

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

GUNWALKERS

Written by Addison Sandoval

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- Baja Arizona, 2009.
- The U.S. Government authorized a clandestine operation code-named *Fast and Furious*.
- More than 2,500 guns were released to known criminals.
- Civilian casualties went unchronicled.
- This account will be denied.

G U N W A L K E R S

FADE IN:

INT. WEAVER WAREHOUSE - DUSK

We see only a human SILHOUETTE.

The Silhouette takes a step forward and separates in two -- the SECOND is armed with an AK-47.

The forms maneuver for the gun, one falls.

The first Silhouette steps into the light revealing WEAVER, 37, a warrior's countenance, now in possession of the AK-47.

HANK, Weaver's father, emerges from behind a row of crates armed with a SHOTGUN.

Weaver picks up a JOURNAL off the floor and slips it into his jacket.

HANK
Over here Weaver!

Weaver approaches guardedly -- a rapid shuffle of feet -- and out of nowhere a gnarly MAN lunges with a KNIFE.

Weaver lurches right -- the Man swings left -- misses -- and Weaver pistol-whips him on the back of the head knocking him to the floor.

MAN
Anything you do now won't matter.
Nobody gets out of this scot-free.

ANGLE ON - Weaver's blood-stained hands.

INT. FAR SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Following Hank as he traverses a snaking arrangement of MACHINES.

INT. WEAVER WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Weaver turns from the sight of his bloody hands to Hank -- pressing a utility towel against the neck of a lifeless 24-year-old HAILEY.

The Man postures aggressively -- Weaver touches the AK-47 to his chest -- he settles.

A spectral PANTING breaks out -- growing more and more violent as we pull away to the now moonlit sky.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. GUN STORE PARKING LOT - MORNING

A CROWN VIC grinds to a halt. Driver's door opens.

Fatigues and German SS style boots descend on timeworn asphalt accompanied by two GUN CASES.

The man, who we'll call MUSCLE for now, wears a jacket with the letters "ATF" etched to the back.

We follow him through a door with a sign overhead that reads "SURVIVAL".

INT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

ROY, salt and pepper haired gun store owner, gently lays a rifle to rest. Muscle emerges from behind the counter.

MUSCLE

Aren't you going to greet me? It's professional courtesy.

Roy makes his way to the rear of the store.

Various shots of PRICE TAGS -- SHOOTING TARGETS -- T-SHIRTS -- LEGAL NOTICES -- AMMO BOXES -- and

-- GUNS -- on counters and walls -- they seem to have a living, breathing presence.

INT. GUN STORE BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The two men stand at opposite ends of a poker table. Stark light overhead shapes Muscle's profile to resemble

-- a GARGOYLE.

ROY

What if I conscientiously object to distribute these particular guns?

MUSCLE

You're no saint Roy. That option isn't on the table.

We CLOSE ON the cases -- one of them displays an AK-47.

ROY

Who will answer for them?

A moment of SILENCE. Suddenly, Roy's face comes crashing onto the table -- smothered by Muscle's spasmodic fingers.

MUSCLE

Don't ask questions you little prick! Instructions are in the box.

EXT. GUN STORE - LATER

The door swings open revealing Muscle's identity for the first time.

This is ATF Special Agent MATTHEWS -- vacant eyes, lacks the capacity for remorse.

INT. WEAVER OFFICE - MORNING

A manual carpet sweeper brushes quietly.

HANK (O.S.)

The authorities are keeping mum about Hailey. All they would give me is a case number.

Weaver pauses cleaning.

WEAVER

We should wait. They have their job to do, we have ours.

Hank passes a vintage American flag and brings a family PHOTO to his eyes from behind the desk.

HANK
It's not enough.

The door swings open with vernal energy. We see the workings of a factory in the background.

DILLAN, 6, Hailey's son -- bright-eyed -- wearing denim and a loose white tee, traipses to a chair with a backpack that looks like it weighs more than him.

MARGIE, a secretary her whole life, stays on his tail.

MARGIE
The principal said he was being combative toward the other children.

WEAVER
Isn't there someone at the school trained to deal with these situations?

MARGIE
They have a counselor -- but that isn't the only reason he was sent home. The school nurse feels he needs more time to recover.

HANK
I'll be outside if you need me Weaver.

MARGIE
I'm right behind you.

Margie shuts the door. Dillan's gaze shifts to the floor.

WEAVER
I understand you're hurting Dillan -
- we all are -- but that doesn't give us license to take our anger out on others. You want to tell me what you did?

A beat. Dillan pulls out a Saturday night special GUN from his backpack and aims it at Weaver.

Weaver points it away and gently takes it from his hands.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?

DILLAN
There's a whole box of 'em outside.

GUNFIRE breaks out.

WEAVER
Wait here.

EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Weaver makes his way through WORKERS.

MARGIE
It all happened so fast!

He finds Hank grimacing on the floor.

HANK
It was Leo this time -- he fled for
the fields.

Weaver sprints to the edge of the dock depositing into an alley.

We watch as LEO disappears into the distance carrying a cardboard box in his hands.

INT. CITYCENTERDC CONDO - DAY

Lavish room -- mahogany desk -- rustic table lamps -- and a justice balance.

E.H., 52, mocha skin in a freshly pressed gray suit -- American FLAG PIN on his lapel -- sways in his leather chair staring off into some imagined Eden.

A SECRETARY walks in -- E.H. extends his arm without looking -- she hands him a note.

E.H. reads -- the swaying stops abruptly.

E.H.
Get me Agent Matthews.

EXT. FIELDS - SUNSET

The middle of nowhere. A PICKUP parks beside a forlorn SHACK.

Our driver -- ENES -- death in overalls -- exits armed with an AK-47 and makes his way inside.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Pastels of light paint the night. We get the feeling this is a memory in some halcyon past.

Weaver pauses to study a row of symmetrical doors.

EXT. WEAVER WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Bosco, ex-military, hops out of a van.

BOSCO

Sheesh. I remember the days when we were a brotherhood of lions.

Enzo appears pushing a sleeping Hank on a wheelchair.

ENZO

No sense in trying to hold onto vestiges of the past.

BOSCO

You wanna let him know we've arrived.

Enzo nudges Hank slightly.

HANK

I hope you've been well gentleman.

ENZO

Yes sir.

BOSCO

Never a dull moment.

HANK

Although I've seen better days, I am resolved that such days will just as soon return. Lets convene in my office shall we?

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Camera drifts to HAILEY -- at a time before her murder -- lounging on a bed with her hair in free fall.

Weaver takes a seat at a nearby coffee table.

HAILEY

Hello Weaver.

Hailey sits up with her legs crossed and the JOURNAL from earlier in her lap.

WEAVER

Hailey, what are you doing here?

HAILEY

Deliberating... life stuff. When you're a single mom you never have time to hit pause.

WEAVER

You can't keep running away. Dillan looks up to you -- you know.

HAILEY

I know -- I wanna be there for him, there's just one thing I have to do first.

INT. WEAVER OFFICE - NIGHT

HANK

I fear Weaver isn't coming back. I lament that... because of me... my son has embarked on a suicide mission -- feeling his way blindly through a predatory land.

Hank reaches for his medication.

ENZO

Too often man tries to forgo the natural world in favor of an imagined one -- it's a form of spiritual aspirin.

Hank's not hearing Enzo. He removes the cotton at the top of the bottle.

ENZO (CONT'D)

There comes a time when the medication, if you can call it that, wears off and all he's left with is the pain.

No sooner does Hank put down the EMPTY BOTTLE than Bosco hands him a new one.

BOSCO

I'll need you to stay put tomorrow Hank. I can leave one of my guys to watch over...

Hank waves him off.

HANK

No, no, no. The warehouse is empty except for the kid and myself. Go! Find the men who did this -- even if you have to scour and scorch the earth. Right the wrong that has been done.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Enzo walks ahead of Bosco on his way out.

ENZO

Hank's in pretty bad shape.

BOSCO

He's lost everything dear to him, I don't blame him.

ENZO

How do we execute?

BOSCO

Those were no uncertain terms back there.

EXT. FIELDS - MORNING

Oblivion. The SUV advances along an unpaved road -- nothing but Mars-colored dirt and low-lying shrub.

INT. WEAVER OFFICE - MORNING

Hank stares at the documents from the journal -- revealed to be a half dozen FIREARM SALE RECORDS all with Hailey's name.

He shoves a chair aside -- rolls himself behind the computer monitor -- clicks to wake it from sleep.

Various web windows spring up. A new INSTANT MESSAGE blinks -- he clicks -- it reads simply "Straw Buyer".

Cursor finds another window -- a whistleblower forum with the title "ATF Behind Rise Of Straw Buyers" -- goes on to say

-- "Walking guns is not a recognized ATF investigative technique.

-- Amongst the slain -- law enforcement, military personnel, diplomats, and civilians."

Hank brings the phone to his ear and dials Bosco.

HANK

It's looking more and more like Hailey was the go-between. When she tried to stop, that's when they killed her. When Weaver found out, they pegged him too. Thing is, the Feds knew -- it's because this maelstrom is their making.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

We see an M4 CARBINE rested on Weaver's lap.

He is surrounded by armed men in tactical gear -- a MILITIA. They are tough, but kind -- a family.

KINO, a quiet professional, drives -- Bosco rides shotgun navigating a Thomas guide.

BOSCO

It should be just a little up ahead.

REG

I always enjoy these rides, you never know what's going to turn up at the corner.

KINO

There are no corners.

REG

Yeah, well it reminds me of the middle ages... We're knights... I guess that makes Hank the king... and were headed into hostile territory to conquer the enemy.

ENZO

You got some kind of imagination on you.

BOSCO

Our sponsor has asked me to thank you all for coming out on such short notice. Stay vigilant and remember to keep your face covered at all times.

ENZO

Don't get chummy -- roger.

Kino shakes his head. ROUGH HANDS pass around SKULL MASKS and SHEMAGH scarves -- sliding them over fearless faces.

BOSCO

Make no mistake fellas, though our tactics are lethal, our objective is peace. Never forget, regardless of what materializes, from this point forward, we're brothers.

The Militia nod in approval. The SUV traverses NO MAN'S LAND -- a wartorn landscape with stony car BARRIERS and scattered CACTI.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Dillan sets down a cup of coffee and combs through donuts. He finds a FLARE and SKULL MASK amongst the boxes.

EXT. FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

The forlorn SHACK looms just beyond.

Reg hops out of the back of the SUV with his rifle drawn. Enzo and Kino close out the sides. Now Bosco joins the formation.

INT. WEAVER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FOOTSTEPS walk in briskly -- we recognize the boots from earlier.

Hank grips a shotgun in his lap.

HANK

I know what you did... I know you miscarried justice... I know everything.

MATTHEWS

Then you know it's not over.

INT. WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mask on -- Dillan looks directly at us with searching eyes. GUNSHOTS ring out from the office.

INT. WEAVER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PULL OUT to reveal Matthews -- disturbed -- finger trained on the trigger of an HK MP5.

He fires several rounds in Hank's direction -- computer BLASTS -- lights SHATTER.

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Dillan heads toward the fields with the flare.

INT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Dillan sits beside a dumpster.

DILLAN

I miss my mom. I miss her holding my hand in church. She would squeeze tighter every time the priest mentioned the word "sin".

VOICE

What else do you remember?

DILLAN

Before she passed, I saw her with shady people. They gave her money... but they took something... I couldn't tell what it was... dark... packed in large cases... like coffins.

REVEAL MATTHEWS.

MATTHEWS

Catharsis.

DILLAN (CONT'D)

No, I said coffins.

MATTHEWS

The two travel together.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The Militia gain entry and converge on austere walls coated with a thick layer of uprising PROPAGANDA.

A WORK SHIRT nearly ripped to shreds hangs from a dartboard.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Enzo signals toward the horizon.

ENZO

Looks like it's coming from the
warehouse.

Bosco observes a PLUME of red smoke.

EXT. WEAVER WAREHOUSE - LATER

One of the GUN CASES Matthews walked into the gun store waits unattended.

Leo makes his way out toward his TRUCK armed with an UZI and the other CASE.

He turns the corner and is struck in the chest by a suppressed bullet.

Now Enes steps into the light carrying a duffle bag in one hand and firing the AK-47 with the other.

Bullets BLITZ his body and then silence.

The Militia clear the warehouse -- Weaver takes a separate path to his office.

INT. WEAVER OFFICE - LATER

Weaver finds Hank's lifeless body and kneels beside him taking a moment to grieve.

Weaver scans the room and spots the open AIR SHAFT where Dillan made his escape.

INT. WEAVER WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

VARIOUS SHOTS of the Militia discovering a CACHE of weapons buried in the underbelly of machines.

EXT. FIELDS - LATER

With his M4 Carbine strapped to his back, Weaver follows Dillan's blood trail into the fields.

INT. CITYCENTERDC CONDO - NIGHT

E.H. empties the contents of his desk into an attaché briefcase.

He rises from his chair and looks through the blinds. BANDS OF LIGHT stripe his face.

He secures the latches and leaves the room.

EXT. RURAL GAS STATION - SUNSET

Weaver observes a gas station as an unseen presence from the fields. Matthews walks out the front door.

This is the first time we see him without his signature jacket -- wearing a black T-shirt revealing his sidearm.

Now Dillan steps out and Matthews quickly grabs hold of his hand.

DILLAN

What are you afraid of?

As they make their way to his Crown Vic -- Weaver pulls the CARBINE from his back.

MATTHEWS

Nothing really.

AMBIENCE rises -- and we fade in to BULLETS disgorging.

Matthews takes three to the chest -- Dillan falters -- finally stopping in midstride

-- beholding a familiar figure in the distance.

CUT TO BLACK.