying to help you?
(beat; smiling)
I’m just trying to stall.

VALENTINE
What?

Bodyguard 6 burst into insane laughter. Valentine finally notices a bulge under Bodyguard 6’s shirt. He rips it open. A BOMB.

Valentine’s eyes light up. Two seconds left. One.

EXT. MANSION - ESTABLISHING

It’s dark and quiet.

BOOOOM!! The bomb goes off. A room on the upper level shoots out fire and glass.
We pull back to see a masked TRIBAL MAN standing on the hill of a golf course near by. He's half naked wielding a decorated wooden staff in his hand. He raises the staff and strikes the end to the ground. Over and Over.

Shadows of HUNDREDS OF MEN rise behind him, they come towards us and leave us in darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, MANSION

The scene wakes to the sight of burning lumber and linen. Moving towards the center of the room we see a burnt corpse on the floor. It’s Valentine. We’d presume that he’s dead except...he’s moving.

His face is blown half off, fifth and sixth degree burns almost down to the bone. His skull has a gaping hole exposing what’s left of his brain.

\[VALENTINE (V.O.)\]
I smell something that reminds me of bacon. Then I realize that it’s the rendering of my own fat and I just wanna throw up. I guess I forgot to mention my other ability. Wanted to keep it a surprise.

His burned skin begins to heal itself with incredible speed.

\[VALENTINE (V.O.)\]
You can stab me, shoot me, hell, blow me to pieces. It won’t work. I can regenerate from almost anything. I swear I grew my whole body back from just a thumb. No joke.

He slowly gets up. He feels his way into his brain then looks up to see the staircase he ran up earlier.

\[VALENTINE (V.O.)\]
Don’t even remember how I got down here. Could’ve sworn I was on the top floor. Must have forgotten the last couple of minutes. Fuckers blew out my God damn brains.

His brains begin regenerating along with his skull.
VALENTINE (V.O.)
My memory’s coming back. Too much of it at once. Things I shouldn’t even remember.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM, MANSION

An infant is sitting in a dry bathtub playing with a bar of soap. All the fixtures are plated with gold. These people are rich. Just outside the open door is a HUSBAND and WIFE talking to a HOUSEKEEPER. We can see the Housekeeper’s face, but not the couples’.

HOUSEKEEPER
Please, I’ve been working for you for 5 years. Does that mean nothing?

WIFE
I’m sorry, it’s just that every time you’re in the same room with him—God, I don’t know how to explain it...

HUSBAND
We just don’t think you’re right for the baby. You can stick around for until we find another nanny...look, we’re very sorry.

HOUSEKEEPER
But, but—

WIFE
Look, we’ll discuss this when we get home. Me and James have to go to an important business meeting that came up. Really, I’m so sorry.

The Husband and Wife leave. We hear the front door shut. The Housekeeper begins to tear. Her depression quickly turns into anger upon the sight of the baby.

She rushes over to him, rolling up her sleeves. She kneels down beside the tub and turns on the water.

HOUSEKEEPER
It’s your fault.
She takes shampoo and pours it over his head. She lathers it in, a little roughly. She stares down the baby, as if expecting an apology from him. But she doesn’t get one, of course. Instead he returns a stark expression, intense hatred in his eyes.

HOUSEKEEPER
Why do you look at me that way?
Why!?

She unconsciously lathers with more aggression. Using her nails. Until he BLEEDS.

HOUSEKEEPER
Why do you hate me? I know you hate me. What have I done to you?
Nothing! I’ve done nothing. I’ve fed you. Bathed you. I even cleaned up after your dirty little messes. You. You weren’t even supposed to be born, do you know that? Your mother, she made a deal with someone so you could live. Doctors said you were doomed. You cursed child.

She finally notices that the bright white bubbles have changed to dark red.

HOUSEKEEPER
(frantic)
Oh, no. Oh, no no no no no.

She attempts to clean his head off in the water but...she’s keeping it down there for too long. She knows it.

She finally lifts the baby out of the water. But he’s lifeless. She holds him up, breathing heavily. She looks almost proud, victorious. Then--

HOUSEKEEPER
What have I done? Oh...no what have I done.

She sets him down on the rug on the bathroom floor.

HOUSEKEEPER
What...what have I done.

She walks away dazed. We see the baby, his fragile body without life. The bar of soap still in his hand. It pops out of his hand and slides across the floor. The Housekeeper approaches the door when SLIP!!
Her whole body goes into the air. She falls, the back of her head hits the floor hard. Blood oozes slowly out of her skull.

    VALENTINE (V.O.)
    30 years ago. My first hit.

    HOUSEKEEPER
    (dying)
    You—you...you did that on purpose...You...you did it on pur--

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A ten year old Valentine is sleeping quietly in his bed. The door opens gently to the shadow of a woman. It’s his MOTHER, she sits besides him. She’s young and beautiful. She wears an elegant and expensive black dress. Valentine is in a deep sleep.

    VALENTINE (V.O.)
    My tenth birthday. Everything changed.

    MOTHER
    Oh, Jules...

She starts to cry.

    MOTHER
    Jules, I made a promise to someone. A promise I can’t break. I’m sorry, son. I wish you could understand, but how could you...
    (rubbing his head)
    Oh, Julius, I love you so much. I don’t regret what I did, not for a second, but I have to go, Julius. I need to leave.

She breaks down sobbing.

    MOTHER
    I can’t, I can’t tell you. I’m so sorry. I don’t want you to be involved, do you understand? Promise me when you’re older you’ll be a good man. I hope what they said about you isn’t true. I love you, Julius.
She gets up and backs away out the door. The shutting of the door wakes Valentine. He looks around his room, she’s already gone.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
My mother disappeared that night. The next morning my father put up a 20 million dollar reward, it was all that we had. No sign of her ever surfaced.

INT. DARK ROOM

A young shirtless Valentine, probably in his 20s, is strapped down to a chair with wires coming out of his body. A VR headset is placed over his eyes. Feeding images of war and tactical scenarios. Behind him we see a mirror.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
10 years ago. Day I was recruited to the FBI. One of the biggest mistakes of my life.

A two way mirror. On the other side is MAGNUS, a mysterious looking man smoking a cigarette and a FEMALE DOCTOR sitting at a computer monitoring Valentine’s body vitals.

MAGNUS
So, what do you have?

FEMALE DOCTOR
We have a level super with regenerative properties. Judging from his medical records and what he’s been through, I believe his body has actually adapted to pain...which is probably why his endorphin levels are so abnormally high.

MAGNUS
How do you mean?

FEMALE DOCTOR
I mean, in normal people, the adrenal gland only produces endorphins in moments of defense, fear, or excitement. With Valentine, it’s all the time.
FEMALE DOCTOR(cont'd)
He’s constantly getting hits of adrenaline, making him stronger and faster than most men and also insusceptible to pain. The violence gene seems to be responsible for some of it.

MAGNUS
(laughing)

FEMALE DOCTOR
No, it’s not a joke. Studies have shown that there is a violence gene. The violence gene, also known as the MAOA gene is located on the X chromosome. Those who have less of this enzyme tend to be more elevated towards violence. Since males only have one X chromosome, they are inherently more violent than women. Valentine here has an extreme case of MAOA deficiency.

MAGNUS
Just tell me what this means for us.

FEMALE DOCTOR
It means we got ourselves the perfect killing machine.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY
A clear hot day. Valentine and Magnus stand on flat ground with dry shrubs. There’s a wooden fence far away from them. Magnus is holding a sniper rifle.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
8 years ago. Training day.

MAGNUS
Do you see the three beer bottles on the fence?

VALENTINE
(squinting)
Barely. Like fleas on an Gook’s bowl haircut.

Magnus hands him the rifle.
MAGNUS
Shoot it.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
That’s Magnus. That mother fucker. He’s the devil that walks the earth.

Valentine readies the rifle.

VALENTINE
The target’s gotta be at least a mile out. This is a lousy L96 you gave me. The range is barely 900 meters.

MAGNUS
So? Is that gonna stop you?

VALENTINE
Bullets don’t fly straight. It’ll hit the ground before it can get that far.

MAGNUS
Is that gonna stop you?

Valentine relents. He places the butt of the rifle against his shoulder. He fires three times. He brings down the smoking gun. Magnus looks through a set of binoculars.

VALENTINE
Did I hit it?

Magnus looks over to Valentine and his lips stretch to a big smile.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

We’re locked on Valentine’s eyes as they follow a man pacing back and forth in front of him. As we move back we see a pillar of light standing above Valentine’s head, except his head is all that remains of his body. It sits alone on a chair. The walls around him have blood splattered everywhere.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
5 years ago. I was captured. Very stupid of me.
The TORTURER is a shadow that moves from left to right holding an axe in his hand. He’s on a cell phone, impatient.

TORTURER
(into cell phone)
He’s not talking, M. I tried everything.
(beat)
Yeah, I cut off his fingers. One by one. There aren’t any left.
(beat)
His toes? Yeah, look, I cut it all off, everything. He’s got nothing left. Yes. You trained him, shouldn’t you know him best? I can’t risk damaging him any further. He won’t talk if he has nothing to speak with.

As Valentine opens his mouth, blood spits out.

VALENTINE
(smiling)
Oh, I can still talk. Come on, you got more for me or you just gonna keep crying to Daddy?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, MANSION

Valentine is standing now. His body almost completely healed from any wounds or burns.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Despite my abilities, my body is a lot like anyone else’s. Every time a wound is healed it becomes more fortified than before. In essence, my entire body is a just a walking callus on top of bone. And my brain, every time something like this happens my brain grows back a little smarter. That means I should be able to figure out who’s trying to kill me.

Valentine walks dazed towards the door.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
But there’s so many that want me dead.
VALENTINE (cont'd)
The list is as long as my arm. Is it the Batali’s? The Chiarello’s? The Sons of Cain...I ran into their hit man Ethan once, almost didn’t walk out of that one alive.

He looks around the mansion. The walls on fire.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
No, no. This has military written all over. Those bombs, it has to be him. He’s too pussy to do the dirty work himself.
(beat)
Magnus. This whole job stinks of him.
(beat; sniffing)
And something else stinks too, like rotten fruit or human excrement...

Valentine reaches the entrance, he opens the door to reveal...

HUNDREDS of men in suits standing uniform on the front yard. They aren’t the bodyguards, these guys are different, these are the GREYS. The Greys all wear sunglasses, all bald. Their skin is grey with slight shade variances among each of them.

VALENTINE
What the fuck?

The Greys all raise pistols in unison, all aimed at Valentine.

VALENTINE
Oh, fuck me!

He runs back into the mansion, slams the door, and sprints away from it as fast as he can.

Bullets RUSH in, you’d think it was raining sideways. The lamps fly off the banister, couches are torn into pieces, the door...it’s not even there anymore.

The Greys move in. Valentine heads for the stairs. The windows on both sides of him burst open, in come more Greys. He whips out his guns and start blasting them, they fly back out of the window.

One of the Greys get in front of him and shoots him in arm. Valentine PUNCHES a hole in the Grey’s stomach. He pulls his fist back out along with a BANANA PEEL and dirt.
VALENTINE
The fuck are you made of?

The Grey doesn’t seem to be phased by the punch. Valentine kicks him away before he can attack again. He continues up the stairs. More Greys catch up to him, they grab his ankles, his arms, his legs. He can barely run. He turns his gun on them and fires their arms from their bodies. More garbage spews out of their open wounds and onto Valentine. Some of the Greys hands and arms are still gripped tight to Valentine’s body. More Greys coming from upstairs block his narrow escape, they’re like insects. Everywhere. Valentine’s bullets eat through them. He lets out a barbaric ROAR and rams through them like a raging bull. They fly off the rail.

Valentine enters a long hallway with a window at the end.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Got to get out of here.

He runs full speed at the window. Dozens of Greys just behind him. Greys pop out of doors beside him and latch on to his body like magnets. It slows him down, but not enough. He makes for the window, we can barely see him with all the Greys that are dog piled onto him. One dragging on his ankle like toilet paper. He jumps.

EXT. MANSION

The window shatters open. A desperate Valentine comes flying out, a couple of Greys trailing clumsily behind. Valentine lands crouching on a car causing the windows to shatter outward.

He rolls off the car and onto the tarmac. Two blinding lights come toward him fast.

VALENTINE
(bracing himself)
Shit.

The car slams into him full force, he grabs onto the driver side where a Grey is driving the car. Valentine punches through the window, but the Grey swerves hard, slamming the side of a brick wall. Valentine gets dragged across, sandwiched between the car and wall. The car takes a sharp corner and the door pops open. Valentine straightens out his body and swings it towards the Grey with a powerful kick. The Grey’s body flys through the passenger door and rolls away.
Valentine takes control of the wheel and goes into reverse. Some unfortunate Greys get caught up in the tire. He puts in drive and floors it.

Several unsuspecting Greys turn around. Thump! Thump! Thump! Valentine runs through and over them, some fly over his head. He has on a big smile.

The white convertible races away from the mansion, leaving the Greys in its dust.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The night is getting brighter. The sun is soon to come up. The highway is a lonely strip that runs through a dry desert. The sound of Valentine’s engine approaches and wails past us. He’s alone now.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Magnus. You’ve finally grew some balls and decided to come after me, huh?

Valentine sniffs the air. An apple core is stuck in his shirt sleeve, he take it and tosses it out.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Magnus was a man with many secrets. He leads an organization so deep even God doesn’t know anything about it. I remember seeing things that you wouldn’t believe. Government experiments gone wrong. Magnus would do anything to get the upper hand on his enemies. Before I defected, Magnus was dealing with some shady characters: shamans and witch doctors. They had special talents, magic if you will. He chose to play with the dark side of the art and I think it corrupted his soul. I bet my left nut that these zombies are his little magic experiments.

ON A PLATEAU

The Tribal Man strikes his staff to the floor again. The jewels on his staff jingle rhythmically.

BACK ON THE HIGHWAY
Valentine sees a pair of lights approaching behind him. More than one. Two trucks stuffed to capacity with Greys pull up on both sides of Valentine.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
A God damn Mexican road trip.

They pull out their guns and fire. He speeds up, only a few bullets nick the side of his fenders. Valentine checks the magazine in his pistol.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Almost out of ammo.

He reaches for his belt and pulls out a grenade. He yanks the pin out with his teeth and spits it out.

The tosses the grenade casually behind his shoulder. It lands on one of the trucks’ windshield. The Greys look at one another. Then the truck explodes. Valentine watches it all in his rearview mirror.

One truck left. It makes its way in front of Valentine. Greys from the trunk jump off and onto the hood of the convertible. He swerves hard left and right, some fall off but most manage to stay on. They crawl up to the windshield and into the passenger seat. All over his car. One of the Greys takes his glasses off and stares at Valentine.

EXT. PLATEAU

The Tribal Man voice spits through a slit in his mask, his teeth missing and broken like glass.

TRIBAL MAN
I have a message fro--

EXT. HIGHWAY

GREY
--m Magnus.

Valentine is surprised that the Grey can talk.

GREY
It’s about your mother.

Valentine grabs him by the collar and brings him close.
VALENTINE
The fuck do you know about my mother?

GREY
(beat)
She’s a whore.

Valentine lets out an angry YELL. He punches the Grey with tremendous force. Its head explodes. Valentine shoots at all the Greys around him.

VALENTINE
Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! You fucking faggots. Tell Magnus he’s officially on my hit list next to Greenhorn and Kelly Ripa.

The Grey get all over him, he can’t see. The convertible breaks through a wooden barrier on the road. He shoots them off, one of their detached hands still hold over his eyes. He pries them off. His eyes open wide from the sight before him.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Great.

A sign on the reads: CLOSED: Bridge is Out. Under Construction.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Whenever I take this bridge out of town it’s open. Whenever I take this bridge to go home it’s open. But whenever I’m carrying a dozen zombies made of garbage the bridge always seems to be under construction.

He looks back. The truck is still behind him. The road’s too narrow to turn back now. Valentine pops the trunk and puts the car into cruise control. He gets up, a Grey kicks in him the face, he takes grabs the Grey and throws him off the bridge and into the canyon below. Valentine makes his way to the back of the vehicle.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Owner of this car probably did some dirty work for Greenhorn. He’s gotta have some rope.

Valentine lifts the truck to show a shovel, fertilizer, and a ROPE.
VALENTINE (V.O.)

Bingo.

He ties the rope to the bumper of his car. Then as the truck behind him tries to ram him he rolls on its hood. He loops the rope onto a tow hook on the bottom of the truck. Greys pile on top of him trying to stop him. When the driver of the truck realizes what’s going on he steps on the brake, but to no avail.

The two cars zoom down the bridge hitting the sides of the rail, sparking. Valentine looks down the road, the bridge is almost out.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

I wouldn’t mind going out like this. But there’s just not enough style to it.

Valentine tries to quickly relieve himself of the Greys that are attacking him.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

And you know me.

The convertible breaks the final wooden barrier at the end of the bridge and soars into the air bringing the truck with it. Valentine runs up the truck as it’s falling down.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

I’m all about style.

He jumps off the bed of the truck which is now vertical. He steps on falling Greys, using them as a staircase back to the bridge. He takes a leap of faith, his body flies blindly trying to find something to grab hold of. He finds promise, his ribs slam into the concrete of the bridge. He made it.

We hear an explosion and then a pillar of fire shoots up just below Valentine. He crawls back onto the bridge, his clothes torn, his face scratched up.

He dusts himself off. Car parts and body parts trailing with trash rain from the sky. He looks up onto a nearby plateau and spots a shadow.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

Mother fucker. Whoever that is better have some answers.

He aims his gun at the shadow, which is now running away.
VALENTINE (V.O.)
Asshole’s too far away.

He raises his gun a little higher.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
But that’s not gonna stop me.

A shot whistles through the air and lands in meat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT

The Tribal Man tumbles down the side of the plateau and stops at Valentine’s feet. The Tribal Man’s body is covered in dirt, he’s grasping his arm where Valentine shot him.

Valentine picks him up with one hand.

VALENTINE
Who are you!?

The Tribal Man has an accent we can’t quite place.

TRIBAL MAN
(playful)
Who am I? Am I at all? The more interesting question is, who are you? Why is it that your body won’t allow you to die?

VALENTINE
What do you know about me? Why is Magnus trying to kill me?

TRIBAL MAN
Ha! We and Magnus have a mutual need of each other, but he doesn’t know the truth about you, we do. We know everything about you.

VALENTINE
Who’s we?

TRIBAL MAN
Oh. Your mother never told you did she? I guess she’s ashamed after all, she should have never dealt us.
VALENTINE
What the hell do you know about my mother!!?

TRIBAL MAN
I know where she is.

VALENTINE
She’s alive?

TRIBAL MAN
She’s in a place where life and death do not matter.

VALENTINE
Where!

Valentine pulls the mask off of the Tribal Man’s face only to reveal he has no face. Only a mouth.

TRIBAL MAN
Now that’s the good question, isn’t it? That’s the gooooood qqqqquuuuuuestttiii---

His voices stretches out along with his body. He turns to silly puddy in Valentine’s hands. Valentine shakes the sticky substance off his hands. It disappears into the dirt.

VALENTINE
No...No.

Valentine scratches at the ground but there’s no sign of the Tribal Man left.

VALENTINE
No, no, no, no. No!!!

He pounds the floor with his fists, breathing heavily.

A beam of light hits the corner of his eyes. He stares into it. It’s the sun rising. A sudden calm comes over him.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Valentine sits on the tarmac next to broken glass. He’s doing something to his face.
VALENTINE (V.O.)
Everybody’s gonna be looking for me after this mess. Magnus doesn’t know I can do this. It took some practice, but after getting my face blown off as many times as I have I’ve learned a few tricks. When the tissue is fresh I can mold it to my liking. They won’t recognize me.

We see Valentine CARVING a circle around his face with a broken shard of glass. He gets up and walks down the highway facing away from us. It’s littered with garbage and dead Greys. The exploded truck sits on the side still burning. He throws his face into it, so cleanly cut it seems like a mask.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
All in a day’s work.

Valentine’s shadow is silhouetted by the sunset.

END OF PROLOGUE