

RAIN MAKER

Written by

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FADE IN:

SERIES OF STOCK FOOTAGE NEWSREEL CLIPS:

- Riots on the streets of various countries.
- Refugee caravans.
- Polar ice caps melt.
- Military engagements between organized armies.
- Politicians give inflammatory speeches.
- More military engagements.
- Nuclear missiles soar through the air.
- Mushroom clouds from nuclear explosions erupt.
- Deserts, droughts, sand storms.

*MAIN TITLE: Rain Maker*

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - DAY

The landscape monochromatic, ruined, and void of all life.  
Not even a cactus remains...

INT. BRONCO - DAY

*SUPER: 2030 Southern California*

JAKE (40s) You don't want to mess with this guy. He lies in  
the backseat beneath a ragged blanket.

The truck gently rocks, wakes him.

Jake sits up. He looks around, gets his bearings. Whispers  
and tools *BANG* just outside.

SPRY (O.S.)

That's it.

CLETUS (O.S.)

Got gas.

JAKE

(mutters)

Shit.

He calmly opens the door and gets out.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - DAY

Jake's Bronco mixed in with beat up and abandoned cars.

He sneaks around the backside of the Bronco with a limp.

CLETUS and SPRY (20s) unscrupulous-looking scavengers, steal his gas.

Spry stands watch, fire axe in hand. Cletus siphons the gas out of the tank.

Jake yawns, rubs his eyes, nonchalantly addresses them.

JAKE

That's bad for your teeth.

Cletus drops the gas syphon, picks up a rusty machete, smiles at Jake with his blackened and rotten teeth.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ooh, too late.

Cletus moves towards Jake.

CLETUS

Where you come from?

JAKE

This is my truck.

SPRY

Not no more it ain't.

Spry advances.

Jake holds his hands up, pleads.

JAKE

I don't wanna hurt you.

Jake brushes his weather-beaten knee-length duster to the side, reveals an old-school revolver on his hip.

The two degenerates laugh.

CLETUS

He ain't got no bullets.

SPRY

Nah, he don't. Never do.

JAKE  
He doesn't have any bullets.

CLETUS  
Wut?

JAKE  
Doesn't have any bullets! He ain't  
got no," is not proper English. I  
mean, where the hell are you boys  
from anyway?

Cletus and Spry look at each other for a moment, confused.  
Who is the guy?

CLETUS  
Ima just kill you, fancy mouth.

Cletus raises the machete, charges.

CLETUS (CONT'D)  
Arghhh!

Like an expert gunslinger from the old wild west, Jake draws  
and shoots from the hip.

BLAM!

Cletus shatters backwards.

The machete along with a few fingers drop to the ground.

He grasps his bloody nub.

CLETUS (CONT'D)  
You've shoot me.

JAKE  
I shot you.

CLETUS  
Wut?

JAKE  
I said, I shot you. Ah, forget it.

Jake stares at Spry.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Do you want a bullet too?

Spry drops his axe, grabs Cletus. They dart away.

Jake holsters his pistol.

They jump on a beat-up dirt bike hidden between some cars.

CLETUS  
I can't believe he shoot me.

SPRY  
Shot you.

CLETUS  
Yous a professor now too! Shut up  
and go.

They drive off.

Jake picks the metal gas can up, the gas back into his tank.

JAKE  
Waste of a bullet.

Suddenly, he bends at the waist, vomits.

He wipes the crud from the sides of his mouth and stands upright.

He looks up to the sky.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Can things get any better, today?

INT./EXT. BRONCO - DAY

Jake reaches over and opens the glove box. He removes a bottle of pills with a radiation symbol on it.

He shakes the bottle, opens it. One pill left.

Jake grimaces, pops pill into his mouth and chases it with a half full bottle of cloudy water.

He turns the ignition.

The Bronco struggles to start.

JAKE  
Come on.

The Bronco fires up.

He slaps the steering wheel with excitement.

The Bronco pulls out from between the cars.

Gas leaks out by the gas cap.

The Bronco passes wrecked cars and dried up corpses as it travels through the scorched terrain.

The Bronco sputters. The engine shuts off.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Jake looks down at the fuel gauge. It's well below E.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
No, no, no!

Jake bangs his fists on the steering wheel.

He lowers the Bronco's sun visor, pulls out a tucked away picture.

INSERT PICTURE: Jake younger, clean. CARLA (30s) warm and kind looking, and MIRANDA (10) happy. Beautiful mountains in the b.g.

He tucks the photo in his coat.

Jake looks at the damage near the gas cap. Gas drips.

He opens the back door, pulls a backpack out and puts it on.

He slides a rifle out from under the seat and slings it across his back.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable!

He grabs a five gallon gas can off of the back of his Bronco, then stares off at a small town in the distance.

EXT. DESERT TOWN - DAY

A complete shit hole. Streets lined with abandoned storefronts all picked clean.

Most of the buildings are burnt, crumbling.

Jake walks along, side-steps debris.

He scans the town, sees a familiar sign up ahead: BP.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The gas pump locked with an industrial sized padlock.

Jake picks it up, feels its weight, grimaces.

Faint laughing from a frontier-town type saloon. Four rat-rod motorcycles parked in front.

EXT. ATOMIC LIQUORS SALOON - DAY

Jake steps onto the porch.

SMOKEY pushing (50s) hard uphill, sits on a rocking chair, tobacco pipe in his mouth. Pump action shotgun across his lap.

SMOKEY

Ya come here for trouble?

JAKE

No, no trouble. Just need some fuel. The gas station work?

SMOKEY

She still got some petrol in her.

Jake raises his gas can.

JAKE

How much to fill up this up?

SMOKEY

Not my say. Need to speak to Morgan.

JAKE

Where is he?

SMOKEY

She.

Smokey points at the door. Jake sets the gas can on the porch floor near the old man.

JAKE

Do I have to worry about you stealing this?

Smokey takes another puff of his pipe.

SMOKEY

Unless you plan on causing trouble, I don't plan on getting my old ass off this chair.

Jake grins, heads through the bi-fold doors.

SMOKEY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Jake stops.

SMOKEY (CONT'D)

Shax's men are in there.

JAKE

Yeah?

SMOKEY

They ain't much on manners.

JAKE

Thanks for the warning.

INT. ATOMIC LIQUORS SALOON - DAY

As Jake enters, two MEN, in metallic armor, hands bound behind their back, ushered into a back room by a THUG.

Unsavory PATRONS seated throughout, stare at Jake.

The bartender, MORGAN (30s) strong, self-sufficient, passionate in her likes and dislikes, cleans glasses, watches Jake enter.

Three THUGS at the bar, drink, carry on obnoxiously loud. They wear leather jackets with a crude skull patch on the back. The inscription below their patch reads: MOLOCH 666.

MORGAN

I don't know you. You shouldn't be bringing guns in here, outlander.

JAKE

I don't want any trouble. Just need some fuel. You Morgan?

MORGAN

The one and only.

Morgan assesses Jake for a moment.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Where did you come from?

JAKE

West, near the border.

MORGAN

Long way from here.

JAKE  
Yeah, I'm headed north.

MORGAN  
Nothing there except more  
radiation.

JAKE  
Yeah, I'll have to see for myself.

Morgan puts the glasses down.

MORGAN  
What can I get you? Got some white  
lightning?

CYRUS (O.S.)  
We need some more over here!

JAKE  
Don't drink. You got water? I need  
gas too.

MORGAN  
We got a well. Plenty of water and  
got some gas left at the station.

JAKE  
How about medicine?

MORGAN  
No medicine.

JAKE  
Okay.

MORGAN  
What do you have for trade?

Jake reaches into his coat pocket.

Morgan draws a hidden derringer pistol and points it at Jake.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Nice and slow.

JAKE  
All right, it's okay.

Jake pulls out batteries various sizes, and a couple cans of  
dog food. He sets them on the counter.

Morgan lowers her pistol.

MORGAN  
They got a charge?

JAKE  
Yeah, they work.

MORGAN  
That'll get you something. A few  
bottles of water. Need a little  
something more for the fuel.

Jake pulls out a Zippo lighter, shows her it works.

He takes Bowie knife off his belt, sets it on the bar.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, fair trade.

Morgan pours some cloudy liquid into a shot glass and slides  
it to Jake.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
On the house.

JAKE  
Told you I don't drink.

MORGAN  
Something funny about a man who  
doesn't drink. Hard to trust.

Jake gives Morgan a dubious look, pick up the glass.

JAKE  
White lightning, huh?

MORGAN  
It's good for the soul.

Jake downs it, coughs.

Morgan laughs.

The THUGS hoot it up. They slam their shot glasses down.

Their leader, CYRUS (40s) a brute of a man that thinks he  
owns the place, slides his shot glass down the bar towards  
Morgan.

CYRUS  
I know you heard me, Morgan. Bring  
some more of that swill.

MORGAN

Shut your pie hole, Cyrus. You see  
I was doing a business transaction.

Morgan grabs the bottle, refills their shot glasses. Cyrus  
and his gang pound them down.

CYRUS

Another round!

MORGAN

Your tab's getting a little high.

Cyrus grabs Morgan by the front of her blouse.

CYRUS

Why don't you tell that to Shax?

Morgan stuffs her derringer under Cyrus' chin. Cyrus' eyes  
widen.

MORGAN

Get your filthy hands off of me.

Cyrus let's go of Morgan, puts his hands up.

CYRUS

Take it easy now.

MORGAN

I give Shax everything he wants.  
Too much!

CYRUS

Careful now, Morgan. Don't say  
anything you're gonna regret.  
Dominion's been awfully generous to  
you.

She huffs, puts her derringer away.

MORGAN

Generous. Is that what you call it.

She heads back to Jake.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Another drink?

JAKE

Who's Shax?

MORGAN

Runs the Dominion. He's in charge  
of these buffoons.

JAKE

Who's in the back?

Morgan hesitates.

MORGAN

That's a problem bigger than you  
and I can ever handle. So just drop  
it.

Morgan smiles, grabs a set of keys.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'll get you that water. Smokey  
will go with you to the pump.

JAKE

One more thing.

Jake pulls his family photo out. Points to Miranda.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You seen this girl? She would be  
eighteen now.

Morgan looks at the photo for a moment.

MORGAN

Pretty little thing, but can't say  
I have.

CYRUS (O.S.)

Hey!

Cyrus stumbles over, snatches the photo off the bar,  
lustfully stares at the picture.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. I've seen her.

Cyrus raises the photo towards his men.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

We know her, right boys?!

They laugh.

THUG #1

Oh yeah, we definitely know her,  
boss. We know here real well.

CYRUS  
Who's she to you?

JAKE  
My daughter. Don't want any  
trouble. So, I'm gonna to ask you  
nicely.

Cyrus teases Jake with the picture, turns his back to him.

CYRUS  
You hear that boys? He's gonna ask  
us nicely!

More cackling from the peanut gallery ensues. Cyrus turns  
back around.

JAKE  
Give me the picture. Please.

CYRUS  
Screw you, hombre.

Jake takes a deep breath, stretches his head left and right,  
his neck cracks.

JAKE  
These violent delights, have  
violent ends.

CYRUS  
What?

JAKE  
Shakespeare.

If you blinked, you missed it. Jake slams Cyrus' head into  
the bar, shatters his nose.

He grabs the Bowie knife and stabs Cyrus' hand into the bar  
top.

Cyrus screams in anguish.

CYRUS  
Help me!

THUG #1 reaches for a shotgun leaning against the bar.

THUG #1  
Motherf--

*BLAM!*