

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 Potthead lobbs 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.

GINGER

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.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Woah! Watch the trees!

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!

The pickup gathers speed. The cruiser tails behind. Ginger goes wide-eyed. Dirt bridge foundations ahead.

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 hysterics.

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.

Jamie taps Ginger's door. Nothing. He sighs and enters. Savannah and Nancy wait. Jamie ushers out a very sleepy and confused Ginger.

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 tremble. A rapper gruffly goads.

She gets out and dances, her moves crazy, somewhere between crumping, 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 in 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.

WHOO! WHOO! 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 fleein' 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 how emasculatin' 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 than 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. Savannah 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.

KRIS

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. Savannah 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!

Jessie stares deadly. Everyone falls silent. Kris thinks.

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 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'  
 nothin' 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 slips 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.

BUBBA-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. Sue 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!

BUBBA-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 scabble 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.

On the horizon a golden jewel glows. Vegas. On the road ahead a tired old gas station sits alone.

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 reels.

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.

KERCHING! The drawer pops. Bills flutter. Coins pay out.

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.

JOE

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.

JOE (CONT'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.

JOE (CONT'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.

SAVANNAH

What's that? A twenty two?

JOE

Twenty five auto.

SAVANNAH

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.

JOE

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.

SAVANNAH

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**

BANG! The glass shatters. BANG! Joe fires. Blood sprays across products. Savannah hits the ground wincing.

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 workarround.

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!

Jessie aims the Stealth Hunter. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!  
BOOM! She lets rip. Windows smash, lights shatter, products  
explode. Joe cowers.

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 aisle. 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 slews onto 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  
REEAAARRGGGHHH!!!!

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 tricking 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**

The Challenger engine howls. It storms down the highway.  
Ginger checks Savannah's wound.

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 Rosswell. 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 anyhow.

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