EL PASO LOCO LUCHADORAS

by

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EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE, EL PASO - NIGHT

The decaying frontage glows, the fluorescents humming against distant house music and barking dogs.

The windows provide a panoramic view of brightly lit commercial tedium. Seemingly no life inside, just a mosaic of products on infinitely long aisles hoping to be bought.

The parking lot is pure darkness, the shape of a tired old hatchback reflects just enough gaudy neon to be made out.

Inside it sit FELIX and MARIA, two young women who wouldn't stand out if it wasn't for the cagey look on their faces.

    FELIX
    You gotta take a look at yourself, girl. See how it really is.

Felix's concern is met with a withdrawn sigh from Maria.

    FELIX (CONT'D)
    I get that you're scared. I feel that. But you gotta push that shit down. Bury it.

    MARIA
    I'm just not sure I can be the person you want me to be.

    FELIX
    You can. Just takes a little front is all.

    MARIA
    You think?

    FELIX
    I know. Perception is nine-tenths of reality. Quit being ashamed of who you are and proud of who you can be.

    MARIA
    You ashamed? Of us?

    FELIX
    Girl, I just can't wait to get in there and show 'em how it is.

A loving smile creeps over Maria's face.

    FELIX (CONT'D)
    Come here.

Felix leans in. They share a tender kiss and sit back.
FELIX (CONT’D)
Follow my lead, okay? I got your back.

MARIA
No casualties?

FELIX
No promises.

They draw out 9mm pistols, cock the slides, and slip on crudely made wrestler masks.

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Mariachi muzak chirps. Felix and Maria charge in, pistols raised. The barely post-pubescent ASSISTANT freezes.

ASSISTANT
Las Locos Luchadoras!

FELIX
Buenas noches, motherfuckers!

WOMAN
Dios Mio!

FELIX
Down on the ground! Now!

A WOMAN drops her goods and hits the deck. Maria checks the aisles. She finds a GUY cowering by potato chips and nods for him to lie by the Woman. He hurriedly obliges.

With Maria on the two customers, Felix keeps the terrified Assistant in the sights of her barrel.

FELIX (CONT’D)
You best not be packing anything below the waist, compadre?

He backs away from the counter terrified, his arms raised.

FELIX (CONT’D)
We cool?

He nods feverishly. She nods slowly back.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Oh we cool. We all real chido up in here.

ASSISTANT
Las Locos Luchadoras.
FELIX
Yeah, we already established that, but thanks for the confirmation. Since we're stating the obvious, the money, motherfucker, ñandale!

GUY
The Loco Luchadoras? Fuck! Hey, spare me, okay? Take her!

WOMAN
You serious? You take a girl out on a first date, refuse to pay movie theatre food prices, and then trade her life for yours?

GUY
Like you said. First date.

FELIX
Enough!

ASSISTANT
(babbling)
Please! I got a girlfriend, you know? Real serious! I can't die! We just got joint gym membership!

Felix firms up her aim. He winces.

FELIX
In through the nose, out through the mouth, okay? Just relax, open the till, and give us the money.

He controls his breathing, calms, and nods appreciatively.

Felix shoots him the kind of stare that, if left to linger too long, can only be punctuated with a bullet to the head.

He pops the till, takes the bills, and hands them over.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Muchos gracias.

Cash in hands, Felix and Maria go to leave.

SCREECH! A battered old van pulls up at the door. In burst four people wearing wrestling masks, wielding machine guns, and looking 100% more badass than our girls.

Led by LADY EME in the centre, she is flanked by NARCHO, LA LLORONA, and PRINCESS APACHE.

La Llorona wails like a banshee and lets rip into the ceiling RATATATATATA! Quite the entrance.
LADY EME
Everybody on the ground! This is las Locos Luchadoras!

She pauses stunned. Felix and Maria staring back, eyes bulging through their crappy masks, guns raised.

WOMAN
Dios Mio!

The Guy lays himself flatter against the ground.

GUY
I am on the ground! I am more on the ground than I was before!

CLICK! CLUNK! CHINK! The real Luchadoras cock their weapons. This robbery just became a standoff. The Assistant slowly ducks behind the counter.

LADY EME
Are you kidding me? Is this some kind of sick joke? You dare to imitate us?

Felix and Maria remain silent.

LADY EME (CONT’D)
The cash. Hand it over.

Felix thinks. Maria's eyes scream "hand it over already".

FELIX
NO! The money’s ours!

LADY EME
Te crees muy muy. La Llorona, matarlo.

La Llorona aims for the Guy's head. Point blank. BANG! Clean up on aisle three. The Woman screams. La Llorana screams back at her amused.

Maria gasps. Lady Eme maintains her cold stare into Felix's eyes, picking up on a little fear. The tension builds.

FELIX
Okay. Take it.

Felix offers the cash. Lady Eme nods for Narco to proceed.

Nacro moves in carefully, gun aimed in her outstretched hand. Everyone watches her closing in on the cash and--

Felix grabs Narco's pistol and spins her round into a hold.
FELIX (CONT’D)
Okay, bitches! Listen up, we're
gonna to take this cash, and we're
gonna walk our asses right-

Narco passes out in her arms, sandbagging her.

MARIA
What the fuck?

LADY EME
She's sleeping.

Narco snores peacefully as Felix tries to hold her up.

LADY EME (CONT’D)
She got the narcolepsy. Why else do
you think she's called Narco?

MARIA
Seriously? Narcotics?

LADY EME
I know that voice. Maria Romero!
Reveal yourselves!

Maria and Felix remove their masks and stand boldly side by
side.

LADY EME (CONT’D)
Who's your friend?

MARIA
Her name's Felix, and she's way
more than a friend to me.

Felix and Maria share a loving glance.

LADY EME
Your orientation is not for me to
judge, but for that you should be
proud. However, as for your
imitation of us here tonight, shame
on you and your families.

FELIX
We thought we'd be the Loco
Luchadoras so-

LADY EME
-YOU WILL NEVER BE THE LOCO
LUCHADORAS! NEVER! YOU HEAR?

Lady Eme's scornful glare is met with humiliation from Felix
and Maria. Even the Woman shakes her head ashamed.
LADY EME (CONT’D)
But, yeah, maybe I can find an opening for you two. Entry is pretty simple, blood-in blood-out.

Felix slowly works out what that means. Her and Maria look to the Woman lying on the floor. Lady Eme grins deviously.

WOMAN
Dios mio!

MARIA
I guess we have no choice.

Felix thinks long and hard and realizes something

FELIX
No. We do.
(beat)
Batalla!

Felix shoves Narco hard, sending her flying into La Llorona, knocking her over. Princess Apache looks round to see Maria charge in with a diving cross body. SMACK!

Lady Eme doesn’t know where to aim. The Assistant peers over the counter amazed. The Woman watches stunned.

Felix performs a back elbow on La Llorona. WHACK! Maria kips up and backhand chops Princess Apache. SMACK! Lady Eme aims for Felix. WHACK! Maria hits her with an overhead kick before heart punching Princess Apache. CRACK!

Felix palm strikes La Llorona and chop blocks Lady Eme.

Lady Eme reorients herself and looks up to see Felix and Maria up on the counter. They leap and--

Knee drop La Llorona and Princess Apache, pinning them down either side of Lady Eme, their pistols aimed up at her.

Checkmate, lucha libre style.

Felix tears away La Llorona and Narco’s masks, revealing their exhausted faces. Maria peels off Princess Apache’s mask to reveal she is really a man!

WOMAN
Dios m-

FELIX
Yeah! We get it!

Felix and Maria release their beaten and disarmed competitors, stand back, and look to Lady Eme.

There’s no point resisting it, Lady Eme unbuttons her mask and slowly reveals herself.
MARIÁ
Detective Marínez!

Lady Eme nods, crestfallen and exposed.

FELIX
Okay, that's enough Scooby Doo shit. Here's what we're going to do. I'm going to show you mercy, okay? It's called respect. Does that put us at risk, yeah. So if any of, you puta baratas, want to discuss it face to face in the future, bring it! But we are not you, and we will NEVER be you.

Felix takes a wad of bills and tosses it to Lady Eme.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Consider that a royalty fee.

Fleix waits. Lady Eme nods respectfully and hands over her mask defeated. She gestures to the others, they pick up Narco, run out to their van, and race away.

Felix and Maria share a smile, a smirk, and a soothing hug.

FELIX (CONT’D)
(to Woman)
Sorry about your date.

The Woman shrugs, she's had worse. The Assistant watches Felix and Maria swagger out victoriously into the darkness.

ASSISTANT
(to self)
Las Locos Luchadoras!

THE END