

EL PASO LOCO LUCHADORAS

by

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EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE, EL PASO - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

FELIX

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

Felix's concern is met with a withdrawn sigh from Maria.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I get that you're scared. I feel that. But you gotta push that shit down. Bury it.

MARIA

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

FELIX

You can. Just takes a little front is all.

MARIA

You think?

FELIX

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

MARIA

You ashamed? Of us?

FELIX

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

A loving smile creeps over Maria's face.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Come here.

Felix leans in. They share a tender kiss and sit back.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Follow my lead, okay? I got your
back.

MARIA
No casualties?

FELIX
No promises.

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

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

ASSISTANT
Las Locos Luchadoras!

FELIX
Buenas noches, motherfuckers!

WOMAN
Dios Mio!

FELIX
Down on the ground! Now!

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

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

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

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

FELIX (CONT'D)
We cool?

He nods feverishly. She nods slowly back.

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

ASSISTANT
Las Locos Luchadoras.

FELIX

Yeah, we already established that,
but thanks for the confirmation.
Since we're stating the obvious,
the money, motherfucker, ándale!

GUY

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

WOMAN

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

GUY

Like you said. First date.

FELIX

Enough!

ASSISTANT

(babbling)

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

Felix firms up her aim. He winces.

FELIX

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

He controls his breathing, calms, and nods appreciatively.

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

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

Muchos gracias.

Cash in hands, Felix and Maria go to leave.

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

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

La Llorona wails like a banshee and lets rip into the ceiling
RATATATATATA! Quite the entrance.

LADY EME
Everybody on the ground! This is
las Locos Luchadoras!

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

WOMAN
Dios Mio!

The Guy lays himself flatter against the ground.

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

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

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

Felix and Maria remain silent.

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

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

FELIX
NO! The money's ours!

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

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

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

FELIX
Okay. Take it.

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

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

Felix grabs Narco's pistol and spins her round into a hold.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Okay, bitches! Listen up, we're gonna to take this cash, and we're gonna walk our asses right-

Narco passes out in her arms, sandbagging her.

MARIA

What the fuck?

LADY EME

She's sleeping.

Narco snores peacefully as Felix tries to hold her up.

LADY EME (CONT'D)

She got the narcolepsy. Why else do you think she's called Narco?

MARIA

Seriously? Narcotics?

LADY EME

I know that voice. Maria Romero! Reveal yourselves!

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

LADY EME (CONT'D)

Who's your friend?

MARIA

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

Felix and Maria share a loving glance.

LADY EME

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

FELIX

We thought we'd be the Loco Luchadoras so-

LADY EME

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

Lady Eme's scornful glare is met with humiliation from Felix and Maria. Even the Woman shakes her head ashamed.

LADY EME (CONT'D)

But, yeah, maybe I can find an opening for you two. Entry is pretty simple, blood-in blood-out.

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

WOMAN

Dios mio!

MARIA

I guess we have no choice.

Felix thinks long and hard and realizes something

FELIX

No. We do.
(beat)
Batalla!

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

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

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

Felix palm strikes La Llorona and chop blocks Lady Eme.

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

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

Checkmate, lucha libre style.

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

WOMAN

Dios m-

FELIX

-Yeah! We get it!

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

There's no point resisting it, Lady Eme unbuttons her mask and slowly reveals herself.

MARIA
Detective Marinez!

Lady Eme nods, crestfallen and exposed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ASSISTANT
(to self)
Las Locos Luchadoras!

THE END