FOR YOUR DREAMS

by

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EXT. DIRT ROAD, TEXAS - DAY

The stark Texas countryside, barren, flat, unforgiving, and scattered with sparse vegetation. This isn't where living things flourish, it's where they hope to survive.

A wrecked car lies upturned in a ditch, radiator hissing.

An EDGY POTHEAD and CHILLED STONER share a joint beside it, covered in cuts and grazes.

An engine approaches. They peer down the track to see a pickup racing toward them.

The Chilled Stoner lazily stubs out the joint.

The pickup clatters by, skids to a halt, and backs up. It's a faithful old mutt of a truck, dented and dusty.

Behind the wheel sits SAVANNAH JOHNSON (mid 20's), introverted, difficult, and shrinking behind her hair, a dog tag hanging around her neck.

Beside her sits her sister GINGER JOHNSON (early 20's), beaming, friendly, hotter than deep fried apple pie, and twice as sweet.

    SAVANNAH
    Y'all okay?

    EDGY POTHEAD
    Been better.

    GINGER
    What happened?

    CHILLED STONER
    Armadillo.

Savannah winces at the wrecked car.

    SAVANNAH
    What the hell was it drivin'?

    GINGER
    You need a ride to a doctor?

    EDGY POTHEAD
    We'd be much obliged.

Savannah warily looks at Ginger.

    GINGER
    They seem nice.

Savannah studies the Potheads and nods to the pickup bed.
CHILLED STONER
Thankin' you, ladies!

They grab a bag and hop in. Savannah slams the pickup in gear and floors it.

INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY

Ginger turns the music up, opens a beer, and cheers. Savannah guns it and fights the wheel.

The Guys cling on as the pickup tears along. Ginger squeals excited. A smile slowly grows across Savannah's face.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The pickup slews onto another track, cutting up a police cruiser and scattering dirt across its hood. The lights come on. The siren wails.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

The Sisters look back alarmed. The cruiser’s grill looms, headlamps flashing through the dust.

Savannah eases off the gas. The Edgy Pothead lobs the bag into the cab.

    EDGY POTHEAD
    Hide it! Hide the bag!

    GINGER
    Why?

    EDGY POTHEAD
    It’s full of fuckin' pot!

The Sisters look at each other shocked. The siren screams. The Guys pound the cab roof. Savannah floors it.

    SAVANNAH
    Oh they seem real nice, Ginger!
    Real nice!

EXT. TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE - CAR CHASE - DAY

The pickup dives into field and takes a shortcut. The cruiser sticks to road and races to cut it off.

    SAVANNAH
    You gotta hide that weed, baby!

Ginger tries to cram the bag under her seat.
GINGER
I can't!
She pops back up. Savannah shields her with her arm.

SAVANNAH
Hold on!
The pickup leaps over the road and skims by the cruiser.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
It's their bag, give it 'em back!

Ginger turns to find the Guys leaping out the pickup bed and tumbling along the ground.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Seems it's our bag now!

Savannah shakes her head and cuts the wheel. The pickup scrabbles into woodland. The cruiser follows. They squirrel through trees, kicking up leaves.

The Sisters sway side to side. A branch glances by Ginger.

SAVANNAH
I'm not gonna hit a damn tree!

SMACK! Ginger gawks at the sheered side mirror fixing.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Okay, that might have been settin' the bar a little high!

The pickup races back onto a dirt road. Savannah edges the pickup over till it's brushing along the bushes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Quick! Throw it out the window!

Ginger hurls the bag out. It catches between the pickup and the bushes, tears open, and scatters baggies of pot into the bed. She stares into the bed shocked.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Is it gone?

GINGER
Some of it!

Savannah looks back into the bed and winces. The cruiser closes in fast and--
BANG! The Sisters jolt. Savannah pushes her foot to the board and spots something. The pickup cuts down a track. The cruiser swerves after.

A ROAD CLOSED sign crashes off the pickup's hood.

GINGER (CONT'D)
I hate to tell you this, but I'm pretty sure the bridge ain't finished!

SAVANNAH
Well I ain't finished either!


SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I saw this on TV! Hold on!

GINGER
Holy Moly!

A murky creek churns. The pickup closes in. The Sisters clench her eyes shut and--

The pickup ramps the dirt, soaring through the air, drawing a long dust cloud through the sky.

The cruiser skids to halt. The pickup's flight stalls. It plummets nose first. The Sisters brace themselves as they free-fall toward a wall of water and--

SPLASH! The pickup nose dives into the creek. A huge plume of water rains down.

The cruiser's lights go out and siren falls silent. Out climbs SHERIFF GOLDBERG (40's). His DEPUTY follows him.

The pickup sitting washed up on the bank. Goldberg strolls over and peers in unimpressed to find--

Ginger thrown behind the wheel alone, soaked through, the open beer still in her hand.

He looks down. Baggies of pot bob around in a pool of water by her feet.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
You goddamn country chicks, just never know when to let up, do you?

Ginger raises her beer and tries to look innocent.
EXT. WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

A stream carries Savannah among shadowy trunks. She gasps for air, struggles her way out, and scans upstream. Goldberg pushes Ginger into his cruiser and drives away.

Savannah looks into dark forest behind her and--

She dashes in, batting away clawing branches and leaping fallen trunks.

The cruiser drones down a road. Savannah bursts out behind, sprints across asphalt, and dives into more woodland.

She tumbles down a bank, gathers herself up, and battles on. She slaloms between trees, water flinging from her sodden clothes.

EXT. WOODLAND - MINUTES LATER

Savannah stumbles exhausted and throws herself against a trunk. She creases in pain and tries to catch her breath.

She stares hopelessly at a sleepy town in the distance.

EXT. FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah's silhouette sprints against the sky. Sweat trickles down her dirt smeared face.

Dilapidated houses lie at the bottom of a field of long grass. She wades through, headed toward the most ruined.

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - BACK YARD

The neglected structure buckled and sun bleached paint blistered. The yard dead grass over dry dirt. Savannah runs inside and slams the tattered back door.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER - DAY

A proud Courthouse dominates the town square. Savannah runs to the entrance, her clothes changed and hair damp.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

She timidly approaches the imposing oak courtroom doors. After catching her breath a little, she swings them open and her face sinks.

ATTENDEES packing up. Ginger being led away in cuffs.
SAVANNAH (not quite under breath)
Shit!

A few Attendees shoot her a disproving glance.

Savannah spots NANCY JOHNSON (40's), a woman blessed with good looks but battle scarred by adulthood.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
What's happened?

Nancy hurries by, refusing to acknowledge Savannah.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Mom?

Goldberg creeps over with a devious grin across his face.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
Savannah Johnson. Now, do I really need to ask about your whereabouts over the past hour?

SAVANNAH
(long beat)
I was washin' my hair.

He reaches toward her hair and plucks out pond weed.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
You need another rinse. Shame about Ginger, left hung out to dry by her compadres like that.

He waits for a confession. She holds her silence.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
I guess sometimes one's tasked with bearing the burden of others, whether they chose to or not.

He flicks the pond weed at her and leaves.

The doors crash shut. She stands lost and alone, fondling her dog tag.

EXT. CREEK - EVENING

The creek a tranquil trickle against bird-song. Savannah digs the pickup out the bank, she's strong for her size.

She takes a moment to rest and glances round to spy a sleek black Dodge Ram truck parked in the distance.

It starts up and glides away.
INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen unkempt. Savannah washes dishes as Nancy dries.

NANCY
A mother shouldn't be torn from her
daughter, not like this.

SAVANNAH
Look, I told you already, I'll take
care of it.

Nancy scoffs to herself.

NANCY
You've done enough damage as it is.

Savannah scrubs plates hard.

NANCY (CONT’D)
And be careful with those, they
were a wedding present.

Savannah scrubs harder.

NANCY (CONT’D)
Besides, justice don't come cheap,
Savannah. Somethin' you're hidin'
from me?

SAVANNAH
What do you think?

NANCY
I think family should help family.

Savannah holds a plate up to Nancy.

SAVANNAH
Then stay the hell out my way.

She lets it fall. SMASH!

Nancy covers her mouth shocked. Savannah storms out. A door
SLAMS. Nancy jolts.

INT. COUNTRY TAVERN - LATER - NIGHT

Country music croons. CUSTOMERS relax in booths. The BAR
OWNER and an OLD BAR FLY laugh at the bar.

SCREECH! They glance out a window.

Savannah getting out her pickup. She marches inside, glides
behind the bar, and sweeps up an empty glass.
SAVANNAH
Ya'll runnin' on empty already?
Look who's just in time to save the day.

She pulls a fresh one, her scowl fading as beer flows.

BAR OWNER
Erm... I hate to tell you think, but you're an hour early.

SAVANNAH
Then I guess that means your first hour's on me.

She grabs a bottle and reaches into her pocket.

BAR OWNER
Hey! That one's on the house.

She smiles appreciative and broods as she drinks.

BAR OWNER (CONT’D)
Sav, no offense intended, but right now, you look like a bloodhound lickin' piss off a thistle.

SAVANNAH
It's just family is all.

OLD BAR FLY
You're gonna have to be more specific than that Savannah honey, family is why we're all here.

They laugh.

SAVANNAH
Either of you reprobates happen to know a good lawyer?

OLD BAR FLY
If I'm to assume by good you mean cheap, there's that Ken Misner.

He points to the notice board. She crosses over and peers up. A business card. KEN MISNER, BANKRUPTCIES, EVICTIONS, IRS, ONE HOUR FREE CONSULTATION.

OLD BAR FLY (CONT’D)
Greasier than a pot of Vaseline they say and just as slippery.

She squints. BAIL BONDS! Added in pen. She takes it and returns behind the bar.
BAR OWNER
Somethin' you need to share with us?

SAVANNAH
You're on the wrong side of the bar to be listenin' to people's problems.

She consumes herself with work and spots something outside. The black Ram towering over her pickup.

INT. COUNTRY TAVERN - LATER - NIGHT

Savannah clears and wipes a couple's table as they leave.

SAVANNAH
You have a great night now.

She sniffs the air and turns to a booth. COLT ROBINSON (30's), cowboy chic from his suit to his boots, sits studying her as he smokes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm sorry but customers ain't allowed to smoke inside.

COLT
Well honey, I ain't a customer, so how 'bout that?

Savannah stares confused.

COLT (CONT'D)
Right now, what I just might just be though, is your worst nightmare. (beat) Take a pew.

He shoots her a confident menacing grin. She sits.

COLT (CONT'D)
So, here's the skinny. I got two crippled dopers tellin' me you and your sister done run them off the road and tried to steal my goods.

SAVANNAH
Well I guess they're suffering some memory loss, because that ain't even close to how it went down.

COLT
I look like I care? All I know is I'm the unfortunate soul who's lost out in all this, so I'm simply here to collect my compensation.
He takes out a notepad, writes on it, and slides it over.

SAVANNAH
You think I’d be workin’ here if I had anywhere near that kind of money?

COLT
Well, it seems we’ve reached an uncomfortable impasse.

They stare. The Bar Owner crosses over concerned. Colt and Savannah's eyes stay locked.

BAR OWNER
Everythin' okay, Sav?

SAVANNAH
Sure thing, this gentleman is just givin’ me some legal advice.

BAR OWNER
Well, it's no smokin' in here.

Colt stubs his cigarette out on the table.

BAR OWNER (CONT’D)
(sarcastically)
Thank you kindly.

He leaves.

COLT
You any good behind the wheel?

SAVANNAH
I drive like a girl.

COLT
So I hear. This is how it's gonna go down, you fix what you broke, you become my delivery driver.

SAVANNAH
No deal. I don't want anythin' to do with no drugs.

COLT
Ha! You serve booze for a livin' honey! A bit of green that different? Technically I’m offering you a promotion.

Savannah stares defiant as he tries to get a read on her.

COLT (CONT’D)
You know what? I just realized I’m talkin' to the wrong sister.
(MORE)
COLT (CONT’D)
I always fancied expandin' into the
penitentiary system anyways.

He snatches back the note and goes to leave.

SAVANNAH
Wait.

He pauses and looks back.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
I do one job, one, and that makes
us even.

COLT
Come by Robinson Cars in the
morning, first thing. I'd hate to
have to visit again. Place like
this gives a man a bad impression.

He gets up, leaving his cigarette smoldering on the table.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN – NIGHT

The back door creeps open. Savannah peers in to find plate
fragments still scattered across the floor.

LIVING ROOM

A liquor bottle weeps onto carpet beside an empty glass.
Savannah turns the TV off.

LANDING

She peers into her bedroom and her face sinks. The mattress
askew, cupboards and drawers open, clothes, books, and CDs
everywhere. She detects faint crying from another room.

BATHROOM

Savannah enters and stares down at Nancy slumped against the
bath, crying in hysteric.

NANCY
Where is it, Savannah?

SAVANNAH
Come to bed.

NANCY
Stay away from me!

Nancy lashes out at Savannah, scratching her hand and fumbles
up. Savannah warily backs away.
NANCY (CONT’D)
How could I have created such a selfish, horrid, greedy, child?

SAVANNAH
Don't you see? I'm protectin' us!

NANCY
You should be ashamed of yourself, I'm ashamed of you! Your father was ashamed of you!

Savannah grabs Nancy's arms.

SAVANNAH
Stop sayin' that! That's not true!

NANCY
Keep away from me!

Nancy shoves hard. Savannah tumbles backwards into the bath.

NANCY (CONT’D)
Protecting us? Just look at you. You can't even protect yourself.

Nancy sneers and leaves.

LANDING

Savannah limps out the bathroom and pauses. A homemade GINGER sign on a door, old, tattered, and decorated with dancers cut from magazine pages. Savannah strokes it.

SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM

Savannah trudges in and searches through her belongings on the floor. She picks up an old framed picture, crashes onto her bed, and gazes at it.

A proud man smiles back in US Army medic fatigues.

She clutches her dog tag, clenches her eyes shut, and everything comes flooding out. She breaks down and howls into a pillow, her whole body shaking.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE LANDING - PAST - NIGHT

A male hand lightly taps Savannah's bedroom door. A young Savannah opens it to see her father, JAMIE JOHNSON (40's), standing in the darkness concerned with a finger to his lips.

He holds up his palm. She remains silent. He raises his fingers to his eyes and points to the stairs. She nods.
A disturbance downstairs. Her eyes bulge. He draws his hand across his throat deadly serious. She nods back, equally serious. She looks across the landing. Nancy stares back worried from a doorway.


Another disturbance downstairs. Ginger goes to gasp. Jamie covers her mouth and guides her to Nancy. Savannah emerges from her bedroom clutching a baseball bat.

She crosses the landing to Ginger and Nancy and joins them in her parent's bedroom. Jamie draws out a Beretta M9A1 service revolver and stares back at Savannah. They share a nod and she eases the door shut.

**PARENT'S BEDROOM**

Nancy and Ginger cower. Savannah stands on point with the bat. The pensive silence drags until--

A crash from downstairs. They wait worried. Their eyes darting around concerned. Nothing. Savannah approaches the door. Nancy tries to pull her back but she slips free.

**HALLWAY**

Savannah creeps down the stairs and peers down the moonlit hallway. A CROOK towers ahead, his bulky back to her.

Jamie stands by the front door, blocking the Crook's escape, his pistol raised.

They stare deadlocked, an old clock ticking next to them, a games console under one of the Crook's arms, a revolver hanging from his free hand.

Savannah proceeds carefully, raising the bat ready to strike.

Jamie stares into the eyes of the Crook, masking his rising concern that Savannah could get hurt.

**JAMIE**

Don't take another step.

Savannah keeps approaching. Jamie fights to keep his focus on the Crook and not giveaway she's there.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

You don't know when you're beat.
Put that down and let's end this without anyone gettin' hurt.
Savannah closes in, grips the bat tight, and grits her teeth. Jamie's eyes twitch to her. The Crook spots it and--

He snaps round, drops the console, and snatches Savannah into his grasp. She fights hard to try to wrestle free.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
Hey! Hey! Easy! Easy!

Savannah struggles until she weakens. Jamie stares down his gun at the Crook, trying to stay calm.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
Listen, you win, okay? Take whatever you want. Just let her go.

Savannah shakes her head upset. The Crook raises the revolver to her head and clicks back the hammer.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
I can’t back off while you have my daughter in your arms. You know damn well I can’t do that.

Savannah continues to writhe. Jamie firms up his aim.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
Back off, baby. He’s got us.

Savannah writhes even harder and pulls herself free. Jamie goes to shoot. Savannah swings the bat hard at the Crook--

SMACK! She accidentally swings too wide, knocking the pistol out of Jamie’s hand. It hits the wood floor and slides under a couch.

Savannah stares straight down the barrel of the Crook’s revolver, right into his menacing eyes. Jamie shoves her to one side and--

BANG! She slowly opens her eyes trembling. Jamie thuds to the floor. The Crook flees. She looks back to her father.

Jamie clutches his bleeding chest, blood soaking into his nightshirt fast. Savannah pours over him filled with regret, trying to help him stem the bleeding.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
Look at me. You're my little fighter, okay? Ain't nothin' about that you need to ever apologize for. This ain't your fault. Remember that. This ain't your fault. You stand tall now and protect what loves you back, like we always say. You promise me that?

She nods in tears. He proudly strokes her hair.
JAMIE (CONT’D)
You promise it to me now.

SAVANNAH
I'll stand tall and protect what loves me back.

He smiles proudly and clutches her hand as he passes. She
shakes, howls, and breaks down into tears. Two NEIGHBORS dash
in and gasp at the scene

NEIGHBOR #1
For God's sake call an ambulance!

NEIGHBOR #2
You know CPR? I don't know CPR!

One of them tries to move Savannah off her dead father. She
screams pained and refuses to let go.

NEIGHBOR #1
Let us help him!

The Neighbors both pull at Savannah and tear her away.

NEIGHBOR #1 (CONT’D)
Jamie! Jamie! You there, buddy?

Ginger runs down stairs, chased by Nancy. She stops stunned,
covers her mouth horrified, and clutches Nancy screaming.

Savannah stares at Ginger sobbing, riddled with guilt.

INT. SAVANNAH’S BEDROOM - DAY

Savannah jolts awake, still clothed in the fetal position.
She thinks for a few moments and hurries out of bed.

LANDING

Savannah peers warily into Nancy’s room to find her snoring
face down on her bed.

BATHROOM

Savannah removes a panel on the bath, slides out a black bag,
and unzips it revealing bundles of old grubby bills.

INT. JAILHOUSE VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Ginger sits disheveled behind security glass.

SAVANNAH
Jeeze, you get beat up already?
GINGER
You should see the other girl. She fights like you. How's Mom?

SAVANNAH
She's good. We've been discussin' who gets your room.

Ginger worry breaks through her tough facade. She fights crying. Savannah leans to the grubby glass.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I got a plan and I got the money.

GINGER
Don't, you'll lose everythin' you got. I can handle this.

SAVANNAH
No, you can't. So let me handle it.

INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY

Savannah pulls up at an intersection. The pickup stalls. She cranks to no avail and smacks the wheel. She sighs expired and sits thinking.

INT. ROBINSON'S CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

A gleaming white showroom. A beat thumps from the open doors of gleaming new cars, their stereos blasting in union.

In one of the cars, JESSIE TORREZ (20's), is sitting slouched, her hair and downtrodden attire so radical she could be strutting down a catwalk or begging on a sidewalk.

She slips a pill into her mouth and closes her eyes. Brochures in racks trebble. A rapper gruffly goads.

She gets out and dances, her moves crazy, somewhere between crumpling, and convulsing. She snaps round to find Savannah standing nervously in the entrance.

Jessie dabs her smart phone. The music cuts.

JESSIE
You lookin' for Colt?

Savannah nods.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
I'll just get him for you. COLT, YOUR REDNECK'S HERE!
INT. ROBINSON'S CARS WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Air tools zip over a background of rock music. MECHANICS stare at Savannah as Colt leads her by cars up on ramps.

COLT
Listen up, the key to any business a modus operandi. Drug business no exception. You know what a modus operandi is?

SAVANNAH
Somethin' all serial killers have?

COLT
A method of operation. There's three ways you get yourself caught in this line of work, association with the product, the network, or the money.

Her eyes land on breaker bars, hammers, and clamps.

COLT (CONT’D)
So I stay my ass away from all three. I don't touch the drugs, I stay out the deals, I put all the income back into my empire.

She flinches. A Mechanic fires up a cutting torch.

COLT (CONT’D)
Hell, I don't even talk on the phone to arrange a meetin'. I just set the criteria and it happens, like clockwork.

He clicks his fingers. The Mechanic opens an oil barrel and retrieves a big bag of pot hidden inside.

COLT (CONT’D)
That makes me a supernatural entity to the law, honey. They call me El Muerto, you're talkin' to a literal livin' legend.

SAVANNAH
Like Elvis?

Colt stops, turns, and shoots her a smile.

COLT
You bet your ass honey, I got 'em all shook up.
EXT. ROBINSON'S CARS CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

Colt leads Savannah out the garage doors.

COLT
Dallas, you take a package, you collect a package. Simple as that. Now, where's your ride?

She crosses to her wreck of pickup.

COLT (CONT’D)
What's the mileage on that thing?

SAVANNAH
She's barely run in.

COLT
Run in? She looks like she was run over.

SAVANNAH
This is all I got.

She covets her pickup and clutches the remaining side mirror, which comes off in her hand. He thinks for a moment.

COLT
I'm gonna let you take somethin' reliable? Pick anythin' you fancy, it's all small potatoes to me.

He proudly presents his lineup of prestige SUVs, luxury sedans, and high spec convertibles.

She scans across them and eyes a red Dodge Challenger Hellcat at the end of the line, its grill like a gaping mouth and bonnet scoops like flaring nostrils.

SAVANNAH
The Challenger fast?

COLT
Oh, she's got the muscle to hustle, honey. Have you?

SAVANNAH
I can work with it.

He lights up a cigarette amused.

COLT
Country chicks, nothin' you girls like more than firearms, fillet steak, and fast cars.
EXT. CRUMMY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

One of Misner's business cards pinned to a tattered door. Savannah nervously studies it and enters.

INT. CRUMMY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY.

KEN MISNER (30's), sits slouched at an untidy desk with a phone to his ear. He ushers Savannah to take a seat. She perches and scans around a war-zone of paperwork.

MISNER
(into phone)
He can't claim they planted it on him. No. No way. He must have known about it. Why? WHY? Because they found it up his ass, that's why!

He puts the receiver down and grins deviously.

MISNER (CONT’D)
Savannah Johnson.

SAVANNAH
You’re good.

MISNER
Charges like that get a man’s attention.

He crosses to a drinks cabinet and tops up a glass.

MISNER (CONT’D)
Possession with intent to sell, drivin' under the influence, reckless drivin', and unlawful drivin' in a river. Original. legally damning mind, really legally damning... but original.

SAVANNAH
You do a free one hour consultation?

MISNER
Hey, you want a lawyer with balls between his legs, I'm your man.

He clutches his crotch and slumps back into his chair.

MISNER (CONT’D)
But your sister's case? Unwinnable. So, what you want to talk about for the next fifty-nine minutes?

He’s cocksure but she’s not here to take no for answer. She picks up her bag and empties the cash onto his desk.
SAVANNAH
You sure about that?

He stares at the money impressed and sips his drink.

COLT
Holy shit honey, you just bought yourself a hell of a wildcard.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Nancy peers into the kitchen worried and listens to clattering coming from the garage. She snatches a knife from the counter.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

Nancy creeps through a side door and sighs relieved. Savannah and the Challenger inside. Savannah slams the trunk shut.

NANCY
That looks expensive.

SAVANNAH
Sorry I broke your plate.

Savannah gets it the Challenger and fires it up.

NANCY
Where you goin'?

SAVANNAH
To protect the one person who’s always loved me back.

Savannah pulls away. Nancy dashes out.

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Challenger growls away down the street. Nancy shakes her head disappointed. She looks back into the garage to find a bundle of bills left for her on a workbench.

INT. ROBINSON’S CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt buffs a car with his sleeve as Jessie paints her nails with car touch-up paints. She compares them to the forecourt lineup and notices a gap.

JESSIE
Hey, you sold the Challenger?
COLT
The redneck took it to make the drop.

JESSIE
You let her take a Hellcat? I hope you threw in a pair of cojones to go with it.

COLT
What can I say? She likes fast cars, I like fast women.

JESSIE
Well, you should have learned by now, that's a dangerous combination.

COLT
And that's why I like it so much.

Colt crosses over and kisses her.

COLT (CONT’D)
Anyhoo, just think about what's comin' back.

She grins and passionately kisses him back.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

The Challenger engine glugs. Savannah waits inside.

Ginger walks out the Jailhouse searching. HONK! Savannah waves. Ginger trots over intrigued.

GINGER
What's this ride, with my sister inside?

SAVANNAH
Get in, baby. It's a long story.

Ginger gets in. They hug tight.

GINGER
Savannah, I never want to leave your side again.

SAVANNAH
I might have to hold you to that.

WHOOP WHOOP! They snap round to see Goldberg's cruiser pulling up. He gets out.
SHERIFF GOLDBERG
Lovely day ain't it? You smell that fresh air? That's the smell of freedom. Smells good, don't it?
(admiring Challenger)
Now, riddle me this, why would a girl pick her sister up on bail in a fine car like this? I do wonder.
Pop the trunk.

Savannah gets out, crosses over defeated and opens the trunk to reveal clothes, an Army medic rucksack, and four large ominous black bags.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT’D)
Oh, going on vacation I see!

He grabs a black bag, opens it, and finds the pot.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT’D)
Well, how 'bout that?

He spins Savannah round and cuffs her. She gasps in pain.

GINGER
What you doin' to her?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
Shut your mouth or you're next.

Goldberg turns Savannah back facing him and grins.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT’D)
I hope you got a damn good lawyer.

SAVANNAH
Good enough to get my sister in this car.

She stares back deadpan and--

CRACK! She head-butts him hard. He hits the ground.

GINGER
Savannah! What the hell?

Savannah stares down at Goldberg out cold and spots the tiny little cuff keys on the asphalt.

She drops to her knees, grabs them with her teeth, runs to the door, and dives through the window.

GINGER (CONT’D)
What you doin'?

Savannah spits the keys into Gingers lap, wriggles her legs through the cuffs, and fires up that Hemi.
SAVANNAH
Seein' what this girl's got!

She slams the shifter into drive and drops the hammer.

EXT. STREETS - CAR CHASE - DAY

The Challenger peels out, leaving Goldberg in the kind of thick tire smoke only 707 screaming horses can deliver. Ginger is pressed back in her seat as scenery blurs by.

GINGER
Holy moly!

SAVANNAH
Look, all legal avenues have been expired, okay? And please understand, I'm acting' strictly on the advice of a professional!

Ginger stares back bewildered.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
So unlock the cuffs!

Ginger tries to get the key in the cuffs. Goldberg lurches up and shakes off his temporary confusion.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
Goddamn country chicks!

He clambers into his cruiser and grabs the radio.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT’D)
Ten thirty one! Red Challenger fleelin' eastbound on Nine!

EXT. ROBINSON CARS - DAY

Cruisers race up and screech round, blocking two exits.

POLICE RADIO
Gates are shut north and south!

INT. ROBINSON CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt and Jessie peer out at the intersection only to see the Challenger freight-train past. The cruisers flick on their sirens and peel out after.

POLICE RADIO
Piggy is in the pen.

COLT
Ah shit!
EXT. STREETS - CAR CHASE - DAY

Ginger struggles with the key in the cuffs. The road ahead blocked with more police.

SAVANNAH
Hurry!

GINGER
It's real finicky!

SAVANNAH
You wanna switch places?

Savannah spins the wheel with her palms. The Challenger slides sideways. The Sisters lean into the slide.

GINGER
No, I think you got this!

The Challenger dives down a dirt road. Cruisers race after them, sirens screaming. Ginger grabs at Savannah's hands, trying to turn the key.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Stop movin' your hands!

SAVANNAH
I kinda need to steer, Ginger!

Savannah spins the wheel with her palms. The Challenger swerves into yards, slithering around old car bodies and log piles. Cruisers wallow behind in a line.

POLICE RADIO
We are drivin' through yards!
Repeat, drivin' through yards!

Goldberg grimaces at the snaking chaos unfolding ahead.

Ginger grabs onto what she can. Savannah fights the wheel.

GINGER
Either these seats are heated or I just peed myself a little!

The Challenger slides onto another dirt road. The engine howls. Dirt sprays from the tires as it fishtails away.

POLICE RADIO
We might have 'em here, this is a dead end!

Cruisers swoop onto the road, sirens screaming.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)
So was the last one!
Ginger winces. Woodland ahead. Savannah guns it.

GINGER
Where we goin'?

SAVANNAH
We're taking the scenic route!

The Challenger crashes down a track and slaloms trees.

POLICE RADIO
Going to go off-roadin'! Headed south into woods!

The Sisters jostle around.

GINGER
The trees! Watch the trees!

BANG! A cruiser smashes head on into a tree.

The Challenger bursts out the woodlands and into a lumber yard before slithering down a bank onto an access road.

A cruiser miss-judges the bank and plummets into a ditch.

The Challenger fishtails onto an asphalt road, narrowly misses a truck, and--

CRASH! The following cruiser doesn't.

Goldberg races past the wreckage in hot pursuit. He grits his teeth, watching the Challenger pull away.

POLICE RADIO
These girls ain't slowin' down!
Snag 'em on the two-two-four!

The Challenger screams down the 224. But up ahead--

A ROADBLOCK

Officers already on point by cruisers. Savannah glances around for a way out of this mess. Ginger unlocks the cuffs.

GINGER
Savannah, if we get out of this alive, where exactly are we headed?

SAVANNAH
For your dreams, baby! For your dreams!

Savannah cuts the wheel. The Challenger crashes through a fence into a trailer park and slews through a line of washing hung out to dry.
The Sisters wince. A fence approaching. They clench their eyes shut and--

BANG! The Challenger punches out the fence the other side of the roadblock with clothes clinging to it.

POLICE RADIO
Holy shit! They're still goin'! Ten eighty! Pursuit still in progress!

Cruisers go to take chase but, in their panic, crash into one another into a snarled mess.

Goldberg's cruiser just manages to slip through the carnage.

Ginger peers back shocked. Savannah checks the mirror. Goldberg on their tail and her foot pure lead.

The Challenger weaves through traffic. The Sisters' hair whips in the rush. Grass and power-line poles streak by.

Goldberg furiously watches the Challenger hit its stride and start to pull away from him.

Ginger wriggles out her window, plucks a pair of panties from the side mirror, and throws them at Goldberg.

The panties land on his windshield. He smacks his wheel and winces defeated. Ginger gives him the finger.

GINGER
You taste that dust? That's the taste of freedom! Tastes good, don't it?

She slips back inside and rests against Savannah content.

The Challenger blasts down the open road and roars into the distance, engine echoing triumphantly.

INT. ROBINSON CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt and Jessie circle and scowl like angry dogs.

JESSIE
You know what we need to do! We need to cancel this deal right now!

COLT
We can't cancel! It's impossible!

JESSIE
You gotta be shittin' me? We just lost all our leverage!

COLT
I shit you not! We can't cancel!
Colt paces away with Jessie tailing him.

JESSIE
You're not listenin' to me! We can't trust this girl, Colt!

COLT
No, you're not listenin' to me! A guy knows a guy, who knows a guy. We're distanced for our own protection. You know, real smart.

JESSIE
Not looking so smart now.

COLT
Yeah, well I still got a trick up my sleeve. Don't forget, this deal changes everythin' for us.

INT. CHALLENGER - MOVING - DAY

Hot gray asphalt streams under the Challenger. The engine roars up and down octaves as it eats up rolling road. Ginger stares at Savannah shocked.

GINGER
We're drug dealers now?

SAVANNAH
Runners not dealers.

GINGER
That ain't the part I'm takin' issue with. How's this gonna solve anythin'? When we get back, we're goin' straight to jail now.

SAVANNAH
We ain't goin' back home.

GINGER
What?

SAVANNAH
Baby, what have you wanted to do all your life?

GINGER
Dance. You know that. Don't have to be anythin' fancy. Can be round a chrome pole in a rat hole for all I care.

SAVANNAH
Then don't you think this is the universe tellin' you to do it.
GINGER
Vegas?

SAVANNAH
Some horses gotta run, baby. So I say, let's keep the hammer down and tail the sun.

Ginger isn't convinced.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Besides, uncle Vinny is there. He can make us invisible.

Savannah winces and backs off the throttle. A white sedan parked up ahead, something on the roof.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Shit! Act natural.

Ginger sits bolt upright and wooden, eyes bulging.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
More natural than that!

Ginger goes even more rigid. They pass by a sedan with a roof rack on top and sigh relieved. Ginger thinks it over.

GINGER
Okay, let's do it. Vegas. Let's head straight there, right now.

SAVANNAH
We got to do this deal, baby. I spent nearly every dollar I had gettin' your bail.

GINGER
But it'll be cancelled now, right?

SAVANNAH
Not if we get their fast enough.

RINGING. Savannah grabs her cell. Colt calling. She hurls it out her window.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
I think the cops can track us. You need to throw yours too.

GINGER
It's got photos on it, old photos.

Savannah pulls out her photo of their father in Army fatigues and hands it over.

SAVANNAH
We got the only one we need.
Ginger smiles at it. She takes out her cell and tosses it. They share a delighted smile and hug excited.

INT. ROBINSON CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt stands over Jessie sitting petulantly at her desk.

COLT
Technically you're an employee!

JESSIE
That's funny 'cause last night you made it more than clear I was your girlfriend!

COLT
Well, either way, that means you gotta comin' with me, now.

JESSIE
I don't wanna go. I hate road trips. You go on your own. I'll keep things running here.

COLT
Firstly, have you got no soul, everybody loves a road trip, and secondly, ain't you ever heard, there's no I in team?

JESSIE
Believe me, there is if you say it in Spanish, Bae.

He glances to a window and grits his teeth. Goldberg's cruiser pulls up.

COLT
Well, ain't that just darn tootin'.

EXT. ROBINSON CARS CAR LOT - DAY

Colt and Jessie pace out and intercept Goldberg.

COLT
Can we help you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
We just ran the plates on a Challenger that hightailed out of town and surprise-surprise the numbers rattle back here.
JESSIE
Oh no shit, Sherlock. A lot of numbers rattle back here because, if you look closely see, you'll see this is a fuckin' car dealership.

Goldberg frowns. Colt shifts in front of Jessie.

COLT
What's she sayin' is, Sheriff, is we sold a Challenger just this mornin', signed and sealed.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
To Savannah Johnson? How the hell does a piece of trash like that afford a new goddamn car?

COLT
Well, she does what everyone else who can’t afford does, she finances it right up the ass.

Colt and Jessie put on their best poker faces.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
In which case, it looks like you got a stolen car problem.

JESSIE
Yeah, so why don't you and your boy scouts toddle off and find it.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
Oh we will, right after I've searched this here premises. You gotta problem with that, son?

Colt struggles a smile and waves him through.

COLT
Be my guest, Sheriff. This gonna take long?

Goldberg shoots a glare at Jessie as he passes.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
It sure as hell is now.

EXT. TRUCK-STOP - DAY

The back of a line of parked up semi trucks. The Sisters creep over, carrying the Challenger’s license plate. They kneel at the back of a semi and swap the plates over.
EXT. TRUCK-STOP - DAY - MINUTES LATER

In a quiet corner by the fuel storage tanks. The Sisters hurriedly spray body panels black with spray-cans.

SAVANNAH
Hey, you need to eat. Take a break.

Ginger sits to eat. She bites into a burger, filling spilling all over her hands. Savannah creases with laughter.

GINGER
You're so mean! It's just like that time soda came out my nose!

SAVANNAH
I'm sorry, you're just so funny.

Ginger throws a fry at Savannah. Savannah ducks it.

GINGER
You remember when I hated pickles? And dad ordered a cheeseburger with everythin' on it? And he took a big bite, ran round to me, kissed me, and yelled, pickle kiss!

They share a laugh.

SAVANNAH
You cried your eyes out when he did that.

GINGER
Well I really didn't like pickles.

(beat)
Savannah, I don't think runnin' from the law shouldn't be as much fun as this.

SAVANNAH
Maybe not, but bein' together sure as hell should be.

GINGER
Just how far are you willin' to go, to keep chasin' this dream?

SAVANNAH
Oh, I'm prepared to go all the way, baby.

Savannah raises the spray can like a gun. Ginger struggles a smile as an uncomfortable silence drags. She breaks the tension with laughter and throws another fry.

Savannah catches it and confidently eats it. She chases Ginger with the spray can. Ginger squeals and runs.
EXT. ROBINSON CARS CAR LOT – EVENING

Goldberg strolls to his cruiser as Colt and Jessie sarcastically wave him away.

JESSIE
Come back any time, Sheriff.
(under breath)
You, fuckin' hard on.

COLT
Let's get on our merry way.

Jessie sweeps out a Smith & Wesson 629 Stealth Hunter; 13 inches of .44 Magnum slinging revolver, painted in Plum Crazy Purple, decorated with rhinestones, and with what looks like a laser-sight taped under the barrel.

COLT (CONT’D)
Woah! Just what the hell is that? I have a personal brand to protect, you know?

JESSIE
Well I have my personal ass to protect, you know?

Colt pulls out his comparatively tiny .45 Cal M1911.

COLT
Do you even realize howemasculatin' that is? I'm supposed to be top dog out of us two?

JESSIE
But it's purple, and I stuck rhinestones on it, and look-

She twists the laser sight to reveal it's lipstick.

JESSIE (CONT’D)
-it's an accessory now.

She runs it over her lips, the barrel in her mouth. Colt reaches out and cocks the hammer.

COLT
Don't tempt me.

EXT. ROBINSON CARS CAR LOT – MOMENTS LATER

The black Ram screeches away from the dealership.
EXT. DALLAS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The Challenger cruises across a bridge toward the twinkling city lights. The Sisters stare ahead in awe as the bridge struts sweep over them, the city gleaming ahead.

EXT. DALLAS - NIGHT

The Challenger cruises in traffic, the radio blasting. The Sisters gaze up at the sky scrapers towering over them.

They point at a bustling street lined with neon bar signs and customized choppers. Ginger waves to the BIKERS, her smile beaming. Some point and wave back.

They draw by a semi sparkling with chrome. Ginger waves to the DRIVER. The horn blares. She squeals and covers her ears. Savannah burst into laughter.

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

A tired neon sign flickers by bottom dollar accommodation. The Challenger rumbles to a halt in the parking lot. The Sisters get out and take in live music carried in the air.

SAVANNAH
Okay, listen up. I need you to go sit across the road at that diner and wait till I come out.

GINGER
And do what?

SAVANNAH
Keep a lookout.

GINGER
Oh I see. Keep a lookout or stay out? If I'm that useless, why don't you just drop me off at a nursery?

SAVANNAH
I need you to stay safe, baby.

Savannah pops the trunk and takes out the army rucksack. Ginger grabs it off her. Savannah pulls it back.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
I need this with me.

GINGER
Don't you need it to stay safe?

Savannah doesn't answer.
GINGER (CONT’D)
If you're willin' to take this in,
you can take me in.

Savannah tugs the rucksack from Ginger’s grip.

SAVANNAH
Just keep quiet and let me handle
things, okay?

The Sisters cross to a crummy door. Savannah composes herself
for a moment and goes to knock.

The door creeps open a little. KRIS and STAN (30s), small-
town players wearing snap-backs and sporting gang-tats, peek
out through a cloud of white smoke.

KRIS
Shit, you’re like two hours early.

SAVANNAH
We're in a hurry. Can we just get
this over with?

STAN
Hell no! That's against the
agreement.

KRIS
Yeah, it's against the rules of the
agreement.

The Guys click the door shut. The Sisters stand confused.

GINGER
Wow, turns out drug dealers are
even worse then the DMV.

The Guys peek out again.

KRIS
Look, you wanna hang out?

STAN
At the bar. Nothing creepy.

SAVANNAH
Do we really have to?

STAN
We can hang in here if you prefer?

The Sisters look at each other.
EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

Kris and Stan lead the Sisters toward the Bar as music blasts inside and silhouettes dance in the windows.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

The joint bustles. A live band play on a tiny stage. Kris and Stan make a b-line for the bar.

Dancers boogie under sweeping colors. Ginger cuts through drinkers and basks in curious looks. Savannah follows, shirking the stares.

Cold beers swap grubby dollars. The Sisters and Guys clink bottles. Savannah grows frustrated as she's jostled by the crowd. Kris and Stan pose around Ginger.

STAN
Let's get our hustle on!

KRIS
Shit no, baby, he sucks! Get down with me!

GINGER
(to Savannah)
You okay?

Savannah nods. Ginger leads Kris away. They groove to the music. Stan leans into Savannah as he watches Ginger.

STAN
You wanna grind?

SAVANNAH
I'm lookin' after the drinks.

He shrugs, dumps his drink in her hand, and leaves. Savannah watches him join Kris and cheer Ginger on. They leer and strut around her.

The guitars stop, the drummer goes into a rapid solo.

Ginger kicks up into fast paced go-go dance. She throws her arms over her head and wiggles in time to the furiously increasing beat.

She paints funk with her hips, her coy smile grabbing the attention of everyone in the room.

The Drummer drums faster and faster, testing her talent. She swings harder and harder, pushing his pace.

Dancers become spectators and join a circle of drinkers cheering her on.
A rainbow of colors sweep across her wiggling body. She’s the most intoxicating object for a hundred miles, curvier than a rum bottle and hotter than a spliff's tip.

Ginger beams at Savannah. Savannah forces a smile.

Ginger brings her arms up and gazes into the stage lights dreamy as the solo reaches its climax.

A feverish APPLAUSE erupts from the crowd! Ginger returns to a slower paced seductive groove.

**EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR BEER GARDEN - NIGHT**

Tall brick walls frame festoon lights. Benches below heave with drinkers. Chat and laughter fills the air.

Ginger and Savannah cross to a dark corner. Ginger guzzles back a beer, another ready in her other hand.

**SAVANNAH**

Take it easy, baby, okay?

**GINGER**

Hey, I thought we were chasin' a dream here?

**SAVANNAH**

We are. But without makin' a scene.

**GINGER**

Well I guess that's just me.

**SAVANNAH**

That's not what I-

**GINGER**

Look, lighten up! Fact is, it don't matter where we go, Savannah, our true selves are always one step behind us.

Kris and Stan cross over.

**STAN**

Dude, I'm movin' to the country. Seriously, the girls round here are some frigid bitches!

**KRIS**

That they are, my friend.

Kris and Stan fist bump. Ginger giggles drunk. She studies Savannah standing with her arms folded.

**GINGER**

You okay?
Savannah nods.

GINGER (CONT’D)
(to Savannah)
I gotta pee, you wanna come?

Savannah shakes her head and forces a smile.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

Ginger crosses the bar and heads to the toilets with a confident wiggle, all eyes on her.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR TOILETS - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Ginger washes her hands and glances into the mirror. A STATUESQUE WOMAN looks her up and down.

STATUESQUE WOMAN
Quiet the performer, ain't ya'll?

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

Ginger bumbles through the crowd, eyes bulging.

EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Kris and Stan fumble with paper and pot, consuming themselves with rolling a joint. Ginger stumbles out shocked and stares at Savannah.

SAVANNAH
What? You okay?

Ginger hands over a business card for a Vegas club.

GINGER
A lady in the restroom said she worked here. She's just passin' through, but she told me I should get there as soon as possible, that they need someone like me.

SAVANNAH
Vegas?

GINGER
Vegas.

Savannah gasps and covers her mouth.

GINGER (CONT’D)
Is this like destiny or something'?
Savannah hugs Ginger tight.

    SAVANNAH
    It is, baby! That's exactly what it is!

They release and stare at each other speechless. Stan lights the joint.

    STAN
    What you two, so pleased about?

    GINGER
    I think I just got a job offer, in Vegas.

    KRIS
    Vegas! Right on! Hey, you should celebrate.

Kris offers the joint to Ginger. She shakes her head. Savannah plucks it from him and takes a seasoned draw.

She blows smoke like a steam whistle and hands the joint back over, cool, confident, and a little dark. Ginger frowns disapprovingly.

    SAVANNAH
    Guess my true self just showed up.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

The band throbs a wall of psychedelic rock. The bass guitar strums, the lead Gibson howls, the drums march, the singer's voice echo's and distorts.

Ginger slowly dances. Kris and Stan strut around her. Beside them, Savannah sways at one with the crowd, her eyes closed and lost in the music.

Ginger watches Savannah concerned. Savannah stares up and opens her eyes. They weep with tears. She raises her arms into the air and smiles.

Ginger stares at scars running down Savannah's wrists.

EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Savannah exits, lighting a cigarette. Ginger tails her.

    GINGER
    You need to keep it together.
    You're completely baked.

    SAVANNAH
    Well I guess that's just me.
Ginger grabs Savannah's scarred wrists.

GINGER
No, this is you!

SAVANNAH
Someone who gives up too easy?

GINGER
Someone who gives herself up too easy.

SAVANNAH
Quit worrying about me. I've never had it more together, okay?

INT. DALLAS MOTEL ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

An air-con unit rattles. A TV plays in the next room. Savanna and Ginger let the bags of pot drop to the floor.

SAVANNAH
Okay, let's do this.

KRIS
But we still got a few minutes.

SAVANNAH
We're done waitin' around. Where's our payment?

KRIS
Shit, where's the payment, dude?

STAN
Don't know. You know?

KRIS
The fuck I know. But a little more fun up in here to finish this night off nicely, I might just have an epiphany on that subject.

The Sisters shrink back.

SAVANNAH
I think there's been some mistake.

STAN
Oh no, oh no. The only mistake to be made, would be you not completin' this deal in full.

KRIS
Now that is, what I would call, quite the faux pas, bitches.
STAN
So we're sayin', you wanna make
this sale we gotta get some tail.

SAVANNAH
This ain't in the agreement.

STAN
Fuck the agreement. Terms just
changed. Your boss too too chicken
shit to show his face anyhow. What
the fuck's he gonna do about it?

They lift their shirts revealing pistols. The Sisters look at
each other worried.

SAVANNAH
Can we get a minute?

STAN
Clock's tickin' and my cock's
kickin', bitches.

BATHROOM

The Sisters enter, Ginger clutching herself disgusted.

SAVANNAH
Look, we need that payment, baby.
You know that, right?

GINGER
Give them the car, we can catch a
bus to Vegas.

SAVANNAH
You think they want a hot car? You
want to risk public transport?

GINGER
I'm not doin' this, Savannah. I
Can't believe you're even
contemplatin' it.

SAVANNAH
You go ahead, tell the two armed
drug dealers in the next room
you're too good for them, see if
they take no for an answer. The
world gives nothing without takin'
somethin', ain't you learnt that
yet?

GINGER
I've learned it's thinkin' like
that that destroys people.
SAVANNAH
Well, ain't that just the story of my life!

Savannah glares.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Look, I've been rock bottom. I've prayed at the foot of my bed for a miracle. I've tried being good and waitin' for a reward and shit only got worse. So, don't question my method, or worry about me. That's the reality and all that matters is you. Because your dream is the only one we got left, okay?

Ginger frowns silent.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
(voice raising)
And if you truly care about followin' that dream, you'll know you have to do whatever it takes.

MOTEL ROOM

Kris and Stan wait bored.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
So, I suggest you swallow your pride, shimmy your ass out there, and give them what they want.

Kris and Stan gang shake and fist bump.

BATHROOM

Savannah dumps the rucksack on the can.

GINGER
Can't bare the idea of him being in the same room?

Savannah shakes her head and leads Ginger back out.

MOTEL ROOM

The Sisters emerge from the bathroom shamefaced and stand either side of the bed.
SAVANNAH
Five minutes. You wear rubbers. No
tongues, no bitin', no oral, no
anal, and certainly none of that
porno stranglin' shit, okay?

STAN
So, who goes with who?

KRIS
Well, this is how it is, I get
(pointing to Ginger)
this one, you get
(pointing to Savannah)
that one.

STAN
(nodding to Ginger)
Well, maybe I want that one.

KRIS
Well, I just called it, bro.

Savannah frowns offended.

STAN
Dude, I'm just sayin', we could
double team that ass.

Ginger's eyes bulge.

KRIS
No sword fights! You gotta cut that
shit out, man. It's bad enough with
just another brother in the room.

STAN
I got some stimulants if it-

KRIS
Just shut the fuck up!

Kris places his pistol down on a nightstand and moves in on
Ginger. She kisses him, confident and seducing.

Savannah watches awkward. Stan moves in slow and goes to kiss
her. She freezes, nearly obliges, but shies away.

SAVANNAH
I need to get some protection.

She hurries into the bathroom. Stan jealously watches Ginger
and Kris kissing. He turns back to find--

Savannah's father's trembling Beretta pistol staring him
square in the face.
SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Kiss this.

THWACK! Savannah pistol whips him in the mouth. His gun falls to the floor. Kris goes for his. Savannah locks in on him.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Freeze! Or that’s the only pistol you’ll have left to play with!

He freezes. Savannah sweeps her aim between them.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Get side by side.

They remain fixed. Kris stares at his pistol on the nightstand by Ginger, he fancies his chances.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
(to Ginger)
Take the gun, baby.

Ginger takes it and aims uneasily at Kris.

KIRS
Now that weapon, you can't handle.

SAVANNAH
Baby, you see that little lever on the back? Flick that up, okay?

Ginger flicks off the safety.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Now, hold the top, the bit that slides, and pull it right back.

Ginger cocks the slide.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
(to Kris)
You want to see if she can work out step three herself, asshole?

Kris and Stand shuffle next to each other.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Take off your pants and shirts.

They reluctantly undress.

GINGER
We're not actually going to sleep with them are we?

SAVANNAH
No, baby.
GINGER
Phew!

Kris shoots Ginger a spiteful glare.

GINGER (CONT’D)
You really think I’m drunk enough
to sleep with you? Sir, I may be
very drunk, but you are very-very
mistaken.

The Guys strip to their boxers.

SAVANNAH
Backup.

Savannah grabs their clothes.

BATHROOM

The Guys back in slow.

SAVANNAH
Sit down.

The Guys sit on the floor against the grubby basin.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Now, where’s our shit?

KRIS
Closet.

Savannah looks to Ginger and nods. Ginger disappears and
reappears with a bag. Stan grabs his crotch pissed off.

STAN
(to Savannah)
And there I was throwin' trailer
trash like you a favor.

SAVANNAH
No, you wanted to fuck us, and now
we're fuckin' you.

She pulls out Goldberg’s cuffs and dangles them.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
So, who's feelin' kinky now.

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The Challenger squeals onto the street and roars into the
darkness.
INT. DALLAS MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

The engine fades. Kris and Stan stew hurt and yank their handcuffed wrists against the basin.

STAN
Harsh bong, man.

KRIS
Country chicks!

They sit in silence for few long moments until an engine races up. The motel door creaks open. Colt peers into the bathroom, gun raised, Jessie behind him.

COLT
The girls! Where are they?

KRIS
They just hot-tailed it outta here!
Who the fuck are you?

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

Colt runs to an intersection and scans around furiously. Nothing, every street dark and desolate.

COLT
Fuck! Fucking women!

INT. CHALLENGER - MOVING - NIGHT

The Challenger blasts down the road, blows by stop signs, and ducks down side streets. Savannah focuses on the road as street lights flicker over the windshield.

GINGER
Holy shit! Did that just happen?
Did we just do that?

Ginger pulls the bag from the back seat.

GINGER (CONT’D)
And did you really say, “where’s our shit?” I never knew you could be so gangster.

Savannah reveals a smirk. Ginger unzips the bag.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Colt storms back into the room furious.

COLT
Where’s the fuckin' coke!
INT. CHALLENGER - MOVING - NIGHT

The Sisters stare shocked at the bag full of cocaine.

GINGER
I guess that'll be, our shit.

SAVANNAH
Did you get the right bag?

GINGER
This was the only bag! Are you sure it was supposed to be cash?

SAVANNAH
Fuck!

Savannah smacks the wheel and fumes.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Check the wallets.

Ginger searches the clothes. She pulls out the wallets and plucks out a few bills. She continues rummaging until she finds nothing but a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Great! Just our luck! The poorest drug dealers in Texas!

GINGER
I'm sorry, I think they spent it all buyin' drinks for me.

SAVANNAH
Hey, you did great, baby, okay?

GINGER
And I'm stunnin' when I'm gunnin', are't I?

Ginger poses with the pistol. Savannah watches her flick the safety back and forth.

SAVANNAH
Toss it.

GINGER
But, don't we need it?

SAVANNAH
We're not criminals. We're on the run. There's a big difference.

GINGER
You going to throw yours?
SAVANNAH
You know I can't do that.

Ginger sighs and reluctantly puts her window down.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Wait.

Savannah snatches away the pistol, drops the clip, and hands it back over.

GINGER
So, we're not criminals but we do need spare bullets?

SAVANNAH
You want to leave a loaded gun on the side of the highway?

Ginger hurls the gun into the gutter. She leans back in the breeze and closes her eyes sleepy. Savanna thumbs the rounds out the clip into a cup-holder one by one.

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - LATER - NIGHT

A motorbike glugs by. A single room light glows.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Colt looks at the bags of the pot left on the floor and Kris and Stan handcuffed to the basin.

STAN
And that's what went down, bro. They've screwed us just as much as they've screwed you.

COLT
Well that's kinda fuckin' obvious.

Jessie picks up the bags of pot.

JESSIE
Let's go home.

COLT
What? This ain't over, honey.

JESSIE
Bae, we got our pot back. It's over, we're done. Let’s roll.

COLT
But we still ain't got our car.
JESSIE
It's stolen, remember? I'm pretty sure that makes it tax deductible.

COLT
But.

JESSIE
But what?

KRIS
The principle, man-

COLT
-Thank you! The principle!

STAN
You gotta strong arm those hoes, bro. Show 'em who's runnin' this shit, yeah?

JESSIE
(to Stan)
Yeah, and your dad should have left you tricklin' down the back of your momma's throat! Stay the fuck out of our business!


KRIS
Vegas! Hey! They said somethin'
about a job in Vegas!

COLT
Vegas, honey! Get you some of that! Sin City!

JESSIE
A big fuckin' city.

COLT
A big fucking city we never visited. You saying we can't mix us some business with pleasure? Roll us a few dice, see us a few shows, find us a couple of girls?

Jessie slowly comes around.

JESSIE
Them real fancy kinda shows?

COLT
Sure! And hey, looks like we already got ourselves a room for the night, sugar pie.
(MORE)
COLT (CONT'D)
For the best price, free! May as well take advantage.

He sweeps over to the fridge and clinks out beers.

JESSIE
Well, we do deserve a vacation. This has all been very stressful.

Colt moves in on Jessie. They passionately embrace.

STAN
Yo! Some of us didn't get lucky tonight, bro.

Colt slams the bathroom door shut.

EXT. HIGHWAY, NEW MEXICO - NIGHT
The Challenger cruises along the empty highway.

INT. CHALLENGER - MOVING - NIGHT
Savannah blinks hard as she drives. She smiles at Ginger sleeping. Her blinking drags. She gradually drifts away.
The Challenger crosses the center line, engine humming.
Red lights sweep over the Sisters. Ginger snaps awake.

GINGER
Savannah!

Savannah jolts awake and hits the brakes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT
The Challenger nose dives, the ABS fights hard, the tires scrape like it will never stop, but eventually it does--

Mere yards from a towering wall of thundering freight cars. A crossing bell jingles. The Sisters sit panting.

GINGER
Holy shit!

Savannah shuts off the engine and hurries out. She lights up a cigarette, her hands trembling in the breeze.

GINGER (CONT'D)
How long you been awake for now?
SAVANNAH
Look, you run hard enough for long enough and people have to stop chasin' you.

GINGER
Yeah, they do, because that's how you crash and burn.

Savannah perches on her seat. Ginger rubs her back.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Let's just stop for the night. Look around, we got away, Savannah. Why can't you you see that?

Savannah stares at a dark forest of towering trees and spies a track leading into the woodland.

She sighs and tosses her smoke. The Challenger fires up and scrabbles down the track into darkness.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT
The Challenger crunches to a halt. The lights flick off.

INT. CHALLENGER - NIGHT
The Sisters settle down to sleep.

GINGER
Let's not get reckless. This ain't worth dyin' for. Nothin' is.

SAVANNAH
You shouldn't be so scared of death. You know what reincarnation is?

Ginger shakes her head.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I read about it years ago. We all come back, sometimes as different people, sometimes as animals, maybe even insects.

Ginger balks.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
It all depends on how good you been. So I figured dad must have become somethin' wonderful like an eagle. And maybe, if I could be half the person he was, I could become the same and join him.
Savannah smiles dreamily as she drifts away.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
We'd soar above the World care
free, ridin' on the wind, knowin'
othin' down below can get us.

GINGER
You still believe that?

SAVANNAH
I ache for it to be true.

Savannah drifts away clutching her dog tag, leaving Ginger frowning worried.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL ROOM BATHROOM – DAY

Sunlight pierces through a tiny window. Kris and Stan sit fed up, still handcuffed to the basin.

Funky music blasts. Colt bursts in naked, covered in tattoos. He kicks up the toilet seat and proceeds to piss like a racehorse. Kris and Stan avert their eyes.

COLT
Woo! There's no such thing as an ugly morning in Texas! Thank you, Lord, we are dearly blessed!

Jessie pads in yawning half asleep.

JESSIE
He just starts them way too early.

She bombs a dose of speed and quivers with pleasure.

COLT
You got to do that in here? I was kinda having a divine moment.

She shrugs, strips off and showers. Kris and Stan stare.

COLT (CONT’D)
(to Kris and Stan)
Hey! Don't you look at my girl!

MOTEL ROOM

Colt struts out the bathroom and poses in a mirror. He adjusts his a hair. BUZZ. He looks to a nightstand.

He opens the drawer. A cheap cell phone, a pack of RUIN HER brand male enhancement pills, and a bible.
BATHROOM

Jessie sings softly to the music as she showers. Kris and Stan watch. Colt re-enters clutching the phone.

COLT
(to Kris and Stan)
Hey! I said don't look at my girl!
This shit yours?

They shake their heads.

COLT (CONT’D)
Well who's is it? I found it in the fuckin' nightstand.

STAN
The previous occupant?

COLT
Oh, the previous occupant. Well the previous occupant got himself a message.

They stare deadlocked as Jessie sings.

COLT (CONT’D)
Honey?

JESSIE
Bae?

COLT
Shut the fuck up.
(to Kris and Stan)
You see, I don't think this message is for the previous occupant, because why would the previous occupant want a message-

Colt crouches before them and holds the cell phone up, the message just numbers.

COLT (CONT’D)
-written in code.

STAN
That ain't code. Fucked up phone is what it is.

COLT
What does that shit mean?

Jessie shuts off the shower. Kris and Stan glance at her. Colt hurls complimentary cosmetics at them.
COLT (CONT’D)
Hey! I said don't you look at my
girl! So why the fuck are you
gazin' up her cookie when I'm
asking you a direct fuckin'
question? What does it mean?

They stare scared.

COLT (CONT’D)
Is my dick distractin' you?

STAN
(to Kris)
Stop staring at his dick, man!

COLT
I said, is my dick distractin' you?

KRIS
Look, we're all far too
underdressed for this conversation!

COLT
I'll give you pair somethin' to
stare at!

Colt paces our and returns with his gun aimed.

COLT (CONT’D)
What does the message mean!

KRIS
They're coordinates, okay?

COLT
Coordinates to what, you dick
scoping motherfucker?

STAN
To our next deal.

COLT
Then why'd you fucking lie about
it?

KRIS
Deals are our boss's business!

Colt stares into their eyes, gun still aimed.

JESSIE
Hey, can I get a towel here?

Colt throws a towel at Jessie, not taking his eyes off Kris
and Stan. She casually dries herself. Kris glances at her.
COLT
I said, don't look at my girl!

BANG! Kris takes it between the eyes. Colt aims at Stan

COLT (CONT’D)
Now, look me and riddle me this.

Stan stares intense, panting, and sprayed with blood.

COLT (CONT’D)
These coordinates, they ain't the location of your next deal at all, are they?

Stan shakes his head.

COLT (CONT’D)
No they ain’t. But what they are, is the location of my coke. That right?

Stan cries and nods.

COLT (CONT’D)
You were tryin' to find me.

STAN
Our boss, man. We had orders.

COLT
He wanted you to find the legendary El Muerto.

Colt turns to present EL MEURTO tattooed across his back above a huge headless horseman.

COLT (CONT’D)
You know what that means?

Stan shakes his head.

COLT (CONT’D)
You found yourself a ghost. And you know what happens when you see a ghost, motherfucker?

Colt aims for Stan.

COLT (CONT’D)
You get scared to death.

Stan grimaces terrified. Colt pauses at the final moment.

COLT (CONT’D)
(to Jessie)
Hey, let me teach you somethin'.
Take him out.
Jessie shrugs, exits, returns with the Stealth Hunter and aims for Stan.

STAN

No!

BOOM! The recoil nearly knocks Jessie over. Stan cowers as the shattered basin gushes water over him.

STAN (CONT’D)
Shit! Fuck it! SHIT!

COLT
You see? Now that, that's the price you pay for the large caliber!

Jessie shakes her head and re-aims. BOOM! She fires through the wall. Screaming shrieks from another room.

COLT (CONT’D)
No accuracy! No accuracy at all! Ridiculous is what it is!

BOOM! Jessie hits the ceiling. Plaster trickles down.

STAN
Please, I got dependents, man! I just got a goldfish!

COLT
(to Jessie)
You wanna take a bit longer?

Jessie stubbornly marches over to Stan.

STAN
OH GOD NO!

BOOM! Colt shakes his head unimpressed. Jessie crosses back over covered in blood.

They stand naked and pissed off. The screams from the other room continue as water gushes across the floor. She grabs the towel and wipes her face.

JESSIE
I thought this was supposed to be a fuckin' vacation!

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Savannah gradually wakes up and stares at Rain drops pattering and sliding down the windshield. A train horn blares. Ginger jolts up as a freight train clatters by. They look at each other and struggle a tired smile.
GINGER
I'm so hungry. You sleep much?

SAVANNAH

Enough.

Savannah fires up the engine and lazily slots the Challenger in gear. The tires whine. Their eyes bulge. Savannah tries again. Mud thumps against bodywork.

GINGER
Shit! Are we-

SAVANNAH
-Just, just shut up a second.

Savannah concentrates and tickles the throttle. No dice.

She looks out the window at the rear tire buried in the deepest mud hole in New Mexico. She eases the throttle. The tire slithers and digs deeper.

GINGER
You're makin' it worse!

SAVANNAH
I'm getting' us out.

Savannah grows frustrated and tries rocking the Challenger back and forth.

GINGER
I'm going to push.

SAVANNAH
I think you're seriously overestimatin' yourself.

Savannah guns the engine, gives up, and punches the wheel.

GINGER
You done spinnin' your wheels now?
I don't think it's me who's overestimatin' herself.

Ginger climbs out and braces herself against the trunk.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Okay!

Savannah eases the throttle. Ginger heaves. The tires spin. Ginger winces and pushes hard, her feet slipping. Savannah shakes her head and floors it. Mud sprays over Ginger.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Argh! Cut it out!

Ginger trudges over fuming.
GINGER (CONT’D)
That was smart! You happy now?

Savannah throws her door open and climbs out.

SAVANNAH
You wanted to have a sleepover here! You happy now?

GINGER
Yeah! Happier than I would be crashin' into a train!

Savannah sneers at the Challenger. She realizes the rain has washed all the black spray paint off, the residue trickling from under the headlamps like running eyeliner.

SAVANNAH
Are you kiddin' me? The car's red, Ginger! The car's fuckin' red again!

Savannah screams. Birds flutter from trees. She kicks the Challenger hard.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Piece of shit!

GINGER
Don't take it out on the car!

SAVANNAH
Oh, well I'd just hate to hurt this piece of junk's feelings!

GINGER
It's not a piece of junk and, if there's anyone to blame, it's me. I'm willin' to accept that.

SAVANNAH
No, I let this mess happen. And the mess we left behind us. So it's up to me to unfuck this situation.

Savannah slumps to her knees and scoops mud from a tire.

GINGER
What we've left behind us was always destine to be a mess! That's why we left it behind!

SAVANNAH
Yeah? You includin' mom in that?

GINGER
What's that got to do with anythin'?
Savannah winces at the mud on her hands.

SAVANNAH
She don't look out for you, Ginger.
Not like I do.

GINGER
Look I'm not a kid, and you're not
my mom, okay?

Savannah gives up digging and scrapes mud off her arms. She
takes out her cigarettes and lights one up. Ginger shakes her
head and hurries away toward trees.

SAVANNAH
Where you goin'?

GINGER
I'm gettin' some sticks.

SAVANNAH
Sticks? This thing is stuck like a
duck in a rut. What you gonna do?
Light a campfire and pray for the
Indian spirits to send a tow rig?

They stare deadlocked and angry. Savannah pops the trunk and
takes out her rucksack.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Follow me.

GINGER
Where?

SAVANNAH
I guess we'll have to see.

Savannah trudges away up the track.

GINGER
Look, why don't we cut our loses,
hitch the rest of the way.

SAVANNAH
You want to take that risk, fine.
I'll be waitin' in Vegas for you.

GINGER
Is it risky? Really? Or is it just
out of your control?

Savannah keeps on walking.

GINGER (CONT’D)
Well, If you manage to swallow your
pride and come lookin', I'll be
waitin' by the road.
The Sisters storm away in opposite directions.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Jessie looks up from using a computer tablet and beams politely as a SERVER struggles to find enough room on the table to place a seemingly endless assortment of breakfast treats. Colt studies the numbers on the phone.

**SERVER**
You two celebratin'?

**JESSIE**
We're on a special vacation.

**SERVER**
Well ya'll enjoy your feast!

Colt glances up at the food unimpressed.

**COLT**
Really?

**JESSIE**
Hey dig this! This hotel, it's got five stars, it's got its own theatre, three nightclubs, and a beach! Now that's way cool!

**COLT**
A hotel in the desert, with a beach? Well ain't that a thing. Give me that a minute.

She sighs, hands over the tablet, and eats.

**COLT (CONT'D)**
I can work this code shit out.

**JESSIE**
You are smart, Bae. Real smart.

She watches him tapping the numbers into the tablet. She has something on her mind but is struggling to say it.

**JESSIE (CONT'D)**
Bae, you know your drug lord name?

**COLT**
What?

**JESSIE**
It's fine. It doesn't matter.

She tries to go back to eating as if she never asked.
COLT
What's wrong with my name?

JESSIE
You know what it means?

COLT
Yeah! El Muerto, the headless
horseman of Texas. The ghost that
roams the desert. For all that see
him death awaits.

JESSIE
But the name, you know what it
means?

COLT
He's a ghost. It means ghost.

JESSIE
It means the dead one. You're
tellin' people you're a corpse.

He dwells on that revelation for a few moments.

COLT
Fuck, honey! You sure?

She nods sure.

COLT (CONT’D)
And you're tellin' me now?

She nods awkwardly.

COLT (CONT’D)
I liked that way it's Mexican.
That's what makes it cool. Hell, I
got a tattoo!

JESSIE
A real big tattoo.

COLT
I got my whole, scared to death
speech! I worked my heart out on
that, made it my own! Jeeze.

He grabs the nearest pudding and comfort eats. She winces
sympathetically. He thinks for a few moments and sighs.

COLT (CONT’D)
Who knew?

He turns his attention back to the tablet. He bangs in the
last of the digits, hits enter, and cheers up.
COLT (CONT'D)
I guess these girls are going to
learn the harder you run, the
faster you hit trouble.

He proudly turns round the tablet to show a map. The details
of a junkyard in New Mexico on the screen.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Savannah checks out a rundown junkyard at the end of the
track. She peers through the wire gate.

A door slams. SUE WU (50's), a wizened old Asian lady with a
face like slapped ass, marches over from a hut.

SUE WU
What you want? You want parts? Why
you not in car?

SAVANNAH
Because I got my car stuck just
down here. Can you pull me out?

SUE WU
No free tows! Tow cost fifty
dollar.

SAVANNAH
Look, I got no money, but it's just
down here. It'll take you two
minutes, tops.

SUE WU
Listen, you stupid asshole, what's
so hard to understand. You want
tow, you pay fifty dollar. That's
how the World work.

SAVANNAH
What part of, I don't have any
money, don't you understand!
Please, you gotta help me out.

SUE WU
Get lost or I call the cops.

Savannah peers into the junkyard.

SAVANNAH
Why am I wastin' my time talkin' to
you anyway? You don't even have a
tow truck, you crazy old bitch!

An engine approaches. Savannah snaps round to see a battered
old wrecker heaving up the track. Her mouth drops. The
Challenger drags along behind it.
SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Hey! That's my car!

Sue Wu cackles and opens the gates. Savannah bangs on the hood of The Wrecker as it draws past her.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Stop! That's my car!

Sue Wu slams the gate in her face. The wrecker squeaks to a halt. BEATER PETE (60s), fifty percent gut and fifty percent sweat, slides out with a satisfied grin.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
That's my car! Give it me back!

BEATER PETE
Well let me tell you something, princess. I found your car parked on my private property.

SAVANNAH
Oh, I'm sorry I parked in your precious swamp! I guess it was really bringin' down the whole neighborhood!

SUE WU
One hundred dollar!

SAVANNAH
I told you! I got no money! Seriously, you can't do this!

BEATER PETE
Then I suggest you take your matter of contention to a representative of the law.

Savannah's anger grows. She reaches into her rucksack.

BEATER PETE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Hold up now.

Savannah turns to see Beater Pete draw a Mossberg pump-action shotgun from his wrecker, a darkness to his stare.

BEATER PETE (CONT’D)
Now I don't know what you're reaching in there for but it seems it got old Trooper's attention.

Savannah freezes.
BEATER PETE (CONT’D)
And you see, old Trooper, when he
gets startled by such activities,
he's been known to go off, just
like that.

SUE WU
And the other thing you need to
know about Trooper. He bury his
prey in the woods, you understand?

Savannah backs off and walks away.

SAVANNAH
I'm getting my car back.

EXT. NEW MEXICO WOODLAND TRACK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah trudges down the path to find Ginger walking the
other way. They both stop fed up.

SAVANNAH
How'd hitch-hikin' work out?

GINGER
Turns out, when a trucker asks you
for an oral favor, they don't want
you to sing for a ride.

They sit side by side on the grass.

GINGER (CONT’D)
Where'd the car go, Savannah?

SAVANNAH
Turns out we were parked in a
hillbilly red zone and they want a
hundred bucks.

Savannah takes out the gun and toys with it, looking back up
the track conflicted.

GINGER
You know what I always say when it
gets like this.

SAVANNAH
Don't fuckin' say it, Ginger.
That's the last thing I need to
hear right now.

GINGER
Let's turn this struggle-

Savannah remains silent.
GINGER (CONT'D)
C'mon. Say it. Let's turn this struggle-

SAVANNAH
Fuck you.

GINGER
Say it! Let's turn this struggle-

SAVANNAH
(mumbling)
-into a cuddle.

GINGER
What you say? I can't hear you!

SAVANNAH
-into a cuddle!

GINGER
Bring it in, sister.

Ginger tightly hugs Savannah.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Better?

SAVANNAH
(re: the gun)
Well you stopped me wanting to use this on them.

GINGER
We're a team, okay?

Savannah nods thinking for a few moments and gets up.

SAVANNAH
Follow me.

EXT. JUNKYARD FENCE - DAY

Hidden in the outskirts of the woodland, by the side of the junkyard fence, Savannah hugs the thick trunk of a tree as she pulls herself up it. Ginger watches worried.

GINGER
Oh yeah, this is way less risky than hitch-hikin'. This is great idea.

Savannah reaches a long branch which hangs over the fence.

SAVANNAH
Hey, suck it up and stay frosty, okay?
Savannah scopes out the junkyard. The sound of a grinder leads her eye to Beater Pete in a far corner, busy working on a car, sparks flying. She looks back to Ginger.

**SAVANNAH (CONT’D)**
When I give the signal, you create a distraction.

Ginger nods. Savannah takes the keys to the Challenger, clenches them between her teeth, and crawls along the branch.

**GINGER**
Wait, what signal?

Savannah takes the keys out her mouth.

**SAVANNAH**
The commence firin' signal.

Savannah bites back down on the keys.

**SAVANNAH (CONT’D)**
Wait, I don't know what that is. Dad only taught you those signals.

Savannah pulls out the keys frustrated and cuts her palm through the air demonstrating the signal.

**SAVANNAH (CONT’D)**
Got that?

Ginger nods. Savannah puts the keys back in her mouth and shuffles over the fence. She hangs from the branch and drops as silently as she can.

She creeps by a stack of cars and peeks round them, checking out her path to the Challenger. It's clear.

She looks back at Ginger and goes to give the signal.

WHACK! A car door opens and smacks her in the face. Sue Wu leaps out with a rifle. Savannah manages to knock it out her hands but Sue Wu restrains her.

**SUE WU**
What you think you doin'?

**GINGER**
Get off her!

**SAVANNAH**
Quick! Get the rifle!

Ginger climbs the tree cat like. Savannah tries to fight Sue Wu off but can't.
SUE WU
You think you can break in my place? You bitches crazy! Hey, Bubba-Chung, we got us some crazy bitches tryin' to break in here!

Ginger shuffles along the branch determined. KER-CHUNK!

She snaps round to see BUBBA-CHUNG (13), a weedy kid, bracing himself behind old Trooper. She winces.

BUBBA-CHUNG
Put them fist down, ladies. I had ma chicken today!

BOOM! The branch breaks. Ginger crashes to the ground with it and passes out.

INT. JUNKYARD WORKSHOP - DAY

Ginger gradually comes to and realizes she's been gagged. She wiggles around to find her wrists duct taped to the backrest of an old office chair.

She looks round to see Savannah in the same position, taped to a lawn chair beside her.

Bubba-Chung sits in front of them with the shotgun across his lap and their rucksack by his side. He proudly flexes his tiny bicep.

BUBBA-CHUNG
You know how much chicken I eat? Three chickens a day. I even eat the feet. That's what you need to build that chicken power.

He admires his feeble muscles. The Sisters stare at one another. Savannah darts and sweeps her eyes around, trying to communicate a plan by drawing Ginger's eyes to various areas of the workshop.

Ginger stares back perplexed. Savannah sighs.

BUBBA-CHUNG (CONT'D)
But you know what I don't get? If eatin' chickens make you stronger, why ain't chickens real strong?

Beater-Pete enters and picks up the rucksack.

BEATER PETE
Ma's checkin' out the car. What we got for pawnin'?

Beater-Pete takes out the Beretta and inspects it.
BEATER PETE (CONT'D)
I truly hope that's a collectable
because you two ladies got a hell
of a debt to pay.

The Sisters watch him leave with the rucksack and share a
solemn look. The door slams. Bubba-Chump goes back to
admiring his skinny build. Ginger sits thinking.

BUBBA-CHUNG
I ain't found a chicken that can
beat me yet. No sir. Hell I could
probably fight two chickens. Three
if I had me a weapon.

Ginger realizes her chair's on casters. She rocks it back and
forth a little. She tries swinging the seat. It moves. She
studies Bubba-Chung rambling and waits for her chance.

BUBBA-CHUNG (CONT'D)
I mean they're fast. But not
strong. I don't care mind. I just
kill 'em, eat 'em, and take that
chicken power into my being.

Bubba-Chung tries to bulge his six-pack. Ginger spins the
chair round, braces her legs against a workbench, and shoves
hard. She races across the workshop. Bubba-Chung looks back
shocked, Ginger coming at him and--

The casters catch in the pitted floor. Ginger stops right by
him. Savannah's eye bulge. Bubba-Chung goes to aim.

Ginger spins round and manages to the grab the shotgun barrel
with her feet. She points it away from her, right at
Savannah.

Savannah desperately shuffles and bounces out the way.

Ginger writhes. Bubba-Chung twists. The shotgun points back
at Savannah.

Savannah frantically bounces and shuffles the other way.

Ginger and Bubba-Chung crash to the floor. The Shotgun
clatters down. Bubba-Chung dives for it but Ginger grabs him
with her legs and wrestles him back.

Bubba-Chung struggles and wriggles. He goes to cry out but
Ginger gets a leg around his neck and puts him in a hold.
They both roll around the floor.

He bites her thigh. She grimaces. The backrest of her chair
slides out its mounting, still taped to one of her wrists.

She raises her arms and stares at little Bubba-Chung wrapped
in her legs, disarmed and vulnerable. Ginger winces
conflicted, sighs, and--
Beats him round the head with the backrest cushion over and over. Savannah's eyes bulge. Bubba-Chung takes blow after blow. Ginger keeps swinging. Savannah looks the other way.

Bubba-Chung eventually passes out. Ginger's rips off her gag and frees Savannah.

**GINGER**
That was your plan, right?

**SAVANNAH**
The canoe, it was tethered right by where you were sittin'.

Ginger looks up at an large overloaded wooden canoe hanging from the ceiling above Bubba-Chung, tethered to a point right by where she was originally sitting.

**GINGER**
Close enough.

**EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY**

The Sisters burst out the workshop into the middle of the yard. They find Beater Peter running out his office, Sue Wu by the Challenger with a rifle, and--

The wrecker right in front of them.

They jump in and slam the doors. They spot Sue Wu aiming for them and duck. BANG! A shot pings off the hood.

Savannah fires it up. It roars into the life and scrabbles backward. CRASH! The recovery arm smashes into the front of an old Chevy Caprice.

Savannah wrestles with the crunching gears. The wrecker races away. The recovery cable unravels and--

BANG! The Caprice's big old chrome bumper tears clean off, attached to the wrecker's recovery cable.

Beater Pete and Sue Wu run to the Caprice. The Sisters wince. The gate approaching and--

CRASH! The wrecker punches through it. Beater-Pete cranks up the Caprice. Bubba-Chung sprints out the hut and jumps in. It peels out after the Wrecker.

**EXT. NEW MEXICO WOODLAND TRACK - CAR CHASE - DAY**

The wrecker growls down the track. The torn off bumper rattles along behind. The Caprice wallows after. Sue Wu leans out the window and aims. BANG!

SMASH! The Sisters duck as the rear window shatters.
EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The wrecker and Caprice screech out onto the highway. Cars swerve out the way. Sue Wu takes aim.

BUDDY-CHUNG
Get em, Ma! Get em! We've had our chicken today! We've had our chicken!

BANG! She fires. PING! The Sisters duck.

GINGER
Can't this thing go faster?

Savannah peers in her mirror to see Sue Wu taking aim again. She thinks and cuts the wheel hard.

The wrecker screeches across the road back and forth. The Sisters rock side to side, Savannah paddles the wheel.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Have you gone crazy?

The torn off bumper whips across the highway and kicks up over the Caprice. Su Wu cowers back inside. The Caprice swerves the bumper and dodges a honking car.

Savannah fights the wheel, eyes wild. Ginger hangs on.

The bumper whips back across the highway. Sue Wu goes to lean out. The bumper swings back hard. SMACK! It hits her door. She drops the rifle in the road.

SUE WU
You're too close, you stupid bastard!

REDNECK
I'm gonna ram 'em!

BUDDY-CHUNG
Ram 'em, Pa! Ram 'em! Chicken power!

The wrecker weaves from side to side. Oncoming cars dive out the way. The bumper pummels the Caprice's fenders.

Savannah glares into the mirror.

SAVANNAH
Stop hitting yourselves! Hey? Why are you hitting yourselves!

The bumper hits the asphalt hard and digs in. The hook tears clean off. The bumper bounces up and hangs in mid air. The Rednecks stare wide-eyed.
BEATER PETE

Oh my days.

BANG! The bumper smacks into the Caprice's grill and spears through the windshield. The radiator steams. Beater-Pete struggles to keep control.

The Caprice swerves off the highway cuts through bushes and crashes to a rest by the side of a swamp.

The Sisters look back shocked. Savannah hits the brakes. The wrecker screeches to a halt.

GINGER
What are you doing?

SAVANNAH
Taking out some insurance.

The Rednecks sit staring at the stagnant water just in front of them. They sigh relieved.

SUE WU
This all your fault, you fat useless asshole!

BEATER PETE
Hey! I have feelins, you know?

An engine growls. They look round to see the wrecker backing up fast. It swings round and comes to a rest against the Caprice. The Sisters lean out.

GINGER
Hey! You know what they say back in Texas? If you're gonna mess with country chicks!

The Rednecks look back confused.

SAVANNAH
-Country chicks gonna mess you up!

Savannah mashes the pedal. The wrecker shoves the Caprice into the swamp. The Rednecks scrabble out as it sinks.

The wrecker races away, swerving for a moment to crush the abandoned rifle.

The Rednecks swim round the sunken Caprice and climb up onto the roof, sorely defeated.

SUE WU
Country chicks.
EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

The wrecker crashes down the track, roars into the junkyard, and skids to a halt.

The Sisters climb out. Savannah hurries to the office and retrieves her rucksack. She strides defiantly over to the Challenger, pauses, and looks around for Ginger.

The door of the workshop opens. Ginger exits with the shotgun and strolls over with a mean look on her face.

SAVANNAH
Looks like we're on the same page.

GINGER
I guess it's time to pull up our boots and start kickin' back.

Savannah nods sagely and takes out her cigarettes. Ginger grabs them from her and tosses them into the scrap. Savannah stares shocked.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Either we're a team or we ain't. You and me, we're lookin' out for each other now, we're both fighters.

SAVANNAH
Baby, we've been fightin' since the day he was taken from us. Only difference now is we're winnin'.

They get into the Challenger and slam the doors. It sprays rooster tails and roars down the track.

EXT. HIGHWAY, NEVADA - DAY

The sun dips toward the horizon. The mud smeared Challenger paces over hot desert like a starving coyote chasing prey on the horizon.

It roars and breathes from corner to straight, spitting out road behind and guzzling fuel fast.

The Sisters sit focused on the barren highway ahead. The blowback pistol rests against Savannah's waist. The twelve gauge shotgun lies across Ginger's lap.

The bag of cocaine rocks in the trunk. Hidden inside the bag, a small electronic device flickers an led.
EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Colt and Jessie study the torn down gates, the abandoned wrecker, and the skid marks in the dirt.

They sagely nod to one another. Colt checks the phone. It buzzes in his hand. A new message pops up. He draws a sly grin. Jesse smiles back.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Ram wheel-spins away down the track.

EXT. FUCK KNOWS NOWHERE, NEVADA - LATER - EVENING

A tiny dwelling in the mountains, one horse short of a one horse town. The Challenger prowls through.

INT. CHALLENGER - MOVING - EVENING

Savannah glances at the fuel gauge. The needle deep in the red. She brings the Challenger to a halt.


SAVANNAH
Just look at those gas prices, now that's highway robbery.

GINGER
We should just fill up and run.

SAVANNAH
Pump has to be switched on and stay on. That makes it a two person job.

GINGER
We agreed we weren't criminals, I thought we were just on the run?

SAVANNAH
We did, and we agreed if we're going to keep runnin' we're prepared to go all the way, right?

GINGER
You got a plan.

SAVANNAH
We don't need a plan, we got an attitude.

Savannah eases the Challenger over to a secluded spot.
EXT. GAS STATION - LATER - NIGHT

The moon climbs in the sky. Animals howl in the darkness.

The Challenger rumbles up to the pumps. The Sisters climb out and cross the forecourt, guns secluded, the rucksack on Savannah's shoulder, faces pensive.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Sisters enter. Cheerful music plays. They look across at the counter.

JOE (40's), a bulky greaser with his work shirt thrown over a grubby vest, smokes as he leers through a Playboy. He glances up carefree, barely acknowledging them.

The Sisters hurry down an aisle and peek round at him.

GINGER
Should he be smokin' in here?

SAVANNAH
Right now, that's the least of his problems. You ready for this?

Ginger nods. Savannah boldly marches down the aisle, right up to Joe, and points her gun at his head.

He slowly looks up unfazed. Ginger swoops out from behind her, shotgun aimed.

He takes a long draw, lays his cigarette in an ash tray, and smiles amused.

JOE
What can I get you, ladies?

SAVANNAH
Listen, we just want gas, okay?

JOE
Sure, how much you wanna buy?

SAVANNAH
Don't fuck with us. We want a full tank now, or else.

JOE
Or else, what?

SAVANNAH
Or else, we blow your fuckin' head off, asshole!
JOE
Oh, so that's what this is? That's what the guns are for? This is a
erm, stick up, right?

SAVANNAH
Bingo, you're very perceptive. Keep that up and this'll go real quick.

JOE
You know there's a big difference between pointing a firearm at
someone to try and scare them and the intent to actually shoot.

The Sisters struggle to maintain their confident composure.

JOE (CONT'D)
You gotta look through the eyes
into the soul. And you gotta ask
yourself, does this person really
have it in them to go all the way?

He locks eyes with Savannah. His hand walks from his knee,
onto a hidden shelf and fingers a small black Colt .25 Pocket
Auto pistol.

JOE (CONT’D)
That's where the real killer is.

The dead eyed stare lingers between them.

The phone on the counter rings. They stare. The phone
continues to ring over and over.

JOE (CONT’D)
You mind? I've kinda got my eye on
employee of the month.

Savannah shakes her head. He picks up the receiver.

JOE (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Yeah?

He studies the Sisters as he listens and glances out the
window at the Challenger.

JOE (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Yup.

Joe offers over the receiver.

JOE (CONT’D)
It's for you.
The Sisters look at each other confused and back to Joe. He shrugs. Savannah takes the receiver.

SAVANNAH
(into phone)
Hello?

COLT (O.S.)
You think you've evaded me?

INT. BLACK RAM - MOVING - NIGHT

Colt studies the tablet with his cell to his ear. Jessie focuses on the road ahead. The contact details of the gas station up on his map.

COLT
(into cell)
You think this is over? You think you and me are done?

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah stares at the Challenger as she listens.

COLT (O.S.)
Listen, when you get to Vegas, I'm just gettin' started, sweetheart.

Ginger stares curiously at Savannah. Joe sneakily locks the register and keeps hold of the key.

COLT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You play a slot machine, you get me on every pull. You roll snake eyes, it'll be me starin' back at you. You walk behind the curtain for a private dance and It'll be me sittin' waitin' with my dick in my hand. You cannot escape me, I will haunt you, I will find you, and I will destroy you. You get that?

Savannah casually hangs up.

INT. BLACK RAM - MOVING - NIGHT

Colt confidently smirks at Jessie.

COLT
She got it.
INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah tosses the phone aside.

GINGER
That who I think it is?

Savannah nods.

GINGER (CONT'D)
How does he know we're here?

Savannah thinks and shrugs.

GINGER (CONT'D)
He know where we're headed?

SAVANNAH
He knows he's already lost.

Savannah hides her fear and aims at Joe.

JOE
Concerned parent?

SAVANNAH
Heavy breather. Now please, turn the fuckin' pump on.

JOE
You really don't know what you're doing, do you?

SAVANNAH
No, but I'm workin' it all out real fast. You copy that, fuckchop?

Joe flicks on the pump. Savannah leaves. He studies Ginger. She winces back scared and out of her depth.

GINGER
Hey, keep em where I can see em.

Joe shrugs carefree and drops the till key into his boot.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah crosses to the Challenger and starts filling.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Ginger stares at Joe worried.

GINGER
C'mon, show me your hands, okay?
He smiles and flicks his hand up gesturing a gun. She flinches. He chuckles and raises his hands.

JOE
Say, what you doing after this? You wanna catch a movie or something?

GINGER
Are you high?

JOE
We could do that too.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT
The pump clunks to a halt. Savannah tries the lever. Nothing. She marches to the store.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT
Savannah bursts through the door and glares at Joe.

SAVANNAH
Why'd you turn the pump off?

JOE
I didn't. I guess the tank ran dry. It does that all the time out here.

SAVANNAH
Open the till, we need gas money.

GINGER
Savannah, we probably got enough gas now. It ain't far.

SAVANNAH
(snapping)
Enough ain't gonna cut it!

Ginger timidly reeks.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
(To Joe)
Now put those dick-beaters of yours to some use and pop the till.

JOE
No can do.

SAVANNAH
Why not?

JOE
Cause I locked it, and darn it, I forgot where I put the key.
SAVANNAH
Bullshit. Stand up.

Savannah waves him aside and jabs the register. Nothing.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
Okay, spread em.

JOE
Are you serious?

SAVANNAH
I'm committing armed robbery, just
how serious do you need me to be?

GINGER
I really think we should just go.

SAVANNAH
We'll be out of here soon, baby.

He stands akimbo. She roots through his pants. He raises his
eyebrows. She pulls out a bag of powder.

GINGER
Are we like, the only people in the
world not on drugs?

JOE
Never chased the dragon, honey?

GINGER
No, I ain't actually!

He chuckles and leans back on the counter.

JOE
Wow, you pair really are country,
aren't you? Squeal little piggy!

Savannah searches the counter desperate. Products clatter.
She peers into the shelves. The pistol gone.

GINGER
Can we just go now, please?

Savannah barges past Joe and crosses to the entrance.

SAVANNAH
(to Joe)
You wanna see how a country girl
opens a fuckin' cash register?

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah storms to the Challenger and fires it up. She backs
it to the door, gets out, and pops the trunk.
INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah re-enters, her sleeves rolled up, pistol in one hand and a long metal tire iron hanging in the other.

GINGER
Erm, Savannah? What you doin'?

Savannah strides along the counter and glares at Joe. She tucks her pistol in her jeans, and squares up to the register with the tire iron raised like a baseball bat.

BANG! She smacks the till hard. Ginger and Joe wince.

Savannah resets. BANG! She shrieks. Ginger watches stunned. BANG! Products scatter everywhere. BANG! The till shifts to the edge of the counter. CLANG! It crashes to the floor.

Savannah swings the bar over and over like an axe. BANG, RING, BANG, RING, BANG, RING, BANG, RING!

She stumbles back exhausted and glares at the register.


Savannah closes her eyes and licks her lips. The tire iron clangs to the floor. Ginger and Joe stare shocked.

Savannah takes Joe's smoldering cigarette from the ash tray and takes a satisfied drag.

SAVANNAH
(bowing)
Thank you.

She drops to her knees and shovels bills into a promo box. Ginger and Joe watch silent.

Savannah heaves herself up and trudges past the counter. She looks to Ginger and shares a victorious smile. CLICK. They glance round shocked.

Joe aims his pistol at Ginger, licking his lips. Savannah drops the box and goes for her gun. Joe snaps his aim to her.

JOE
Ah ah! Now, maybe this is how you all get gas in Texas, but nobody walks into this store, puts a gun to my head, and walks out alive.

Savannah stares down the barrel, the cigarette hanging in her mouth. He grins back delighted, his mean eyes fixed.

Ginger braces the shotgun and glares down the sights.
GINGER
Don't you dare shoot her!

The three stand fixed. Store music chirps.

J O E
Just to bring you, girls, up to speed, this ain't my first rodeo.
Back in the sandbox I got jumped just like this once.

A Marines tattoo on Joe's arm.

J O E (C O N T ' D)
One in front, pistol holstered. One to the left, firearm raised. Now, I can't shoot the one in front, right? Cos that angry motherfucker on the left's gonna to pop me. That makes logical sense. But, when you're high, you aren't restricted by logic. And boy was I high as a kite that day, I tell you, WHOO! So I pop the one on the left real quick BANG!

Ginger jolts.

J O E (C O N T ' D)
And I swing back, BANG! Quick Draw fucking McGraw. So the question is Butch and Sundance, just how quick do you girls really think you are?

Savannah spits out the cigarette.

S A V A N N A H
What's that? A twenty two?

J O E
Twenty five auto.

S A V A N N A H
You'd do more damage throwin' it at us. You think she can miss with a twelve gauge? She could pierce your fuckin' ears at that range.

J O E
That's if she fires. Besides, it ain't the girth of what I'm packing you need to worry about, sugar, it's where I'm going to stick it.

S A V A N N A H
There's somethin' you ain't considered.
Her fingers curl round her pistol. Her eyes narrow.

SAVANNAH (CONT’D)
The pistol in my crotch right now, that’s a Beretta M-nine-a-one, that mean anythin’ to you?

JOE
Standard issue service pistol. Goes real nice with your butcher’s bag. Quite the ensemble.

SAVANNAH
Oh, I’ve completed the look, asshole. You see, the last man who fired this gun, was my father. He died holding it, protectin’ his family. So, if it protects what’s left, I’m more than happy to go out the same fucking way.

Joe finds the anger in Savannah’s eyes and spots the scars on her wrists.

JOE
I hadn’t considered that.

Ginger sniffs back tears.

GINGER
Don’t, Savannah, please, I love you! I can’t be without you!

SAVANNAH
I love you too, baby. I always will. I’ll be waitin’ for you with Dad, okay?

GINGER
So help me god, Savannah. If you don’t back down, I’ll point this gun at you myself.

SAVANNAH
That’s not how this works, baby.

JOE
Yeah, Ginger, you just let us grown ups work this out while you think about your standoff etiquette.

Savannah tenses her arm. Joe’s eyes bulge.

GINGER
Wait! You like drugs, right? Well, we got a lot of drugs, okay? So how about we take the cash and you take our stash?
JOE
(to Savannah)
That true?

SAVANNAH
Enough blow to make it snow.

He peers out into the Challenger's trunk. The cocaine visible in the open bag.

JOE
That actually sounds pretty groovy to me. You game, Calamity Jane?

Savannah loosens her hand from her gun. Joe slowly lowers his pistol. Ginger eases down the shotgun.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Black Ram screeches up in the highway. Colt hops out.

COLT
Well, fuck me sideways with a four string fiddle! Guess we ain't going to Vegas after all!

He cocks his pistol and aims.

INT./EXT. GAS STATION - SHOOTOUT - NIGHT


Ginger watches horrified. She turns up the aisle and scrabbles away for her life.

Joe cowers in the shattered glass behind the counter.

COLT
That people, was a warning shot!

JOE
Who fires a fucking warning shot through a fucking window?

Colt's pistol smokes. Jessie cocks her Stealth Hunter.

COLT
People you should take very seriously! I'm El Meurto! You know what that means?

JOE
The dead one?
COLT
Yeah!... As in, you're a dead man, motherfucker!

Jessie cringes. Colt raises his eyebrows at her.

JOE
(long beat)
Yeah I get it, asshole.

Colt winks at Jessie.

JESSIE
Nice workaround.

He smiles smug.

JESSIE (CONT’D)
We're still going to Vegas after all this. You promised.

Savannah grimaces and writhes on the floor. She reaches to her thigh to find blood on her hand.

COLT
Now, firstly, you girls better get out here, and secondly, where's my fuckin' coke?

JOE
You mean my coke!

JESSIE
Who the fuck is this guy?

JOE
Who the fuck are these guys?

Joe thinks for a few moments.

JOE (CONT’D)
Now it seems there's some confusion over the ownership of this coke! So let's put any discrepancy to bed. I hope you bought plenty of ammo, you country bumpkin motherfuckers!

Joe pops out the window, and FIRES. Colt and Jessie run behind the Ram and FIRE.

JOE (CONT’D)
Hooya! Two against one! Let's see what you got, Bonnie and Clyde!

JOE (CONT’D)
Okay, was not expecting that.

He pops up and FIRES. Colt and Jesse FIRE back.

Savannah looks up the isle to see Ginger staring back horrified. She tries to stand up but can’t. Her feet slip in the pool of blood draining from her.

She grits her teeth and wrings every last ounce of strength she has but slumps to the floor gasping.

She lies watching bullets flying through the air above her and punching into products on the shelves. She thinks as she pants and looks at the box of cash. She grabs it and--

Slides it down the isle to Ginger. Ginger stares back confused. Savannah nods across the store. Ginger looks round to see a storeroom door.

Savannah gestures for Ginger to flee. Ginger shakes her head in tears. Savannah stares intense and fights back crying.

BANG! Joe takes a shot to the shoulder. He scrabbles for his heroin and pours it into a lines. He snorts one and winces.

JOE (CONT’D)
Medic!

He snorts the other lines and gasps in ecstasy.

Ginger sits thinking. She takes a deep breath, toughens up, and readies the shotgun. She sprints down the aisle, and grabs Savannah. She pulls hard and slips in the blood.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Oh no you don’t!

Ginger glances up. Joe aims for her. She freezes and squeals. BANG! A can of oil explodes by her head.

She aims back. Joe ducks. BOOM! Products on the counter decimate. The kick slides Ginger back on her butt, crashing her into shelves.

Ginger gathers herself up, grabs Savannah, and drags her away, leaving a bloody trail, the rucksack dragging along with them on Savannah's shoulder.

JOE (CONT’D)
Oh, you want a three way now? Well, that's just bitchin'!

Joe aims up the next aisle. Ginger struggles to drag Savannah as fast as she can. Savannah grabs the box of cash as they pass, slowing them down further.
They pass by the open aisle. BANG! BANG! BANG! Bottles of soda explode in her face. Savannah gazes around, Gingers's legs pumping behind her.

Joe aims up the next aisle. Ginger stops and tries to catch her breath.

    GINGER
    (to Savannah)
    I can't.

Savannah stares at the cash and rucksack in each hand and lets go of the cash.

    SAVANNAH
    Go!

Ginger heaves as hard as she can. They pass the next isle. BANG! A fridge unit explodes glass. Ginger screams. BANG! BANG! BANG! Colt snipes products by Ginger.

Savannah grits her teeth and OPENS FIRE relentless. Joe cowers. Full metal jackets punch through metal and wood.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Jessie's rounds rip through liquor on the back wall and shower the Sisters with glass.

Ginger reaches the store room and heaves Savannah inside.

    INT. GAS STATION - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Ginger slams the door and bolts it. Gunfire echoes.

They hug tightly. Ginger sees the blood pouring from Savannah's wound. She empties the rucksack.

Spare rounds roll across the floor. Ginger fumbles for an old medics kit. Savannah grabs the rounds.

Ginger packs the wound with gauze. Savannah loads the rounds into her empty clip. Ginger wraps Savannah's leg with a bandage and pulls tight.

Savannah shrieks and smacks the clip into her pistol.

Ginger heaves Savannah up and limps her to the backdoor. She finds it locked, grits her teeth, and gives it a kick any chorus girl would be proud of.

    EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

BANG! The backdoor swings open. Ginger limps Savannah along the wall as shots ring through the air.

They hobble to the Challenger and sit against it, right in the middle of the shootout.
Joe lunges up the window. Colt FIRES. Joe goes to aim but his hand goes limp. He passes out and slumps over.

Silence descends. The Sisters sit panting. Colt spies the them hiding behind the Challenger.

    COLT
    I see you, girls.

Ginger crawls round to the trunk, drags the cocaine out, and hurls the bag across the forecourt. Jessie sweeps in, grabs it, and throws it into the Ram.

    COLT (CONT’D)
    You think that makes us even?

    GINGER
    We need the car! My sister's injured real bad!

Colt's anger grows.

    COLT
    You think that's what this is all about? A car? Some coke? Are you out of your tiny minds?

He reaches into the Ram, plunges his hand into the coke and holds it out, letting it run through his fingers.

    COLT (CONT’D)
    We had a deal! You work for me!

He aims at the Challenger. BANG! BANG! BANG! He riddles the bodywork with shots and stands fuming.

    COLT (CONT’D)
    Now, if you girls want to live, I want your asses! You work for me!

The Sisters sit contemplating their options. They look at blood soaking through the bandage on Savannah's leg.

    SAVANNAH
    You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

    GINGER
    For the first time in my life, I think I actually am.

Ginger nods and gives the commence fire signal.

Savannah chambers a round. Ginger pumps in a shell. They lie on the ground side by side, guns aimed under the Challenger and--
They let rip at the fuel pumps. Cartridges ping past Ginger's face. Flash flares from Savannah's pistol. Fuel vaporizes. Rounds spark.

BOOM! A pump explodes into a bright orange fireball.

The Sisters cower behind the Challenger. Colt and Jessie duck behind the Ram. Joe regains consciousness and peers out the window.

    JOE
    Oh shit.

KABOOM! The pumps explode. A monumental fireball flashes over the forecourt.

Joe dives back down behind the window and braces himself. What windows are still intact blow out behind him.

Savannah gets behind the wheel of the Challenger. Ginger runs round to her side and spots Joe staring back wide-eyed from the window.

    GINGER
    Bet you wish the tank was dry now
    don't you, asshole?

Colt and Jesse gawk at the boiling ball of flames. The gas station canopy creaks and collapses. They duck. It smashes down around the Ram, pinning it in.

The Challenger roars across the forecourt sideways.

A pump explodes. Fuel runs across the highway. A wall of roaring fire blocks the route to Vegas. The Challenger slewsto the highway and heads the other way.

Colt aims through the flames. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The Sisters wince. CLICK! CLICK!

Jessie carefully aims the Stealth Hunter. BOOM! It smacks her in the face and knocks her on clean her back. Colt looks at her lying on the ground.

    JESSIE
    (dazed)
    We won, right?

He peers ahead, grins, and smacks a clip into his pistol.

    COLT
    Not yet.

The Challenger freight-trains along the highway. The Sisters stare ahead at a sea of strobing police lights ahead. Savannah hits the brakes.
The Challenger nose dives and spins round. The Sisters sit facing the inferno in the distance.

SAVANNAH
Look, maybe I've lost too much blood to think straight, but right now, as crazy as this might sound, those flames are lookin' like our best option out of this.

GINGER
You think there's a way through in all that mess?

SAVANNAH
I don't know, but I'd sooner crash and burn hopin' there is than lose everythin' givin' up now.

Savannah sincerely stares at Ginger.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
But I can't make that decision for both of us, and I sure as hell ain't going in without you. So what's it gonna be?

Ginger thinks for a moment, reaches over, and grabs the shifter. Savannah lays her hand on top and they slam it into drive together and share a brave smile.

Savannah mashes the pedal. The Challenger roars. The tires shred the asphalt. It launches down the highway back toward the gas station.

Colt aims toward the glaring headlights. The engine howls through gears. The Sisters stare into the fire ahead as red and blue lights flash through the rear window.

Colt glowers. BANG! BANG! BANG! He opens fire. The Sisters wince and cower. Rounds ping off the hood.

The Challenger screams toward the inferno. BANG! BANG! BANG! The windscreen cracks. The Sisters clutch one another.

They enter the flames. Their eyes bulge. A section of roof collapsed into a ramp. Savannah steers for it. They brace themselves and--

The Challenger kicks up, and leaps through the air.

Colt ducks and stares up in bewilderment as the Challenger skims over him and the Ram.

BANG! The Challenger crashes to the ground, sparks fly off the underside. The Sisters look at each other, their stunned expressions turning to elation.
Colt stands panting, watching the Challenger disappear. The cruisers race up, sirens howling.

JESSIE
REEAAARRGGSHH!!!!

Jessie leaps to her feet. She climbs up onto the Ram furious, aims for the sunroof, and fires. BANG! The glass shatters. She drops inside and fires it up.

The tires smoke. It pulls free from the wreckage and slews round by Colt. Jessie stares seething.

JESSIE (CONT’D)
Get in.

Cut off from pursuing. The cruisers screech up at the flames as the Ram races away. Stunned officers get out and scratch their heads.

A pair of boots stride in. An SHERIFF SAWYER (50's) stands tall as she studies the carnage.

SHERIFF SAWYER
Jeeze Louise, looks like we sure kicked a soft turd on a hot day.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Joe coughs as fire crackles outside. He warily glances at the cops outside and looks to the storeroom door.

His eyes are drawn to the shattered liquor bottles on the back wall, their contents trickling down the isle to--

The smoldering cigarette in front of him. He frowns.

JOE
Country chicks.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

WOOMPH! The store goes up in flames. Everyone snaps round. Joe bursts out the door on fire and sprints up the highway.

DEPUTY DAVIS
(into radio)
Dispatch, suspect has fled the premises and is proceeding East on highway on foot.
(beat)
And on fire.

Joe gives them the finger.
JOE
Fuck you, pigs!

The Deputy goes to pursue. The Sheriff holds them back.

SHERIFF SAWYER
Woah there kid, that looks like fire department business to me.

Joe keeps on running, burning like a torch.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO VEGAS - NIGHT


SAVANNAH
I'm not givin' out yet and this car sure ain't givin' out either.

The bullet-hole riddled Challenger hits triple digits.

A cruiser sits alone in the scrub.

POLICE RADIO
All units be advised of suspects fleeing West on Mead Parkway.

The Challenger blows by like a hot bullet.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)
Dispatch, last time anything came through here this fast it crashed in Roswell. I am in pursuit.

The cruiser takes chase. The Sisters glance back. The headlights of the cruiser shrink. There's no way it can catch them but--

Another set of headlights draw up to the cruiser. It's the Black Ram. Colt and Jessie stare vengefully. They side swipe it off the highway into the bushes.

Savannah cries pained and clutches her leg. The revs drop. The Challenger slows. The Ram draws alongside. Ginger shakes her head. Savannah grits her teeth.

The Challenger and Ram tear down the highway side by side. Colt aims his pistol. Jessie draws out the Stealth Hunter. The Sisters cower and--

BANG! Savannah slams the Challenger against the Ram, shoving it across the road.

JESSIE
She bought a knife to a gun fight!
Jessie cuts the wheel hard. The Ram swings back. BANG! It nearly puts the Challenger in the desert. Savannah fights the wheel and keeps them on the asphalt.

The Ram rests up against the Challenger, slowly pushing it into the dirt. The Sisters wince as bushes crash off the hood. Savannah keeps fighting back.

    COLT
    You gotta love their tenacity!

    JESSIE
    You want me to finish them?

    COLT
    Yeah! Fuck these girls!

Jessie cuts the wheel hard. The Ram swings away from the Challenger and serves back hard, but the Challenger dives out the way into the dirt, kicking up a dust cloud.

    JESSIE
    Aww, now they don't want to play?

    COLT
    Allow me.

Colt aims for Savannah and Ginger. They stare back, the Challenger racing alongside the highway in the desert scrub, the Black Ram tearing down the asphalt beside it.

Colt locks eyes with Savannah. Jessie locks eyes with Ginger. Savannah brakes and cuts the wheel.

The Challenger swings back onto the highway behind the Ram. Savannah punches the throttle and rides their tail.

Colt and Jessie look behind them confused, then at each other, and then back out the windshield, to see--

A police roadblock across the highway. Officers fleeing out of the way. Jessie goes for the brakes but, before she can touch them--

    BANG! The Ram hits a cruiser. CRASH! It rebounds into another, cutting a path for the Challenger right behind.

    SMASH! It takes out the remaining one and kicks up into the air. The Sisters wince at the Ram rolls through the sky. The Challenger just cuts under it and--

    BANG! CRASH! BANG! The Ram crashes back down, flipping and tumbling down the road, body panels tearing away.

It comes to a rest, smoke and steam pouring from it.

The Challenger's taillights fade into the night. The Sisters stare ahead determined. Heading for that glow.
Colt and Jessie look at each other dazed and confused, covered head to toe in the coke. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

They snap round to see Officers surrounding them with weapons raised.

They reluctantly raise their hands.

    OFFICER
    Drop any weapons, get out the vehicle, and put your hands on the roof.

Colt drops his pistol. They ease out and put their hands on the roof, the Stealth Hunter still in Jessie's hand.

    OFFICER (CONT’D)
    Put the weapon down!

    COLT
    Hey, go easy on her, okay? She's got nothing to do with this. She's just some junkie.

Colt smiles amused at Jessie.

    COLT (CONT’D)
    I guess this what they mean by irony.

Jessie sneers back, seething with spite.

    JESSIE
    No, this is.

Jessie aims at him. BOOM! The gunshot echoes across the desert. Colt's headless coke covered corpse thuds to the ground, his huge tattoo for all to see through his torn open top. The Officers stare open mouthed.

    JESSIE (CONT’D)
    He promised me a vacation!

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Sheriff Sawyer casually kicks aside debris as she inspects what's left of the gas station. DEPUTY DAVIS appears.

    DEPUTY DAVIS
    We got 'em. Two dealers. Kids from Texas. A Robinson and Torrez.

    SHERIFF SAWYER
    Big fish?

    DEPUTY DAVIS
    He calls himself El Meurto.
The Sheriff shrugs, she's never heard of him.

    SHERIFF SAWYER
    Works for me, whole damn scene's contaminated to hell anyhoo.

    DEPUTY DAVIS
    A car got through. Red Challenger. Wanted in New Mexico and Texas.

    SHERIFF SAWYER
    Johnson Sisters?

    DEPUTY DAVIS
    Headed for the city.

The Sheriff nods to herself, stares at the glow on the horizon, and smirks.

    SHERIFF SAWYER
    Two young girls trying to make it in Vegas? Hell, the Chief Justice himself couldn't handout a sentence as tough as that.

EXT. LAS VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The Challenger cruises down the empty highway. The Sisters spot a lonely old club in the distance, its neon sign flashing all but a few of the letters.

Ginger takes out the business card. They check it. It's the same place. The Challenger engine cuts. Savannah looks at the fuel gauge. Empty. They coast silently toward the entrance.

EXT. OLD LAS VEGAS CLUB - NIGHT

The Challenger rolls into the car lot and comes to a rest in a spot facing the door. The Sisters climb out.

They slump against hood together, bruised, blood-soaked, and beaten. Savannah proudly strokes the Challenger's fender. They stare at the sparkling golden city before them.

    GINGER
    I never imagined it this bright.

    SAVANNAH
    For your dreams, baby.

Ginger slips her arm around Savannah and pulls her close.

    GINGER
    For our dreams.

THE END